BOSTON

An Original Screenplay by Zev Burrows
EXT. BOSTON – MORNING

Open on a shot of several skyscrapers (one of them should be the Prudential building) as Boston’s “Foreplay/Longtime” quietly enters. On each cymbal hit, there should be a new shot of the city. Over the various shots of the city, we hear the voice of our main character.

JACOB (v.o.)

From the day that I received my driver’s license 6 years ago, I would think to myself every day: who in their right fucking mind would ever trust me behind a vehicle? I’m more reckless than Alvy Singer! And yet on my 18th birthday, my parents buy me a nice little Jeep that smells of orange citrus. Lord… I’ve been driving this piece of garbage ever since. It’s a wonder that I’m not dead.

As the voiceover continues, we get fewer shots until we come to meet our main character JACOB, a man of 23, wearing a leather jacket and driving a jeep.

JACOB (v.o. continued)

I grew up just outside of Baltimore, Maryland, but I moved to Boston for college several years ago. I graduated from the film-scoring program at Berklee last year, but haven’t done anything remotely related to my degree yet except meet a few filmmakers. Have I scored any of their films yet? Well, let me put it this way: if I had, I probably wouldn’t be telling you this story, would I?

CUT TO:
EXT. JACOB’S JEEP – EARLY AFTERNOON

JACOB (v.o. continued)

That’s me in the Jeep. I like to think that I look tuff and still somewhat relevant with the leather jacket. I’m on my way to pick up Kathleen, my girlfriend, from her sociology class at BU, and I’m taking her to a Hitchcock marathon at one of the local art-house theaters.

The car that JACOB is driving pulls up to the curb right next to a Starbucks. He sits and waits while some girls in very short skirts and very loose shirts walk by.

JACOB (v.o. continued)

Look at some of these girls walking by. My God, could they be any less subtle? I like playing fashion police sometimes, especially when Kathleen’s here to mock them further. Grace Kelly would have never dressed like that. When did promiscuity become less subtle? Here she comes.

KATHLEEN, a girl of 19, walks up to JACOB’s car, wearing a leather jacket and tight jeans. She gets in the car, and they peck-kiss. He starts driving.

JACOB

So, how was class?
KATHLEEN

One of the more interesting lectures of the semester. Towards the end of the class, Professor Goldberg blurts out of nowhere, “So, how many of you enjoy sex?”

JACOB

*sarcastically* Well, how did that go over?

KATHLEEN

As you can imagine, nearly all of us raised our hands; otherwise he could tell we’d be lying.

JACOB

Of course, of course.

KATHLEEN

He asked us what it was that made us enjoy dry humping, so this one guy gets up and says, “It makes me come alive inside.”

JACOB

Oh yeah?
KATHLEEN

The teacher frowned and said, “Anybody have a less generic answer?” Kid was so goddamn embarrassed, everyone was laughing.

JACOB

Wow. Poor guy. Did you get up to answer?

KATHLEEN

Sadly, no. The bell rang at that moment.

JACOB

What a shame. You could have said you were fucking a guy who actually got circumcised.

KATHLEEN

A little too much information for a college hall, don’t you think?

JACOB

I guess so. (beat) So, are you excited about this Hitchcock marathon?
KATHLEEN

I should be; but I don’t know what to make of it right now, I’ve never seen a Hitchcock film.

JACOB

I remember you telling me that for the first time. I thought my eyes were going to fall right out of my head.

KATHLEEN

Oh, shut up.

JACOB

I’m serious! I mean, how could one plan on going into film but spend 19 years of their life without ever seeing a single Hitchcock film?

KATHLEEN

Some sort of miracle, I suppose.

JACOB

It ain’t no miracle, Kathleen. The man is arguably the greatest filmmaker who ever lived.
KATHLEEN

You say that about almost every filmmaker: “Bergman this, Bergman that; Kurosawa this, Kurosawa that.”

JACOB

Well it’s not like I throw that kind of praise around a lot!

*KATHLEEN turns over to give him an “oh, really?” glance. JACOB notices this.*

JACOB (continued)

*(playfully) What?*

KATHLEEN

Wanna bet on that?

JACOB

Okay, so I like using superlatives a lot. It’s genetic.

KATHLEEN

*(sarcastically) Uh-huh, sure.*

*JACOB smiles innocently. They continue to talk some more as the camera pulls up away from the car. Boston’s “The Journey” begins to play.*
EXT. MOVIE THEATER – A FEW MINUTES LATER

JACOB and KATHLEEN walk up to the movie theater and purchase their tickets. The song is still playing as their dialogue is inaudible.

INT. MOVIE THEATER – A FEW MINUTES LATER

JACOB and KATHLEEN are seated in front of a movie theater screen, watching various Hitchcock films. But at no point should the camera be facing the movie screen. As JACOB relaxes and smiles, KATHLEEN is in awe of the movies they are watching. At various points, JACOB turns over to look at her, still with a smile on his face.

INT. JACOB’S APARTMENT BEDROOM – THAT NIGHT

JACOB and KATHLEEN are having sex, but the love scene is filmed strictly from the neck up; no nudity should be seen.

INT. JACOB’S APARTMENT KITCHEN – MINUTES LATER

JACOB and KATHLEEN, both robed, are at the fridge getting some drinks.
KATHLEEN

Jacob, do you have any idea on what life means?

*JACOB looks at her, a little puzzled.*

JACOB

What are you, Plato? Aristotle? Socrates?

KATHLEEN

No, but I had this really funny feeling when we were watching *Vertigo*, just as Jimmy Stewart looks up at Kim Novak in the room as Judy resembles Madeleine once again. And I was wondering, given the context of the last half of the film, if Scottie’s whole existence was centered around Madeleine; if that was his meaning of life.

*JACOB smiles. He is glad to see her asking questions about the film.*

JACOB

I think the brilliant aspect of the film is that Hitchcock leaves it up to us. He doesn’t lay down anything and say ‘This is how it’s supposed to be.’ That’s why he is one of the great filmmakers.

*They sit down on the couch, JACOB holding a Virginia Hard Apple Cider, and KATHLEEN a glass of white wine. As they talk, they take sips of their drinks.*
If I knew the meaning of life right now, what would I have to live for? I would have accomplished everything that one normally does in their lifetime and perhaps more.

*KATHLEEN sighs and turns away, as though she was mad at herself for even asking such a question. JACOB turns her face towards gently with three fingers on her chin and smiles again.*

It’s an important question to ask and a probing topic. I’m glad we’re talking about this, especially in the context of the movie. If a film can do that to you, you’d better stick with it.

*KATHLEEN smiles.*

Did you have a favorite among the films we watched?

*KATHLEEN*

It’s hard to choose… But I might have to go with *Shadow of a Doubt.*

JACOB

Hitch’s personal favorite.
KATHLEEN

Was it really? I didn’t know that.

JACOB

Top 5 in his most psychologically terrifying as well. But then again, plenty of his works vie for one of those spots.

KATHLEEN

You know what was the one thing that pissed me off about the marathon?

JACOB

What?

KATHLEEN

Remember that old geezer that was sitting a few rows in back of us? Every time there was a joke, he couldn’t stop laughing like it was the funniest thing he’d ever heard.

JACOB

I forgot about that!

*JACOB starts to intimidate the old man’s laughter. At this, KATHLEEN starts to laugh herself.*
CUT TO:

INT. JACOB’S BEDROOM – SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

JACOB and KATHLEEN have finished another round of sex, and they both lie in the bed: KATHLEEN is asleep, but JACOB barely has his eyes open.

JACOB (v.o.)

Sometimes I lay in bed at night and wonder: when the hell am I going to actually do something with my life? The only things I’m doing are working at a coffee shop which pays nicely but not enough, and I do the occasional open mics and paid gigs. L.A. and the film business seem to be in the palm of my hand, and yet they’re still a thousand years off.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CHARLES RIVER – DAY

JACOB and KATHLEEN are sitting on a bench talking, their dialogue inaudible. All of a sudden, a woman who may or may not be GRACE KELLY walks up to JACOB and brings him to his feet.

WOMAN RESEMBLING GRACE KELLY

You need a real woman.

WOMAN resembling GRACE KELLY to kiss Jacob softly yet passionately. After a few seconds, someone resembling HOLDEN CAULFIELD from The Catcher in the Rye starts slapping JACOB in the face and calling him a phony repeatedly.
INT. JACOB’S BEDROOM – STILL THAT SAME NIGHT

JACOB wakes up. He is sitting up in bed with a sweat and is breathing heavily.

JACOB (v.o)

Holy shit! I just kissed my childhood crush! I!… (sigh) Dammit…

JACOB falls back asleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARVARD BOOKSTORE – A FEW WEEKS LATER IN THE AFTERNOON

CUT TO:

INT. HARVARD BOOKSTORE – A FEW SECONDS LATER

JACOB is looking through the music section of the bookstore with his best friend, MILO. MILO holds a book on Bruce Springsteen in his hand, while JACOB holds a book on Jewish humor. Both are reading through their respective books.

MILO

(looking up from his book) Jacob, do you speak to anyone from high school anymore?
JACOB

Me? No, it’s been quite some time. I think the last time I spoke to anyone from the drama or choir was the summer after freshman year when I asked anyone if they were in town. How about you?

MILO

Yep, just about every day. Remember, a lot of us go to the same school.

JACOB

Forgot all about that. It’s amazing what a few years of not seeing your best friend can do.

MILO

(nods) But I haven’t seen Pierre, Emma, or anyone else who doesn’t go to school with me in a while.

JACOB

Really? I always thought, even when I left before junior year, that you guys would practically never leave that big group we were all in.
MILO

Well, you know Pierre: going from one woman to the next; and Emma, who’s still with that guy who treats her like shit. Funny, anyone who mentions that to her pretty much loses their friendship with her.

JACOB

That’s a fucking tragedy right there, I’ll say. (beat) I don’t know about you, but I actually get really nostalgic for high school sometimes.

*MILO looks at him with a bit of disbelief.*

JACOB (continued)

You know, the times away from school; from play to play, all those bonfires, and laser tagging.

MILO

You know Jacob, you’re still that Jew we all lovingly made fun of years ago. Jew remember that?

JACOB

All right, all right, enough with the Jew hating. I’ve gotten enough of it for a lifetime.
MILO

That’s a lie.

JACOB

Yeah, so what? It’s a damn good excuse. Plus I still get asked a lot about my big nose and where I’m hiding all of the money. Listen to this one. (*motions to his book and reads a joke from the book*)

*They both laugh at the joke.*

MILO

Kathleen seems like a swell gal.

JACOB

Funny you should mention her, because I’m considering breaking up with her, or at the very least just a long break.

MILO

Isn’t that the same thing?

JACOB

Depends on how you look at it. I like to think of it more as a hiatus, you know?
MILO

When did you started thinking about it?

JACOB

Just last week. We’ve been going out for a year, and it’s been a lot of fun. The first six months or so, we were having the time of our lives. But the last half… well, let me put it this way: for much of the last six months, seeing her and taking her out to do things like going to the movies, baseball games, or restaurants has honestly felt more like I’m doing a chore. There hasn’t been much excitement lately. Granted, she loved the Hitchcock marathon I took her to, but that’s perhaps the greatest extent of sheer joy that we’ve had in quite some time.

MILO

(taking a second to think before answering) Have you talked with her about this?

JACOB

Not remotely. If she knew, I’d be a dead man. You and my mother are the only ones I’ve told so far.

MILO

You try taking her to a Renaissance Fair? That always gets me points in my girlfriend’s book.
JACOB

There aren’t any close. Plus she doesn’t like the idea of me owning swords, even though I already own five; it’s genetic.

MILO

Well maybe it is time you moved on; depending on the people, a year can be a damn long time to be going out with someone, and for you it is.

JACOB

(thinking) You’re probably right. At this point, I feel as though I should end it.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARTHOUSE THEATER – A FEW WEEKS LATER IN THE AFTERNOON

CUT TO:

INT. ARTHOUSE THEATER – A FEW SECONDS LATER

JACOB is seated in a semi-large theater, watching a film with an enthusiastic expression. He hasn’t seen a documentary this good in a long time.

CUT TO:
EXT. ARTHOUSE THEATER – A LUNCH TABLE

JACOB is sitting at a round table outside the theater with the director of the documentary, a 45 year-old Englishman. He is ecstatic, trying his hardest not to embarrass himself. There are plates with foods in front of both men: a burger and baked beans for JACOB, and BBQ wings for the DIRECTOR.

JACOB

I’m so glad I got to talk to you, because I have never seen a documentary that really got to the heart of what London is. So many great sights… You know, I actually vacationed there several years ago. I’d love to go again, but I just haven’t had time.

DIRECTOR

Well I’m glad you liked the film. And what do you do? Do you direct?

JACOB

No, I wish. I’m actually a composer. I graduated from Berklee College of Music and their film-scoring program last year.

DIRECTOR

Berklee? Well I’m certainly glad I ran into you! What sorts of movies do you like?
JACOB

Anything and everything, from Bergman to Altman, and from Disney to Mizoguchi. Any genre, any decade, as long as the screenplay’s good.

Beat.

DIRECTOR

You know, I know someone here who would love to meet you. She’s a friend from New York, and I think you guys might have a nice little chat about the stuff you like. Would you like to meet her?

JACOB

By all means, of course!

DIRECTOR

(getting up from the table) I’ll be right back.

The DIRECTOR leaves to find his friend. JACOB thinks to himself about the documentary and decides to begin eating his burger when suddenly the DIRECTOR returns with MARIANNE, a beautiful woman of 27 who resembles the actress Marion Cotillard. JACOB is instantly transfixed by her, so much that the tomato in his burger slides down onto the plate.
DIRECTOR

Jacob, I’d like you to meet my good friend, Marianne Allen. She writes and directs her own films. Marianne, this is Jacob Weinberg. He studied film scoring at Berklee College of Music.

JACOB

(getting up from the table to shake her hand) How do you do, ‘mam?

MARIANNE

Pleased to meet you (shaking his hand). James tells me that you’re really into film.

JACOB

What would I be doing in film scoring if I wasn’t?

MARIANNE

The reason I ask is because I know a lot of film scoring students who are really only into the music aspect of a film, and not the entire thing. My philosophy is that if you want to work in the film industry –

JACOB

(finishing her sentence) You have to appreciate all aspects of film.
MARIANNE smiles. She’s impressed.

MARIANNE

That’s right! How’d you know I was going to say that?

JACOB

Because that’s my philosophy as well. For the past several years, I’ve been exposing myself to films that most of my peers would find boring or somewhat abstract, like Kieslowski’s *Three Colors* trilogy, *The Passion of Joan of Arc*, the list goes on and on…

MARIANNE

Hmm. So do you condemn a lot of the major blockbusters out there?

JACOB

Of course not! I grew up on the *Star Wars* and *Indiana Jones* films as well as a good deal of animation. If blockbusters are done really well, all the power to Hollywood to make them.

MARIANNE smiles again. She’s intrigued.
MARIANNE

Well listen, I have to leave, I’ve got an appointment that I can’t be late for. But here’s my number. Give me a call sometime and I’d love to hear some of your music, and I’d also really like to show you some of my films.

She hands JACOB a business card with her email and phone number. He looks it over.

JACOB

Thanks! I’ll certainly call you sometime within the next few weeks!

They shake hands, then MARIANNE and the director (JAMES) walk away. JACOB sits back down at his food, but doesn’t feel hungry anymore.

JACOB (v.o.)

(mockingly) “Call you within the next few weeks!” Jesus, I think I sounded too naïve. But goddamn, is she beautiful.

CUT TO:
INT. JACOB’S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM – THAT NIGHT

*JACOB is sitting in front of his TV watching a movie with a slice of pizza and a Coke. We don’t see the movie. Boston’s “Amanda” is playing.*

JACOB (v.o.)

There’s something mysterious about women from the 80s that I’m still trying to get: women like Ally Sheedy in *WarGames*. I must have been born in the wrong decade, since she’s way more beautiful than most of what qualifies for beautiful today! That, and guys’ standards have really dropped in the last 20 years or so.

CUT TO:

INT. BGOOD RESTAURANT – THE NEXT DAY

*JACOB and KATHLEEN are sitting at a table having lunch. KATHLEEN is talking about something (doesn’t matter what it is), and JACOB pretends to listen but is clearly thinking about something else. KATHLEEN’s dialogue should be inaudible.*

JACOB (continued v.o.)

I can’t seem to get Marianne out of my head. Depending on the real stunners, I’ve been known to have tastes in somewhat older women; uh, that is, women that are 5 – 10 years older than me. Nothing too drastic. I haven’t met anyone who seemed that charmingly cynical in a while. And what harm could another meeting bring? After all, she makes films. Maybe she’s the director I’ve been looking for.
INT. JACOB’S APARTMENT KITCHEN – THE NEXT NIGHT

JACOB sits at his kitchen table and dials MARIANNE’S number on his phone. By the time the phone begins to dial, the music should die away.

MARIANNE (o.s.)

Hello?

JACOB

Hi, is this Marianne Allen?

MARIANNE

Yes, this is she.

JACOB

Hi Marianne, this is Jacob Weinberg, the student from Berklee; we met the other day at the Boston Film Fest.

MARIANNE (o.s.)

Oh hi Jacob! I was just thinking about you today, how are you?
JACOB (v.o.)

She was thinking about me! That’s something.

JACOB (no v.o.)

I’m doing well, how are you?

MARIANNE (o.s.)

I’m doing fine, I was actually just going through some editing today over at a studio; my newest independent film is almost done, and so I’ve started looking for a composer. How about we get together on Sunday for lunch and discuss it?

JACOB (v.o.)

Holy shit!

JACOB (no v.o.)

That sounds great! What part of Boston are you in?

MARIANNE (o.s.)

I live on Newbury. How does Joe’s Bar & Grill at 1:00 on Sunday sound?
JACOB

That sounds fine! I’m down on Commonwealth, so that shouldn’t be a stretch.

MARIANNE (o.s.)

Wonderful! I’ll see you on Sunday.

JACOB

See you then.

_JACOB hangs up the phone._

CUT TO:

INT. JACOB’S BEDROOM – A FEW HOURS LATER

_JACOB is lying in his bed. Thoughts of MARIANNE are preventing him from sleeping._

JACOB (v.o.)

This could be a whole new start for me. I haven’t met somebody who’s interested me like this in quite a while. What the hell am I going to say that isn’t going to just be a whole bunch of movie quotes though?

CUT TO:
EXT. JOE’S BAR & GRILL – SUNDAY AFTERNOON

JACOB is standing outside the restaurant in a white button shirt, nice jeans, and sunglasses. He takes occasional glances at his watch.

JACOB (v.o.)

12:45. I made sure I was here early, as the one who got invited. I sure hope she didn’t get here before me.

The next time JACOB glances at his watch, it should say 12:55. At that time, he sees MARIANNE walking down Newbury wearing a sweater and jeans.

JACOB (v.o.)

Good. I’m not over-dressed.

MARIANNE smiles as she walks up to him.

MARIANNE

Hi! (shaking JACOB’s hand) I’m hope I’m not late.

JACOB

No, you’re early. It’s like my old sports coach told me: if you’re early, you’re on time. If you’re on time, you’re late. If you’re late, don’t bother coming at all.
MARIANNE

Ha! I love that. Where do you want to eat, outside or in?

JACOB

You pick.

The next shot is of them sitting at a booth with their drinks: MARIANNE has a Diet Coke while JACOB has a cup of coffee and a glass of water.

MARIANNE

No alcohol?

JACOB

Me, I never drink before 6:00. What’s the fun of drinking in broad daylight when there’s so much to do?

MARIANNE

Only during depression. But then again, life’s too fun to be depressed, don’t you think?

JACOB

Tell that to Lars Von Trier.
MARIANNE laughs at the joke.

JACOB (v.o.)

Wow. She actually laughed at that one! I’ve told that joke at least five other times, and this is the first time I’ve gotten a laugh from it.

JACOB (no v.o.)

So do you have a favorite film composer?

MARIANNE

Hmm… I really like James Horner’s music.

JACOB

Oh God.

MARIANNE

What’s so bad about him?

JACOB

He just has the most bloated, overblown, bombastic, unsubtle material that sounds idiotic and pretentious. I absolutely can’t stand it.
MARIANNE

(raising an eyebrow) Not even Braveheart?

JACOB

That’s like, the only thing he’s done that I do like. And maybe Aliens here and there.

MARIANNE

(with a certain smirk on her face) Alright. Who do you like?

JACOB

Well it’s almost pointless to say John Williams… I really love the work of Bernard Herrmann, and a lot of Thomas Newman’s stuff is just fantastic.

MARIANNE

Now I’ve got a question for you: are there any movies that make you cry?

JACOB

Movies that made me cry… There was a part of Tim Burton’s movie Big Fish after Sandra thinks that Edward has died in the war: the scene where he comes back to her, and he takes her in his arms and she’s crying… That gets me whenever I see it. You?
MARIANNE

Avoiding *Bambi, The Lion King,* and *Up:* the ending of *City Lights* always gets me, when the blind girl says “I can see now.” That’s just wrenching, you know?

*JACOB is smiling across from her. Their food arrives. The two are silent as they eat, and they try their hardest not to make clear eye contact for more than three seconds. They ask for the check.*

MARIANNE

*(breaking the silence)* So what are you up to this afternoon?

JACOB

Well, today’s my day off. I work tomorrow morning though. Did you want to show me some films?

MARIANNE

If you’re interested. And I’d love to hear some music you’ve been working on, if that’s all right.

JACOB

That sounds great! You can’t hold on to a creation of art for too long and not have someone else critique it.
MARIANNE

(smiling) Well, I live just a few houses down. How about we head down there?

JACOB

Sounds great.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIANNE’S APARTMENT – A FEW MINUTES LATER

MARIANNE and JACOB enter an apartment clad with European art and movie posters. JACOB sits down at the kitchen counter.

MARIANNE

Can I get you something? Coffee, tea, milk?

JACOB

Nothing right now, thank you.

MARIANNE goes over to a shelf filled with several DVDs. She picks out an old case.
MARIANNE

I made this when I was a senior at NYU. I’m actually a little bit embarrassed by it now.

JACOB

Really? Why?

MARIANNE

Well, as a 27-year old, I’m a little bit weirded out by what I made when I was 22. Do you ever get that as a composer?

JACOB gives her a look that more or less says “You’d better believe it.”

JACOB

Millions of times. I recorded a few rock demos when I was 16, and I don’t remember what happened to them after I got into Berklee.

MARIANNE

(with a look of interest) You play rock?

JACOB

For a while. It’s what got me into Berklee. But once I declared, it was goodbye rock and hello orchestral music.
MARIANNE

Well it’s good that you’re steeped into several types of music.

_JACOB smiles. There’s a beat._

JACOB

So what’s the film about?

MARIANNE

It’s a silent film about a girl who had already finished college and was doing another degree. She meets a boy in one of her classes, and the two fall in love. The problem is that she’s 25 and he’s 19. She decides to leave the school, and tries to get her boyfriend to go with her. He does, and things wind up in hell for both of them.

JACOB

_(without hesitation)_ Let’s watch it.

_As they watch the film, _JACOB is amazed._

JACOB (v.o.)

I couldn’t believe what I was seeing. In all the years of meeting directors and seeing their films, this was the first film that one of them sat me through that actually did something for me!
As the film ends, JACOB turns to MARIANNE.

JACOB

You made this when you were 22, and you’re embarrassed by it?

MARIANNE

*(shrugging)* I don’t know, I feel I’ve done better.

JACOB

If you’ve done better, than you belong in a league with Robert Altman! That was really, really good!

MARIANNE

You liked it?

JACOB

Absolutely! I just wish I had been around to write music for it.

*MARIANNE beams at him.*

CUT TO:
EXT. CHARLES RIVER – SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

MARIANNE and JACOB are walking alongside the river talking. Their dialogue should be inaudible, and a Boston song should be playing. During this, there should be a series of various shots: one of them under the bridge, and one of them on a bench staring out into the river.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARIANNE’S APARTMENT – A FEW HOURS LATER

JACOB

I’m sorry we have to cut off like this, but I have to work early tomorrow morning.

MARIANNE

No problem, I’ve got some stuff to do tonight anyway.

JACOB

Can we meet again next week?

MARIANNE

Sure! I’ll keep in touch. (opening the building door) Good-bye.
The door shuts.

JACOB

(quietly) Good-bye.

JACOB stands there for a few more seconds. Boston’s “Amanda” begins to play again.

CUT TO:

EXT. MASS. AVE. BRIDGE – A FEW MINUTES LATER

JACOB is standing at the bridge, overlooking the waters.

JACOB (v.o.)

One in a million dates have truly gone perfect. Judging by the facts that we didn’t kiss, didn’t have sex, but that we also could not stop smiling at each other made it all the better.

CUT TO:

INT. JACOB’S APARTMENT – SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

JACOB arrives home, and right then, his phone rings. KATHLEEN is calling him.

JACOB (v.o.)

Shit. Was I supposed to see her today? Either way, I don’t want to ruin a perfect day.
JACOB sends the call to voicemail.

CUT TO:

INT. LITTLE STEVE’S PIZZERIA – A FEW DAYS LATER

JACOB and KATHLEEN are seated at a booth, sharing a pepperoni pizza. KATHLEEN seems concerned, and JACOB seems tired.

JACOB (v.o.)

Jesus, I haven’t said a word to her since we got here. I think that’s saying something. I wish Marianne were sitting across from me…

KATHLEEN

(breaking the silence) Jacob, are you okay?

JACOB

(a pause before answering) Yeah, why?

KATHLEEN

You seem incredibly… distant. It’s like you’re on a different planet.
JACOB

No, I’m fine. (pause) I’m just thinking a lot right now about this week’s schedule.

JACOB (v.o.)

Jesus, is that the best I can come up with? Sometimes she can tell when I’m lying with my teeth.

KATHLEEN takes a sip of her drink before asking a second question.

KATHLEEN

Anything particularly special you want to do tonight?

JACOB

(sighing quietly) I hadn’t really thought about it.

KATHLEEN

(annoyed) Well goddammit Jacob! I mean, we haven’t seen all that much of each other in a while, we haven’t had sex in over four weeks –
JACOB

(interrupting) Can you please speak a little louder? I don’t think the guys over at the bar were informed of our sexual activities.

Brief silence.

KATHLEEN

(calming down) Alright. Is there anything you want to do?

JACOB (v.o.)

What, something that’s not related to Marianne?

JACOB (no v.o.)

There’s a Vincent Price marathon on TCM tonight, and I was hoping to catch a little bit of that. It starts in 30 minutes (checking his watch). How about it?

KATHLEEN

Sounds like a plan.

CUT TO:
INT. JACOB’S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM – AN HOUR LATER

JACOB and KATHLEEN are sitting on the couch watching a Vincent Price film. It doesn’t matter which one since the camera never faces the TV. JACOB is trying his hardest to watch the movies and make KATHLEEN comfortable, while KATHLEEN is trying her hardest to enjoy the marathon and her boyfriend’s presence. JACOB looks at KATHLEEN’s face from time to time. She never turns from the TV.

JACOB (v.o.)

Jesus. I never thought that Vincent Price movies couldn’t cheer me up. Look at her: it’s obvious that I can’t make her happy anymore. Not even a good round of sex would do that for her. And she knows that I don’t want to be with her anymore.

CUT TO:

EXT. KATHLEEN’S APARTMENT – LATER THAT NIGHT

KATHLEEN steps out of JACOB’S car. She doesn’t give him a hug or kiss goodnight. She walks through the door and closes it behind her.

JACOB (v.o.)

Tonight was a fucking train wreck to put it nicely. I need to end this. I can’t get Marianne out of my head, and Kathleen needs someone who will actually be interested in her.
INT. JACOB’S APARTMENT – SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

JACOB sits on his couch and dials MARIANNE’S number.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIANNE’S APARTMENT – A FEW SECONDS LATER

MARIANNE is busy writing a screenplay when her phone rings.

MARIANNE

(answersing) Hello?

JACOB

Hi Marianne, it’s Jacob.

MARIANNE (o.s.)

Hi Jacob! How are you?

JACOB

I’m fine. I’m sorry if I’m calling at such a late hour.
MARIANNE (o.s.)

No, no, you’re fine.

JACOB

Good to hear. *(pause)* What are you up to right now?

MARIANNE

I actually have a conference call in about a half hour. Why, did you want to meet up for coffee or something?

JACOB

*(crushed)* Yeah, but if you’re busy, it’s okay.

MARIANNE

Well, what are you doing tomorrow? Do you want to have dinner or something?

JACOB

*(no longer crushed)* If it works for you.

MARIANNE (o.s.)

Of course! Why don’t we meet at around 7:00 at my apartment?
JACOB

That sounds great! I’ll see you then.

In a split screen move, we see both JACOB and MARIANNE hang up the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. JACOB’S APARTMENT – THE NEXT SECOND

JACOB (v.o.)

This could work out for me after all. But I need to stop fucking around and break it off with Kathleen. Not tonight, though. I need to sleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWBURY STREET – THE NEXT DAY AROUND 6:55

JACOB is walking down the street towards MARIANNE’S house. He is confident with being arrogant. Boston’s “We’re Ready” should be playing.

The music should stop once he reaches MARIANNE’S house. He looks up and notices MARIANNE in her bedroom putting on a bra. Her back should be facing us, so as to not see any nudity. She finishes dressing and walks out of her room.
JACOB (v.o.)

Thank God she didn’t notice me just then.

*JACOB* rings the doorbell. *MARIANNE* answers.

MARIANNE

Hi! Come on in.

JACOB

Thank you.

*They both head inside. JACOB takes a seat at the kitchen counter while MARIANNE goes over to her kitchen.*

MARIANNE

Anything to drink before we go?

JACOB

No thanks.

MARIANNE

Where would you like to go?
JACOB

How about Dillon’s?

MARIANNE

Sure. (pause) But before we go, there’s something I need to ask you.

JACOB

Sure, what is it?

MARIANNE takes a seat opposite JACOB at the counter.

MARIANNE

Jacob, is there something you’re hiding from me?

JACOB

(pretending to be curious) Why would I feel the need to hide anything from you?

MARIANNE

I just have the strangest feeling that… I don’t know enough about you.
JACOB

Well, we’ve only known each other for a little more than a week or so. We’ve got all the time in the world to learn more about ourselves.

MARIANNE

It’s not just that. What I’m really trying to ask is… well, do you have a girlfriend?

JACOB (v.o.)

Oh Jesus. Here it comes.

JACOB (no v.o.)

To tell you the truth, yes, I do. I’ve been dating this girl for a year, but lately, we haven’t had much fun in our relationship. I feel as though every time I take her to dinner or a baseball game or whatever these days, it’s like a chore. She doesn’t make me happy anymore.

MARIANNE stops to wonder to herself for a moment.

MARIANNE

When was the last time you saw her?
JACOB

Just last night actually. I took her out for pizza and then we went back to my place for a Vincent Price marathon on TCM. I took her home after it was over and then called you.

MARIANNE looks at JACOB with a sense of pity.

MARIANNE

Is there anyone who does make you happy?

JACOB

You want the honest answer?

MARIANNE nods.

JACOB (continued)

You. Even though we’ve only known each other a short while, perhaps only even a week.

There is a brief pause. Then MARIANNE gets up, takes JACOB by the hand, and brings him over to the couch as they both sit down. She runs her hands through his hair. They lean forward at the same time as the camera fades to black. After five seconds, the camera fades back in on the same shot just before the two break apart.
MARIANNE

(smiling) How did that make you feel?

JACOB

(sighing) Like I was king for a day.

MARIANNE

But I don’t want to break off your relationship. That would be the last thing I would want to do.

JACOB begins to stroke MARIANNE’S hair.

JACOB

(assuring her) You won’t have to worry.

CUT TO:

INT. BOLOCO RESTAURANT – THE NEXT EVENING

JACOB and KATHLEEN are seated across from each other, eating burritos in silence. KATHLEEN seems less irritated than the other night, but there is a lot of confusion and anxiety in JACOB. He knows what he has to do.
JACOB

*(breaking the silence)* Listen Kathleen, I hate to break this to you: but I don’t think we’re having much fun or success as a couple anymore.

KATHLEEN

*(hesitates before answering)* I knew something was up the other night. You haven’t been happy, I could tell.

JACOB

Have you been happy?

KATHLEEN

Up until the other night, I was perfectly happy. I wasn’t worried or anything out of the ordinary. But I have been noticing you’ve been incredibly distant for the last few weeks or so. I think it was sometime after the Hitchcock marathon.

JACOB

That’s what I was thinking as well.
JACOB (v.o.)

You know that weird feeling sometimes when you don’t want your loved one to get hurt but at the same time not breaking the news to them will only cause more trouble? Take that, plus my growing infatuation with Marianne, and you’ve got me.

KATHLEEN

(breaking another silence) So are you suggesting we break up?

JACOB takes a sip of his drink, then takes a deep breath.

JACOB

Yes.

JACOB (v.o.)

Oh God. Here it comes.

KATHLEEN


JACOB is brought back to reality. KATHLEEN yelling was just an illusion. Instead, she looks down at her food, and somewhat nods her head in agreement.
KATHLEEN

You know it’s funny, I’m honestly really surprised that we’ve lasted this long.

JACOB

I am as well. Most of my relationships haven’t lasted more than six months, and before you, I wasn’t in a relationship with anyone since high school; and that was with a bag of barbecue potato chips that lasted an hour.

KATHLEEN

(smiling sadly) I don’t suppose there’s anything that will make you change your mind?

JACOB

Not at the present moment. And I wish that wasn’t the case.

JACOB (v.o.)

Which is sort of true, but the rest of it is bullshit.

JACOB (no v.o.)

But I don’t want tonight to be memorable just for the breakup. Is there anything you want to do?
KATHLEEN thinks about it for a moment.

KATHLEEN

You know what we haven’t done in a while?

JACOB

Tell me.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHARLES RIVER DOCK – TEN MINUTES LATER

JACOB and KATHLEEN sit on the dock watching the sunset. After a few seconds, she rests her head against his shoulder, but he knows it’s just as friends, not lovers anymore. Boston’s “Hitch a Ride” should be playing.

JACOB (v.o.)

I’m telling you, I try hard usually not to be this sentimental. But seeing as it’s my last night with Kathleen, why the hell not.

CUT TO:

EXT. KATHLEEN’S APARTMENT – A HALF HOUR LATER

JACOB and KATHLEEN are both out of the car at her doorstep. They embrace for the last time, and she walks through the door, closing it behind her. The music should be out by now.
(as he heads back to the car) As I drove home, I had so many thoughts going through my head: how is this going to impact Kathleen’s academic performance for the next several months? How is this going to affect my writing? What am I going to say to my friends, and my mom? But in there still loomed the thought of Marianne. No matter what happened, she likes me, and I am in love with her. Maybe things could turn around.

That speech should be spoken along with different shots of JACOB driving. Boston’s “Don’t Look Back” begins to play.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWBURY STREET – THE NEXT DAY

JACOB is walking down the street towards MARIANNE’S house wearing a nice shirt and a jacket.

JACOB (v.o.)

Today’s the day I’ll ask her. I’ll take her out to dinner, and ask her afterward. God, I can’t remember the last time I was this crazy about somebody.

JACOB reaches the doorstep of MARIANNE’S house. The music should cut out here. He sighs happily, and rings her doorbell. No answer. After waiting a minute, he rings again. No answer. Annoyed, he knocks on the door, and it opens a little bit. Surprised, JACOB walks inside.
There is nobody home, and all of MARIANNE’s furniture has been taken out. As he walks inside, he steps on a piece of paper in the foyer. He picks it up. It is from MARIANNE. JACOB begins to read it silently.

MARIANNE (v.o.)

Dear Jacob-

By the time you read this, I will be hundreds of miles out of Boston. I’m sorry I did not call you or text you. I thought that would be too painful for both of us.

When you left my apartment the other night after dinner, I was happier than I had been in so many weeks. I had a really good, strong feeling about the two of us. But that night, my ex-husband showed up at my door and told me that he wanted me back. I saw that he had truly changed from who he was when I divorced him, and I couldn’t resist that change.

I know that you will be happy in whatever you want in life, and I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive me. After all, I suspect that you value honesty above all other virtues. There’s only one thing I ask besides forgiveness: if chance may have it that we can be together, please know that I do love you and will, at a moment’s notice, be there for you if I leave my husband again. I love you, Marianne.

There is a long silence.

JACOB (v.o.)

At first I thought it was a joke.

CUT TO:
INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY – A FEW SECONDS LATER

*Jacob comes rushing up the stairs to find the place empty.*

Jacob (continued v.o.)

But when I rushed upstairs, every room was just empty as I had dreaded.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNSTAIRS – A FEW SECONDS LATER

Jacob (continued v.o.)

As I walked back downstairs, I noticed something on her kitchen counter: it was a copy of her film which I had enjoyed so much. It had a greeting card.

*It reads ‘To Jacob – Love, Marianne’. Jacob takes the DVD and puts it in his jacket pocket. As he walks out the door, he takes one look back, hoping that she will come downstairs to greet and kiss him. He leaves.*

CUT TO:

EXT. CHARLES RIVER – SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

As Jacob walks to the river, he finds a couple making out enthusiastically. He offers the guy the bouquet for his girlfriend, and they gratefully accept.
JACOB is sitting on the dock of the river where he and KATHLEEN watched the sunset the previous night. Boston’s “More Than A Feeling” begins to play. There is a mixture of confusion and sadness on his face, but he can’t quite bring himself to cry. Instead he laughs softly, walks back to his apartment building, and shuts the door behind him. “More Than A Feeling” continues to play in the end credits.