

EXT. JESS'S HOUSE

Still in her workout clothes, Jess wheels an old 10-speed bicycle out the front door of her house. She hops on the bike and pedals off down the street.

EXT. THE OTHER END OF THE BRIDGE - LATER

Jess pedals up on the island side of the bridge. She stops, setting one foot down on the road, looking across. Checks her phone. Starts to pedal over the bridge.

CUT TO:

EXT. PETE'S SIDE OF THE BRIDGE

Pete is laid out in the back of his truck, feet up, drinking a beer. He takes a sip, and over his shoulder we see Jess biking over the bridge. We watch her approach for a long moment as Pete drinks, and eventually she rides up to the side of the truck. She leans her bike against the front of the truck and walks around to the back, looking at Pete. They take each other in for a long moment. Then...

JESS

Pete.

PETE

Jess.

Beat.

JESS

You even try this time?

Pete shakes his head no, draining the beer and tossing the empty can into the corner of the truck, where it joins a veritable graveyard of empties.

PETE

Nope.

Jess looks at the empty cans.

JESS

Six-pack of courage?

PETE

Some of that was yesterday, but...
yeah. You want one?

He offers a beer from the cooler. Jess waves him off.

JESS

I'm good.

Pete cracks the beer for himself and drinks.

She shakes her head. It's not disgust on her face, but it's close. She watches him avoid her gaze for a moment. Then...

JESS (cont'd)

Keys in the ignition?

PETE

Yeah.

JESS

Great. Can we do this? I hate this bridge.

Pete takes a long pull on his beer and nods his head. Jess give him one more look, and then...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TRUCK ON THE BRIDGE MOMENTS LATER

Close on Pete, in the fetal position in the bed of his truck. Eyes squeezed shut, he hugs his knees to his chest, shaking uncontrollably. Jess's bike is next to him as she drives them both over the bridge.

EXT. THE ISLAND SIDE OF THE BRIDGE

Safely across, Jess pulls the truck over to the side of the road. There may be a tear or two in her eyes as well, but she blinks them away quickly. She kills the engine and gets out, walking around to the back of the truck. She lets the back gate of the truck down and pulls her bike out onto the road.

Pete sits up, wiping his face on his shirt. He runs his hands through his hair, trying to shake himself out of whatever is happening with him. Jess looks at him almost pityingly.

JESS

You know I hate you every year for this, right?

PETE

Yeah.

JESS

Five years, Pete.

PETE

Sounds right, yeah.

JESS

(for want of anything
else to say)

How long does it take to drive here
without crossing any bridges?

PETE

Long time. Lots of back roads.

JESS

I would think.

He pours out what's left in the beer can over the edge of
the truck, then tosses the empty into the corner with the
others. He jumps out of the truck bed and lands on the road.

PETE

Thanks, Jess.

She nods. They consider each other for a moment.

PETE (cont'd)

You wanna hang out?

She almost laughs.

JESS

Yeah, that sounds like a ton of fun.

PETE

Right.

(awkward beat)

Cool. Well...thanks.

He opens the driver's side door.

JESS

You good to drive?

PETE

Always.

He gets in, closing the door.