

Discovery

ETX/INT. CAR - DAY

DAVE, drives across town in a dark sedan. He is a middle-aged man; clean-shaven and dressed professionally. In the passenger seat is a bag, slightly open with important-looking documents and thumbnail sketches for logos, letterheads poking out of it.

During the drive his pocket begins to buzz. Dave glances down then begins to fish his cell phone out of his pocket. While this is going on the car begins to veer into oncoming traffic. A passing truck honks causing Dave to quickly swerve back into the correct lane.

With eyes back on the road, Dave answers his phone

DAVE

Hello?...Yes, I have a meeting with a client. Why do you ask?...what about him?

Dave looks up and immediately slams on his brakes, barely stopping at a red light. The car behind him screeches to a halt, barely missing Dave's car.

DAVE

What!? When did this happen?...And-...I see. Ok, I'll see what I can do.

INT. OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

David sits in a conference room alongside his PARTNER, a middle-aged woman in professional attire and their CLIENT, an older man in a business suit.

Dave's partner is explaining their concepts for the client's new brand identity with the aid of a slide show. Dave stares at the presentation's reflection on the table. He isn't paying attention to the presentation.

PARTNER

(to Dave)

What do you thing about the changes?...David!

Dave snaps to attention.

DAVE

(to Partner)

I'm sorry, what was the suggestion?

(CONTINUED)

PARTNER  
(to Dave)  
Can I speak to you outside?

Dave and his Partner begin to leave the room

PARTNER  
(to Client)  
Please excuse us for a moment.

INT. OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

PARTNER  
What's going on? You have been off  
somewhere else this entire meeting!

DAVE  
I know, sorry-

PARTNER  
Look, I know you have something to  
fall back on, but this is it for  
me. So don't screw this up for me.

Dave is silent, his Partner's aggressive stance fades.

PARTNER  
Hey, are you okay?

DAVE  
Yeah, I'm fine...no, not really. My  
sister called earlier to tell me  
our father had passed.

PARTNER  
Oh.

DAVE  
Yeah. So it isn't that I'm  
unprepared or disinterested in  
landing this client, I just had a  
lot thrown at me on the way here.

PARTNER  
That makes a lot of sense, and you  
have my sympathies. So when is the  
funeral?

Dave bites his lip and sighs.

DAVE

Tomorrow.

Dave's partner glances at the client through the window, who is watching the two with a stern expression. She smiles at him then turns back to Dave.

PARTNER

Well look, I can handle this on my own. Why don't you grab your things and go get ready for the funeral.

Dave gives a slow nod as the two re-enter the conference room.

INT. CAR - DAY

Dave drives home. a blank expression on his face.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

The door unlocks and Dave enters, closing the door behind him. His bag in one and his keys in the other. the apartment is dark with blue light shimmering through the closed blinds. A dark couch sits against the wall. directly in front of it is a coffee table covered in empty food containers, glasses of water, and various papers.

Dave is still for a moment. The keys fall to the floor. The sound they make sends Dave into motion and he throws his bag across the room. The bag hits and slides across the coffee table, sending all of its contents flying before crashing to the ground. Dave rushes over to try and clean up a spilt glass of water before breaking down in silent sobs.

After a brief moment, he composes himself and begins preparing for tomorrow's funeral