

MORRO BAY

Written by

Abby Tattle

INT. CITY APARTMENT - MORNING

Memories. A series of fleeting glimpses of partners in love.

Desperate VOICE MESSAGES overlay and interlace bittersweet moments between DELILAH (24) and CAMERON (26).

BEGIN MONTAGE.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

DELILAH (V.O.)

(on phone)

Cam, I- I can't do it anymore... I found the bottle. You-you lied to me again. You told me it was better... and I really thought, after LabCorps let you go- I-- I'm going to be staying at Lisa's for a while. I'm not coming home.

Delilah and Cameron brush their teeth, half-clothed after morning sex. Delilah playfully kicks at Cam's ankles.

Cameron kicks a BOTTLE of something, nudging it deeper underneath the sink... Delilah doesn't notice.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

CAMERON (V.O.)

(on phone)

Baby, I'm so sorry. I can't say it enough, D. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Delilah sits on the couch. A well-groomed Cameron sneaks up behind her and presents her with roses. Delilah's face oozes delight from the sweet surprise!

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

CAMERON (V.O.)

(on phone)

Just come back home, OK? I need you. We can get through this. I mean, you're my world, D.

The roses are now wilting in their vase. Delilah cooks a meal on the stove. Cameron sneaks up from behind and tickles her. Delilah GASPS, leaping aside, trying to get free. As she does, the pan tips over and clatters on the ground. Dinner is ruined. Delilah pouts and storms away from Cameron.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

FOOTSTEPS approach. Cameron sprints for the toilet. He throws up violently. He checks his back. Delilah isn't around. He SIGHS with relief.

INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

CAMERON (V.O.)  
 (on phone, slurring,  
 drunk)  
 Answer the phone! Pick up, Delilah!  
 UGH! I know you're there.

Cameron hugs Delilah as she SOBS into his arms. He brushes her hair, comfortingly. He WHISPERS promises into her ear.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

CAMERON (V.O.)  
 (on phone, growing  
 hysterical)  
 This isn't my fault entirely, you  
 know? I mean, Jesus, I tried to be  
 the perfect boyfriend to you!  
 That's not easy--

Delilah and Cameron drink beers and play Twister. Things start getting suggestive... Before we know it, they are atop one another, making out.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Cameron compulsively pops mints and applies drops to blood shot eyes. He nervously checks around for witnesses.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

CAMERON (V.O.)  
 (on phone)  
 But I thought- I was damn near  
 close! I'm always there for you!  
 Just- just let me have this one  
 thing! I'm sorry, I'm sorry I'm not  
 a perfect person!

Cameron flirts, shoving popcorn into Delilah's mouth as they sit and watch a movie.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

CAMERON (V.O.)  
(crying, breathing  
heavily)  
Delilah... please... don't do this.

Delilah steps out of the shower and makes her way to the vanity. She notices something sticking out from under the sink. She bends down and picks up a... empty whiskey handle?

Delilah CRIES into her hands.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

CAMERONN (V.O.)  
(on phone, very drunk)  
Fine. You know what? You're a  
controlling bitch. I only agreed to  
this stupid weekend trip in the  
first place, because of you! And  
now what? Are we just never going  
to speak again-- I, oh, God... I'm  
still going... If you want to come,  
you can find me--

Delilah somberly throws clothes into an over-night bag. Cameron stumbles into the room and packs his own.

They set the two bags next to each other by the door.

Cameron sets an alarm clock for the next morning.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

An ALARM BLARES. Cameron shuts it off lazily. He rolls over, noticing Delilah is gone.

CAMERON  
Babe?

Her over-night bag is gone. Only Cameron's remains.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. COSTAL TOWN, LIQUOR STORE - MORNING

SUPER: MORRO BAY

CLOSE ON Cameron. He looks like hell. Puffy, red eyes, blotchy skin. He is unshaven and his hair unwashed. He's taking the break-up really bad...

Cameron stares longingly up at the sky.

PULL OUT to reveal he's staring up at a LIQUOR STORE sign. He also is carrying a very large CAMPING PACK, which he awkwardly struggles to support on his back.

A ZOLTAR MACHINE and touristy COIN SMASHER MACHINE decorate the outside of the store.

Cameron heads towards the front door.

ZOLTAR

(robotic)

You there! Do you wish to learn your fate, by the wishes of the Almighty Monolith? Pay up, and I will read you the wishes of great Morro Bay!

Cameron doesn't think much of the strange anamatronic. He's too focused on his internal battle... To give in and buy a drink or to not?

Cameron bites his lip, contemplating. He glances down the road towards town. He can see a pier from his vantage point. In the distance, looms a giant, eerie BOULDER, seemingly rising from the ocean.

Cameron looks back at the liquor store guilty, yearning.

ZOLTAR (CONT'D)

(robotic)

It's not to late for you to make the right choice!

This comment irks Cameron. He bounces on his toes for a moment. Finally, he pulls himself away, and begrudgingly enters his badly beat up Honda Accord.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Cameron drives. His eyes are hollow. Dead inside.

A sports car suddenly cuts in front of Cameron. Cameron slams down on his HORN.

CAMERON

Jesus! Fuckin' idiots all over today.

Cameron's bloodshot eyes fleet from the road in front of him, to his glove compartment, and back again.

Cameron grips the steering wheel so tight that his knuckles turn white.

He slows to a stop at a red light. He looks back over at the ever so tempting glove compartment...

Cameron caves, flinging it open to find an empty plastic handle of whiskey.

He grabs the bottle and throws it down in frustration.

The light has changed green. A car HONKS behind him.

Cameron sticks his middle finger out the window and bangs a U-turn.

EXT. CAMPSITE - EVENING

BEGIN MONTAGE.

Cameron has pitched his tent (sort-of, it's hanging precariously) in the middle of a lush, moss covered woods.

Cameron stumbles about with his phone raised, looking for signal. The Rock looms in the distance, beyond the cliff.

Cameron sits on a tree stump and GLUGS out of his newly purchased whiskey bottle.

Cameron checks the screen which is open to his checking account. \$62.00 left. He sucks his teeth.

Cameron twirls a pocket knife. He plays with some sticks, widdling them. He cuts his finger, sucking on the wound. He's clearly helpless when it comes to survival.

Cameron EXHALES and lays back on the dirt. He grips the Earth as he gazes up at the sky. He closes his eyes.

END MONTAGE.

INT. TENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Out in the DARKNESS, SOMEONE is APPROACHING.

Cameron's eyes pop open. He listens as something or someone large navigates the foliage outside. It sounds like they're running away, desperately PANTING.

Slowly, Cameron unzips his tent and peers out into...

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

An OLD MAN (60s) paces around. His hands are clasped desperately together in prayer.

The Man rushes deeper into the woods, veering out of Cameron's line of sight.

Cameron hustles up and begins to stealthily follow behind the Man, weaving through the trees.

EXT. ROCKY BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

The Man stands at the shoreline under the glorious BOULDER (Morro Rock). It glows evanescent in the pale moonlight.

The Man raises his hands, SHOUTING PRAISES up to the Rock. Waves CRASH dangerously by the Man's feet, and the midnight wind HOWLS.

Cameron hides behind a cluster of boulders, a few yards away. His eyes glued to the intensity unfolding before him.

Cameron watches in shock as the ocean water beneath the Rock begins to CHURN and GLOW shades of green.

The Man reaches down into the whirlpool and pulls out a PISTOL!

The Man rests the chamber to his temple and pulls the trigger.

Cameron winces, but no shot is fired. It is empty! Cameron SIGHS with relief.

The Man sinks to his knees, CRYING OUT in despair. Larger waves CRASH near the Man, threatening to sweep him away into the sea.

Cameron takes an alarmed step forward towards the Man and calls out.

CAMERON

Hey?!

The Man looks up in fear and embarrassment.

MAN  
 (furious)  
 Who's there?!

Cameron quickly realizes he has messed up. He books it back to his camp ground.

EXT. MORRO BAY TOWN - MORNING

An eerie fog hovers over the quaint coastal city. The Rock stands almighty, soaring through the mist.

Main Street is embellished with symbols of the town's prized Rock, much like the Madonna and Child during Roman Catholic times. We spy it in every kitschy store window, and adorning designs on street flags. Slogans like "Experience the Magic" and "Feel the Power" are printed on tacky visitor's t-shirts, which also bear the symbol of the Rock.

EXT. STORE FRONTS - MORNING

Cameron is dressed lazily. He looks homeless as he idles past the store fronts. He rubs his eyes, wincing and clutching his throbbing head. He stops in front of a coffee shop.

Inside, two LOVE BIRDS (early 20s) share a sweet kiss. They pull back, teasing one another, flirting. Cameron watches, his heart stinging.

He pulls his eyes away and down to his wallet. He counts his change. 1, 2, 3, 4 dollars? Cameron shakes his head, counts again. He SIGHS. Yeah, he's really that broke.

Suddenly, a MAN (late 30s, weathered) in a Wall Street suit bumps into Cameron, nearly knocking the few bills out of his hands.

CAMERON  
 Hey, man!

The Suited Fellow hardly notices. He looks frantic, and heavily sleep deprived. The Man MUMBLES to himself, incoherently, and continues stumbling down the street. The Man notices a logo with the Rock on it and staggers backwards in fright.

Cameron shrugs it off, noticing the local BAR sign just a few yards away. Cameron sucks his teeth, running his fingers through his greasy hair. *A drink would sure be nice right now...*

Cameron looks down at his money, then at the coffee shop, then guiltily towards the Bar.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Cameron shuffles in and up to the bar.

A clock reads 11AM. The place is nearly deserted lest for a graying BARTENDER-- who is bent over a WOMAN's (late 30s) shoulder. He has his back to Cameron as he sweetly WHISPERS to the Woman.

She is very pretty, with captivating eyes which stare straight out into the distance. Yet, there is something slightly off about her? Perhaps, it is her rather vintage, modest clothing? Or that her eyes are totally unrepsonsive...

The Bartender turns around, hearing Cameron.

BARTENDER

Oh. Good morning, what can I get for you?

Cameron GASPS. He recognizes the Man's face from last night!

CAMERON

I know you!

BARTENDER

(chuckling)  
Uh, are you sure?

CAMERON

(gasping)  
You're the guy from last night! At the rocks--

The Bartender walks swiftly towards Cameron, glancing back at the Woman in fear. She does not move.

The Bartender raises a firm hand in warning. His eyes are gravely serious as he stands just inches from Cameron.

BARTENDER

(quietly, stern)  
I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about, son.

CAMERON

Huh? I saw you! Ha! I really thought I dreamt it... But, it's your face!  
(beat)

(MORE)

CAMERON (CONT'D)

You made that gun appear out of the water! How did you do that?! I thought it was all just a myth to sell t-shirts, but--

The Bartender grabs Cameron by the shirt collar.

BARTENDER

(angry)  
Shut up, boy!

Cameron looks towards the Lady in confusion. She still sits rigidly, unmoved by the altercation taking place.

CAMERON

Woah, man! Just, take it easy--

Cameron tries to move to leave. The Bartender squeezes his shirt collar, bringing him in closer.

The Bartender stares deep into Cameron's soul. THUNDER rumbles outside the Bar.

BARTENDER

Listen, I don't tolerate freeway drunks here in my business--

Cameron pulls back.

CAMERON

Alright. Understood.

Cameron smiles at the Bartender, reading the fear all over his face. Cameron's found out his secret.

THUNDER ROLLS as Cameron takes a moment to relish in his new found power.

BARTENDER

(intense)  
Good. You look like a pretty smart kid. Like you've still got some dreams for your future. So, I'm telling you this... Leave this town, now. Go home. You got no business being here.

Cameron chuckles at the Bartender, unconvinced.

CAMERON

Well, I don't know about that... This place seems a hell of a lot better than home, right now.

Cameron picks himself up and exits.

The Bartender stares sadly after him. He looks towards his Lady companion, as he trudges back behind his bar.

The Bartender reaches down and uncovers the hidden pistol! He removes the empty magazine... Still unloaded... He looks up at a PHOTOGRAPH that has been tacked to the wall so only he can see. In it, the Lady sitting silently in the bar stands, beaming. She is a bit younger here. Her eyes look different. Happy and glistening. She is posed, holding up a decorative POCKET MIRROR.

The Bartender breaks his gaze, staring out the window at the Rock.

He promptly strides over and shuts the shades.

EXT. CAMPSITE - HOURS LATER

It is pouring rain. Cameron's campsite has been transformed into a swamp. His tent floats in a puddle of muddy water.

Cameron pathetically holds his drenched hoodie above his head, trying to shield himself from the down pour. He paces about unsure what to do, or where to go.

CAMERON

Ugh! Shit!

He kicks over his empty handle of whiskey in frustration.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Pink linoleum counter tops. Flickering LED lights. Shutterstock photos of the shore hang lazily on the walls.

Cameron's muddy boots SLUDGE into this ugly lobby. He leaves a wet trail behind him as he storms up to the front desk.

A motherly Receptionist (40s) is completely unfazed by the dirt and destruction. She neatly types away on a computer, starring blankly at the screen.

CAMERON

(exasperated)

How much?

The Receptionist looks up at Cameron, her expression still blank. Her eyes are similarly enticing and simultaneously empty. Just like the Lady from the bar before...

RECEPTIONIST

(sweet)

Are you asking me how much a single room is for one evening, sir?

CAMERON

(sarcastic)

No, how much for a quick fuck? Yes, a room!

The Receptionist nods, oddly not offended.

RECEPTIONIST

It is \$85.

CAMERON

\$85?! You've got to be kidding me. A dump like this?

The Receptionist ignores him. Types something on her computer.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry, I'm just, if you can't tell I'm wet and miserable and very desperate.

The Receptionist nods again, quite robotic. Weird.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry. But, the room is set at \$85 a night.

Cameron narrows his eyes. He reluctantly takes out his wallet, which is also quite wet. He shakes off his card and sticks it into the reader.

BEEP. Declined.

CAMERON

Huh? No way!

He fumbles as he gets another card out. The Receptionist SIGHS, impatient. This one goes through! Cameron smiles, smug.

RECEPTIONIST

Okay. You still owe \$23.00. I'm afraid I can't let you upstairs until then--

Cameron stares into the Receptionist's eyes. They are annoyingly placid despite the aggravating situation. He can't get a reaction from her.

It causes him to boil over, SLAMMING his fist on the desk in rage. He is about to spew a series of expletives, when he notices a photograph of the majestic Morro Rock, hanging behind her head. And another photo of the Rock on the wall adjacent... Actually the room is full of photos of the Rock, quite like an eerie shrine.

Cameron regains his composure.

CAMERON

Okay. Great. I'll, uh, just need to go over to the... bank.

He quickly walks out to...

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Cameron frantically heads to the ocean's rocky edge.

He peers down into the water and up at the Rock again. He looks around for potential witnesses... It is a ghost town.

Cameron takes a deep breath, then he closes his eyes and throws his hands up to the sky. He begins to CHANT PRAISES to the Rock dramatically, mimicking the Bartender from the night before.

Cameron falls down to his knees in sacrifice.

CAMERON

(muttering to himself)  
Come on, baby, come on, baby--

Cameron opens his desperate eyes. Nothing has changed. Cameron frowns.

He tries praying once more, with gusto. Still nothing.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Give me a break!

Cameron itches at his face, a tick from alcohol withdrawal. He grows steadily more frustrated by the second.

Cameron picks up a few pebbles and gears to pelt it at the Rock in outrage. Just as he is about to unleash on his target the water starts CHURNING below his ankles.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Aha!

Cameron is giddy like a little kid. He reaches down into the whirlpool.

His face twists with confusion. He has to really pull at whatever is stuck down there...

Cameron lugs a BACKPACK onto the beach.

Cautiously, he opens the zipper. His eyes grow to the size of car tires! Inside is a wad of cash!

Cameron excitedly counts the bills. Exactly \$23.00 in dollar bills.

He SIGHS, half-relief, half-disappointment. A little more would have been nice...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MIDNIGHT

PULL OUT from an eerie black and white photo of Morro Rock hanging above an unkempt, tan cot.

Empty alcohol nips litter the untidy space.

Cameron is buzzed, pathetically slumped against the motel's tacky wallpaper. He grips his cell phone in his hand.

An old VOICE MAIL from Delilah plays as Cameron stares sadly off into the distance, reminiscing.

DELILAH (V.O.)

(on phone)

Uh, hi. It's me, the controlling bitch... I guess you're out on the Coast or whatever bar you're pretending is that... and I really don't care. But, we should talk about rent. We've still got about four months before our lease ends, and I, uh, know money's kinda tight for you right now but... I, uh, just please, call me back when you get this so we can take care of this like adults. Yeah. OK? Bye.

Cameron hits the voice mail again, REPLAYING.

He looks over at the open mini fridge. A sign clearly reads "ALCOHOL BEVERAGES AVAILABLE AT EXTRA COST".

Cameron dials Delilah. It BEEPS to her voice mail.

CAMERON

(slurring, into phone)

Hey! I'll have you know, missy!

(MORE)

## CAMERON (CONT'D)

I'm in Morro Bay and it's beautiful--  
- I, yeah I think it's great to be  
here without you! I-I think you  
should come, though. You'd really  
like it. They have this... Let's  
just say, I could spoil you with  
anything you've ever wanted.  
Really, I'm not fucking drunk. I'm  
serious. I have so much money now!  
I'm doing great. I promise! So...  
Bye, I love you-- Uh. Yeah.

Cameron hangs up and BANGS his phone on the floor in frustration of his mistake. He reaches for one of the empty nips and attempts to shake the remaining drops into his mouth. When it returns nothing, he throws it at the wall in rage.

He notices a pamphlet advertising the town's closest grocery and liquor stores...

## EXT. MOTEL / STREET PARKING - MOMENTS LATER

Cameron rounds his beat-up car and struggles to open his driver's seat door. He notices a sizeable parking ticket placed beneath his windshield wipers.

Cameron grabs it and rips it up, chuckling. He is drunk and on a mission. He slams his body into...

## INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Cameron puts the key in the ignition and turns, willing the piece of shit to start. His gas light BLINKS. It's dead.

## CAMERON

AggghH!

## EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Cameron staggers over the rocky shore. He trips and falls to his knees at the Rock. Cameron desperately clasps his hands together in prayer.

## CAMERON

Please, please! I-I can't go back  
yet... I just need a little more  
cash. For Delilah, I won't even use  
it... all on alcohol--

On cue, the ocean water begins to CHURN in its whimsical way.

Cameron's eyes turn hungry with greed. He eagerly crawls to the water's edge and reaches within the deeps of the swirling magic.

Cameron pulls out a... DECORATIVE POCKET MIRROR?

Cameron stares at the gift, puzzled. He turns it over examining. Dissapointment slowly diffuses across his blank, drunken face.

Cameron opens the mirror and stares at his pathetic, tired reflection. He winces.

Camerson slams the mirror shut, outraged.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this? Huh?! I  
can't use this! What the fuck is  
this?!!

Cameron considers throwing the mirror back into the ocean. He stares up at the Rock and submits.

Cameron gingerly opens the mirror one last time, wishing for something glorious or useful to be revealed. Nope. It's just has sad, ugly face again.

Cameron frowns, but notices the BAR in the distance of the reflection behind him.

INT. BAR - 2AM

It is moments away from closing. The stools have been overturned and the bar is empty, except for the Bartender who wipes down the counters.

Cameron definitively strides up to the bar, removes a stool and takes a seat.

BARTENDER

(pissed)  
We're closing.

CAMERON

(aggressive)  
I've had the worst day. I've got a  
raging headache and I need some  
whiskey.

The Bartender looks Cameron dead in the eyes.

BARTENDER

Ha! Whiskey ain't gonna fix it,  
boy. You already smell like a  
fifth.

CAMERON

(matching his hostility)  
Why do you care? Huh? If I drink  
myself to death it does nothing but  
make you richer!

Cameron reaches over the bar for a handle of whiskey. The  
Bartender seizes Cameron's wrist.

BARTENDER

I can tell you've been through one  
hell of a day, so... One drink. But  
you gotta pay up.

Cameron reaches into his pockets digging around desperately.  
His hand encircles the mirror. He pulls it out gleefully.

CAMERON

(smug)  
Okay. I know it's not green, but  
I'm sure this old thing must be  
worth--

Cameron stops talking. His mouth falls open in shock.

The Bartender has his pistol pointed at Cameron's head.

BARTENDER

Why do you have that?

Cameron swallows but remains as calm as possible. The alcohol  
is blowing his cover...

CAMERON

That's... it's not loaded.

BARTENDER

(chuckling)  
I wouldn't keep pushing me... Where  
is that from?! Huh? Did you go to  
the Rock?

The Bartender COCKS the gun. It CLICKS, loaded and ready.

Cameron grips the mirror. With one fluid motion, he flings  
the mirror open, angling it up, so the LIGHTS above bounce  
off of the surface and reflect directly into the Bartender's  
eye, momentarily blinding him.

The Bartender flinches, stumbling backwards. Cameron bolts for the exit, still holding on to the whiskey handle in his other hand.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Stop!

The Bartender runs after Cameron to...

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Cameron sprints, PANTING. He is frantic, unsure where to turn or why he's even running towards the Rock.

BARTENDER (O.S.)

Hey!

Cameron runs faster.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Get back here with that!

The Bartender is quick. He catches up to Cameron, and pulls him down to the sand. He still holds his pistol.

Cameron and the Bartender begin to fight, rolling around in the sand. Cameron throws a punch, but the alcohol has retarded his motor functions.

The Bartender desperately tries to restrain Cameron who is growing steadily more violent.

In their tussle, the Bartender is unarmed. The mirror falls away from Cam's pocket. It lays open on the sand.

Cameron grabs hold of the gun and SHOOTS. He catches a glimpse of his own reflection as the Bartender goes limp next to him.

The sand stains crimson red.

Cameron is so distracted by his evil reflection in the mirror, he hardly processes the gore in front of him...

Cameron looks down at his shakey hand that holds the pistol. His eyes slowly move up to the Rock towering over head.

Cameron desperately crawls to the base of the almighty boulder.

CAMERON

(sobbing)

Oh! Please, Jesus! No, no, no!!

(MORE)

CAMERON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry!!

(slapping the Bartender)

Hello? Wake up! Wake up!! We can-

Oh my God-- Oh my--

Cameron PUKES-- the reality of what he has just done crashes over him. He shakes violently as he SOBS. He begins slapping his own head.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!

Cameron snaps out of his hysteria momentarily. He crawls over to the Bartender's bleeding body, ready to take action. He picks up his pocket mirror, trying to figure out how he can use it to stop the bleeding. It's worthless.

Cameron is a crying, hopeless mess. He catches a glimpse of his pathetic reflection and it outrages him.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

God dammit! Fuck!

Cameron tosses the useless mirror into the sea. He looks up to the Rock and CRIES out in anguish.

Suddenly, the ocean begins to CHURN and BUBBLE. Cameron's eyes twinkle with hope as the FIGURE of a human body begins to rise from the froath.

Cameron LAUGHS in relief. Slowly, a perfect REPLICHA of CAMERON rises from the water... They hold a pocket knife...

Cameron doesn't have time to react as CLONE CAMERON stabs him in the stomach. Cameron keels over, falling into the whirlpool.

The water is stained crimson as the blood gushes. Clone Cameron walks off.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Delilah sits alone in the coffee shop nursing a cold brew. Her eyes dart up and around anxiously, looking for someone.

She dials for Cameron.

It rings to voicemail.

DELILAH

(into phone)

Hey, Cam... So... I'm in Morro Bay.

(MORE)

DELILAH (CONT'D)

That voice mail you left, really freaked me out, so I, uh, came to check on you... Call me back as soon as you get this.

Delilah hangs up and SIGHS. She shakes her head. *This was a terrible idea...*

Suddenly, CLONE CAMERON enters the coffee shop.

Our Clone resembles Cameron but he is much more dashing. Unlike Cameron, the clone's posture is perfect, upright. He has a peppy bounce in his step and striking, clear eyes.

Clone Cameron confidently strides over to Delilah's table.

CLONE CAMERON

Excuse me? Is this seat taken?

Delilah jumps, looking up at her "boyfriend" in surprise.

DELILAH

Oh? Hey! I, uh, just called you?

CAMERON

(checking his phone)

Oh, sorry I must have just missed it! You look so beautiful this morning. I can't believe you're here!

Cameron gazes at her lovingly. Delilah grows shy.

DELILAH

(impressed)

Thanks. You, uh, look really good too, actually...

Cameron no longer wears puffy purple bags under both eyes.

CAMERON

Thank you, I've been sleeping really good since... Well, I've ditched the whiskey... Guess you were right about that.

Cameron CHUCKLES, embarrassed. Delilah smiles, heart-warmed by this charming, charismatic ex-boyfriend of hers.

DELILAH

So, you really are doing better then? I mean, I can tell, but that voice mail?

CAMERON

Oh. Yeah, no. I really, really am.  
I, uh, even started going to those  
A.A meetings I always talked about--  
and look!

He pulls a silver A.A chip out from his polo pocket. He smiles at it proudly.

Delilah smiles. She looks at Cameron funny... He seems too good to be true.

DELILAH

That's so-- Wow. I'm really proud  
of you, Cam.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Cameron holds the door for Delilah as they exit. He walks her to his car and opens the passenger door for her. The door floats up like the wing of a Tesla.

They CHAT and GIGGLE as Cameron pulls away and down the street. Morro Rock looms eerily above, in the distance.

**THE END**