

LIMINAL SPACES (EXCERPT)

Written by

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INT. HOTEL BAR - EVENING

KEITH (30s-40s) sits alone with a drink. He dials his phone, it goes directly to voicemail.

JENNA (V.O.)

Hi, it's Jenna. Thanks for calling.
If this is an emergency, please
dial 911. Otherwise, please leave a
message and I genuinely look
forward to connecting. Talk to you
soon. (BEEP)

Keith hangs up the phone and looks around the restaurant. Its patrons are bland. A WOMAN sees him and moves her hair flirtatiously. He looks down at his drink.

KEITH

"Talk to you soon."

JENNA

Would now be ok?

Keith looks up, startled to see JENNA (30s-40s) sitting across from him. She hails the WAITER.

JENNA

Excuse me? Could I get an order of
fries?

WAITER

Sure can.

JENNA

Thanks.

KEITH

Jenna! You're alive!

JENNA

Am I?

(beat)

I suppose I am. I've quite an
appetite.

KEITH

I've been looking everywhere for
you.

JENNA

Well, I'm sure you've tried.

KEITH
I have. I talked to the police, to
numerous missing persons groups.

Jenna nods and looks at the woman at the bar who turns away.

JENNA
I'm missing?

KEITH
What do you mean? Yes. You're
missing. You were missing. I can't
believe you're here.

JENNA
That's sweet. I'm not really here.

KEITH
Don't say that. My god, where have
you been?

JENNA
(laughs)
I'm a little all-over the place.

KEITH
How did you find me?

JENNA
I followed a sad song.

KEITH
Heh. Sounds about right. I'm so
glad you're ok. Where did you go?
Why did you leave?

JENNA
Where I had to because I had to.

KEITH
I understand. You don't need to
tell me. I'm just glad you're
alright.

Waiter approaches with plate.

WAITER
Here's your fries, hon.

JENNA
Thank you!

KEITH
But. Would you tell me. Why did you
leave?

JENNA
I don't remember leaving.

Jenna shakes the ketchup, but it's empty. She grabs the
attention of a BAR PATRON (Male, >30s) at a nearby table.

JENNA
May I steal your ketchup?

BAR PATRON
Sure. Have at it.

JENNA
Thanks a lot!

KEITH
We. We were...talking, and you just
disappeared. I couldn't make sense
of it.

JENNA
Oh, that stinks.

KEITH
Jenna--

JENNA
Keith.

He distractedly eats a fry she feeds him.

KEITH
You don't remember?

Jenna thinks.

CUT TO:

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

KEITH
Hello..?

JENNA
Hm?

KEITH
I thought we got disconnected.

JENNA

Oh. No.

KEITH

Well, then. What do you say?

JENNA

About?

KEITH

About the trip. Do you want to go?

Jenna's eyes widen, her surroundings phasing and rippling.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Jenna? Are you there?

JENNA

I'm...Somewhere.

Lights flicker, the room is like an abyss.

KEITH

I'm sorry. I've pushed the matter. Obviously you don't want to go.

JENNA

I don't?

KEITH

You're being quieter than Trump's conscience.

JENNA

Oh.

KEITH

I really thought we had something going. I'm sorry if I misread the signals.

She squeezes her eyes shut, trying to get her bearings.

JENNA

You didn't.

KEITH

I didn't? Then, why the cold shoulder?

CUT TO:

Jenna is lying on her stomach, looking over her shoulder. She is shivering afraid.

BACK TO:

JENNA
(murmuring, disbelief)
I'm cold.

KEITH
I think I've been a pretty good
boyfriend. I'm trying!

Jenna shivers.

KEITH (CONT'D)
I try to keep in touch, try to give
you space, try to treat you like
you're feminine. Try to treat you
like you don't *need* to be feminine.
I'm at a loss. I don't understand
what's happening between us. Why
are you pushing me away?

She crumples, looks around with wild eyes, the room cold and
unwelcoming.

JENNA
(quietly)
I'm not...

KEITH
It's true! We were getting really
close and that's not easy for me.
I've had to really work at
exclusivity and-and-and you're not
such an easy nut to crack,
yourself, you know?

JENNA
No. I can't be...

CUT TO:

Jenna covers her head.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
You do as I say, or I'll show you
what for, girl.

BACK TO:

KEITH
Are you punishing me? God! What
for, Jenna?

Jenna flinches.

JENNA
Don't!

KEITH
What?

JENNA
Stop!

She drops the phone and walks defensively backward, toward the sliding door of the patio.

KEITH
(dumbfounded)
I'm coming over. We can't do this on the phone.

She backs out the door and onto the patio.

JENNA
Don't do it. Stop! NO!

She backs to the guard rail of the patio so hard, she flips over it.

There is a thud.

FADE BACK TO:

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JENNA
I'm not worried about making sense anymore. What's the sense of a crinkle cut fry, anyway? Just easier to hold on to.

KEITH
I should have held on tighter.

JENNA
I don't think so.

KEITH
(eyes welling)
I had no idea you needed help. You were so strong.

JENNA
Everyone needs help.

Keith wipes his face and eyes while Jenna eats and drinks.

KEITH

God help me. Jenna. I was so worried. I don't think I had ever really been scared before-- When I got to your place, I was angry. I was hurt. So stupid! It took me days to realize something was wrong. I feel so guilty. I thought it was about me somehow.

JENNA

We all see what we can. When we can.

Jenna climbs over the table and embraces Keith.

KEITH

Please forgive me, Jenna.

She holds him and wraps her legs around him without an ounce of sexuality.

JENNA

It's not about you, Keith.

KEITH

I don't want to lose you.

JENNA

I've lost my mind, Keith.

KEITH

Don't say that!

JENNA

I've lost my mind.

KEITH

(whisper)
Don't say that.

JENNA

I can't give you a piece of it anymore.

KEITH

I don't want to lose you.

JENNA

Then you'll have to find me.

Keith blinks and looks around the bar. Jenna is gone.