

INT. CAR - NIGHT, MID 2000S

SOPHIE, a high school senior, sits in the front seat of her worn-down SUV, the brightness of her t-shirt only combatted by the eyeliner running down her face from her tears.

In the shotgun seat, DAMIAN, her boyfriend, sits in silence, staring into the rain-drenched parking lot. He is the picture perfect mid-2000s High School Quarterback.

DAMIAN

Soph...

SOPHIE

Stop. I am tired of hearing you talk.

DAMIAN

Can I at least get a ride home?

SOPHIE

Are you serious? Get out of my car NOW!

DAMIAN

I don't have a ride, Soph!

SOPHIE

You're just gonna spend the entire drive trying to reel me back in.

DAMIAN

My parents are definitely asleep- I'm gonna get kidnapped or something!

SOPHIE

It's not my fault you're 18 without a license! I'm more of a chauffeur than your damn girlfriend. Get out.

The couple goes quiet. The raindrops race down the car's windows in a similar fashion to the tears on Sophie's face.

Damian opens the door, taking a last glance at Sophie before stepping out. Sophie grips the steering wheel hard enough to give herself blisters, and drives off into the night.

INT. DMV - DAY (20 YEARS LATER)

The chatter of patrons and the buzzing of fluorescent lights complement the drab environment of the DMV. Within the building sits Sophie, working behind a desk. In front of her, a teen is taking the photo for their learners permit.

TEEN

Uh, D-Do I smile?

SOPHIE

Whatever you want. Doesn't matter.

TEEN

But... But what do you think I should do?

SOPHIE

Do whatever feels right, I guess.

The teen awkwardly smirks into the camera. Sophie types up something before handing them their brand new paper permit.

SOPHIE

The card should arrive in two weeks.

TEEN

Thanks, and, uh, did my smile look,
like, weird, or-

The teen's mom grabs their child's arm and pulls them away. Sophie is clearly bored. Her bright clothes of years passed have been replaced with beige business-casual attire. Sophie starts to space out. The flash of a nearby camera snaps her out of it.

Sophie looks at her computer for the name to call up next. As she begins to say it, she is cut off by herself. She cannot believe what name she just read. *Damian Long*.

She tries to assure herself that it couldn't possibly be the same guy. She breathes, getting herself out of the trance, and regains her composure.

SOPHIE

Damian Lo-

She pauses, breathes again, and tries one more time.

SOPHIE

Damian Long.

Sophie sees someone stepping out of their seat. It's him. He does not seem to notice it's her. He makes his way over.

DAMIAN

Hey! Just here to pick up my license.

Sophie breaks her frozen face into a smile. Nothing wrong here.

SOPHIE

Y-Yes! Of course!

Sophie nods, her hands a nervous earthquake, and goes through her files until finding the envelope labeled Damian Long.

SOPHIE

Here you go, sir.

As she's handing him the envelope, she drops it onto her desk. She quickly goes to pick it up, knocking a stack of papers onto the floor in the process.

SOPHIE

Oh, Jesus. Sorry, i'm just-

DAMIAN

No biggie. Here, I'll get that.

As Damian bends down to grab the scatter of papers, Sophie takes an exhale. Without thinking, she mumbles a thought out loud.

SOPHIE

38 and still no license.

DAMIAN

I'm sorry, what?

Damian looks back up. Sophie slams her hands over her mouth. She's flustered, her face hotter than the sun and just as red.

Damian's eyes stare into Sophie's, confused. It hurts like a thousand daggers. Sophie sighs and looks down.

SOPHIE

Sorry. It's just- I know you. I'm, uh,
Sophie Stephens. From Highschool.

The realization strikes Damian like a brick.

DAMIAN

Oh my god, Sophie!

Damian is beaming as if nothing even happened between them.

DAMIAN

How are you? It's been so long since-

SOPHIE

Since I left you in the rain?

Damian's smile fades. The memories rush back to that night.

DAMIAN

Don't worry about it, Soph. I got a
ride from one of my football friends...
At 1AM. I think he was drunk.

SOPHIE

Oh, Jeez. I'm glad you got home safe.

DAMIAN

It's all good, Soph! Bygones be bygones
and all that.

SOPHIE

Soph. You called me that back then.

DAMIAN

Ah! *Sophie*. That's more professional.

The two giggle and share brief eye contact. Sophie is the first
to break it, deciding to avert her attention to her computer
screen. There is absolutely nothing on it.

SOPHIE

Did you get to do football in college?

DAMIAN

(Sarcastically)

Yes. As you can see, I'm a ten-time
superbowl champion.

Sophie laughs loud enough to catch the attention of everyone
else at the DMV. She awkwardly quiets down.

DAMIAN (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, no. I got a pretty rough
leg injury over that summer. I needed

stitches and everything. Pretty metal,
but not ideal for football.

SOPHIE

Oh, gosh. I'm so sorry.

DAMIAN

It's whatevs. I ended up getting in the
customer service biz, working from home
and living my best, non-licensed life.

SOPHIE

Customer service is a sport of its own.

DAMIAN

What about you, Soph...ie? Catch me up.

The chair squeaks as Sophie leans back in it.

SOPHIE

Like you, I'm also a Superbowl champ.

The two laugh. Sophie doesn't really mind the stares of the
DMV's other patrons anymore.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Well, I majored in film. But that was a
waste. Hollywood this ain't.

DAMIAN

Hey, at least you get to use a camera.

SOPHIE

Every permit photo is another Oscar.

DAMIAN

Are you happy, at least?

Sophie is caught off guard by the question.

SOPHIE

Oh!

DAMIAN

Oh man, sorry, I-

SOPHIE

Eh. I'm doing... Fine, I guess. Things could be worse. How are you doing?

DAMIAN

Well, I'm truly a contender for the "peaked in high school" world record.

SOPHIE

Tell me about it. Will things ever be that good again?

Sophie meant it lightheartedly, but there's no laughter.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I missed you. After we broke up. But I also didn't know how to reconcile with a guy I left in the rain.

DAMIAN

I get it. I was kinda a jerk.

SOPHIE

You were.

Damian is surprised by the bluntness of her remark but accepts.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

But I mean, what high school football player isn't a bit mean, right?

DAMIAN

I've been humbled. I promise.

SOPHIE

I can tell, don't worry. But... I miss that. Being 18 and so free... Not working at this dump.

DAMIAN

Hey, the chair looks comfortable at least.

SOPHIE

I don't like leather.

DAMIAN

Those seats were leather in that car.

SOPHIE

Yeah. I don't like leather.

Damian nods. He stares into the eyes of his former lover. They look like they're about to cry yet emotionless at the same time.

DAMIAN

Hey, even if things can't be the same,
we can try our best to make the future,
like, cool and stuff!

SOPHIE

Cool and stuff.

Sophie giggles. She looks at Damian. He looks so different but is almost giving her the same feelings from when they first met.

DAMIAN

Soph...

There's something there once more.

SOPHIE

I think it's time for me to clock out.

DAMIAN

Of course!

Damian looks down at his new license lying on the desk.

DAMIAN

Do you, uh, need a ride?