

A FREE FOREST

by

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CHARACTERS

**JULES:** 21-YEAR-OLD, ASPIRING ARTIST, OUTSPOKEN, SARCASTIC, BIG HEART

**FOREST:** 12-YEAR-OLD, WITTY, DISTRACTIBLE, MATURE FOR HIS AGE

**CELIA:** 48-YEAR-OLD, JULES' AND FOREST'S MOTHER, OVER-DRAMATIC, "BLANCHE-LIKE"

**MIHAI:** 28-YEAR-OLD, ROMANIAN, JULES' HUSBAND

**CHRIS:** 22-YEAR-OLD, SHAGGY-HAIRED MUSICIAN, SWEET

**RICK:** 60-YEAR-OLD, FOREST'S FATHER, HOT-HEADED, ADDICT

**MOLLY:** 21-YEAR-OLD, JULES' BEST FRIEND, PRIVILEGED/SPOILED

**JOHN:** 55-YEAR-OLD, MENTOR/FATHER-FIGURE TO JULES, RUNS THEATRE COMPANY THAT COMMISSIONS ARTWORK FROM JULES

FADE IN:

EXT. QUEENS, NYC - MORNING

Close up on vibrant artwork painted on the side of a run down building. The early morning slanted sun rays move diagonally across an abstract image of a naked woman with black and white checkered skin in a bathtub.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(bland)

Mihai and Jules, today you  
celebrate one of life's greatest  
moments and give recognition to the  
worth and beauties of love, as you  
join together in the vows of  
marriage.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN - CONTINUOUS

Zoom in on another building wall with a painting of peace sign vase with a hand reaching out of it clutching a deep red heart with climbing, thorny vines creeping out of it.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT')

Mihai Lupei, do you take Jules  
Haven to be your wife?

MIHAI (O.S.)

I do.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARLEM - CONTINUOUS

Camera scans another building side consumed by a massive painting all in black with playful lettering spelling out "Children of the revolution: Living life with no solution." Three faceless abstract figures hold hands as their cigarette smoke twirls above and around them towards a cracked window in the building.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Do you promise to love, honor,  
cherish and protect her, forsaking  
all other and holding only unto  
her?

MIHAI (O.S.)

I do.

Camera travels through window and fades into--

EXT. NEW YORK CITY HALL - CONTINUOUS

Camera looks through window of City Hall building and approaches JULES, in a white dress and black Doc Martins, and MIHAI in a cheap black blazer and slacks standing before a bored-looking female county clerk. 12-year-old blonde FOREST and mother CELIA stand behind them.

COUNTY CLERK

And Jules, do you take Mihai to be your husband?

JULES

I do.

INT. NEW YORK CITY HALL - CONTINUOUS

The open, sunlit room contains nothing but a small couch in the corner and a fake potted plant. The walls are yellow with a floral wall paper lining towards the ceiling.

COUNTY CLERK

Do you promise to love, honor, cherish and protect him, forsaking all other and holding only unto him?

Zoom in on Jules. Beat.

JULES

I do.

CUT TO:

INT. FRENCH CAFE - LATER THAT MORNING

Cutlery is clanging and voices overlap. Jules, Mihai, Celia, and Forest sit at the table by the window of this small, intimate restaurant. The wall adjacent to them is lined with bookshelves filled with french children's books like "Le Voyage de Barbar", the "Martine" series, and "Le Petit Prince". A nearly empty pitcher of orange juice and champagne sits between plates full of half-eaten tartine, brioche, and creme fraiche pancakes. The air is light and jovial. Forest talks animatedly.

FOREST

But it was completely corny when she said you were like "two completely different threads woven to make a beautiful tapestry." Barf-a-rama!

CELIA

Hey!

FOREST

I'm 12 and I coulda come up with something better.

CELIA

Hey, no, it's beautiful!

FOREST

Okay, maybe if she actually cared or put some pizzazz into it.

MIHAI

(quietly to Jules)

What's this? "Pizzazz"? Like with pepperoni?

FOREST

(giggles. Sarcastically)

Yeah, if only she had some pizza, it woulda been a way more entertaining ceremony.

JULES

(defending Mihai)

Forest stop.

FOREST

Still woulda been "cheesy" though.

CELIA

Very funny.

MIHAI

(lost)

Are you making fun?

FOREST

(puts up fists)

Yeah, punk. Whatcha gonna do about it, huh?

JULES

(laughs)

He's just joking, hun. Pizzazz is like...

(jazz hands)

You know, sparkle-

CELIA

Pop-

FOREST

Pizzazz! That's the only word to describe pizzazz.

JULES

Like "oomph".

CELIA

(playful)

Glaamour!

MIHAI

Oh, okay, okay. But what's this "cheese"?

JULES

Cheese? Oh, "Cheesy." "Cheesy" is like "corny." I just explained "corny" to him the other day. It's actually really fuckin' hard to explain. Took us hours.

MIHAI

Yeah, I don't wanna do that again.

They all laugh.

CELIA

So what are you guys doing now? You gonna come back home with us?

FOREST

(whispered to Celia)

What?? Mom--

JULES

(suspicious but ignores)

Well, we'll come to midtown with you, but--

MIHAI

I have work.

FOREST

On your wedding day?!

MIHAI

People need their coffee.

FOREST

And you're the only barista in New York City.

MIHAI  
 (catching on)  
 Yes. Only one.

CELIA  
 Are you gonna go with him, Jules?

JULES  
 What, to Macchiato? Oh no, my tummy  
 hates how much I love espresso. I  
 needa stop. Only tea from now on.  
 ...And mimosas. Yummm.

She pours the last bit into her champagne flute.

CELIA  
 No more coffee?! I couldn't  
 survive.

FOREST  
 Addicts.

JULES  
 We all have our vices. But I'm  
 saying it's over. My sick  
 dependency is conquered.

FOREST  
 And now you can be a tea-addict.

JULES  
 Yup. I'm going to drink lots of  
 tea. And lay in bed five minutes  
 longer than usual. And sky dive.  
 And really soon I'll go on a hike  
 on a mountain so high I can barely  
 breathe when I reach the top.

FOREST  
 Can I come?

JULES  
 Yes. And then we'll get matching  
 tattoos.

CELIA  
 (sarcastically)  
 Yeah, okay.

JULES  
 And then I'll go for my first real  
 run even though I will feel like  
 dying. And I will be better at  
 math.

(MORE)

JULES (CONT'D)

And some day soon, I'll put shelves up in my studio and organize my supplies and stuff.

(smiles at Mihai, he grabs her hand)

And I'll speak fluent Romanian. But today...today, I will paint my fucking heart out and no one can stop me.

CUT TO:

EXT. 43RD ST AND 8TH AVE SUBWAY EXIT - LATER THAT MORNING

Jules hugs Celia and Forest and they walk separate directions. Camera follows Jules as she begins to walk uptown. She pulls out her phone as she picks up the pace.

JULES

(on the phone)

I know. I know. I just-- I'm like 2 blocks away, okay?

(beat)

Wait, how long? Why did you-- Chris, I told you I couldn't meet that early.

(beat)

Yeah I did. Well, whatever, I'll--

(beat)

I had a-- I had something this morning. Just-- I'll see you in a sec.

She shoves her phone away as she walks by a gelato cafe. She stops two buildings later, pauses, turns around and goes inside "L'Arte del Gelato". The camera stays on the street, peering through the window as Jules smiles flirtatiously at the boy at the register. She points to the back and mouths "Thank you so much. You're the best." She walks to the back of the store and disappears through a door.

CUT TO:

INT. L'ARTE DEL GELATO BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jules, in her lace ivory maxi dress stares at herself in the mirror loathingly. Takes a deep breath and violently grabs her bag full of clothes off the bathroom floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. 9TH AVENUE OUTSIDE L'ARTE DEL GELATO - CONTINUOUS

Jules, putting her leather jacket back on, waves back to the smitten gelato boy as she swings the door open to the street and continues walking up 9th avenue. She is no longer wearing her wedding dress and now dons black waist-high skinny jeans which are tucked into her Doc Martins. She approaches a large statue of a pink, waving pig in a bow tie positioned outside of the bar Rudy's, where CHRIS stands smoking a cigarette with his guitar leaning on the wall next to him.

CHRIS, in his Buddy Holly thick-brimmed glasses, is a shaggy-haired musician with a New York City cynicism coupled with great sensitivity. His blue eyes light up like the Messiah is walking towards him and his life becomes slow motion for those five seconds until Jules hugs him and takes the cigarette out of his hand.

CHRIS  
(sarcastically?)  
Please, my lady, mine is yours.

Jules smiles as she puffs away and breathes a sigh of relief, as Chris gazes.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
You're killin' me.

JULES  
Sorry.

She flicks the cigarette butt away.  
For running late.

CHRIS  
I'd get worried if you weren't.

JULES  
Sorry?! Dude, I just apologized.

CHRIS  
No, relax. If you weren't late.

JULES  
I'm trying to relax.

Heads to door of Rudy's.

Can we? I ran here.  
(MORE)

JULES (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sweating. Don't even have  
the class to perspire.

Chris grabs his guitar and they enter the bar.

CUT TO:

INT. RUDY'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

Rudy's is a dimly-lit dive with red duct-taped booths, a hand-  
full of regulars at the bar, and free hot dogs handed out  
every time someone orders a drink.

Jules and Chris sit in a booth at the end with a pitcher of  
beer and two full glasses between them. Jules turns a CD in  
her hand and studies it in scared silence.

CHRIS

I didn't wanna give it to you 'til  
it was completely done. I dunno if  
it'll ever be, but there it is.

Feeling uncomfortable, Chris picks up his beer to do  
something to fill the space, puts it to his mouth, but --

CHRIS (CONT'D)

It's pronounced "No Estoy Muerto,  
Mi Amor". The album. I know it's  
corny and melodramatic.

He goes to drink again, but doesn't. Jules has opened the  
case and is reading the lyric insert.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Don't worry about tryin' to listen  
right away or anything. I know  
you're busy with unpacking your  
boxes and working on your art and  
everything I just thought--

JULES

"Chianti"?

CHRIS

In this dump?

JULES

(not entertained)

This one's called "Chianti". "Let  
her live her life in her own way,  
who cares who she may meet.  
It all amounts to something  
different, little miss hard to  
beat." Is this--

CHRIS

Can you-- maybe, you know, just  
look later.

He reaches out and tries to close the case to put it away.

JULES

Wait, wait a second. "I know you  
wanted to go dancing. I just  
thought I would always fall."

CHRIS

Jules--

JULES

And this one: "Watching you talk to  
me is always a luxury. Claiming  
insanity, seems like a choice to  
me. I fell for you easily, now  
please pick up this debris"? Chris,  
I-- why are you doing this?

CHRIS

Doing what?

JULES

What am I supposed to say to this?  
You expect me to be swept off my  
feet? Or apologize for "breaking  
you"? Why would you do this for me,  
to me? I can't give you anything.

CHRIS

I know, Jules, relax. All I want is  
for you to listen. That's it.

He sips his beer.

JULES

Please, stop fucking telling me to  
relax. I don't need to relax.

Chris almost chokes on his beer in reaction.

CHRIS

(clears throat)

Excuse me. Um, well I have no  
secret agenda. I'm just writing  
music.

JULES

Yeah, okay.

Jules finally puts the album down and takes a long gulp of beer.

CHRIS

Well, that show I told you about at Tobacco Road is tonight. I'm playing these songs. So you'll be hearing them one way or another. So there it is.

JULES

What, so I can prepare myself?

CHRIS

However you wanna look at it.

JULES

Chris. So, you've been working on this since--

CHRIS

About 6 months, yeah.

JULES

So, while we've been hanging out basically every other day, you've been what, going home after and writing these?

CHRIS

Well, yeah, but it's not like I was trying to trick you, Jules.

JULES

But you were lying to me. Months ago when you said you were fine, you were lying. Last week after I spent the night, you said you were fine, you were lying. And you're lying now.

CHRIS

I'm not lying about anything. Everything I need to say is right there.

JULES

But why, why do you need to put this all into music months later instead of telling me right away. I mean, fuck, Chris. I wouldn't still be sleeping with you if I knew you felt this way.

CHRIS

Oh, come on, Julie. You're not an idiot.

JULES

The fuck does that mean?

CHRIS

You know me. You know how I feel about you.

JULES

This again, Chris. Please. Please, I can't have this conversation again.

CHRIS

You say that, knowing how I feel and yet you come stay in Long Island and visit me at Purchase and call me when your brain feels like bubbling lava and I'm there. So, "you're not an idiot".

JULES

Nothing has changed. We're not happening, Chris. Please, every time this happens I feel like the devil incarnate all over again and you know it. So why do you put me through this?

CHRIS

I know you love me.

JULES

Do you know why I was late?

(Beat)

Do you? I was with Mihai, from Macchiato.

CHRIS

Yeah, we met when you worked there, but listen--

JULES

My mom and Forest were there, too.

CHRIS

Stop trying to--

JULES

(draws it out)

I was late because I was at City Hall.

CHRIS

So. So, you did it. I-- I thought you were joking, Julie. Jesus.

JULES

Yeah, well. I'm-- fuck, I'm sorry I told you like-- I had this whole-- I planned. But you just kept--

CHRIS

I don't care.

JULES

Thank you. So you understand now. That I can't.

CHRIS

I mean, I don't care.

(indicates CD)

Jules, you saw this. You know me. I'm not going anywhere.

(beat)

I don't care.

JULES

What is wrong with you? I'm married. I just said I got married.

CHRIS

Come on, Jules. You know you're not "married".

Jules stands.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

JULES

Home. To Queens.

CHRIS

That is not your home.

JULES

Yeah? So where is?

She turns and walks towards the exit. Chris catches her at the door and hand her the CD. She reaches out and grasps it.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY OF MANHATTAN BUILDING - 10 MINUTES LATER

Jules waltzes through the revolving door into the large, brick lobby of Celia's building. The floor to ceiling window looks out onto 10th avenue. Jules walks up to the front desk where a security guard sits next to two turnstiles and a locked swinging barrier.

JULES

Omar, my man!

SECURITY GUARD

Miss. Picasso! What up girl.

He presses a button and buzzes the barrier/door open. Jules walks through.

JULES

Oh butterflies and rainbows

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Jules sits on the glossy, grey concrete steps, lights a one-hitter, inhales and doesn't exhale.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Close up on Jules' notebook with her pencil feverishly shading, erasing, and smudging with the side of her hand. She is drawing a lanky, hysteric-looking girl in a sun hat and long floral dress, seated with one hand forming a peace sign and the other breaking a pencil in half with a expression of horror and anguish on her face.

CUT TO:

STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Jules and two 20-something guys are standing in the stairwell. She grabs a small bag out of a sealed, glass container and hands it to one of the guys. He hands her a twenty.

JULES

Really, Brooklyn always feel colder  
than midtown. Fact. Thanks.

GUY #1

All in your head, chica.

JULES

So they say. You good?

GUY #2

Just a dime.

She takes another less-filled bag out of the container, puts  
it away and takes his ten dollar bill.

GUY #2 (CONT'D)

What's this one called?

JULES

Does it really matter?

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Drawing in marker on stairwell banister

B) Empty stairwell, laughter echoes

C) Empty carpeted hallway, sound of the 6 elevators humming

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jules and emerges from the stairwell.

JULES

Later.

She walks to the end of the hallway, approaches the door with  
it's deep blue paint chipping away, pauses before she gets  
there. Female yells are heard. She puts her ear to the door,  
hand on the doorknob, sound of a door slam, yells subside.  
She takes her hand off the doorknob and turns towards  
elevators.

CUT TO:

EXT. THEATRE BUILDING - 20 MINUTES LATER

On a 19th century, four floor townhouse, a purple flag with  
tragedy and comedy masks waves in the wind.

JULES (O.S.)

This one's just a sketch, but you can see where I'm going. And this is for the programs for the gala and --

CUT TO:

INT. THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

Jules is seated on a quilted leather couch hunched over her portfolio with colorful pages strewn across the antique wooden coffee table. 55-year-old, JOHN is seated in the armchair across from her nodding and watching Jules speak. JOHN, who runs the theatre has graying hair, a kind demeanor, and wears a brown corduroy jacket with khakis.

Oil painting portraits of actors line the walls adjacent to the red carpeted staircase beside them. The theatre's interior, furnishings, and decor are antique or modelled according to 19th century fashion.

JULES (CONT')

I tried to make this as tasteful as possible, but you know how I get--

JULES AND JOHN

--carried away.

JULES

(laughing)

Yeah, exactly.

JOHN

No, but I admire that. You add life to this place.

JULES

Ha right. With logos and fonts.

JOHN

Hey if it were up to the owner we'd have a bloke riding around town in a horse and buggy delivering oral invitations to the distinguished "salons".

JULES

(British accent)

"For the Duchess. An invitation from the Queen to play croquet."

JOHN

"From the Queen. An invitation for the Duchess to play croquet."

They laugh.

JOHN (CONT'D)

It doesn't have to be just logos and fonts, you know.

JULES

Oh boy, you mean posters and programs? Movin' up in the world!  
(laughs then quickly)  
No, but really, that would great.

JOHN

Ha ha, yes that might be in the stars. But I was referring to something else.

JULES

Ooh, murder and intrigue.

JOHN

(southern accent)  
"A lot of murder and a lot of intrigue."

JULES

(southern accent)  
"My poor little heart can barely take it no more."

JOHN

Yes, there are whispers. They've been pontificating in their tower--

JULES

Your tower Mister Boss-Man.

JOHN

Ha! My say counts for less than the dust on that banister, my dear. But they are discussing plans for a mural outside.

JULES

Oh, that sound fun.

JOHN

It would be very conservative, tasteful, honoring the past, all that. Very classy.

JULES

Yes yes, but of course. This theatre has class up the butt.

JOHN

(shocked giggle, looks around)

Jules!

JULES

Ha ha. Sorry Father John.

JOHN

Well, Jules, I've really seen you grow as an artist. You are dedicated and passionate about your work and I brought your name up.

JULES

Whoa.

JOHN

So, this would really be an enormous undertaking.

JULES

Of course.

JOHN

And we have a lot of very, very important people to please and history to represent.

JULES

Absolutely. The theatre's first.

JOHN

Yes, so no room for risks, personal imprint, or ventures into the unknown this time. And listen, Jules, they have a lot of people they are gunning for. Big name guys. I'm really sticking my neck out for you here, okay?

JULES

Wow, really, thank you. Thank you so much, John.

JOHN

And I know I don't need to say it, but you're really gonna have to, you know, put your...

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 complications aside, while you're  
 focusing on this project.

JULES  
 Everything's grand. Coming up  
 roses.

JOHN  
 It'll be good for you, too. Force  
 you to reassess, resolve,  
 stabilize.

JULES  
 Really, you don't have to worry.

JOHN  
 And we'd have to meet more too.  
 Discuss everything in depth. This  
 is a landmark, not a gala  
 invitation.

JULES  
 John, I'll do anything it takes.  
 This mural will be historic.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATED SUBWAY CAR - SUNSET

Peaceful Jules gazes out of the window of the L train as  
 buildings pass layered with graffiti and artwork;  
 indecipherable images and tags that Jules reads like it's a  
 secret language.

The camera moves down to her sketchbook where she works on a  
 city skyline whose buildings make the ridges on an antique  
 key.

CUT TO:

INT. JULES AND MIHAI'S APARTMENT IN QUEENS - EVENING

Jules is cleaning the kitchen. Mihai is pacing, walking in  
 and out of the room.

MIHAI  
 Ugh, Julie. Nu ma aburi. You're  
 embarrassed.

JULES  
 I don't get embarrassed.

MIHAI

You think I'm stupid. You're friends, they will be thinking I'm stupid.

JULES

My friends don't think anything about you. They can't have opinions about a ghost.

MIHAI

I'm not saying I'm scary.

JULES

Forget it.

MIHAI

Forget it, she says. Las-o balta, las-o balta.

JULES

Jesus. I'm saying *how* can my friends think anything about you if they've never met you?!

MIHAI

So bring them. No, I don't want them here. No, just bring them.

JULES

I'm too nice to do something like that.

MIHAI

What you saying?

JULES

I'm not gonna bring them here just so you can go off and sulk in the next room and make them feel guilty.

MIHAI

Ma lasi în pace! *They* feel guilty?!

JULES

Yeah, Mikey, you don't see that how you act affects other people. Get outa your own head.

MIHAI

Stop trying to confuse me.

JULES  
I'm the one sticking to one  
language. Are you kidding me?

MIHAI  
Is this funny? I'm not joking.

JULES  
No-- I-- ugh.

Beat.

MIHAI  
Come here.

JULES  
What?

He sits on coach and pats the place next to him.

MIHAI  
Come, baby, let's hang.

JULES  
Are you fucking serious?

MIHAI  
(laughs)  
You need to relax. Let's light.

He tears open a Backwoods cigar and empties the tobacco onto  
a marble TV table.

JULES  
You're telling *me* to relax?? I get  
home and right away you start  
bitching me out like I'm your  
little homemaker.

MIHAI  
*I* make this home. Every month.

JULES  
Ugh. And *I* married you, so you can  
stay in this home. In this fucking  
so-called "beautiful" country you  
love and hate so much. What else do  
you want from me?

MIHAI  
Just be you. I love you. You don't  
have to do anything now you're my  
wife. Just-- be happy.

JULES

"I don't have to do anything."  
First of all, I can't be happy when  
you're miserable all the time. And  
you won't stop being miserable 'til  
I'm happy.

MIHAI

Just be you, just be here.

JULES

I'm not gonna just sit here, be  
your make-believe wife and play  
house with you!

MIHAI

Why you have to do, do, do. Just  
accept my love.

JULES

There is no reality except in  
action, Mikey. And there is no  
reality in which I will accept your  
hostile love.

MIHAI

Jules, slow down. You know I--

JULES

You said from the beginning you  
didn't want anything serious and  
now I'm the bitch turning you down  
every day. We had an agreement. You  
promised--

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK on the front door.

JULES (CONT'D)

(whispers)

If that's Viktor complaining, I  
swear--

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

Beat.

MIHAI

Well? You wanna do something, do.

Jules glares at him.

JULES

Who is it?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Police. Got a noise complaint. Open  
up!

JULES  
What the--?

Jules snaps and points at the bong in the corner. Mihai knows the routine. She swings open the door.

JULES (CONT'D)  
Forest! Ugh, I could-- When did  
your voice get so freakin' low?!  
And why-- what are you doing here?

FOREST  
Such hospitality.

He walks past her, entering the first room of the railroad apartment, the kitchen and walks into the adjacent living room as they talk.

FOREST (CONT'D)  
Well, I heard your lover's quarrel  
from Manhattan and thought I'd  
offer my services.

JULES  
Funny.

MIHAI  
Shit. You scared me.

JULES  
Mikey.

FOREST  
I've heard worse.

JULES  
Well you shouldn't. Now what the  
hell is going on?

MIHAI  
Jules was just about to make us  
dinner.

FOREST  
Oh really?

JULES  
Oh really?

MIHAI  
Oh shit.

JULES  
Seriously?

FOREST  
Girls.

MIHAI  
Can't live with them. Can't  
live...with them.

FOREST  
Ho ho. Ya come up with that all on  
your own, bubalah?

JULES  
He's Romanian.

FOREST  
Uh huh. So, ya come up with that  
all on your own, bubulah?

MIHAI  
Jules, grab us some pop, yeah?

JULES  
Ha.

FOREST  
Ha. You are brave, sir.

JULES  
And you should be sleeping. Let's  
get you home.

FOREST  
What? No, I'm stayin' here with  
Mush Mouth.

JULES  
Not without me you're not and I'm--  
Forest just-- come here.

FOREST  
Breathe, baby cakes, I'ma comin'.

MIHAI  
Yeah, breathe your baby cakes.

FOREST  
Yup, almost there, buddy.

Jules quickly gathers her jacket and backpack while Forest joins her at the door which is still open.

MIHAI  
Where are you going?

JULES  
What?

MIHAI  
Where you going? It's our wedding night!

JULES  
What?

FOREST  
Are you deaf, woman?

JULES  
Forest.

MIHAI  
I thought we going to-- "garden"  
all night??

JULES  
What are-- I-- jesus.

FOREST  
Ewww.

MIHAI  
What?

FOREST  
(whispers)  
Like...plowing?

JULES  
Ew Forest, stop!

MIHAI  
Plow what? I mean like,  
garden...like green garden...like  
uh weeds in your garden...is this--  
do you speak English?

JULES  
Okay, we're going. I'm taking you home.

FOREST

Whoa, no no no, let's not get  
hasty.

JULES

Come on.

FOREST

I mean it, I'm not going home,

JULES

I said, move, andiamo, now. We'll  
talk on our way.

They head out the door. Forest's lines fade as we watch Mihai take the bong out and light it up as the door slams shut. Forest's voice fades out as the rumbling of a subway fades in.

FOREST

You must mean on our way to the  
circus, cause I'm not goin' home.  
Or the movies. Or ice cream or dog  
park, although it's just the weird  
mutant muts at this time. Okay,  
fine, I'll settle for a trip to the  
pier.

FADE TO:

INT. SUBWAY CAR- 30 MIN LATER

View from train car out window of an advertisement speeding past whose images create a moving picture promoting travel to Iceland. The images move from green rolling hills to rushing crystalline waters with the lettering "Life speeding past" then "While you're sitting still" and "Still", "Still", "Still" continuously at the bottom of the advertisement as a drawing of a hand with yellow and black checkered finger nails and a watch on its wrist reaches out. The flowing stream morphs into a city street with a traffic light blinking red as the watch face begins to melt a la Dali. The fingers elongate and swirl adding the lettering "TAXI 7N44". Meanwhile the traffic light post has multiplied and they spin upside down and grow upwards as stems and irises begin to bloom.

Halfway through this, Forest's voice fades back in.

FOREST (O.S.)

(melody of Lana Del  
Rey's "Ride")

*I hear the birds on the summer  
breeze, I drive fast.*

(MORE)

FOREST (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*I hear the birds on the breeze. I  
 hear the birds on the summer breeze  
 I drive fast, I hear the birrrrrds.  
 (melody of bridge)  
 I hear the birds on the summer  
 BREEZE, I DRIVE--*

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY CAR- CONTINUOUS

JULES  
 Will you?! Are those the only words  
 you know?

FOREST  
 They're the only words that matter  
 to me.

JULES  
 They're the only words you know.

FOREST  
 Just because my weirdness is out  
 loud doesn't make you any less  
 weird, miss crazy eyes.

JULES  
 (bats eyelashes)  
 My eyes are dreamy.

FOREST  
 The pies were creamy.

JULES  
 The guys were teeny.

FOREST  
 Ha ha ha. Gross.

JULES  
 Uh like short. Not tall.

FOREST  
 Surrre. Liiike you're short and  
 not tall.

Jules stands up, towering over Forest as the moderately empty  
 train continues to rumble beneath their feet.

JULES  
 Taller than you.

FOREST  
Taller than poo.

JULES  
Ew.

He stands.

FOREST  
(mockingly)  
"Ewww".

JULES  
(seeing he's taller)  
Ew!

FOREST  
Ha ha! See, taller than poo.

Jules stands on her tippy toes. Forest stands on his tippy toes. They both lose balance and fall into each others faces and topple back into their chairs giggling. Jules fakes a pout.

FOREST (CONT'D)  
Aw. You want me to chop my legs a little for you?

JULES  
Yes please.

FOREST  
You can have my calves.

JULES  
No! They're so boney.

She pinches his leg which tickles him and makes him thrash his limbs like an epileptic octopus.

JULES (CONT'D)  
Give me your juicy thighs!

Their laughter grows and subsides like the ebb and flow of a tide pool. Beat.

FOREST  
"Universe" is a cool word.

JULES  
Junipers are for...drool turds.

FOREST

Oh so turds are okay but "poo" is out of the question.

JULES

Obviously.

FOREST

It's closer.

JULES

What is?

FOREST

To sounding like what it is. "Turd". Like "universe".

JULES

"Universe".

TOGETHER

(drawing it out)

"Universe".

FOREST

The universe is a turd.

JULES

Uh oh, cynic alert.

FOREST

Beep beep beep!

JULES

You know what?

FOREST

Chicken butt?

JULES

You know what?

FOREST

Whaaat?

JULES

You are the universe.

FOREST

Awww. I'm your whole universe!

JULES

Yes. But no. You are *the* universe. So you're calling yourself a turd.

FOREST

I *am* a turd.

JULES

You're not a turd. Now we're not allowed to use that word for a week.

FOREST

Are you the universe too?

JULES

Mhm.

FOREST

Is that guy at the end of the train taking a turd the universe?

JULES

Ugh come on.

She links his arm, they stand and walk to the opposite side of the train car.

JULES (CONT'D)

But yes. Him too. And now it's 2 weeks, bub.

FOREST

You smell.

JULES

Excuse me.

FOREST

Like a skunk.

JULES

I am. So you better be nice or I'll Pepe Le Pew-you.

FOREST

Peppy La Who-zie?

JULES

Ugh, Disney Channel generation.

FOREST

What are you my grandma?

Jules playfully shakes her fist at Forest as the train halts and they stand face to face in front of the closed doors with pillars behind them reading "42nd St".

CUT TO:

EXT. 42ND STREET AND 9TH AVENUE SIDEWALK- CONTINUOUS

Jules and Forest are walking with arms linked as Jules texts with her free hand.

FOREST  
(whining)  
Juuuules. Juuules. Juliiiiiie.

JULES  
(mimicking his tone)  
Whaaaaat??

FOREST  
Jules!

JULES  
What?!

Beat. She stares expectantly. It's a game of who will talk first. Forest gets bored.

FOREST  
Where are we going?

JULES  
Not home. Relax.

FOREST  
Are you going to sell me? Are you  
the child slave trade leader? IS  
THAT A GUN IN YOUR BAG?!

JULES  
Shut up!

FOREST  
You didn't say no.

JULES  
We're making a quick stop.

FOREST  
To see your flying monkey?

JULES  
My flying what?

FOREST

Your lovah.

JULES

Why do you call-- he's not my--  
shut up.

FOREST

Touchy.

Jules digs a small plastic case out of her bag and pulls out earplugs.

JULES

Here. Put these in.

He puts the earplugs in his ears then pulls out 2 marble meditation spheres and holds them towards Jules.

FOREST

Now you're turn.

JULES

Psh. Wait, where did you get those?

FOREST

I can't hear youuu.

She takes one of the earplugs out of his ear and takes the spheres.

JULES

Where did-- ew. Where did you get  
these?

He grabs them back.

FOREST

They're mine. I found them.

She takes them back.

JULES

Not yours. Where?

FOREST

Ugh. I'm pretty sure...yeah I'm  
pretty sure I found them up...your  
butt.

JULES

Grow up.

FOREST

They were in a box.

JULES

The box was...? And if you say it again--

FOREST

The box was in another box. In the bathroom closet.

JULES

Oh. Here.

She hands them back to him.

FOREST

I thought they weren't mine.

She puts the earplug back in his ear as they approach a hole in the wall bar on 41st and 9th ave called Tobacco Road. They slip past the bouncer who is throwing out a pimply, drunk boy with skinny jeans, eye liner, and gaged ears.

As Forest and Jules enter the bar venue, close up on a poster with the lettering "Turbulence; Thrown About Like A Shit on the Ocean" with album art clearly by Jules' pen: blood red hands with white fingernails are wriggling as links of chains tighten around their wrists. They are held open to receive a floating pyramid with a wide, blue eye in it's center.

CUT TO:

INT. TOBACCO ROAD BAR

It is dimly lit with female bartenders in their bras quickly slapping down bottles of cheap beers as they all bubble over onto the soaking bar flooded with young adults all 'too cool for school', too 'hipster' for the punks and too punk for the hipsters; none cool enough for a second glance. With Forest's hand in hers, Jules careens through the crowds towards the back where there is a small stage with Chris center, sweaty and singing, guitar in hand.

Jules finds a girl in the audience. MOLLY is a dark-haired beauty, Jules' age, in a mini-skirt with a pink Chanel purse draped over her petite shoulder. Molly hugs Jules and Forest and whispers inaudibly in Jules' ear. Everytime the crowd threatens to drag Forest away, Jules reaches out towards his hand and pulls him back.

Jules nods in agreement with Molly who gestures to others nearby who head over to Jules.

She discreetly, professionally takes their money and hands them plastic bags filled with "gardening supplies". Forest's attention meanders between the strange audience beginning to 'mosh' and shove each other, the music clearly about a girl, and 'the girl' 'making friends'.

The camera zooms in, past Jules and Forest and towards the stage and disappears into the blackness of Chris's amp as the music's volume increases and peaks until it turns into the sound of a blender crushing ice.

FADE TO:

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT- A YEAR AGO- NIGHT

Hand drawn script lettering dances across the bottom of the screen spelling "ONE ONE ONE, YEAR YEAR YEAR, AGO AGO AGO".

The blackness of the amp has faded into the dark slush in the blender beneath Molly's hand above the granite kitchen countertops. Her modern Chelsea apartment reflects her family's wealth and extravagance. The White Stripes' "Hello Operator" blares in the background. The camera zooms out farther to see Jules leaning over the counter with her then fading red hair next to piles of organic, green produce and various bottles of alcohol that surround the blender. Molly turns the blender off and begins to pour the sludge into wine glasses.

MOLLY

Ooh, baby.

JULES

No, baby.

MOLLY

Yes, my baby baby. Chill, honey pie, it's spiked.

JULES

It's black.

MOLLY

It's dark green.

JULES

This seems counterproductive.

MOLLY

No, it's compensation.

JULES

You don't know what that word means.

MOLLY

Cunt.

JULES

*"Carry my obituary".*

MOLLY

Here ya go, my love.

Molly tries to hand the wine glass to Jules, who bounces up and down with her eyes closed.

JULES

*"How you gonna get the money?!"*

MOLLY

Hey, Meg!

Jules opens her eyes and sings obnoxiously in Molly's face.

JULES

*"How you gonna get the money?!"*  
Thank youuu. I think.

She takes the glass and they link their arms holding their drinks.

JULES (CONT'D)

If this kills me, I want the world  
to know, they are beautiful.

MOLLY

You are beautiful.

JULES

You are beautiful!

They playfully peck on the lips, cheers, and gulp like soldiers preparing for battle. Molly dramatically gags. Jules gives a faint cough.

MOLLY

(cursing)  
Monkey balls!

JULES

Eh. I'd say ass.

MOLLY

How can such delicious things be so  
foul mixed together?

JULES

'Cause you're an idiot.

MOLLY  
 (laughing)  
 An idiot with a backup plan.

Molly heads towards a cupboard and pulls out a cardboard box. "Hello Operator" has started over as Jules places their glasses back on the counter.

JULES  
 Your drug arsenal is not a backup plan. It is *the* plan. The constant, colorful-- "*Can I give you number nine? Can I see you later?*"

MOLLY  
 Repeat, really? My turn. Here.

Molly hands Jules the small cardboard box.

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
 Let's get silly, please.

JULES  
 And thank you. Thor's hammer, this is heavy. How on Earth did you carry it all the way over here from the cupboard, girly?

MOLLY  
 Shut up. Papers are in there.

Jules opens the box as Molly heads towards the iPod dock to change the song to "Hey You" from Pink Floyd's *Pulse Live*.

JULES  
 Damn, girl. You are tryna get silly. What the what? Seriously Molly, this is-- well-- a lot. Even for you- us.

MOLLY  
 Yeah, Jared sent it from Cali. He's trying too hard.

JULES  
 Pobrecita.

MOLLY  
 I know. It's annoying.

JULES  
 You sound like a bitch. Just so you know.

MOLLY

Yeah yeah.

JULES

Yeah yeah.

Molly heads back to the white leather couch where Jules is now seated rolling a joint.

MOLLY

Actually, my little green princess, can you help me? Pleeese?

JULES

I'm already doin' it, child!

MOLLY

No, with Thor's Hammer. My dad's comin' this month for his rando raid of this place and that shit reeks.

JULES

So hide it, put it in glass, a safe.

MOLLY

He goes really hard.

JULES

That's what she-- nope.

MOLLY

Gross.

JULES

Oops. Ha ha ha.

MOLLY

Come on, boo. Boo boo. Please sell this for me. You can keep half, I don't care, whatever.

JULES

Half? You didn't even pay for it, you shyster!

MOLLY

Well I--

JULES

It doesn't matter, babe. I'm not doin' that shit.

(MORE)

JULES (CONT'D)

I've gone this long without adding drug dealer to my shameful resume.

MOLLY

What are you talking about? Your resume is so fucking long.

JULES

You'd think a toddler's resume was long.

MOLLY

Fuck you. Just because I've never had a job doesn't mean I don't know how to work.

JULES

Then why don't you sell this? Do you think I'd be that desperate to do this illegal, by the way, thing for you?

MOLLY

You're always shitting on all your bosses, Jules.

(playfully)

I wouldn't be so bad a boss, would I?

Jules recoils and stand up with the now finished joint in her hand.

JULES

Wow.

MOLLY

I'm joking, Jules.

JULES

No, you're not.

Jules walks towards the balcony and opens the door, looks back at Molly implying she can follow; it's not the spat to end all spats. The camera follows the two onto the balcony that overlooks the twinkling city skyline.

JULES (CONT'D)

Honestly, any boss would be better right now. She just talks so much shit about everyone and vibes me if I don't go along with it. I'm not gonna talk badly about people that have never done anything bad to me.

(MORE)

JULES (CONT'D)

She's just cruel and treats everyone like she's better than them.

MOLLY

That jewelry she "makes" is crap. Antique, my ass.

JULES

Uh yeah. I mean-- and she expects me to lie to the customers. She says it's not a corporation but she treats me like a corporation would. I hate that I care so much, but I don't want to change how much I care. But it breaks my fucking heart everyday that I think that struggling is a part of life instead of just saying, *if* I'm struggling, then this isn't something I should be doing. I keep getting these jobs where I'm sacrificing my creativity and it makes me wanna vomit-- here.

She passes the lit joint to Molly.

JULES (CONT'D)

--but at the moment I have to survive, instead of saying "Fuck this. I'm fucking quitting. I hate you, you soulless bitch. Deal with your shit karma on your own."

Beat.

JULES (CONT'D)

But I'm still not selling. Sorry. I know once I start I'll become desensitized to it.

Jules leans her head on Molly's shoulder. Beat.

JULES (CONT'D)

Plus you can't become my boss. I'll start to hate you too.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK- PRESENT- NIGHT

Close up on hands holding and swinging as their owners walk down a dark street.

Hand drawn words fall across the screen in this order: "Now", "Here", "Be", "Now", "Be", "Here", "Now". Camera zooms out on Chris and blonde-again Jules holding hands. Chris's guitar is in his other hand and Jules' free hand holds her brothers as they walk towards the subway. Forest is visibly weary.

JULES

Come on, hun. Not too much longer.

Forest groans. Jules halts the group.

JULES (CONT'D)

We're literally a block away,  
Forest. Let me just take you home.  
This is stupid.

FOREST

Really, Jules? Me not wanting to go  
home is stupid?

JULES

Fine. But you're telling me  
everything when we get to Chris's.  
I'm not letting you go to sleep  
until then. Deal?

Beat.

JULES (CONT'D)

Deal?

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS'S LIVING ROOM- LATER THAT NIGHT, 2AM

Close up on two feet hanging off of a couch. The left big toe  
that sticks out of a hole in the socks twitches. SNORE.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM- CONTINUOUS

Jules and Chris sit on the carpeted floor. Jules yanks her  
Doc Martin off violently.

CHRIS

(referring to Forest)  
Well, that was obviously gonna  
happen.

Their eyes meet.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM- A BIT LATER

Jules and Chris lay naked on the carpet.

JULES

Well, that was obviously gonna happen.

CHRIS

Not obvious to me.

Without getting up, Jules grabs an electric guitar within arms reach and holds it to her body, strumming a chord every so often.

JULES

I'd hope not.

CHRIS

But then again, you are a little hussy.

JULES

(sarcastically)

Ha.

Strums "Wrong Way" by Sublime.

JULES (CONT'D)

*"A cigarette rests between her lips."*

CHRIS

*"But I'm staring at her tits."*

JULES

*"It was the wrong way."* Fuck. I'm exhausted.

Chris hands her a cigarette.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Lighter ignites flame

B) Jules inhales

C) Jules hunched over her sketchbook on the bed with Chris sleeping in the background.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM- CONTINUOUS

Jules falls into Chris's armpit as he wraps his arm around her shoulder pulling her in closer. He is barely conscious. Jules breathes a sigh of relief and finally closes her eyes.

CHRIS  
(sleepily)  
Mm. I'm so happy you're mine again.  
Mmm. Mine mine mine.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM- CONTINUOUS

Close up on Jules' face as her eyes abruptly open, full of fear.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS'S LIVING ROOM- CONTINUOUS

The naked toe again convulses. GROAN.

JULES (O.S.)  
Come on. We're going.

CUT TO:

INT. L TRAIN CAR- 4AM

Jules and Forest are squeezed together on the subway. Jules' arm around Forest with his head resting against her. Interspersed in their conversation, the rails screech, lights flicker, and the occasional drunk stumbles by.

JULES (CONT'D)  
Ya comfortable?

FOREST  
Eh. "You're so boney."  
(but he doesn't move)

JULES

Well good. I don't want you to fall asleep on me. Who would protect me from the scary demons of the underground?

(shaking her shoulder)

Come on, wake up, wake up.

FOREST

They're more scared of *you*.

JULES

Me? I'm just an innocent blonde angel with her cute little brother.

FOREST

Ha ha. Keep tellin' yourself that. Girl, you crazy.

JULES

No, "boy", you crazy. Look at you!

Jules turns to face Forest who dons leopard leggings, an army print jacket, and a skull adorned scarf.

FOREST

If being fashionable is crazy, then bring on the straight jacket.

JULES

Ugh! I have nightmares about straight jackets.

FOREST

You'd have to paint with your nose. Or your tongue.

JULES

Mm. I love the taste of acrylic. Pour it on my pancakes every morning.

FOREST

Ha ha. Gross.

JULES

Do you paint in school? Oh, have you been practicing those shading techniques I showed you?

FOREST

My life is busy, woman.

JULES

Excuse me. I'm so glad you could fit me into your schedule, sir. What makes you so busy?

FOREST

My friend is abusing drugs.

JULES

What now?

FOREST

My friend is abusing drugs.

JULES

What?

FOREST

Was I not clear? Want me to say it in another language? Let me get out Google Translate.

JULES

Wait-- who is this?

FOREST

Her name is Hazel.

JULES

(teasingly)

Well, why are you friends with her?

FOREST

'Cause she's pretty.

JULES

Ha ha. Is this the Hispanic girl from that picture?

FOREST

No, that's Genesis.

JULES

Whoa, Genesis? OK, tell me about her after. So are you helping her?

FOREST

Well, Genesis used to self-harm but she stopped.

JULES

No, Hazel. Wait-- why are you calling it self-harm and what does self-harm mean? In your...opinion.

FOREST

Well, like, you know. A lot of people at my school do that.

JULES

Oh my God. 12-year-olds and 13-year-olds?

FOREST

Yeah, it's not surprising.

JULES

Why was *she* doing that? And, yes, it is surprising, Forest.

FOREST

She's not on a lot of people's "friend list" per se. So to speak.

JULES

Jeez. Did she do that before she was friends with you or while she was friends with you?

FOREST

(he stops and thinks)

It's not because of me. Shut up!

JULES

I wasn't saying that!

FOREST

I don't know, but she doesn't do it anymore. She was doing dishes and her mom saw.

JULES

Man. Wait, so rewind. Did you tell *Hazel* to stop?

FOREST

Yes.

JULES

How are you trying to help her?

FOREST

Uh, let's see. No. I'm not helping her at all. I don't wanna help her.

JULES

Why?!

FOREST

I want her to realize she's  
fricking up her life herself.

JULES

Uh, that's an intense approach.  
That's hardcore.

FOREST

I don't mind.

JULES

Did you try helping her at first  
and it didn't work and now you're  
trying a different way?

FOREST

Joining her! Just kidding.

JULES

You better be.

FOREST

Joining her?

JULES

(sarcastically)  
Ha ha. Kidding.

FOREST

Oh, okay.

A dishevelled man approaches and forcefully extends a hand  
holding a Dunkin' Donuts cup of change.

DRUNK BEGGAR

You kids are so beautiful. Look at  
that hair.

He starts to reach his hand out.

JULES

Excuse me. Me and my brother are  
talking right now.

FOREST

Yeah, the adults are talking,  
sweetie.

They laugh. He shuffles off.

JULES

Well, damn. You're a good friend,  
but that's a lot of responsibility.

(MORE)

JULES (CONT'D)

Hey, can I have your full attention for like ten minutes? You keep flicking through this. Lemme see.

She grabs his notebook and flicks through the pages.

JULES (CONT') (CONT'D)

I wanna hear something. You got poems in here?

FOREST

Maybe.

JULES

Here. Pick one.

She hands the notebook back to Forest.

JULES (CONT'D)

Ready and go.

FOREST

Wait. Wait wait wait wait. Okay.

(reading quickly)

"Not understanding people. Selfish decisions. Not thinking "how does this affect other people?" Through the hallways, I've come to realize, to just fake it. Fake a smile, dye your hair, act out of character. That's what I've learned. As hurtful as it may sound.

(he mumbles inaudibly)

That doesn't mean that--"

JULES

Wait, stop stop. What was that? As hurtful as it may sound...

FOREST

"As hurtful"-- wait, where was I?

JULES

And can you go just a little bit slower?

FOREST

"As hurtful as it may sound, that doesn't mean nobody likes you."

(deciphers his writing)

Uhh..."nobody likes the real you. Just get there. *Then*, act yourself. Take this advice.

(MORE)

FOREST (CONT'D)

So, I'm telling you now, I am not"--  
wait...This... Ehh...

JULES

Can you not read your own  
handwriting?

FOREST

Ha ha, yeah. "I'm not"...Oh! "I'm  
not a kid anymore. I'm sick of  
playing pretend."

(like he's skipping over  
something)

Da da da da da. Oh, "savor!" "Savor  
Sixth Grade because after this,  
after that, it's all downhill from  
there, I guess. Goodbye, my  
friends."

JULES

Oh my God, Forest. You're so  
cynical!

FOREST

Thank you.

Throughout the following conversation, they get off the train  
and walk up and down stairs to another track to transfer to  
the A-C-E.

JULES

Ha ha. Yeah that *is* a compliment.  
Cynicism means you're smart. 'Cause  
the more you know, the harder life  
is right?

FOREST

Uhhh...I needa text Molly real  
quick.

JULES

What?! Why do you need to text her?  
Can't I have your attention?

FOREST

(playfully)

You have my attention, sweetheart.

JULES

Why are you texting Molly?

FOREST

She says I'm a "Little Her."

JULES  
(slightly offended)  
What? You're a "Little Me!"

FOREST  
We have-- in some ways, yes. In  
other ways, I'm her.

JULES  
Okay, so why do you guys have  
secrets?

FOREST  
'Cause you were gone. And the  
secret is: we bonded.

JULES  
Bonded over what?

FOREST  
Time.

JULES  
(sarcastically)  
Ha. Ha. Ha. Well I'm back now and  
I'm gonna be around all the time.  
You're gonna get annoyed with me.  
Tell me more about school.

FOREST  
Uhhh...I just got a text.

JULES  
You want me to guess?

FOREST  
No, shh, I got a text.

JULES  
From Molly?

FOREST  
Umm...

JULES  
What?

FOREST  
(distractedly texting)  
Uhh...

JULES  
Forest.

FOREST

Promise you won't get mad and it won't change anything you feel about me?

JULES

(agitated)

Okay!

FOREST

Okay, well, let me get out my fancy planner. On...on November...

JULES

Come on.

FOREST

Okay, what?

JULES

What is it, Forest??

He's still texting with one hand, fumbling for his planner with the other as they walk down the platform.

FOREST

Calm yourself, woman.

JULES

Forest!

FOREST

What?

JULES

You're taking your planner out...on some day...what?

FOREST

Oh, on November 13th, it was so awesome. I found this really cool pair of earrings and I thought they might be yours.

JULES

Okay.

FOREST

But I don't think so. They're like spirally and like feathers and stuff and leather. But they weren't yours.

JULES

Okay.

FOREST

We might sell them to a thrift shop  
or something.

JULES

Okay, is that it?

FOREST

Yeah.

(beat)

I tend to over-exaggerate things.

JULES

You suck.

They've boarded the A train, the doors close and they  
disappear into the blackness.

CUT TO:

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT- DAWN

Close up on Forest's toes again, this time with bright pink  
PUMA ankle-socks stretched across his giant feet. Camera  
zooms out to see Forest sleeping on the same white leather  
couch from a year ago with a faux fur blanket wrapped around  
him. Camera turns to Jules who sits at the table nearby. She  
sighs and puts her head in her hands as the sun moves across  
the lacquered wooden floor beneath her bare feet. She quietly  
sings "How Still My Love" by Stevie Nicks.

JULES

(whispered singing)

*"Still the same old story. What  
price glory. Oh you make it easy.  
In the still of the night."*

FADE TO BLACK. A YEAR AGO.

JULES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*"In the still of the night. How  
still my--"*

Sound of a spray paint can.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING WALL- NIGHT

Shot of a half finished wall painting of a girl sitting cross-legged with arms crossed and no face. POLICE SIREN.

JULES (O.S.)

Don't-- don't take sympathy on me.  
Just please, help me?

MOLLY (O.S.)

I don't know, hun. You know-- how  
my dad, you know feels about you.

JULES (O.S.)

Which is completely twisted, but I  
never said anything. I let him go  
on believing *I* was the one  
corrupting *you*.

Beat.

JULES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Molly. Please. You just need to ask  
once and he'll help me. A tear and  
he'll fly. Please. I can't afford a  
lawyer.

MOLLY (O.S.)

That would mean he'd come here, to  
my place, to, you know, talk and I  
still have, you know. I don't know,  
Jules. Is it really that bad?

JULES (O.S.)

What are you saying? What do you  
want?

MOLLY (O.S.)

The same thing. Help.

Beat.

JULES (O.S.)

Fine.

CUT TO:

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT- DAWN- PRESENT

Change, bills, a dime bag, and a cell phone are dropped onto the table Jules sits at. Her hand reaches into the shot and presses a button on the cell phone. Black screen. She picks it up in both her hands and frantically presses buttons. Black screen. She places it back on table. Camera slides across table to Forest's cell phone. She picks it up.

FADE IN:

INT. CELIA HAVEN'S APARTMENT - EARLY THAT MORNING

Jules' mother is sprawled out on the raggedy couch, complete with stereo system and massage chair built in, both of which are ancient and simply decorative, which is a generous description of the mismatching furniture scratched up by the array of cats that leap in and out of the shots.

Around the corner, Jules bursts open the front door and the mechanical creak echoes throughout the unseen hallway. Forest trails behind sheepishly.

JULES  
(like breathing fire)  
Hello?! Mother?

Jules rounds the corner, cocks her hip out, gives Celia one of those icy, judgemental stares you only learn from your mother.

JULES (CONT'D)  
Uh, hi...

CELIA  
Hi, sweetie. Ya wanna watch this with me?

JULES  
What? What are you-- Did you even notice that your son is not in his bed?!

Celia props herself up as Forest peeks his head around Jules' slender, but domineering figure.

CELIA  
What the f-- I-- Forest, what is going on?

JULES

Now you're interested? Go get ready for bed, babe.

CELIA

No, Forest, what the hell is going on?

JULES

Don't try to make this his fault. He obviously had a reason for leaving here and coming all the way to fucking Queens.

CELIA

You what?!

Celia brushes the blanket off her and stands wearing just an over-sized shirt.

JULES

Not that he could sleep with this blaring. What the fuck, Mommy? Seriously.

The characters from "Somewhere in Time" disappear as Jules turns the TV off.

CELIA

Okay, okay, so someone talk to me.

JULES

First of all, are you aware that some perv 9th grader has been harassing your 12-year-old son?

CELIA

Is this a joke? Why did he-- why did you leave in the middle of the night?

JULES

That's what I'd like to know, but that's not even why I'm here right now.

(holds up phone)

Do you know about this shit?

CELIA

What, okay, Jules, what is it?

Celia motions for the phone, Jules complies. Celia scrolls, then rotates phone, tilts her head...

CELIA (CONT'D)

I don't see any-- Jesus. Oh my-- Oh my God.

JULES

Yeah.

Looks behind her, remembers Forest is still there.

JULES (CONT'D)

Forest, really, does he have to be here for this?

CELIA

Forest, why are you texting this boy?

JULES

Why is he-- Are you seriously trying to blame him for this sicko's penis pics??

FOREST

(cringes, embarrassed)

Ehhh.

JULES

Sorry, Forest.

(to Celia)

Listen, you let this happen. You allowed this to go on. How can you not see this shit when he's right in the next room? I can't track everything he does from another borough, mother.

CELIA

I'm going to deal with this, Jules. But, please, lower your voice.

JULES

Lower my-- you were just-- wait, why do you care how loud we are? Is someone else here?

CELIA

Jules, you know, you storm in here and start attacking me while I'm worried sick about Forest--

JULES

You didn't even know he was gone!  
What are you talking about?!

CELIA

Thank you for bringing him home. I  
think you should just go now.

JULES

Ha. Yeah 'cause I feel real secure  
leaving him here now.

FOREST

Guys, it's fine, whatever.

CELIA

Tell me again, why he went to your  
house in the middle of the night?  
How did he even know how to get  
there? Has this happened before,  
Jules?

JULES

What? No, not everything is some  
plot for your downfall. And stop,  
don't try to change the subject.  
I'm asking you if someone else is  
here.

FOREST

Jules, it's fine. Can we just go  
now?

CELIA

Go now? You are not going anywhere.  
Have you lost your mind? You think  
you can just come and go as you  
please? I'm taking this cell phone  
away from you. And no computer, no  
TV.

JULES

Wow. I think he has bigger  
concerns, Mommy.

The bedroom door CREAKS O.S.

JULES (CONT'D)

(whisper)

Uh, Mommy, what was that? Do you  
have a guy over right now or  
something?

CELIA

No, no. Well-- you know, Jules, you really need to leave now.

Forest tugs on Jules' sweater. Jules shoves him away.

JULES

Wait a second, hun. Please.

(to Celia)

I really, sincerely hope that that's some random dude you brought home.

RICK (O.S.)

Of course you would hope that.

JULES

Excuse me?

RICK, a towering but lanky man with wild gray hair turns the corner.

RICK

I said, of course you would hope that. It's your forte after all.

JULES

(like seeing a ghost)

Je. Sus. Christ. Okay, fuck you. And fuck you. Forest, let's go.

RICK

(blocks the way)

Whoa, whoa, I don't think so.

JULES

(to Celia)

Have you killed all your brain cells? Are you drunk? Are you experiencing memory loss?! Why the fuck is Rick here?

CELIA

Jules, stop.

RICK

This is my son. I have a right to be here.

JULES  
(as though she's  
speaking to a child)  
You're son. Wasn't even. Here!

RICK  
(chillingly)  
Don't raise your voice at me,  
little girl.

JULES  
I can't believe this is happening  
right now. Seriously, get out of  
our way.

RICK  
I told you, I'm not going anywhere.

JULES  
Do you even care why Forest wasn't  
here? Or where he went? Or what's  
going on? Please, tell me, do you  
have any situational awareness at  
all?

CELIA  
Jules, stop it.

JULES  
(starting to break)  
Why are you always defending him?  
He's not even in our lives anymore  
and you still defend him, years  
later. I am your daughter.

RICK  
You okay, Celia? What do you want  
me to do?

JULES  
Yeah, Celia, what do you want the  
addict to do? How should he  
"responsibly" take care of the  
situation?

RICK  
This again. I take what I need to  
take for my pain, which is  
constant. You don't even know what  
pain is.

JULES  
Is that a threat?

CELIA

Jules.

JULES

Really, what pain? You keep saying this. The pain of getting old? Your back, your legs, whatever. You know what, my father is in a lot pain too, but he doesn't spend all his money and time on how to make *himself* feel a little better.

CELIA

Jules! Rick is staying here because he-- he has cancer.

Beat.

FOREST

What?

JULES

(to Celia)

What is wrong with you? Forest, no, he doesn't.

CELIA

Yes, Jules, he does.

(to Forest)

I'm sorry, honey.

(to Jules)

I went with him to the doctor and everything, okay? This is real.

JULES

Well, I guess miracles do happen.

(beat. To Forest)

Fuck. I'm sorry, hun. Fine, even if this is true, I don't see why he has to stay here. Ugh, whatever, this doesn't change anything. We're leaving.

FOREST

Jules. I-- I can't.

JULES

Forest, you're telling me you really wanna stay here. With them?

RICK

There is no choice involved in this decision right now.

JULES

(breaks)

Shut the fuck up! Get out of my  
face!

Jules tries to push by Rick, her fire is fuelled and though petite, she is strong, but he is a 60-year-old man with the strength of a 30-year-old and pushes her to the ground with what seems like a tap. As she picks herself right up...

RICK

My death certificate might be  
signed, but I still got a ways to  
go, sweetheart.

Jules looks to Celia to do something, say something, anything. Beat. Jules looks at Forest, that "you know what we have to do" face. Forest looks around the room, picks up Celia's wine glass, stares at it for a beat then hurls it across the room in the opposite direction of the front door. Jules grabs Forest's hand and they bolt.

As the door slams--

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY CAR- MINUTES LATER

Forest and Jules are seated, holding hands. They look at each other.

CUT TO:

INT. SERAFINA RESTAURANT UPPER EAST SIDE- SOON THAT MORNING

A kitchen's door swings open and the camera follows a tray of breakfast pastries as it is carried by the waiter, weaving throughout tables at this bright, posh restaurant. Drawings are overlaid on the pastries of expressionistic cherries, strawberries, kiwi, and raspberries a la Jules.

Motion stops and a hand reaches into the shot and one at a time, places the three plates onto the table where Jules, Forest, and John are seated. The drawings of fruit fall and float away.

FOREST

Wowie wee wa!

JULES  
Mm thank you so much.

The waiter nods and exits.

JOHN  
(Italian)  
Manger!

JULES  
Manger manger!

JOHN  
(Shakespearean accent)  
"Eight wild boars roasted whole at  
breakfast!"

John uses a cake fork with his croissant while Forest gives Jules a look and the subtitles appear at the bottom of the screen in hand-drawn font reading: "What a cornball." Jules returns a look as the subtitles read: "Who's paying for your cherry pinwheel pastry?" And a pinwheel is drawn and turns as though a gust of wind blows through it.

FOREST  
Thank you, John.

JOHN  
My pleasure.

Forest looks to Jules, Jules nods and Forest digs in and Jules takes a bite, closes her eyes and slowly chews.

JULES  
The world is just one bite of a  
danish.

The clank of Forest's fork hitting his plate snaps her out of her meditative state.

FOREST  
If that's all it takes, I'll be  
glad to help you there.

JULES  
Whoa, Speedy Gonzales.

FOREST  
But first, the John.

He stands.

FOREST (CONT'D)  
No offense.

Forest walks towards the restroom.

JOHN  
Ha. Your snark is contagious.

JULES  
I try to instill important values.

JOHN  
He's lucky to have you.

JULES  
I'm lucky to have *him*.

JOHN  
And I'm lucky to have *you* as well.  
I was glad when you called. That  
you felt you can rely on me.

He leans in closer.

JULES  
I can always rely on you. You know,  
my dad used to--

JOHN  
That's good you feel that way,  
Jules.

JULES  
Yeah, I'm really grateful for the  
opportunities you've given me. My  
dad always said that-- what-- what  
are you doing?!

John's hand has disappeared under the table and Jules jumps  
with a start.

JOHN  
Shh. It's okay.

Jules looks around and stands as she speaks. Forest is  
walking back towards them.

JULES  
Jesus.

JOHN  
I thought we had an agreement.

JULES  
What?

JOHN

The mural.

JULES

You-- are you-- oh my God.

JOHN

You said you'd do anything it takes, Jules. Don't act like--

JULES

Forest.

She takes Forest's camouflage jacket off of his chair and hands it to him.

FOREST

Let me guess.

Jules grabs her heart-shaped sunglasses off the table and as she pulls her hand away knocks her plate onto the ground. The plate falls without breaking but spins in place while the danish, missing one bite, crumbles around it.

Close up on John who rolls his eyes and using his cake fork, sticks a bite of croissant in his mouth.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUDSON RIVER WEST SIDE PIER- NOON

Shot of a cigarette thrown into the river as the water laps up against the pier. Garbage floats around the pillars.

Zoom out to Jules who sits on the concrete step next to Forest.

JULES

I'm so tired.

FOREST

Let's go back to your place. And sleep.

JULES

No. And I'm tired of fighting.

FOREST

I'm not fighting.

JULES

Not you. Everyone. Everything.

Beat.

JULES (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. Are you okay?

FOREST  
I dunno.

JULES  
Talk to me.

FOREST  
What am I supposed to say?

JULES  
Why didn't you tell me?

FOREST  
I'm sorry.

JULES  
No, don't be sorry. I'm sorry, I should have-- I was just-- I'm sorry.

She puts her head in his lap for a beat then arises.

FOREST  
I don't know what's going on. No one tells me anything 'til the end.

JULES  
It's hard. You're so mature sometimes, we forget that you're only 12. Then you're silly and Forest-y and we forget you're so smart. We fuck up. Shit. Sorry.

FOREST  
I never know what's going on.

JULES  
Mihai and I aren't really married. Really really married.

FOREST  
I know.

JULES  
What do you know?

FOREST  
The gist.

JULES

Right. Well what do you want to know?

FOREST

Why did we leave?

JULES

Which time?

FOREST

Just now.

JULES

Uh, John fired me.

FOREST

Oh. Was it my fault?

JULES

What? No, sweetie. Of course not. No. It's just-- why-- why didn't you tell me your dad was back? I would've just sucked it up and stayed at home. Probably. Last night would have been completely different.

Beat.

JULES (CONT'D)

And...that boy, that asshole, why didn't you tell me? You don't talk to me. I can't help if you don't talk to me.

FOREST

You'd be mad.

JULES

Never, Forest. I love you more than the universe.

FOREST

That's not that much-- if the universe is just me and you.

JULES

To infinity and beyond.

TOGETHER

You can't beat that, you can't tie.

FOREST  
You won't be mad?

JULES  
Tell me.

FOREST  
His name is Jake. He lives in  
Queens.

JULES  
Okay.

FOREST  
Close to where you live.

JULES  
Okay. So...what-- you didn't leave  
home cause'a your dad...?

Forest shamefully shakes his head.

JULES (CONT'D)  
You came to Queens...to see him. To  
see...Jake?

Forest shamefully nods. Beat.

FOREST  
I'm sorry.

JULES  
(wants more)  
For what?

FOREST  
For-- for lying...to you.

JULES  
I don't even care about that,  
Forest. I do, but I just-- what  
matters is you being safe. That's  
not safe.

FOREST  
Safe?

JULES  
This kid...this-- you're only 12.  
Jesus. I don't-- I don't even know--  
this is my fault. Let's go.

FOREST

Wait. One more thing. Were these his?

He pulls out the meditation spheres.

JULES

Yeah.

She takes them from him and rolls them around in one hand.

JULES (CONT'D)

These were Garret's. He never let me touch them. Ever. He pinched me so hard one time when I tried. Was like he was always watching me.

FOREST

Wh-- why do you think he left?

JULES

I know why he left. Forest, he left because of Rick.

FOREST

So he left because of me.

JULES

No. That's not what I said.

FOREST

He's my dad. If I wasn't born, he wouldn't be there and we would still have a big brother. Or, you would still have a big brother. I wouldn't be born.

JULES

Look at me. It is not your fault that Garret left, okay? Okay?

FOREST

Fine. Okay. But it's my fault that you left.

JULES

Stop. I never left. I'm-- I'm sorry. I'm never leaving.

FOREST

Lime lever weaving.

JULES

Ha ha. Shh, I'm serious. Come on,  
let's--

FOREST

Let's go?

CUT TO:

INTERCUT - INT.

Shot of another painting of Jules' of a disheveled, homeless man shaded with the use of pointillism waving by the side of the road holding a sign that reads: "WHY LIE? I NEED A BEER?" Sounds of tin spray cans knocking together and papers rustling; general sounds of a search in Jules' art studio.

JULES (O.S.)

I just needa grab a few little baby  
things real quick.

CUT TO:

INT. JULES AND MIHAI'S APARTMENT IN QUEENS- AFTERNOON

Jules' is seen down the hall in the next room with her back facing Forest in the living room, who sits on the couch with one leg stretched out sideways and one leg propped up on a stool painted with colorful wig wags. He is playing with a blue origami cube; blowing into it then crushing it and repeat.

JULES

Then I really have to drop you off  
at home.

FOREST

But I like it here.

JULES

Yeah, well I don't. At all.

FOREST

You don't like anything.

JULES

Shut up. God dam-- where is that--  
ugh, ow.

FOREST

Then why did you marry him?

JULES

I was *trying* to be a good human being.

FOREST

That's weird.

JULES

You're weird.

FOREST

Thank you.

JULES

Ugh, finally.

She stands in the next room, turns around while zipping up an overflowing backpack and walks towards the living room where she lifts up Forest's leg, plops next to him, and lets his leg fall onto her lap.

JULES (CONT'D)

(sighing)

Ahhh bababababaa.

TOGETHER

Babababababaa.

JULES

No one wants to come here. *I* don't want to come here. But no one wants to come here. My friends are all lazy.

FOREST

I like the train.

JULES

Me too. Well, with you. Alone, it sucks. I can't believe you came here all by yourself last night. I'm still mad at you about that.

FOREST

(puppy dog face)

I'm sowwy.

Jules puts her head on his shoulder and squashes the origami box.

FOREST (CONT'D)  
(voice of origami box)  
"Ahhh you killed me!!! And I was so  
young!"

He leans his head on hers.

FOREST (CONT'D)  
Why else? Besides the smell of  
curry in your hallway.

JULES  
Mikey's so sad all the time.

FOREST  
But *you're* so sad all the time.

JULES  
No.

FOREST  
I know these things.

JULES  
Oh really? Well then I'm losing my  
touch.

They close their eyes.

FOREST  
Can you make him happier?

JULES  
I try. But I can't *make* myself love  
someone. And that's all that will  
make him happy. He says. But I  
can't breathe.

FOREST  
Then stop smoking, stupid.

JULES  
Smoking hurts less than being  
smothered.

FOREST  
Mhm.

JULES  
Mhm.

Moment of silence as they fall asleep.

FADE TO BLACK.

Sound of paint can being shaken and sprayed and muffled music from headphones.

CUT TO:

EXT. THEATRE BUILDING- SUNRISE

The once blank theatre wall is covered in a mural reading "Children of the Revolution: Living life with no solution" beneath and around a girl who holds two peaches up to her face blocking her eyes with a ripped tank top that reads: "Dare to disturb".