

The Magic of Timing
an original screenplay by
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FADE IN:

EXT. BUS STOP - AFTERNOON

KAYLA, 22, an AF American Hipster, avid book reader, hunched over a novel on her lap. Below the novel rests a mini BACKPACK.

MARGOT, 50, Native American decent, desires attention but has a hidden impulse to listen. Dressed in vintage clothing, resembling a 1950s gypsy.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Margot's footsteps as she proceeds to walk to the bus stop. She is pulling an EASY WHEELS SHOPPING CART with groceries inside. While looking distressed, she sits next to Kayla. Almost invading her space.

Margot projects a raspy voice with a hint of sadness.

MARGOT

For the first time in years, I had a
smile on my face. Honest.
Forthcoming...

Kayla takes harsh glance at Margot from the corner of her eye. Margot continues speaking through a distressed chuckle.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

(hands showing chocking
movement)

If my mother raised from the dead
and saw me now... she would just...

BEAT.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

My husband and I fought for 3 years.
. . I had lost all hope. And then
there it was... a door bell. A
delivery man at the door. And guess
what? A check...of hope. An official
check!!

Margot is almost in tears. Kayla frowns as she gazes off to the side and scoots over --attempting to read where she left off.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

But it vanished in one moment of
forgetfulness. Spacey me! My sister
always said I was forgetful. And
now..

Margot notices Kayla's behavior and proceeds to over explain her situation in hope for a comforting response.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

My husband walked when he shouldn't have, practically killed himself to be a breadwinner. Maybe that's what social security noticed. That there was a reoccurring applicant... a man that broke himself to support his family... Diabetes chills the soul. As it destroys the same limbs that make a living, suffocates the human spirit. The government finally realized when his legs were amputated.

Margot looks at Kayla and waits. Kayla continues to focus in on her page while attempting to distance herself from Margot. Kayla's body is awkward on the bench as she leans closer to the arm-rest.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

I've spent too many years bending over thousands of dirty kitchen counters. I do it not only for pay but in hopes for extra gratitude. Every day I receive a tip that doesn't show for anything. I can spend a days tip on cat food...

Pause.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

...Then his check came. My sister said it was a blessing from god. She and I became closer. She helped me to cash the check. After years we became friends again. Tried out the self check out. I used that damn thing for the first time in my life.... trying to turn over a new leaf. But hell in the midst of my excitement I left in time for my bus. Then...

(shakes head)

Left the rest of my money in the store. Went back. Poof! Gone. Our chance to move into the city... everything gone in a second!

Kayla starts to read her book in haste but this time becomes extremely distracted by Margot's overflow of information. Kayla looks up to notice her bus in the far distance.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

No-one in this country is trust
worthy, caring, or loving... That
money! I was going to take my husband
to dinner to celebrate our
anniversary... This life is a
continuos cycle of burden. But we
are just disposable people right?
All because of money...

Kayla is frustrated with the prolonged distraction from her
book and stands up. Margot stands as well. The bus pulls up
just before Margot can say another word. Kayla unzips her
mini-backpack and, without looking down, pulls her JACKET
out. A THICK ENVELOPE falls to the ground. Kayla is Unaware.

KAYLA

You should be more careful with your
money.

Kayla jumps on the bus before Margot can catch her attention.
The bus pulls away leaving Margot at the stop alone. Margot
picks the envelope from the ground and opens it to find a
stack of one-hundred dollar bills.

FADE OUT: