

BRIDGED

Written by

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EXT. CITY, ALONG A TRAIL- DAY

A group of three teenagers- 2 boys, 1 girl. They are walking along a trail through a park in the city, low bridge nearby. Kids are visibly from upper-middle class families: well dressed, latest gadgets. They are chatting, texting, laughing and being kids. Brian, one of the boys, is wearing expensive sports clothing, all name brand stuff, including a brand-new baseball cap. He is also carrying his baseball glove. As they approach a low bridge, they cross another young man, Jeff- approximately the same age, dirty and homeless.

JEFF

Hi guys. Sorry to bother you but would you have any spare change or even leftovers from your lunch?

BRIAN

Jesus! Do you know what a shower is?

JEFF

Well.. yes but I...

BRIAN

Well then go take one! You reek buddy. And by the way, nobody carries cash anymore so unless you have a debit machine hiding in that dirty jacket of yours, your beggin' for nothin'!

SYLVIA

Brian! Come on! That's so mean.

BRIAN

Yeah well... being on the streets is choice.

Jeff and Brian stare at each other in silence for a moment. Brian walks away making his way under the bridge.

ANDREW

Come on guys. Lets go.

EXT. CITY, ON BRIDGE- DAY

As the cross the bridge, Brian decides to jump onto the edge and walk along the wall.

SYLVIA

Brian! Get down from there.

BRIAN

Why? Are you scared I'm going to fall?

Brian balances himself on one leg.

ANDREW

Brian... seriously. Stop showing off like you have something to prove.

BRIAN

Maybe I do.

He turns his body facing out and attempts to do a yoga pose. He closes his eyes and loses his balance. Andrew grabs him by the backpack and pulls him back down. Brian's baseball cap comes off and slowly falls over the bridge.

SYLVIA

You're such an idiot sometimes. Why do you always have to show-off?

BRIAN

(looking over the bridge) There goes my new ball cap.

ANDREW

Go get it.

BRIAN

I'm not going down there.

ANDREW

Why? Are you scared?

BRIAN

Maybe. You never know who or what is hiding under the bridge.

SYLVIA

But it's your new cap?

BRIAN

Whatever. My dad will just buy me a new one. He probably won't even remember that he bought me one in the first place. (break) Come on, lets go!

EXT. CITY, BELOW THE BRIDGE- DAY

Jeff notices the ball cap hanging on a small shrub. He makes his way towards it and grabs it. He stares at it and smiles.

EXT. CITY, ON SIDEWALK ALONG BUSY STREET- DAY

The three teenagers continue their way home, walking along a city sidewalk. They walk by a homeless shelter (could be a church). By the main entrance, there's a lost and found box. As Brian is walking by, he notices the box and stops.

BRIAN

(pulling out an old baseball cap,  
identical to the one he just lost)  
Hey... check it out!

SYLVIA

Ewww... gross! You're not seriously  
going to take that are you?

ANDREW

Yeah... you don't know where it's  
been!

BRIAN

Dare me to put it on?

ANDREW

Dare you? What kind of lame dare is  
that?

SYLVIA

Just leave it. Some homeless guy  
will want that back.

Brian laughs and slowly raises the cap to his head.

ANDREW

You're not going to do it. You're  
such a germaphobe.

EXT. CITY, BELOW THE BRIDGE- DAY

Jeff, makes his way under the bridge where he leaves all his belongings. He approaches his camping chair. His baseball glove is sitting on the chair. He moves it and takes a seat, cap in hand. He puts the cap on his head and is instantly transported into a dream-like state where he witnesses Brian's life, the spoiled brat he crossed earlier.

EXT. CITY, ALONG CITY SIDEWALK- DAY

Brian puts the cap on his head to prove his friends wrong. He is instantly transported in a dream-like state where he witnesses Jeff's life, the homeless boy he had crossed earlier.

INT. JEFF'S FAMILY APARTMENT- NIGHT

Jeff is sitting on the couch watching TV, baseball cap on his head. He has his baseball glove on hand and plays catch by himself, throwing the ball up and catching it in his glove. His mother, Meg, comes through the door. She is wearing a work uniform (waitress or factory worker). She is carrying a small grocery bag. Seems exhausted.

MEG

Hi Honey. How was your day?

JEFF

Hey Mom! Good... how was yours?

MEG

Well, I'm still breathing so I guess that's a good thing.

JEFF

(break) Yeah.

Jeff gets up and approaches his mom.

JEFF (CONT'D)

What's for dinner?

He looks in the grocery bag and finds TV dinners.

JEFF (CONT'D)

(sighs and whispers) Again?

Jeff glances over at his mother. She is leaning against the kitchen counter, eyes closed and visibly exhausted. Jeff stares at her for a moment. He puts one of the trays in the microwave then grabs the tea towel hanging nearby and flips it over his arm.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Madame... Please let me show you to your table.

He grabs his mother's arm and leads her to the kitchen table, pulls out her chair and signals for her to sit down. Meg giggles at her son's silliness.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Allow me to tell you about  
tonight's specials, OK Madame?

MEG

Sure.

JEFF

Tonight's specials are brought to  
you by Swanson.

He grabs the second TV dinner and showcases it.

JEFF (CONT'D)

A chicken entrée made with  
Swanson's finest cut meats.  
Complete with a side of velvety  
powdered potatoes and finely  
chopped cubed carrots, peppered in  
green peas. Perfecto!

Jeff makes his way to the microwave. Meg looks at her son,  
smiling at his efforts, she tears up. Jeff comes back puts  
the tray of food in front of her.

JEFF (CONT'D)

We'll get through this Mom. We  
always do.

MEG

Yeah. (wipes her tears) I know.

TO READ FULL SCRIPT PLEASE EMAIL

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