Love Story

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1. EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

DAISY, 20, sits at one end of a bench, waiting for the bus.

LINC, 21, approaches the bus stop. Sits on the bench.

Linc and Daisy look at each other, then look away.

The tension builds, then:

LINC  
(simultaneously)
I was wondering...

DAISY  
(simultaneously)
How come every...

They stop. Laugh nervously.

DAISY
You first.

LINC
Honestly I don't even know what I was going to say. I've seen you hear maybe ten times and I just wanted to talk to you.

DAISY
I wanted to talk to you too.

Beat.

DAISY
I'm Daisy.

LINC
I'm Linc.

With the screech of tires and brakes, the bus arrives.

TITLE CARD: LOVE STORY.

2. EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Daisy is with with TORI, 20.

TORI
So wait, is this the guy?
DAISY
Yes.

TORI
The bus stop guy?

DAISY
Yes.

TORI
That you have been like pining over for the past month?

DAISY
I have not been pining over him.

TORI
No? Every guy I have tried to set you up with, you're like, he's not as cute as bus stop guy.

DAISY
I have not. He's just... He's nice. He seemed nice.

TORI
So what are you guys going to do for your first date?

3. INT. THE PIZZA PARLOR - DAY

Linc sits in a booth across from ZACK, 22. They are sharing a pizza. A pitcher of beer sits between them.

ZACK
The art museum? Seriously?

LINC
What? You don't think that was a good choice?

ZACK
You gonna hook up in the art museum?

Zack stuffs a slice of pizza in his mouth.

LINC
I don't think she's that kind of girl.
ZACK
(around his food)
The kind that has sex in public places?

Linc takes out his phone, shows Zack a picture of Daisy.

LINC
This girl wouldn't go for that guy.

Zack reaches out to grab Linc's phone. It slips from his fingers, and tumbles into the pitcher of beer.

LINC
Goddamn it Zack!

ZACK
Sorry, I got greasy fingers!

LINC
FUCK!!

Linc reaches down to the bottom of the pitcher to retrieve his phone.

ZACK
Dude, the beer!

The phone is totally dead.

LINC
You idiot! I was supposed to text her tonight! She's gonna think I'm a total asshole!

4.

INT. - DORM ROOM - DUSK

Daisy sits by the window of her dorm room. Checks her phone. Nothing.

Tori sits next to her.

TORI
Admit it. You're thinking he's a total asshole.

DAISY
Maybe. Maybe not, I mean, maybe something happened. Like a family emergency or something.

TORI
You don't have his number?
DAISY
I just typed my number into his phone.

TORI
His Twitter? His Snapchat? His Insta?

DAISY
I just met him today.

Beat.

TORI
Maybe he's just a dirtbag.

DAISY
No he's not. He's different. He's...

TORI
I know. Nice.

DAISY
Yes. He's nice.

TORI
We'll see.

5. INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN – NIGHT

ZACK
You see?

Zack has Linc's phone in a glass bowl. He fills the bowl with rice.

LINC
I see a dead phone, that's what I see.

ZACK
The internet swears this will work.

LINC
The internet thinks that jet contrails are government mind control gas.

ZACK
That shit's no joke, bro.
LINC
This isn't gonna work.

ZACK
Can't you like look her up somehow?

LINC
I tried! I tried everywhere. There are no women named Daisy enrolled at this school. Not one.

ZACK
Did you... imagine her?

LINC
No you idiot, it must be a nickname or something.

ZACK
Ah... A nickname. Like...

LINC
Yes! Like Linc! Get it? So even if she's looking for me, she'll never find me, because all she knows is Linc!

Beat.

ZACK
Maybe you should just go there.

LINC
Go where?

ZACK
To the museum. Tomorrow.

LINC
And what? Wait for her? Like a weirdo?

ZACK
This girl might go for that guy.

6. EXT. THE ART MUSEUM - DAY
Linc looks up at the entrance to the art museum. Enters.

7. INT. THE ART MUSEUM - DAY
Linc wanders the halls, looks at paintings. Sits on a bench. Waits.

8. EXT. THE ART MUSEUM - DAY


Intercut with:

9. INT. THE ART MUSEUM DAY

Linc finally gives up. Walks toward the entrance. Looks down, sees Daisy through the glass windows below.

DAISY
(on phone)
No. No, you were right.

Zack pounds on the glass.

LINC
Daisy!!!

Daisy puts her phone away, rises to leave.

LINC
No!

Linc bolts away from the window, races down the stairs.

Daisy stops, considers. Turns back toward the museum, just as Linc barrel out the door. They both come up short.

Beat.

LINC
Hey.

DAISY
Hey.

--CUT TO BLACK.