

EXT. STREET - DAY

We open onto the hectic city street that is Downtown Seattle. Traffic is at an all time high -- it's rush hour, as people are heading home from work.

Aggressive HONKING echoes between the tall buildings.

ANGLE ON: CASSIE, a 27-year-old people pleaser, as she is walking down the street. She holds a tray with two coffees in one hand and presses her phone to her ear with the other.

CASSIE

I don't get what your issue with her is.

FREDDY (O.S.)

Tracy? She's a walking cliché! With the way she kisses his ass?! And not in the innocent kind of way, if you catch my drift.

CASSIE

I think you're just upset that you struck out.

FREDDY (O.S.)

I didn't--

CASSIE

Twice.

Turning into an apartment complex Cassie notices a man coming out and picks up her pace.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Hold the door please!

FREDDY (O.S.)

You know, I resent that.

The man holds the door, smiling at her but Cassie doesn't notice as she gets into the building.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Cassie uses her elbow to call the elevator.

FREDDY (O.S.)

I've barely had a chance to talk to her, let alone look her in the eyes.

CASSIE  
I think we both know your eyes tend  
to wander.

DING -- The elevator arrives.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

Cassie exits the elevator on the third floor and heads down  
the hallway.

FREDDY (O.S.)  
You make it sound like it's not a  
natural male thing.

CASSIE  
Is that your excuse? Misogyny?

FREDDY (O.S.)  
Well, when you put it that way, it  
sounds bad.

As Cassie approaches her apartment, we see FREDDY (28) a  
handsome, protective, but unfortunately immature man, leaning  
against the wall next to her door.

He holds Cassie's mail in one hand and presses his phone to  
his ear with the other.

CASSIE  
You can put it any way. And it will  
still sound bad.

Tucking the phone between her cheek and shoulder, Cassie  
grabs her keys and unlocks the door.

INT. CASSIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Opening the door into her mid-sized, eclectic studio  
apartment, Freddy and Cassie walk inside.

Freddy continues talking, his voice still echoing through  
Cassie's phone.

FREDDY  
I just want to know if you think I  
have a chance with her.

Cassie hangs up her phone and hands the coffees to Freddy,  
taking her mail.

CASSIE  
It's unlikely.

Freddy looks at his phone and then at Cassie, offended.

FREDDY  
(hurt)  
Did you just hang up on me?

Rolling her eyes, Cassie walks into her kitchen, starting to sort her mail. Freddy follows her, taking one of the coffees from the tray for himself and sliding the other to Cassie.

FREDDY (CONT'D)  
What I don't understand is what she sees in the guy.

CASSIE  
Who?

FREDDY  
Tracy!

CASSIE  
(nods)  
Right.

In the pile of mail, Cassie comes across a postcard from Prague. She smiles, setting the rest aside.

FREDDY  
What does he have that I don't? I'm attractive. I'm clever. I'm funny.

Freddy takes a dramatic sip of coffee.

FREDDY (CONT'D)  
What, because he's rich he's better than me?

Cassie turns the postcard over. ANGLE ON the written message:

*The bridge here reminds me of our imaginary battles as kids. I miss those days. Yours, Connor.*

Smiling, she brushes her thumb over the signature.

FREDDY (CONT'D)  
Hello? Is my misery not enthralling enough for you?

Snapping back to attention, Cassie looks at Freddy who watches her.

CASSIE  
Look, you're too good for Tammy  
anyways--

FREDDY  
Tracy.

CASSIE  
Whatever! You deserve better than a  
horny, cliché, kiss-ass!

Nodding, Freddy sighs in agreement. Cassie turns her attention back to the postcard. Freddy notices and she walks to the fridge, grabbing a magnet.

ANGLE ON: Cassie placing the postcard alongside others from all over Europe. She lingers, looking at all of them.

FREDDY  
Where is Boy Wonder this time?

CASSIE  
Prague.

FREDDY  
Is he still with that teenager he  
met in Italy?

Cassie comes back over to the counter, grabbing her coffee.

CASSIE  
She's not a teenager.

Taking a sip, Cassie makes a disgusted face. She takes the other coffee out of Freddy's hand and gives him hers.

FREDDY  
And I'm not a handsome recluse with  
a heart of gold.

CASSIE  
What?

FREDDY  
Why do you work so hard to defend  
him? I thought you were growing out  
of that.

CASSIE  
Don't start. It's not like that.

FREDDY  
Bullshit!

CASSIE  
(scolding)  
Language.

Cassie takes a sip from the other coffee and nods in approval. She goes over to her rack of clothes and rifles through them.

Freddy turns on his seat to keep facing her.

FREDDY  
If you really want to live a life  
of suffering, then I support you  
and I'll drop it --

Grabbing a dress off on the rack, Cassie turns to Freddy.

CASSIE  
(sarcastic)  
What a friend. Turn around.

Freddy rolls his eyes, turning the chair and facing the other side of the room as he continues:

FREDDY  
But if you're looking for  
happiness? Then being in love with  
someone you can't have isn't going  
to get you there.  
(beat)  
And before you say you aren't! Know  
that lying to me ain't gonna work.

Finishing sliding on the dress, Cassie sighs.

CASSIE  
Are you done?

FREDDY  
Can I turn back now?

CASSIE  
Yes.

Spinning back around in the chair, Freddy points at her.

FREDDY  
You know I'm right.

Cassie looks at the time - she has to go.

CASSIE  
Look, Freddy, I love you, but  
I'm fine.

FREDDY  
A pair of famous last words if  
I've ever heard some.

Grabbing her coffee and her bag, Cassie heads for the door.

CASSIE  
We can talk about this later.

FREDDY  
Right, because I have nothing  
better going on in my life?

CASSIE  
What can I say? The truth hurts.

FREDDY  
Tell me about it.

Opening the door, Cassie nods her head motioning for Freddy to leave.

FREDDY (CONT'D)  
What, you're kicking me out?

CASSIE  
You've lost your privilege to be  
alone in my apartment.

Freddy gets up, grabbing his coffee and heading to the door.

FREDDY  
You kill one fish...

CASSIE  
You broke my aquarium and flooded  
my apartment!

FREDDY  
I was trying to save the fish! I  
don't think I get enough credit for  
that!

Door closes. *Can I Call You Tonight?* by Dayglo begins.

### UNREQUITED

INT. MATHESON HOUSE - DAY

In the suburbs of Mercer Island, we find a house covered head-to-toe in birthday decorations.