

Momentary Engineering

by

Jason Wilder Konschak

J Wilder Konschak  
452 West 149th Street  
New York City, NY 10031  
[momentaryengineering@misplacedplanet.com](mailto:momentaryengineering@misplacedplanet.com)

BLACK

SUPERIMPOSE: "Saturday, June 1st, 1996. 20:39:01." The position representing the seconds ticks along live.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

DAVIS BALLARD, mid-20's, is very nervous. He doesn't know it, but he's cute enough to work the shy fumble. His sleeves are rolled and his shirt is soaked through. He's doing dishes.

DAVIS  
(whispered affirmations)  
Everybody chokes - now and then.  
Fish bones are - chokey. Very -  
choke-prone. It's human. Human is  
endearing. People love humans.

RAEANNE JERET, mid-20's, is short, with pronounced curves and subtle glasses. In her tight white shirt and tight tweed skirt she looks like a naughty school-marm. She enters and passes two dirty dinner plates to Davis.

RAEANNE  
Here you go, sweetie.

DAVIS  
Was the food - okay - for you?

He scrapes the plates into the garbage, but one of the fish bones slides onto the floor, which is littered with coffee grounds, twist-ties, and onionskins.

RAEANNE  
It was good. I loved it. I love  
fish. And you caught it yourself,  
where was it? Oops, you dropped -

Raeanne and Davis kneel at once to retrieve the fish-bone. They grab opposite ends of it, and there, their eyes meet.

They share a sexy, sexy pause.

DAVIS  
I ... the Tarrabocci River. Fish.

RAEANNE  
(purring)  
Tarrabocci. What a name...

Davis nods enthusiastically and drops the fish-bone into the garbage. When he turns back, Raeanne plunges in for a kiss.

DAVIS

Aah - ah!

Caught by surprise, Davis jerks his head back and SLAMS his skull on the sink behind him. BONK!

RAEANNE

Baby!

DAVIS

I, uh - fish bone! - I mean,  
Tarrabocci - oh god - I mean...

With her help, Davis stands, rubbing his head. She strokes his hair.

RAEANNE

Here honey. My fault. My fault.

DAVIS

Am I bleeding?

RAEANNE

(sweetly mocking)  
Internally, honey. You're  
internally hemorrhaging.

DAVIS

(between weeping and  
joking)  
Call an ambulance...

They begin leaning close, lips parting, eyes closing - but from the other room, there is a loud DING-DONG. Raeanne and Davis look up, surprised. DING-DONG! DING-DONG! DING-DONG!

RAEANNE

Is that your door?

POUND! POUND-POUND-POUND! DING-DONG! POUND-POUND-POUND!

DAVIS

I think that's my door...  
(looking to her)  
...Isn't that weird?

INT. ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Davis approaches the door, which POUND-POUNDS just once more. He leans to the peephole, but the hall outside is empty.

Davis straightens. Crushes his brows together. Squints.

Then, in a snap decision: he swings the door open with a swift SWISH that makes his bangs go WHOOSH.

Which reveals - in plain view - BOBBIE.

She is his age, slender, and plain. She wears one drab color - a uniform like a deliveryman's - complete with cap. She wriggles her feet and clenches her fists, like a kid trying to hold her bladder or turn invisible.

Davis stares at her, awe-struck.

Then, she strikes. She flings her hat aside and dives full-body forward, grabbing his face in her hands. Her lips lock on his. Her hands grope through his hair, claw down his back. She presses into him, pulls him against her, one leg wrapping around, trying to hook his pelvis.

He SLAMS into the door, and she MOANS, sliding down his chest, peeling free of him.

Then... She is gone.

Davis reels. He coughs a few times, finding air, finding balance. Blinks.

Davis peers out into the hallway. He looks this way. He looks that. And then he whines like a lost puppy.

There is no one.

Spooked and pale, he backs into his home, carefully sealing the door behind him.

Three locks turn - CLACK-CLACK-CLACK.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Davis, dressed just the same, but with sleeves down and shirt dry, stands at the oven, frying fish. It SIZZLES and POPS. He hums to himself an awful sort of improv jazz.

INT. LIVINGROOM

In the next room, within earshot of the HUMMING, SIZZLING, AND POPPING, Bobbie sits calmly on the couch, in uniform. She has a portable phone to her ear. The other end RINGS.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Saturday, June 1st, 1996. 14:57:04." The seconds tick.

INT. LIVINGROOM - MAY 28TH

The same room, the same phone sits on the couch, RINGING. Davis plods in from the hall, wearing his coat and carrying his keys.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Tuesday, May 28th, 1996. 14:57:12." The seconds tick live - in sync with the previous clock.

Davis answers the phone.

INTERCUT BETWEEN LOCATIONS.

DAVIS

Hello?

BOBBIE

Whoops. Wrong number. Sorry!

INT. LIVINGROOM

Bobbie hangs up quick. She ducks her head and sucks in through her teeth, embarrassed. Then she checks her watch. Taps the face to see if it's stopped.

INT. LIVINGROOM - MAY 28TH

Davis shakes his head. He tosses the phone back onto the couch, then heads out the door. It locks behind him, CLACK, CLACK, CLACK.

At that, the phone begins RINGING again.

From nowhere, EDDY, a stocky, sweaty, balding man, wearing an identical uniform to Bobbie's, answers the phone. He takes a seat on the couch exactly where she sits.

INTERCUT BETWEEN LOCATIONS.

EDDY

Okay Bobbie, you're calling - okay here it is - you're calling, to tell me, that this, this is the night, the magic night, when we're finally gonna deliver this moment, am I right? Cause that's the only reason you could possibly be calling me.

BOBBIE

I have a requisition for you.

EDDY

Aw, come on! Give me a break here!

BOBBIE

This is a delicate moment we're working on, Eddy. It's delicate.

EDDY

No, no. It's perfect. It's been perfect. I do good work. I got it all set up. It's gravy.

BOBBIE

We've got a whole new plan.

EDDY

I don't want to hear a new plan!

BOBBIE

We need you to poison a fish.

EDDY

Poison a fish!?

BOBBIE

Me and Abby - you know Abby, from tomorrow? - we got this whole big hospital romance worked out. It's beautiful. Best ever.

EDDY

I thought you and Abby didn't talk no more.

BOBBIE

We're professionals... You should give it a try.

EDDY

Ho ho ho.

Eddy pulls a pad of carbon receipts from his inside pocket and a pencil from his ear. He begins scribbling.

EDDY (CONT'D)

Poison - which fish now?

BOBBIE

The second one. And make it like some rare, like, deadly bacteria.

He signs the pad and tears off the receipt.

EDDY  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

He folds it in half and stuffs it behind a cushion.

EDDY (CONT'D)  
I put your receipt behind the  
cushion. Did it get there?

Bobbie reaches behind her and takes out the same receipt.

BOBBIE  
Got it.

EDDY  
Now, he's already gone fishing this  
run, so I'll tackle this first  
thing in the morning.  
(pause, then sharply)  
But that don't mean slack off! You  
go give it another shot with the  
plan we got. Maybe we get lucky.

BOBBIE  
I will. I will. It just. I dunno.  
Something always ruins the mood.

EDDY  
Must be nice bein' human. Only  
havin'-a worry about getting your  
own life straight.

BOBBIE  
Tell me about it.