

LET HER CRY

Written by

Joseph Laguerre

EXT. FORT LAUDERDALE - NIGHT

The moon and stars shine over Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

INT. THE CUE - BAR - NIGHT

Hole in the wall bar, five minutes from the beach. Framed NY sports jerseys and family photos taken in the bar.

Three PATRONS, 50s, sit at a bar.

JULIAN, 30s, tortured NY Knicks fan in a Knicks jersey, wipes down the counters while they banter.

JULIAN

Alright, guys. Last call was 10 minutes ago.

PATRON #1

Come on, Jules. Let me finish my beer.

Julian points at the empty beer bottle.

JULIAN

You're empty.

PATRON #2

The bottle ain't the only thing empty.

The three Patrons laugh as they step off their stools.

PATRON #3

You know what, Jules? You're alright, man.

PATRON #1

For a Knick fan.

The three laugh as they approach the door.

JULIAN

Hey y'all are taking a cab, right? I don't need your death on my conscience.

PATRON #1

Our ride's outside, brother.

Julian turns off the TVs and the lights.

EXT. THE CUE - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Julian exits the bar, unlocks the car when he notices a woman under the streetlight a couple of yards away.

BROOKE, 30s, disheveled and dressed for a night out on the town, stares off into the distance.

JULIAN

You're going to want to get out of here. Cops patrol this area.

BROOKE

I'm good. Is the bar still open?

JULIAN

You don't need anymore to drink tonight.

Julian walks over to Brooke. Brooke struggles to stand before Julian helps her up.

BROOKE

Well aren't you, Captain America.

JULIAN

If I let you stay there, others may follow. That's bad for business.

Julian helps Brooke up and opens up the bar.

INT. THE CUE - BAR - CONTINUOUS

Julian and Brooke enter. Julian places his cell phone on the counter. Brooke sits at the bar while Julian makes a pot of coffee.

BROOKE

Guess the bar's open after all.

JULIAN

It's really not.

BROOKE

Aren't you a charmer.

Julian turns on the radio, approaches the bar.

JULIAN

Do you have someone you can call?  
Uber?

BROOKE

Nope. I'll have that drink though.

Julian looks back to check on the coffee.

JULIAN

Working on it.

Brooke digs through her purse and pulls out a vape.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

You can't smoke in here...um?

Brooke peers at Julian, puts the vape on the counter, and pulls a gun out of her purse. Julian steps back, arms raised.

BROOKE

Brooke, my name is Brooke. I've really had a bad day. So I'll take that drink now...what's your name?

JULIAN

Julian. I'm not a bartender. I just own the place.

BROOKE

This just gets better. Move.

Brooke motions Julian from behind the bar onto a barstool.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

What kind of bar owner doesn't make drinks.

JULIAN

It was my grandfather's.

Brooke pours the ingredients for a kamikaze in a shaker. She shakes the drink. Julian glances at his cell phone on the counter.

BROOKE

Oh, family loaded or something?

JULIAN

Wouldn't say that?

BROOKE

Yeah, I wouldn't either looking at this place. No offense.

Julian looks at the bar behind him, then back at Brooke.  
Brooke pours the kamikaze into a glass.

JULIAN

Why don't you just take what's in  
the safe and be done with it. Doubt  
you'll get far, as drunk as you  
are.

BROOKE

Oh, I'm not robbing you, Jules. Can  
I call you, Jules. I just wanted a  
drink.

JULIAN

What is your deal?

Brooke sips her kamikaze.

BROOKE

You must be single, not a  
chivalrous bone in your body.

JULIAN

You don't even know me.

BROOKE

You're right, I know your type. The  
bad guys lie in order to sleep with  
me. The good ones lie in order to  
steal my heart.

Brooke downs the rest of her drink and drops the glass.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Oops. Sorry.

Julian sulks. Brooke comes from behind the counter and leans  
on a pool table.

JULIAN

Was that really necessary?

BROOKE

I said sorry. You're worse than my  
lawyer. One little virus and  
everything goes to shit.

JULIAN

What are you talking about?

Brooke sits on the pool table.

BROOKE

Do you know the crystal store? 5  
blocks from here?

JULIAN

River B's Reiki? My best friend  
shops there all the time. Well did,  
anyway, been closed since Covid.

Brooke rolls her eyes.

BROOKE

Yeah well River was my friend till  
she kicked me out of my own  
business.

JULIAN

What did you do?

Brooke scoffs.

BROOKE

She had some bullshit clause in the  
contract if I were to start  
drinking, she'd get full control.

JULIAN

You're drunk, Brooke.

Brooke gets off the pool table and waves the gun in Julian's  
direction.

BROOKE

You don't get to judge me.

JULIAN

Just stating the facts.

BROOKE

I'm holding the gun. I'm in charge.  
How's that for facts?

Brooke walks away from Julian. Julian makes a move for his  
phone. Brooke torques back and shoots the phone off the  
counter. Julian jumps back, falls on the ground.

JULIAN

What the hell?

BROOKE

I'm going to need another drink.

Brooke goes back behind the counter. Julian spots something  
on the ground. A sobriety button. He picks it up.

JULIAN

Talk about falling off the wagon.

Julian shows Brooke the button.

BROOKE

You can keep that. I'm pretty sure  
I don't need that anymore.

Brooke starts pouring another glass of kamikaze.

JULIAN

Ten years is a long time. What made  
you stop?

BROOKE

Children have a way changing a  
person's priorities. I had a shit  
dad. Mom did her best.

JULIAN

How old are they?

Brooke takes a sip.

BROOKE

Awful calm for someone who got shot  
at.

JULIAN

I was pretty sure you'd miss.

Brooke puts her hair up in a ponytail.

BROOKE

10 and 6.

JULIAN

When did you start drinking?

BROOKE

The day that judge took them away  
from me.

Brooke takes another sip, stumbles back but catches herself.

JULIAN

Why did they do that?

BROOKE

My asshole ex husband has a stable  
job as a network engineer. While my  
business has lost significantly  
because of the virus.

Brooke raises her glass.

BROOKE (CONT'D)  
This probably didn't help either.  
Or the Xanax, or the Cymbalta I was  
taking.

JULIAN  
Not a fan of how Xanax made me  
feel. The Cymbalta help me though.  
I was off of it after a year.

BROOKE  
Oh? Assholes get depressed?

Brooke raises her glass to cheers and finishes the drink.

JULIAN  
Life isn't perfect. I'm not where I  
expected to be in life. I probably  
get in my own head more than you  
do.

BROOKE  
Oh look at you, trying to relate.  
Are you trying to be nice or afraid  
of the gun?

JULIAN  
I'm just trying to help.

Brooke throws the glass against the wall.

BROOKE  
You can't help me! You can't help  
everyone, Jules! Sometimes the  
broken are just broken.

JULIAN  
Your kids aren't gone. They may not  
live with you but they're not dead,  
Brooke.

Brooke paces behind the bar, holds the gun by her head.

BROOKE  
Jenna, is afraid of monsters so I  
have to check under her bed every  
night.

Julian gets off the stool.

JULIAN  
You will see them again.



Brooke cries.

BROOKE  
Aiden likes to make pancakes on  
Sundays.

Brooke covers her ears, drops to her knees.

JULIAN  
Brooke! Look at me, Brooke.

Julian comes around the bar counter, kneels in front of  
Brooke.

BROOKE  
Get back! Don't!

JULIAN  
Okay!

Brooke lifts the gun towards her head.

BROOKE  
I've failed them. I'm the shit  
parent.

JULIAN  
You stopped drinking for them. You  
provided for them. I'd say you've  
done well.

Brooke stares through Julian at the wall.

BROOKE  
I lost my business, I'm a drunk,  
I'm better off dead.

Julian inches closer.

JULIAN  
I woke up one day thinking the same  
thing.

Brooke sobers up for a moment.

BROOKE  
What?

JULIAN  
After my divorce, I realized I was  
a shit person. To have someone who  
loved me, give up on me.

Brooke sits up straight.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Ashley had more than enough reason to leave. I hated myself more than I hated what happened.

BROOKE

What happened?

JULIAN

I kicked her out after she said she wanted a divorce. She left me for a mutual friend of ours.

Julian shows Brooke a picture of the two of them.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

I keep a picture of her to remind me of who I used to be. What I didn't want to become again.

Julian takes the picture back.

BROOKE

So--

JULIAN

So the night she left, I took my handgun and asked God why did he make me this way. I took the safety off.

BROOKE

But you're still here.

Brooke wipes a tear from her eyes.

JULIAN

I'm still here because someone tapped me on the shoulder that night.

BROOKE

I almost shot you. I wanted to shoot you.

JULIAN

Somedays I'm still angry. I may not always do the right thing but today, asshole or not, I'm your someone.

Julian gets up and extends his hand. Brooke grabs his hand.

BROOKE  
Damn it, Julian. You really are  
some kind of superhero.

Julian disarms Brooke and they exit the bar.

EXT. THE CUE - PARKING LOT

Julian locks the door behind them.

BROOKE  
I'm sorry about your phone.

JULIAN  
It's alright. I've been meaning to  
get an upgrade anyway.

Julian opens the car door for her.

BROOKE  
You might be one of the weirdest  
men I've met in my life.

Julian closes the door and enters the drivers side.

JULIAN  
I'm taking you home.

Julian turns on the car and they drive off to their next  
destination.

END