

DECENT GUY WALKS A GIRL HOME

Written by
Emma Kidwell

EXT. THE BAR - NIGHT

[MAIN PATH]

JACK opens the door and ALLISON exits, wrapping her scarf tightly around her neck. They're the last patrons leaving the bar. Allison looks expectantly at Jack, who's staring off into the night.

ALLISON

So...

JACK

(dazed, coming to)

Huh? Oh, sorry-- I was spacing out again.

ALLISON

You're not drunk, are you?

CHOICES:

1. **No, I'm Jack.**
2. **Why, are you a narc?**
3. **Maybe a little.**

1. **No, I'm Jack.**

JACK

No, I'm Jack.

ALLISON

(laughs)

Cute. But you didn't answer my question.

JACK

It takes more than a few beers to knock me on my ass.

ALLISON

Good to know.

[Jump to MAIN PATH]

2. **Why, are you a narc?**

JACK

Sounds like a question a fun-hater would ask. You're not a narc, are you?

ALLISON

(amused)

I'm just a concerned citizen looking out for the vulnerable.

JACK
(playing along)
What about me screams “vulnerable”?
ALLISON
It wouldn’t be fun if I just *told* you.

[Jump to MAIN PATH]

3. Maybe a little.

JACK
(embarrassed)
It’s been awhile since I’ve had a drink.
ALLISON
(amused)
Your speech isn’t slurred. I think you’re the most sober drunk person I’ve ever talked to.
JACK
What can I say? I’m an overachiever. Two beers is enough to get the blood pumping.
ALLISON
I noticed. Your skin looks a little pink, it’s delicious.

[MAIN PATH]

Allison sticks out her arm for Jack, which he accepts. The two walk in silence for a beat, concentrating on the icy sidewalks. Street lamps illuminate the way, casting a soft glow off the snow. The air is silent and still.

ALLISON
I wasn’t expecting to meet a decent guy on a random Tuesday night.
JACK
What do you usually expect?

Jack tries to gauge Allison’s expression, partly concealed by her scarf. The red fabric brings out the flush of her cheeks. Her face is too hard to read.

ALLISON
Well, I bring a book so men won’t approach me.

She shoots a look at Jack, who smiles apologetically.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I order a bloody mary and read my book. Sometimes I'll go outside for a smoke. When I get bored I people-watch.

JACK

I take it I was tonight's entertainment?

ALLISON

You could say that. Looking at you didn't put a bad taste in my mouth.

JACK

(jokingly)

I try my best not to give women the ick.

ALLISON

I *liked* that you asked me what I was reading instead of what I was drinking.

JACK

Because I already knew what you were drinking. Salty tomato juice.

JACK (CONT'D)

We established you don't meet nice guys. What made you take the decent one home?

Allison considers this, as if she's unsure of the answer herself.

ALLISON

What are you expecting once we get to my place?

CHOICES:

1. **Not to be murdered.**
2. **A movie.**
3. **Nothing.**

1. **Not to be murdered.**

JACK

It would be great to *not* be bludgeoned with a hammer or stabbed with a knife.

ALLISON

Statistically speaking, you're in luck!

JACK

(wary)

I don't know. You're packing some serious guns under there.

ALLISON

That's what going to the gym will do to you.

[Jump to MAIN PATH]

2. A movie.

JACK

Figured we could watch a rom-com or something.

ALLISON

Not a slasher?

JACK

Blood makes me queasy.

ALLISON

(teasing)

Don't worry, I'll let you hold my hand if you get scared.

[Jump to MAIN PATH]

3. Nothing.

JACK

Honestly? Nothing. I'm just walking a nice girl back to her place.

ALLISON

(amused)

A nice girl? You've only known me for a few hours.

JACK

Nice to meet you, nice girl. I'm decent guy.

ALLISON

Touche.

[Jump to MAIN PATH]

[MAIN PATH]

JACK

I'm happy just to walk you to your front door and say goodnight.

ALLISON

(suspicious)

It's hard to tell if you're being genuine.

JACK

(gently)

Only one way to find out, right?

Jack takes the lead, surprising Allison. He guides her across a big batch of ice and catches her when she slips. Jack begins to adjust the scarf around Allison's neck and pauses.

ALLISON

What is it?

JACK

Just... spaced out again.

ALLISON

(curious)

You sure you aren't tipsy?

JACK

I take it back. It's more suave if I say "I got lost looking into your eyes."

ALLISON

Suave? Says who?

JACK

Men's Health magazine.

The two walk arm in arm until Allison stops in front of a brick row home. A singular light by the door is the only source of light. She adjusts her scarf again, making sure it's still wound tightly.

ALLISON

Well, this is me.

JACK

This is you.

ALLISON

Ask me if you can come in.

JACK

I don't think that's a good idea.

CHOICES:

1. Why not?
2. You're right.
3. What are you not telling me?

1. Why not?

ALLISON

(stoic)

How come?

JACK

I just-- I don't have a good feeling about it.

ALLISON
Come on, Jack. I don't bite.
JACK
We *both* know that's not true.

[Jump to MAIN PATH]

2. You're right.

ALLISON
(cautious)
I agree. One thing might lead to another.
JACK
What might that be?
ALLISON
It sounds like you might have a clue.

[Jump to MAIN PATH]

3. What are you not telling me?

ALLISON
(amused)
What do you know?
JACK
(hesitant)
I... Well, my blood ran a bit cold about halfway here.
ALLISON
The weather will do that to you.

[Jump to MAIN PATH]

[MAIN PATH]

Allison unloops their arms, taking a step back. She smiles, flashing a set of bright white teeth at Jack, who, despite the nerves, smiles back. He reaches down and tugs gently on her scarf.

ALLISON
Can I tell you a secret?
JACK

Sure.

ALLISON

I'm glad you approached me at the bar.

JACK

Even though I'm only a decent guy?

ALLISON

(laughs)

Especially. My night would've ended differently.

She reaches into Jack's coat pocket and hands him his phone. He unlocks it and she puts in her phone number.

ALLISON

Can I kiss you?

Jack hesitates. Allison gets on her toes and gently presses her lips against his cheek.

JACK

(whispers)

Cold.

ALLISON

You'll get used to it. Call me when you get home.

END.