

Let Me Down

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FADE IN

MONTAGE - JFK AIRPORT - EARLY AFTERNOON

1. A plane flies overhead, another lands on the tarmac. One taxis up to a jetway.
2. Sounds of seatbelts unclicking and passengers rising from their seats.
3. A youthful, tanned, and unmanicured set of hands languidly unbuckles a seatbelt. The body that belongs to the hands rises.
4. The hands pull one of those huge backpacks (the kind someone would use when "backpacking around Europe") out of the overhead compartment.
5. They snap the torso strap shut.
6. The flip-flopped feet that belong to the hands walk through the jetway amidst a crowd of other feet.
7. The hands lug a worn and wheeled duffel bag off the baggage carousel and through the airport.

END MONTAGE

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

JULES GADOMSKI emerges into the sunlight outside of JFK International Airport through sliding glass doors. She squints and raises her hand to shield her eyes as she looks around. The blonde and attractive, yet slightly unkempt, 24-year-old eyes a row of taxis in front of her. She reaches into her cargo capris' pocket and pulls out a wad of brightly colored bills. Sifting through the Colombian pesos, Jules picks out a number of American dollars, but it's not much. She stuffs the pesos back in her pocket, places the over-ear headphones that have been lying around her neck over her ears, and heads for the bus stop.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Jules stares out of the window of the bus, her luggage piled on a seat beside her.

EXT. NAT'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jules lugs her baggage down a brown-stoned street on the Upper East Side of Manhattan. She looks at the numbers above each door as she passes. She stops and puts her bags down on a stoop where a little, browned-haired boy sits. Four-year-old ZACHARY SMITH smashes his action figures together, complete with his own crushing sound effects. Jules sits down next him and ruffles through her backpack. She pulls out a chocolate bar, breaks off a piece, puts it in her mouth, and sighs. She looks at Zach, who is completely wrapped in his own little world as only a four-year-old can be. She breaks off a piece of chocolate and holds it out to him. He looks at the chocolate, then at her for the first time. He slowly takes the chocolate, then shoves it in his mouth. He holds out one of his action figures to Jules.

ZACHARY

You can be the bad guy. I'm Flash Gordon. I'm the good guy.

Jules takes the figure and examines it.

JULES

What's my guy's name?

ZACHARY

Joker.

JULES

Does he have any powers?

ZACHARY

He tricks people. My guy can run really fast, though. You can't beat him.

He lifts his figure high in the air, then brings it down on Jules' figure while making his crash noise. Jules and her figure fight back with Jules' own crash noises.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

My guy is gonna have a super hero party. You're an evil guy, so you can't come.

JULES

Yeah? Well my guy is gonna have an evil super hero party. No good guys allowed.

ZACHARY

My super hero party is better than your evil super hero party. At my party, there's going to be bendy straws and a super slide.

JULES

At my party there's going to be a huge swimming pool. And a helicopter.

ZACHARY

Oh yeah? Well at my party there's going to be cake and ice cream and a helicopter and a super space ship and a super high super slide.

JULES

At my party there's going to be a rocket ship and a roller coaster and a make-your-own-sundae-bar with gummy worms and chocolate sauce.

ZACHARY

At my party there's going to be poop- and pee-flavored ice cream. And lemonade that's really pee.

JULES

At my party there's going to be dirty diaper-flavored ice cream. And chocolate poop cake.

ZACHARY

At my party you can smell your own butt.

JULES

At my party you can smell other people's butts.

ZACHARY

At my party you can smell your own penis.

JULES

(appalled, trying to ignore this last comment)
At my party...you can....

ZACHARY

Smell your own 'gina?

JULES

What?! No!

ZACHARY

(with a wicked smile)

Your party is full of 'ginas.

JULES

No, it's not.

ZACHARY

Yes it is.

JULES

No it's not!

ZACHARY

Your party is full of gina's and stinky wipes.

JULES

Why do you like talking about stinky wipes?

ZACHARY

I don't know. I think I'm a stinky wipe.

JULES

That's a fair assessment.

ZACHARY

At my party you can dress up like a hawk.

NAT (O.S.)

Hey!

NATALIA GADOMSKI, Nat for short, approaches. A successful-looking and pretty woman in her late 20s, Nat exemplifies yuppie, but with the slight air of trying too hard, like she knows she doesn't exactly have the credentials to fit in. Zach and Jules turn to look at her. Jules resignedly gets up.

JULES

Hi.

The women barely touch as they briefly hug.

JULES (CONT'D)

We were just planning our super hero parties.

NAT

Yeah? Is yours in some secret
underwater cave that no one can get
to?

JULES

That's a good idea actually.
(to Zach)
My party's in some secret
underwater cave that no one can get
to.

NAT

Hey Zach, do you know who this is?
This is my sister, Jules.

He just looks at them. Then he smashes his figure down on
top of Jules'. She lets him go on like this while she talks
to her sister.

NAT (CONT'D)

Speaking of parties, what are we
going to do to celebrate your
homecoming?

JULES

Stop. You know how I feel about
those things.

NAT

You're weird. People haven't seen
you in over two years, they'd like
to see you, you know. God forbid
you actually saw your family. Did
you even tell mom and dad when you
were arriving?

JULES

Must've slipped my mind.

Jules pounds fists with Zach before she picks up her bags
and walks up the stairs.

INT. NAT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

After struggling through the door, Jules throws her stuff
down next to the modern white sofa. She jumps and lays down
on top it.

NAT

So tell me about your travels!

JULES
Just...read my blog or something.

NAT
You blogged once!

JULES
Can we do this later?

NAT
I guess...So, I know you just got here and everything, but, like, how long do you plan on staying? I mean, in my apartment? Don't take it the wrong way, you can stay as long as you like, but do you have any kind of plan or something?

Jules just looks at her. Nat nervously laughs.

JULES
Are you serious?

NAT
I'm just wondering, ok? Like if you have any idea what you're going to do now. Like I said, stay as long as you like -- well, not as long as you like, haha, but--

JULES
--just give me a couple of days, ok?! God. I'd be out of here tomorrow if I could.

NAT
You can stay more than a couple of days--

JULES
Just, can we stop? Can we not talk about this right now?

NAT
Sorry. I know you're tired. Are you hungry? We can go out, or order in, watch a movie?

She raises her eyebrows and smiles.

JULES
I'm not really hungry. I'd rather just take a shower and go to bed.

NAT

OK. Anyway, need to rest up for tomorrow! I was thinking we should head up around 2?

JULES

Head...where?

Nat looks innocently as she hands Jules some pillows and blankets.

JULES (CONT'D)

Nat, I never agreed to anything. I don't know what you planned, but I'm not heading up anywhere.

NAT

Stop, it'll be fine. You really have no excuse to complain. You haven't had to deal with them for over two years. While, I, on the other hand--

JULES

Yeah, and I'd like to keep it that way.

NAT

Honestly, Jules, if you're not going to make an effort, I don't want you staying here. You're a bitch to them. And they're your family. When was the last time you even talked to Mom? In the womb?

Jules says nothing as Nat watches her. Finally Nat moves to her bedroom.

NAT (CONT'D)

Shower's in there. I'm probably going out later. You sure you'll be ok?

Jules closes the door to the bathroom behind her.

BATHROOM - 20 MINUTES LATER

A hand wipes the steam off the mirror. Jules stands in a towel, looking at her reflection. She takes a step back. She opens the towel. After a few moments she turns to one side, then to the next. She turns back to stand straight. She closes the towel.

LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - LATER

The clock on the cable box reads 4:46 AM. Jules lies awake on the floor under a blanket, in between the couch and coffee table. She stares at the ceiling. She turns over to one side, then the other. She sighs and gets up.

She pulls a pair of sweatpants on over her underwear. She puts on running shoes. She trots down the stairs and out the front door.

EXT. NAT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jules trots back to the stoop, panting and sweating from her run. She stretches and sits down. She watches the street, resting her chin on her hand. Her feet play with a piece of chipped stone. The sky slowly begins to lighten.

A slightly drunk man in his late twenties approaches and starts walking up the stairs. Jules avoids eye contact as he passes her, but still he stops, turns around, and comes back down.

MAN

Wait, are you...? Jules?

JULES

(eyebrows wrinkled)

Uh, yeah...who?...oh! You must be the boyfriend. Adam, right? Hi.

ADAM

God, you guys look alike.

ADAM BRADLEY is average-looking but with confidence and a charming smile that make him attractive. His untucked suit and easy-going demeanor detract from the sophistication he tries to project.

JULES

I didn't know people your age stayed out partying this late.

ADAM

(a little taken aback, but with a chuckle)

Uhhh...I didn't know people sat on stoops this early.

JULES

Maybe you should get to know some more people. Couldn't sleep.

ADAM
Is Nat still awake?

JULES
No.

ADAM
Oh.

He checks his watch.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Well, I'm going to go in...

JULES
See ya in there.

She goes back to playing with the chipped stones.

INT. NAT'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

The refrigerator door opens. Jules bends down and peers at the shelves. Adam comes out of the bathroom.

JULES
You hungry? I was going to make
some breakfast.

ADAM
Uh...sure. Thanks.

He walks into the kitchen. Jules hands him an open beer as she sips her own. She begins to cook breakfast: eggs, toast, etc.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Do they drink a lot in Colombia?

JULES
Ha, yeah. I drank more there than I
did in college.

ADAM
Nice. So what was it like? Was it
really dangerous?

JULES
(rolling her eyes)
Let's just say it was a lot
different from here. Obviously in
some bad ways, but in a lot of good
ways too.

ADAM
Ok...give me an example.

Jules opens her mouth, then decides against it. Nat walks in yawning. She goes over to Adam and puts her arms around him.

NAT
Getting acquainted?
(to Jules)
What are you making?

JULES
So how did you guys meet?

ADAM
I work with one of Nat's friends.

NAT
You remember Billy Regan?

Jules chokes on her eggs.

JULES
Yeah. Sure I do.

Adam looks quizzically at Jules, then Nat.

JULES (CONT'D)
Wrong, uh, wrong tunnel.

Jules points at her throat as she picks up her plate and goes to sit on the couch.

NAT
(to Adam)
I didn't tell you because I didn't want to make it awkward. And it doesn't matter at all because it was so long ago...but, well, you know how I got that DUI a long time ago? Well, Billy's kinda the reason. We had gotten into this big fight, and then he called to come pick him up cuz he was stranded at the bar, and...

ADAM
What?

NAT
See, this is exactly why I didn't want to tell you. I knew you'd get mad and it doesn't matter, it was
(MORE)

NAT (cont'd)
 so long ago, so you really need to
 just forget all about it. Ok? Just
 forget it, it's not worth it.

ADAM
 I mean, I always thought he was an
 asshole, but he's a fucking
 asshole. Alright, we can't not
 invite him to the wedding, but I'm
 demoting him from best man.

Jules chokes on her eggs again. She looks at them
 unblinkingly. Nat swats Adam.

NAT
 I was gonna tell everyone tomorrow,
 when we're all together. But, cat's
 out the bag! Congratulations,
 you're gonna be a bridesmaid.

Nat goes to give Jules a high five. Jules just looks at her.

JULES
 You're serious?

NAT
 Thanks?

JULES
 Wow. Good luck, man. I mean,
 really, congratulations. You
 deserve it. It's weird, I've been
 waiting for this for a long time.
 And it's like, totally
 anticlimatic.

NAT
 Thanks.

JULES
 What? I'm just sayingggggg. You've
 been talking about husband and
 family and blah blah blah since the
 moment the planets aligned to bring
 about your first period and the
 release of "Tearin' Up My Heart" in
 the same lunar cycle. And, I'm not
 gonna lie, I was worried there for
 a sec. It was taking longer than
 expected. But now -- YAY!!!
 (whispering)
 He better be up to par.

ADAM
I heard that.

NAT
You're boy situation hasn't been so
existent yourself.

JULES
I'm not the one trying to get
married. Ever.

ADAM
So there's truth to this "Crazy
Aunt Jules" theory?

JULES
Thanks. So when is this whole
shindig happening?

NAT
This fall, actually. And don't
worry, all ma gurlz have really
been great in helping out with
everything, so just worry about
showing up and not being halfway
around the world, ok?

JULES
What if I want to help?

NAT
Really?

JULES
Duhhhh. How many big sis's whose
wedding I actually want to attend
do I have?

NAT
Ha, yeah. Well, this is gonna be so
much fun. Sister bonding time!

JULES
Don't make me change my mind.

INT. ADAM'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Adam is behind the wheel, Nat is in the front passenger
seat. Jules sits in the back. She wears athletic sunglasses,
a messy, high ponytail, and slurps loudly from a Slurpee.

JULES

There is not enough alcohol in this.

NAT

Relax.

JULES

Has he even met them before?

(to Adam)

Have you ever met them?! It's a deal breaker, for sure.

NAT

(in a low voice)

They're not that bad.

JULES

I'm just saying, you should have warned him. Whatever. We're going, we're eating, we're drinking, you're making you're big announcement, then we're out of there.

ADAM

Jules, every family is dysfunctional.

JULES

Should we give him the rundown? He's going to know soon enough, I guess. Let's give him the rundown.

NAT

First of all, since I've been known to communicate with other people once in while, Adam already knows everything. And anyway, can you blame them for being the way they are after what they've been through?

JULES

Where is this coming from? Since when are you on their side?

NAT

There are no sides! Can you not ruin this day? Can you smile for once?

JULES

Let's take a moment to pray to the gods that I left a joint in my old room somewhere.

EXT. THE GADOMSKI HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A cold sunlight streams through the trees on a quiet suburban street. The modest homes are stark, uninviting, and lie close together. Adam's car rolls to a stop on one side of the street. The threesome exits the car. Jules hands Adam the Slurpee cup as they cross the street.

JULES

God bless.

He takes the top off, swallows the remnants, and hands the cup to Jules who throws it into an empty trash can next to the street. Jules carries the trash can to the side of one of the uglier brick homes, taking care not to crush any flowers along the way. After setting down the can, she waits for the couple to pass her, then lags at the end of the line. For the first time, she looks uncomfortable and apprehensive.

The three enter the back yard. A hefty couple sits at a round table, eating chips and dip. VERONICA GADOMSKI, a 31-year-old going on 14, attempts to get out of her chair. Drugged up on anxiety meds, the rum and coke in her hand doesn't help this bipolar woman with a history of addiction. Her partner, MIKE, helps her up. He smiles warmly at them. Compared to Nat, Adam, and Jules, these two would be considered "white trash."

JULES

(whispering)

Nat! You didn't tell me they were gonna be here!

Nat ignores her and goes over to hug their sister. Everyone exchanges terse introductions. Veronica manages to whine a hello with half-open eyes.

CHESTER GADOMSKI comes outside, two beers in hand. Almost seventy, he has a hard time getting down the stairs and sidles over with a slight limp. The years have taken away the man that Chester used to be. His sad smile overpowers his face when he sees Nat and Jules. They smile sadly back. Chester hands Mike a beer, puts down his own, then greets his daughters with a hug and a kiss. He hugs Jules for a long time with teary eyes. Her body is constantly poised to pull away.

NAT
Dad, this is Adam.

Chester looks at Adam with sad eyes and shakes Adam's hand.

CHESTER
Want a drink?

NAT
It's ok, I'll get it. You sit.

Nat walks off. Jules and Adam sit next to each other, opposite Veronica and Mike. Uncomfortable silence.

CHESTER
(to Jules)
It's good to have you home.

Jules smiles then looks down at her hands. She hardly looks up for the rest of the conversation.

JULES
Yeah, it's been a while.

MIKE
You back for good? You back from somewhere in South America, right?

JULES
Uh, yeah. Colombia.

MIKE
Damn. How was it?

CHESTER
Kept me up every night.

JULES
Please. I was fine. It was really good, I had a great experience.

MIKE
Yeah? So what are you doing now?

JULES
Uh, I don't really know, actually. I'll figure out something. I think I want to kind of unwind for a little at first, though.

VERONICA
She does everything. What did you do in high school? Plays, sports,
(MORE)

VERONICA (cont'd)
 class president, valedictorian?
 Then she's traveling around the
 world in college, then she's in the
 Peace Corps...the golden child. Or
 is that Nat?

CHESTER
 Don't you still have loans to pay?

JULES
 Salutatorian. And it doesn't mean
 anything, anyway.

Nat comes to the table carrying drinks. KRYSTYNA GADOMSKI follows behind, carrying a tray of hors d'oeuvres. Gray-haired but not too wrinkled, and fully mobile, she is the kind of old that appears suddenly. Like Jules, she has a face that hardly smiles. Krystyna puts the tray down. Jules and her avoid eye contact. Krystyna grabs Jules' face and kisses her on the cheek. Jules pulls away like a toddler escaping a smothering relative.

NAT
 Mom, this is Adam.

Krystyna hugs and kisses Adam with a small smile. Nat sits on Adam's other side.

MIKE
 So how did you guys meet?

ADAM
 Through a mutual friend. We were
 introduced at a bar one night, and
 well, it went from there.
 (smiling at Nat)
 That was...8 months ago, I guess?

KRYSTYNA
 A bar?

She rolls her eyes.

NAT
 Mom.

VERONICA
 Of course. Mike and I met in a bar,
 you know.

KRYSTYNA
(only slightly under her
breath)
Exactly.

CHESTER
(through clenched teeth)
She never has something nice to
say.

JULES
Here we go.

Adam doesn't know where to look.

MIKE
You live in the city too?

ADAM
Uh, yeah.

MIKE
Nice.

CHESTER
And you're in PR too, right?

NAT
He works in a firm right around the
corner from mine. The same firm as
Billy Regan, actually.

KRYSTYNA
Oh no, not him again.

Chester bangs the table with his fist.

CHESTER
Krys...

JULES
Can we not be ourselves for 20
min?!

CHESTER
This is why they never come here.
You just can't say anything--

JULES
It's not just her!

CHESTER
Now I'm the bad guy again.

Krystyna rolls her eyes.

NAT
Just stop.

KRYSTYNA
I would ask Jules to tell us about
her trip, but I already know the
answer to that one.

JULES
(under her breath)
I'm getting a drink.

Jules stalks off. Chester shakes his head and takes a drink.

INT. GADOMSKI HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON, FLASHBACK

A blonde tween runs through the screen door. It slams loudly behind her. She grabs a glass and goes to the sink to fill it with water.

A 60-something Chester, much more sturdy on his feet, stands at the counter and gulps down the last sip of a drink. He takes the icy bottle of vodka next to him and pours his now empty glass almost halfway with it. He fills the rest with cranberry juice and a slice of lime. The girl watches him from the sink.

CHESTER
Want one?

END FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT. GADOMSKI HOUSE - KITCHEN - PRESENT DAY

Jules makes herself a stiff cranberry and vodka. She takes a gulp and wipes her mouth on her sleeve. She takes in her surroundings: an outdated kitchen she hasn't stepped foot in for four years. Newspapers, mail, and useless junk like old cell phone chargers clutter the kitchen table and countertops. Nothing has changed. Jules walks through a doorway into the hall.

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She slowly walks up the stairs. Her hand reaches to touch the banister, but she takes it away after slight contact.

JULES' OLD BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jules opens the door to the neat but musty room. The walls are a dark shade of lavender, with one wall being taken up by a snowy mountain mural. Framed depictions of mythology and far off places hang on the walls alongside authentic magazine clippings of Norman Rockwell prints. A bookshelf overflowing with books from Kindergarten through college. A bulletin board collaged with black and white darkroom photos.

Jules walks over to her desk. She takes a big sip of her drink. Above the desk hangs a mirror bordered with post-it notes that have angsty song lyrics written on them.

JULES

Oh Godddd.

She starts peeling off the post its and dropping them in the trash. On top of the mirror, written in red lipstick, are the words "RIP HEATH." Jules laughs. She reaches up, rubs some of the lipstick on her finger, then rubs her finger on her lips as she gazes into the mirror. The color doesn't work well with her complexion.

Jules opens one of the desk drawers. She reaches way in the back and pulls out a small, colorful, tin box. She rattles the box next to her ear, then opens it. The contents: a film canister, rolling papers, a pack of filter tips, and a lighter. Jules braces herself as she opens the film canister. Inside is a small baggie of weed. Jules smiles.

Adam knocks on the open door and walks into the room as Jules finishes rolling a joint.

ADAM

I'm here to tell you dinner's ready.

JULES

(showing him the joint)
Just in time.

ADAM

Seriously?

JULES

Apparently the gods heard me. I don't even know how old this shit is. But it's worth a try. Close the door.

She lights up. She coughs and laughs as she hands the joint to Adam. He coughs harshly too, but laughs.

Jules sits down at her desk, joint-in-mouth. She lights a candle. She blows smoke at the photos of middle and high school friends that are taped on the wall between the desk and mirror. She holds out the joint to Adam, fixated on the photos.

She peels off a photo of a gray tabby cat, and one of a sleepy beagle. She holds the photos over the candle flame and watches as they catch fire.

NAT (O.S.)

What are you guys doing? Jules!

JULES

(moving the photos over to the trash can and dropping them in)

It's your turn.

Nat stands next to Adam. Confused, she looks at him. She sees the joint in his hand.

NAT

Seriously?

Jules looks out the window. A young African-American man mows the lawn in the yard next door.

JULES

Is that William?

Jules bounds out of the room.

NAT

Jules, we're eating!

Adam walks to the trash can and retrieves the half-burnt photos. He shows them to Nat with a questioning look.

NAT (CONT'D)

The last time Jules spoke to our mom was when she found out mom left our dog and cat at a shelter after Jules went to college. She didn't

(MORE)

NAT (CONT'D) (cont'd)
want to take care of them anymore,
I guess.

She shrugs.

EXT. THE HOLMES' YARD - DAY, FLASHBACK

Three 8 year olds - a BLONDE GIRL, an AFRICAN-AMERICAN BOY, and a HISPANIC BOY - play with a football. They throw the ball and try to tackle each other, laughing but serious about the game. The hispanic boy throws the ball to the blonde girl. The African-American boy tries to intercept it, but as he does he knocks the blonde girl to the ground, landing almost on top of her.

She starts to cry. The hispanic boy rushes over as the African-American boy jumps to his feet. The blonde girl sits up and looks at her elbow. A rock is embedded in it. She looks up at the boys imploringly.

HISPANIC BOY
Maybe we should play a different
game.

The blonde girl immediately stops crying. She pulls the rock out of her elbow. She wipes her tears. She stands up and faces the boys. They both take a step back from her.

BLONDE GIRL
No. Give me the ball.

Blood drips down her arm, off her fingers and into the grass.

END FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOLMES' YARD - CONTINUOUS

Jules runs her finger over a faded white scar on the tip of her elbow. She sheepishly walks up to WILLIAM HOLMES, an attractive and athletic 24-year-old with a warm but strong demeanor. She waves at him. He squints at her, taking the earmuffs off of his ears to rest around his neck. He stops the lawn mower.

JULES
Hey.

WILLIAM

Jules? Hi!

They shift their weight around the empty space between them, unsure of what kind of greeting is appropriate. After a few seconds, Jules goes in for a hug.

JULES

How are you? You still live here?

WILLIAM

I'm okay! I'm just helping out. I come over once in a while to do the things it's getting harder for them to do now, you know?

JULES

Yeah?

WILLIAM

How are you?

JULES

I'm okay. You know, just visiting.

WILLIAM

Yeah...Can't believe how long it's been. You look, so different. But the same.

JULES

Puberty does that to you, I guess. Though I'm pretty sure puberty didn't hit me until, like, junior year of college. Anyway, you look great. Lost all that baby fat I see.

WILLIAM

Hey! Yeah. Fortunately it was more like junior year of high school for me.

JULES

Is Kevin still around? Do you know what he's up to? Jeez, we were such trolls! Sometimes I wonder why we all just stopped hanging out and talking to each other.

WILLIAM

(getting quiet)

Puberty does that to you, I guess.

JULES
Have you seen him?

WILLIAM
(looking puzzled)
Kevin? Jules, uh, he committed
suicide. A couple of years ago.

JULES
What?

WILLIAM
Yeah. Jumped off the Tappan Zee
Bridge. Your mom went to the wake
and funeral and everything with my
parents. I thought she would've
told you?

EXT. THE GADOMSKI HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Jules slowly walks to the table. She hugs her arms to her
chest and stares at the ground. Adam comes out of the house.
He sees Jules and smiles. His face turns to worry.

ADAM
Jules, are you OK?

Jules looks at him and snaps out of it.

JULES
I don't know.

She goes to sit down. Adam worriedly sits next to her. Jules
looks around the table at everyone else eating. Joanna chews
with her mouth open, eyes half-closed. Food particles litter
the sides of Chester's mouth and his chin.

NAT
So, I know we're here to celebrate
Jules' homecoming and everything,
but I've also gathered you here for
another reason. We want to tell
you--we're engaged!

Krystyna raises her eyebrows. Chester smiles depressedly.
Joanna puts her fork down.

MIKE
Wow! Congratulations!

KRYSTYNA

I don't know. Don't you think you should wait? Can you even afford a wedding right now?

CHESTER

Oh, Krys! They can afford it! They know I sure as hell can't help them.

Joanna cries, getting louder and louder. She ruffles through her purse for a cigarette.

VERONICA

Give me the lighter, Mike.

MIKE

Where are you going?

She grabs the lighter out of Mike's hand and hobbles away, getting hysterical.

Chester is bleary eyed.

CHESTER

It would've been nice to have been asked for our blessing. We don't even know this guy.

NAT

Dad.

CHESTER

It would've been right, goddammit.

He raps the table twice with his fist, then goes back to eating. Krystyna mouths "you could do better" to Nat.

NAT

Thanks for the support. I really deserve it.

She gets up and walks away. Adam gets up to go after her.

KRYSTYNA

I don't know what she's thinking.

JULES

(snapping out of it)

Who the hell are you people?! Stop thinking about yourselves and be happy for her.

Jules runs after Adam and Nat. They are getting into Adam's car. Nat is crying.

NAT

Come on, we're going.

Jules looks back at the house. They have to talk over the growing sounds of a lawn mower.

JULES

We can't all leave them like this.
I'll take a train back later or
tomorrow or something.

She hesitantly and awkwardly puts a hand out to touch Nat's arm.

NAT

I don't even care.
(to Adam)
Let's just go.

Jules walks back to the house.

JULES

Puberty was nothing compared to
this.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Jules and Zachary sit on a park bench wearing sunglasses and licking ice cream cones.

JULES

I think I liked the sea lions best.

ZACHARY

No way. The penguins were way
better.

(using his hands to
demonstrate)

They swam like "whoosh!" and
"whoooosh!" and "whooshy-woosh!"

JULES

(using her hands to
demonstrate)

Right, but the sea lions were more
like
"whooooshity-whooooshity-whooosh
flip whoosh." And there was a baby.

ZACHARY

The penguins are as small as babies.

JULES

Touché.

She throws their ice cream remnants into a trash can next to them.

JULES (CONT'D)

We should start heading back, it's almost naptime.

ZACHARY

What? But I want to see the knights!

JULES

Zach, we have all summer to do stuff. We can't see everything at once! There's plenty of time to go to the Met. Plus, the mummies are way cooler.

She sticks her tongue out at him. She lifts her sunglasses to rest on top of her head, revealing crossed eyes. Zach screams in delight at the silly face. She begins to tickle him, but he runs away. They chase each other down the promenade. Jules grabs Zach and lifts him in the air, spinning around. She bumps into a young man in the process.

JULES (CONT'D)

Oh! Sorry!

YOUNG MAN

It's ok -- Jules?

Jules stops in her tracks on closer inspection of the man before her. Her face flushes deeply. Her sunglasses fall off her forehead onto her nose. She lifts them back up hurriedly.

JACK ADELMAN can't stop smiling at her. Average height with a lean but muscular build and cute, boyish face, there's just something about this quietly confident 24-year-old.

He goes to hug her. She obliges. The feeling of his arms around her makes her go limp. She recovers quickly, hurriedly looking around her legs for Zach. She scoops up his hand. Jack looks puzzled at the small boy.

JACK

It hasn't been that long, has it?

Jules snorts a laugh. Her face flushes again.

JULES

Ha! No! I'm just his nanny. Today's our first day actually.

Jack bends down to Zach's height. He holds out his hand for a high five. Zach shyly curls around Jules' legs, rejecting the outstretched hand. Jack smiles and stands back up.

JACK

You told him about me?

JULES

Ha! Yeah...you know...we have telekin -- tele-path -- So you're living in Manhattan now?

JACK

Yeah! I moved here about a year ago. I didn't know you were here, too!

JULES

I'm not, really. Well, I am, for now. I don't know how long I'm staying. I just got back from the Peace Corps, so I'm kinda, you know, readjusting at the moment.

JACK

Yeah, I think I heard that you took off someplace. I can't believe I haven't seen you since the day we graduated. Well it's good to have you back! We should meet up, get a drink or something. I don't even know if I still have your number...

He reaches into his pocket to get his phone.

JULES

Um, yeah...maybe! I'm kinda all over the place right now doing a bunch of different things, but, um--

JACK

Typical Jules. Do you ever give yourself a break? You always worked too hard. Live a little!

JULES

I do -- I am. Not all of us can afford to do whatever we want with our lives. And, if I recall correctly, I wasn't the one who was hard to get in touch with, Jack. If that's even your real name.

JACK

(shrugs)

I quit smoking.

JULES

What exactly?

He smiles, looks at his phone.

JACK

Ha! I do still have your number. Expect a call from me in the near future.

JULES

Right.

JACK

I'm serious, Jules. I've missed you a lot. Ari and I talk about you sometimes.

JULES

How is Ari? I miss him. I'm sure he hasn't changed. Once a puppy, always a puppy.

JACK

Yeah, same old Ari.

(pause)

I wasn't ever really a puppy, though, was I?

JULES

In some ways you were, in some ways you weren't. Or should I say aren't?

JACK

You're probably right.

JULES

That's usually the case.

JACK

It's good to have you back.

He opens his arms. She waits a beat, then settles into them.

JACK (CONT'D)

Really. I'm going to call you.

JULES

You better.

Jack pulls away.

JACK

And you look really good.

Jules blushes deeply again. All she can manage is a thankful smile. Jack walks away. Jules grabs Zach's hand and walks briskly in the opposite direction, not looking down. Zach hurries to keep up, looking up at Jules, then back at Jack, then up at Jules again.

INT. NAT'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jules comes in the door, fresh off a run. Nat makes breakfast in the kitchen while Adam sits at the small table drinking coffee. Nat doesn't waste a second after she hears the door close.

NAT

What are you doing today? Are you babysitting?

JULES

No.

NAT

Good, 'cause Mom just called me and somebody needs to go pick Veronica up from the hospital.

JULES

What did she do now?

NAT

I don't know, I didn't bother asking.

JULES

So I have to go all the way home, get the car, and then drive all the way to pick her ass up? Why can't you do it if Mom asked you?

NAT

Jules, you never do anything. And I have a lot to do today.

JULES

Can't Mike do it? Oh, yeah, they
(making quotation marks in the
air with her fingers)
broke up.

NAT

Until she got hungry a few hours later. I swear, she's not just bipolar, she's schizophrenic. Anyway, he's working today so he can't do it. And Dad's working, and you know Mom refuses to drive beyond a 5-block radius.

ADAM

You can use my car.

JULES

(deadpan)
Thanks.

EXT. HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

Adam's car pulls up to the curb. Veronica slowly waddles through the automatic sliding door to the car.

INT. ADAM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

VERONICA

(whiney)
Hi.

JULES

Hi.

Jules starts driving. Silence.

VERONICA

Don't worry. It's nothing bad.

JULES

Yeah?

VERONICA

I just had a procedure to get myself ready to have a baby.

JULES

What?

Jules absentmindedly slams on the brakes.

JULES (CONT'D)

Sorry.

VERONICA

Yeah. Isn't it exciting? You're going to be an auntie.

JULES

But you're not even marrie-- I mean, I thought you broke up with Mike.

Veronica lights a cigarette and opens the window.

VERONICA

We have a three year plan. We're going to be married in three years, and we plan on having a baby along the way.

JULES

Shouldn't you quit smoking then?

VERONICA

Oh yeah - can we stop at the drugstore? I need to buy some nicotine patches.

JULES

I thought you were going to go back to school.

VERONICA

I am. I only have a year left.

Jules pulls up outside of a drugstore.

JULES

Hurry up, ok?

VERONICA

Can I borrow some money?

INT. NAT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A pajama-d Jules sits on the couch on her laptop. The only light in the room comes from her screen. She Facebook messages TAYLOR MORALES, a pretty, 24-year-old Latina who is a hipster without trying, as evidenced by her Facebook profile picture.

A full chat thread fills the screen. Jules types at the bottom:

ON THE SCREEN

Jules Gadomski: So...you'll never guess who I ran into. In a city of 1 million fucking people.

Taylor Morales: Sean Connery circa 40 years ago.

ON JULES

She smirks.

ON SCREEN

Jules Gadomski: I wish. No reason to go on living after that.

Taylor Morales: Hint, please.

Taylor Morales: Wait, I think I know.

Jules Gadomski: If you do, that's embarrassing.

Taylor Morales: Jack!

ON JULES

Jules' face falls.

ON SCREEN

Jules Gadomski: I hate you.

INT. DARK ROOM - CAMERA STORE - DAY

Jules and Taylor process film and develop negatives in the dark room in the back of the camera store where Taylor works.

JULES

Urgh it was fine I guess. I got all awkward though. It's so annoying.

(MORE)

JULES (cont'd)
 He was all like, Omg I'll call you
 let's hang out. And I was all like,
 funny joke.

TAYLOR
 I always liked him. But once an
 asshole, always an asshole.

JULES
 I know! Why does he have to come
 off all cute and innocent??
 Meanwhile he sucks.

Jules dunks a white piece of photo paper into a tray of
 developer and watches the image appear. She fidgets and
 bites her lip. She picks up the corner of the tray to
 agitate the solution.

JULES (CONT'D)
 I wonder if he's changed at all.

TAYLOR
 Of course you do. But I doubt it.

JULES
 I just don't know why it always
 bothered me so much. And I swear to
 god every time I think I've finally
 gotten rid of him it's like BOOM
 he's there again.

TAYLOR
 Right.

Jules furrows her eyebrows. She looks at Taylor who examines
 a roll of negatives against the lone amber-colored light
 bulb.

JULES
 I can't tell if you're agreeing or
 being sarcastic.

No answer.

JULES (CONT'D)
 Taylor.

TAYLOR
 (still looking at negatives)
 Jules.

JULES

Shit!

Jules quickly grabs the photo out of the solution and dumps it in the stop bath. She takes a deep breath.

JULES

Alright, I guess I have a confession to make. I used to like like Jack. A lot.

TAYLOR

You don't say.

Jules leans her head back and groans.

JULES

Was it that obvious??

TAYLOR

I just can't believe you're finally admitting it. Especially after...you know.

Jules takes the photo out of the stop bath and puts in the in the fixer. She leans close to examine it - a group of teenage Colombian boys outside of a Colombian countryside home. Some of them brandish guns and machetes. Some look serious, some smile.

JULES

The question is, if he does call me -- which he probably won't -- what should I say? Should I meet up with him? Fuck, here I go again I feel like I'm 18, wearing too much make-up and a push-up bra.

Jules looks at her chest. She shifts her position a little to emphasize her breasts.

TAYLOR

It's your call.

JULES

I feel like it would be masochistic. He's like a parasite who not only takes from its host, but makes it feel inadequate.

A knock on the door.

VOICE (O.S.)

Taylor!

TAYLOR

(to Jules)

Is anything developing? Paper away?

JULES

Yeah.

Taylor opens the door. Charlie, the store manager, is an old man with glasses perched on the edge of his nose. He hands Taylor a stack of 35mm film reel canisters.

STORE MANAGER

1 stop over, best light transfer.
Don't screw up this time.

TAYLOR

Yeah, yeah.

STORE MANAGER

Pick-up tomorrow morning. And I
have a delivery for you for later.

Taylor closes the door. Jules holds her photo under running water.

JULES

Can't believe you're still in
business.

TAYLOR

This is Brooklyn. And a lot of
student films.

Jules hangs her photo on a line with a clothespin. Taylor stands next to her and looks at it.

JULES

I didn't help any one of those
boys. Except maybe to encourage
them to traffic drugs so that they
could fuck someone who looked like
me.

TAYLOR

Well maybe now since you're all
"back from the Peace Corps" you're
edgy enough for Jack to make time
for you.

Jules straightens.

TAYLOR

Jules! Forget about him! I don't even get why I have to tell you that.

JULES

Ha. Right. Whatever. I can honestly say that I'm completely over it.

Jules nods.

CUT TO:

INT. HIPSTER COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jules sits slouched at a table alone, stirring her latte. She looks up, smiles, and straightens. Jack puts his coffee cup and saucer down, then sits across from her.

JACK

Told you I would call.

JULES

Guess some things can change. Unless, of course, I'm here because you would like me to do something for you.

JACK

Give me a break, ok?

JULES

So tell me about your life! How's that homestead going?

JACK

It's not, as you can see. I'm focusing on my company right now, trying to build it up, so that dream's gonna have to wait. It's depressing how hard it is to find reliable people I can trust to get the job done right. Really, Jules, you should come work with us. There's always been a spot for you.

JULES

I tried that, remember? Didn't work out so well.

JACK
(rolling his eyes)
Things are different now. We're not
21 anymore.

JULES
I didn't know considerateness was
something you learned with age.

JACK
It's something you learn with
experience.

JULES
(pretending to be excited)
So you're no longer getting
threatened with lawsuits? You've
evolved?

JACK
Low blow.

She smiles.

JACK (CONT'D)
We didn't have you to save our
asses every time anymore, so we had
to evolve.

She nods understandingly.

JACK (CONT'D)
So are you working somewhere?

JULES
Yeah. Well, um, I'm looking. I'm
kinda figuring out what I want to
do, so, you know, that's a big
determining factor.

JACK
Isn't that what college was for?
Or...the peace corps?

JULES
Some people people pay hundreds of
thousands of dollars or travel the
same amount of miles to find
ambition. I prefer to let ambition
find me.

JACK
You wouldn't work as hard as you do
if you didn't have ambition.

JULES
Maybe I just like to distract
myself.

Jack shrugs and stares at his coffee.

JULES (CONT'D)
It bothers you that I lack
direction. It always has.

JACK
It's just, you're good at
everything.

JULES
Maybe that's the problem!

JACK
It's a waste.

JULES
It wouldn't be a waste if I was
sucking your dick every night.

JACK
Whoa.

JULES
I mean, those are the girls you go
after. Those are the girls every
guy goes after. Girls who are just
smart enough to take care of
themselves and their man but too
stupid to get ahead of him.

JACK
Not every guy is like that.

JULES
Please. The only reason you called
me is because I have abs now.

JACK
You have abs now?

JULES
Which reminds me, I have to get
going, I'm going to be late for jiu
jitsu.

JACK
You still do that?

JULES
How do you think I got these abs? I had a lot of free time in Colombia. I could probably beat your ass now. Not probably, definitely.

JACK
You probably could. But you're forgetting the fact that you're you.

JULES
I can be a bitch.

He looks skeptical. She flicks some latte foam at him with her spoon.

JACK
(in an accent)
Girl!

JULES
How's the female sitch? Still got them lined up?

JACK
Yeah, you know.
(looking right at her)
Just having fun. How's the search for a
(making air quotations)
real man?

JULES
I'm thinking you were right. That they don't exist anymore.

JACK
They can't all be like me.

JULES
You're the worst of them. It's all bullshit. Like, you say you missed me, but did you ever try to contact me? You can't be both. You can't be the good guy and the asshole. And I don't think you get that. You have to choose one.

JACK
Which one are you?

INT. NAT'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Adams sits on the couch watching TV. The front door opens and Jules walks in.

JULES
Hey.

ADAM
Ee - Yo.

Jules walks to the kitchen and looks in the fridge.

JULES
Nat home?

ADAM
No she's "out with the girls."
Whatever that means.

JULES
Blackout?

ADAM
Probably.

Jules sits next to Adam on the couch. She hands him a beer. They open their beers and take a sip.

JULES
Pretty sure she was blackout when
she picked the bridesmaid dresses.

ADAM
That bad?

JULES
You haven't seen them? Ha. Just you
wait.

She gets up and goes into Nat's room.

JULES (CONT'D, O.S.)
(singing in a mock opera
voice)
You're in for quite a treat.
(no longer singing)
Gonna have to be blackout to wear
this one.

She comes out in a knee-length, one-shouldered, yellowish-beige satin dress with a ruffle cascading down the strapped-shoulder. Belted at the waist, it perfectly accentuates her body type. Instead of detracting from the look, the unkempt bun on top of her head only makes her look more sweet.

Adam looks over from the TV. He does a quick double take. He looks at her, not saying anything.

JULES (CONT'D)
(holding the ruffle)
Like what is this thing? What our world would look like if drugs were decriminilized and these were made illegal.

He doesn't laugh.

JULES (CONT'D)
And like, this whole one shoulder thing? I'm not trying to look like a linebacker here.

She grunts and does a "crab" bodybuilder pose. Her slender biceps are surprisingly toned and muscular. Still no response.

JULES (CONT'D)
Tough crowd. Now, should I tell Nat you give the thumbs up or the thumbs down here, cuz I'm not well versed in emotionless statue.

ADAM
(he shrugs)
It's not so bad.

He looks back at the TV. Her shoulders sag.

JULES
(squinting)
I'll tell her you approve.

She turns and walks back into the bedroom. He looks back at her as she walks out of sight. He slowly turns back to the TV.

She comes back out and sits down. She takes a sip of beer and wipes her mouth on her sleeve.

JULES (CONT'D)
She bought her dress "with the girls." Hopefully they weren't drunk for that one.

She looks at him. He just stares at the TV, sips his beer.

JULES (CONT'D)
That's exactly how you should react on the wedding day, by the way. You've got it down perfectly.

Still not looking at her, he smiles and lightly shoves her shoulder, tousles her hair. Smiling, she swats his arm away.

INT. WEDDING DRESS FITTING ROOM - DAY

Jules and Krystyna sit on chairs outside of a room blocked by a floor to ceiling white curtain.

A middle-aged WOMAN IN BLACK with measuring tape hanging around her neck draws back the curtain from the inside.

Nat looks...average in a simple, satin, strapless, mermaid style dress with a trumpet skirt and sweetheart neckline. It's nothing very special or over the top, though it suits her figure. It's typical.

JULES
You look awesome, Nat! Give my regards to your lady posse. I didn't know you were into that mermaid style.

Nat looks to her mom.

KRYSTYNA
It's...It's nice. Not what I would have chosen, but...you bought this already? It's already all paid for?

NAT
Yes it is. Adam's mother offered to pay for it, actually.

KRYSTYNA
(rolling her eyes)
Well, then. Like I said, it's nice.

JULES
(to Krystyna)

(MORE)

JULES (cont'd)

Why did you even come? If you're just gonna shit on her the whole time?

(to Nat)

You let his mom pay for the dress?

NAT

This is exactly why I came with my friends in the first place. And yes, Jules, I let her pay for the dress. I'm not getting help from anywhere else, so, sometimes you have to swallow your pride.

KRYSTYNA

I said it's nice. I like it. I don't know what else you want me to say. You can't change it now, so...

NAT

It doesn't matter. You wouldn't have liked anything I tried on, anyway.

KRYSTYNA

Oh, please.

JULES

I love it, Nat. Really. You look amazing. And Adam is going to love it.

Krystyna snorts.

WOMAN IN BLACK

Ok? Ready to take it off?

JULES

Isn't Veronica coming?

NAT

In what universe would Veronica subject herself to an activity where she wasn't the center of attention? You saw how happy she was for me when I told her.

JULES

So I shouldn't even bother asking her for help planning the shower?

KRYSTYNA
You should include her.

Nat turns around to scrutinize herself in the mirror.

NAT
Fifty dollars she relapses the day
of the wedding. Just as well, I
can't afford to feed them anyway.

KRYSTYNA
Shh!

Her angry eyes motion to the WOMAN IN BLACK standing a few
feet away.

JULES
(rolling her eyes)
Wow, Nat, I didn't think it would
actually happen but bridezilla is
coming out.

NAT
Is it so bad that I don't want
white trash at my wedding?

JULES
Ouch.

NAT
It's true and you know it.

KRYSTYNA
Stop it. You know she is just being
dramatic. She's your sister, give
her a chance.

JULES
We've been giving her chances for
15 years.

NAT
I think I can honestly say I am
done with the olive branches.

Jules looks from Nat to Nat's reflection to her own. Her leg
starts to quiver quickly up and down. She takes her cell
phone out of her pocket. She opens up a new text message to
"Taylor Morales."

ON SCREEN

I don't care if I'm broke, we're going out tonight.

INT. A BAR IN MIDTOWN - NIGHT

Jules and Taylor make their way through the crowded room to the bar. They're dressed way more casual than the people around them.

TAYLOR

So, you never told me, how'd it go with Jack?

JULES

(rolling her eyes)

I always think: it's going to be different this time. I just need to spend some time with him, alone, so that he can really see me. And then it never is different.

TAYLOR

I'm sorry. But you can do better anyway.

JULES

Unfortunately, while that defense might seem plausible, the jury's still out. Whatever, it's my fault anyway. I go into brick wall mode within 50 fifty feet of him.

(pause)

I'm not an asshole, right?

Before she can answer, the bartender signals to her. Jules orders drinks for them. MARGOT WILSON, a short-haired and cute, mouse-like hipster, joins them.

MARGOT

Hey!

She kisses Taylor on the lips. She orders a drink for herself.

JULES

So this is the famous Margot that's sending shivers down my best friend's spine.

MARGOT

(to Taylor)

Oh do I?

(to Jules)

Well don't worry, I've heard scores about you.

TAYLOR
Apparently you both like to
exaggerate.

The BARTENDER comes back with their drinks. Jules hands him
a bill.

BARTENDER
Um, excuse me, miss?

JULES
Huh?

He holds up a Colombian peso.

JULES (CONT'D)
Shit! I keep doing that! Haha,
sorry.

She hands him an American bill. He gives her change.

BARTENDER
Has estado en Colombia?

JULES
Si. Eres de alla?

They have a warm exchange in Spanish.

BARTENDER
Let me buy you a drink.

JULES
Oh no, it's ok!

BARTENDER
Aw, come on.

JULES
No, really! It's not necessary.

BARTENDER
(shrugs)
Ok.

He walks away. Jules turns back to her friends.

TAYLOR
You turn into a brick wall with any
guy. Just let him buy you a drink!

JULES

No, I don't want to feel like I owe him anything.

TAYLOR

This is why you've never had a boyfriend.

JULES

Says the lesbian!

MARGOT

You've never had a boyfriend?

JULES

Never even been close.

TAYLOR

You could've had so much more ass in college than you did.

JULES

She says that, people always say that. I don't think it's true. I don't know, maybe I'm blind, but I never felt like anyone was interested. Anyone I was interested in back anyway.

(she sips her drink)

I can't make the first move. I just can't. It's like I'm paralyzed, or I make up all these excuses. But I've rationalized it, of course. It's like the first test. If they don't like me enough to be motivated to make the first move, then it's not worth it anyway.

Jules' phone lights up and vibrates. She reads it and laughs a little. She starts texting back.

TAYLOR

Who's that? Jack?

Jules face completely drops.

JULES

No. It's not Jack. Jack will never pass the first test. He hasn't even texted me since we got coffee that time. No, it's just my sister's fiance, Adam.

TAYLOR

Yeah? Do you think he's good for her?

JULES

He's fucking hilarious. Like the bro I never had! I'm surprised he's still around, though. Planning this wedding is reminding me of all the reasons I went away. I can't spend this much time with my family. It's driving me crazy.

TAYLOR

How close are you to moving out of your sister's place?

JULES

I don't know. I need to get a real job. Play that
(struggling)
real person game, I guess.

She gulps down her drink. She looks at Taylor, terrified.

INT. NGO OFFICE - DAY

Jules, uncomfortably dressed in business casual that she probably borrowed from Nat, and with a backpack over her shoulder, is led by her SUPERVISOR to an empty cubicle in the center of the waist-high cubicle filled room. Posters of white people with smiling African children words like "aid" and "difference" and "sustainable" cover the walls.

SUPERVISOR

You brought your own laptop, right?

JULES

Uh, yeah.

SUPERVISOR

Great. So this will be your workspace. Feel free to get acquainted with your coworkers, and I'll get your email and everything set up so we can start giving you work to do!

JULES

Yay!

The manager walks away. Jules takes her laptop out of her bag and starts to get set up. She opens her computer. She looks around. She taps her fingers on her desk. She sighs. She opens up her web browser. She logs into facebook.

ON SCREEN

Jack Adelman is now friends with 7 people.

ON JULES

Jules slams the laptop shut. She looks around again. She wheels her chair over to the wall of her cubicle. The COWORKER in the cubicle next to her, a hipster (who tries really, really hard) fresh out of college, intently stares at her laptop. She surfs the Urban Outfitters webpage.

JULES

Hi! I'm Jules. It's my first day.

COWORKER

(not enthused)

Hey.

JULES

How long have you worked here? Is it a cool place? Do people go out for happy hours and stuff?

COWORKER

(stopping what she is doing
and looking over)

Happy hours? People in North Africa are rioting in the streets and we're trying to change that, so no, we don't go to happy hours.

JULES

Right.

Jules wheels back to her laptop. She stares past a row of cubicles and out the window. She glances sideways at her coworker. She wheels back over.

JULES (CONT'D)

I see you went to one of those salad places for lunch. Is there one around here? I love those places. I especially love how most of them have the, what do they call them, green plastics? All those forks and knives that biodegrade? Like you have right there!

COWORKER
(staring and her computer)
Obviously. I do whatever I can to
help the environment.

JULES
Yeah, right on.

Jules opens her mouth to say something else. She decides against it. She wheels back to her laptop. She starts to open it, then closes it and wheels back over to her coworker.

JULES (CONT'D)
It sucks though, doesn't it? I mean, on the one hand you're reducing landfill by about point zero zero zero zero zero zero one percent, but on the other hand, you're endorsing the very thing that is causing food prices to rise and create the conditions for the very riots you are trying to prevent.

COWORKER
(turning in her chair to fully face Jules)
What is your position here, exactly?

JULES
I'm going to be writing grant proposals.

COWORKER
Huh. Typical.

The coworker turns her chair back around to face her computer. Jules watches her, waiting for her to finish her "insult." Apparently it's over already. Jules wheels back to her laptop. She opens it and once again sees the words "JACK ADELMAN." She quickly slams it closed rests her forehead on the lid.

INT. TAYLOR'S CAMERA STORE - DAY

The red light above the darkroom door turns off. Jules and Taylor exit the darkroom and walk to the front of the store. A few customers mill about. Charlie is showing a lens to one over the counter. The Jules holds a bunch of prints in her arm.

TAYLOR

They're really good, Jules. You should try to sell them or have a gallery showing or something.

JULES

Those days are over, Taylor. Besides, I'll never be able to compete with your work. And frankly, I don't want to.

TAYLOR

Whatever. You're dumb.

Jules smiles widely at her.

JULES

See ya later!

TAYLOR

Bye.

Jules exits the store. Taylor walks behind the counter to look at the disorganized stack and bins of in-progress and complete orders. In the "done" pile, she looks at two 35mm film reel canisters that are rubber-banded together.

On the label: "JACK ADELMAN" and his Brooklyn address.

Taylor walks over to Charlie, who is still with his customer.

TAYLOR

(pointing to canisters)

Hey Charlie, is this supposed to be delivered?

Charlie ignores Taylor at first, but she takes a step closer until she is right next to him. He peels his eyes away from his customer and peers at her over his perched spectacles.

CHARLIE

I'm with a customer.

She just looks at him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(teeth almost clenched, but
with a forced smile)

If it's in the delivery pile, then
it's to be delivered.

Taylor looks back at the messy pile of orders behind her. She looks back at Charlie, who has gone back to talking to his customer.

TAYLOR
Oh, okay. Well, it's done, so I'm going to deliver it anyway.

CHARLIE
What?

She rushes out of the store.

TAYLOR
Be back soon!

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Taylor walks up the steps of the Brooklyn Brownstone. A placard next to the doorbell reads "J & A MEDIA". Taylor rings the bell. An EDGY GIRL who could be Coworker's twin, but with a darker vibe, answers the door.

EDGY GIRL
Hi. Can I help you?

TAYLOR
Yeah. Is Jack home?

EDGY GIRL
(seeing the canisters)
Is that for us? Oh man, you guys deliver? Awesome! That's not an extra charge right?

TAYLOR
No, uh, this one's on me. But, you know, I'd really like to give it to Jack.
(she points to his name on the canister)
Store policy.

EDGY GIRL
Oh, ok. Well, I'll get him.

She walks away. Taylor doesn't walk inside. She cradles the canisters in her hands, running her fingers over the sharp and smooth edges of the metal.

As Jack approaches the door, his face lights up.

JACK
Taylor?! This is crazy, how have
you been, girl? First Jules, then
you, I had

He pulls her in for a big hug. Her body doesn't respond
except to slightly raise her arms around his body. They
part. She holds out the canisters.

TAYLOR
I just came to give you this. Um, I
work at the store.

He takes them.

JACK
Yeah? That's awesome! Friends and
family discount?

TAYLOR
I also just wanted to say to stay
away from Jules.

JACK
What?

TAYLOR
Don't call her, don't text her,
just leave it alone. She doesn't
need you in her life.

JACK
Where the hell is this coming from?

TAYLOR
Just leave it alone, ok?

JACK
I've talked to her once. Did she
say something to you?

TAYLOR
She didn't say anything. She just
doesn't need to get wrapped up in
you again.

JACK
Again? I think you're confusing
Jules with yourself here.

TAYLOR
I fucking knew you would go there.

JACK
Are you jealous or something?

TAYLOR
I swear to god if you breathe a word of that to her I will personally come back here and chop your balls off.

JACK
Relax, ok? You girls are seriously crazy.

TAYLOR
She can never know, Jack. So stay the fuck away from us.

She turns and starts down the steps. About halfway down, she stops and looks back.

TAYLOR
You could never deserve her anyway.

JACK
And you do?

She turns and trots down the rest of the stairs.

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - ARMS AND ARMOR - DAY

Zach runs ahead of Jules, marveling at all the shiny suits of armor in the center of the room. She smiles at his awe and rubs his head.

JULES
Which one is your favorite?

He points to one with a huge black plume bursting from the helmet.

JULES (CONT'D)
Yeah, he looks like he won a joust or two.

ZACH
I bet his princess had blonde hair.

Jules looks down at him and sticks out her tongue in disgust. He giggles.

JULES

I thought girls had cooties? Not even a suit of armor can protect you from them.

ZACH

Princesses don't have cooties.

JULES

I'm not so sure about that. I think everybody probably has some cooties.

(pause)

Race you to the mummies?

Zach takes off with Jules close behind him.

EGYPTIAN ART - CONTINUOUS

Jules catches up with Zach and hoists him into the air. She tucks him under her arm and carries him over to a sarcophagus. She sets him down in front of the glass.

ZACH

There's a dead guy in there?

JULES

Probably.

He wraps himself around one of her legs.

JULES (CONT'D)

Let's look over here.

She takes her time, intently gazing at the slabs of hieroglyphics behind the glass, at the artifacts of gold and lapis lazuli.

SACKLER WING - MOMENTS LATER

They enter the hall at the opposite end of the Temple of Dendur. Zach runs ahead. He stops at the entrance of the temple and looks back.

JULES

You go ahead, I've been in there a million times.

He goes in. She sits on the bench that makes the upper edge of the reflecting pool that surrounds the temple platform. He runs back out and sits next to her. She smiles at him.

ZACH

Can we come back tomorrow?

JULES

We can come back whenever we like.
This place, this stuff, it's always
here. It doesn't go away or change.
That's why I like it here so much,
I think.

(pause)

Write this down: Read Catcher in
the Rye at age 14.

ZACH

You won't go away, right?

Jules stops smiling. She looks at him for a few moments.

JULES

Aren't you hungry? Let's get some
lunch.

She takes his hand and they walk away.

INT. A BAR IN MIDTOWN - NIGHT

Jules and Taylor sit at a high top in the corner of the
crowded and smoky room.

JULES

This beer is shit.

TAYLOR

So get a real drink.

JULES

Nope. If I get drunk right now I'll
get emotional.

TAYLOR

I don't think it's physically
possible for you to get emotional,
drunk or not.

JULES

You're right, what am I talking
about?

She hails the cocktail waitress and orders a cranberry
vodka. As she watches the waitress leave, her vision focuses
on a group of GIRLS standing a few feet away. They are
yuppies to the max, the kind of women Nat tries to fit in
with.

JULES (CONT'D)

Oh my god, I know those girls. I went to high school with them. Look at them. I don't think they've ever taken a step off the path to Biddydom. Well, except maybe to study abroad for a semester. Because, you know, getting fat on pasta and gelato in Italy is such a culturally awakening experience. They can now take ownership of their role in globalization. Watch, I'm going to make eye contact with one of them. They're going to pretend like they don't recognize me.

TAYLOR

I always forget you went to one of those private schools.

JULES

(intently looking in their direction and smiling)

See? Nothing.

TAYLOR

Maybe you look a lot different from high school.

JULES

I got contacts, not a head transplant. Plus they should be used to slight changes in appearance. I'm sure half of them have had nose or boob jobs.

The waitress delivers her drink. As she walks away, the girls start moving in her direction.

JULES (CONT'D)

Shit, they're coming this way!
Quick! Hide!

Taylor doesn't make any effort. Jules picks up a drink menu and tries to obscure her face. She peeks out from behind the menu and sees them passing by. She unintentionally makes eye contact with the last GIRL, who is more of a girl-next-door.

GIRL 1

Jules? Wow, I didn't even recognize you! Hey guys, it's Jules Gadowski!

GIRLS

(turning around and coming
over)

Jules Gadomski?! Oh my god Jules!
Oh my god hey!

JULES

Hey!

GIRL 1

What have you been up to? You look
so different! You're like, hot.

JULES

(skeptical)

Ha. I'm a...late bloomer, I guess?

GIRL 2

(lauging)

I always see your sister out! Are
you living in Manhattan now?

JULES

Kind of. I just got back from
living in Colombia for a couple
years, so I'm kinda figuring things
out at the moment and living with
my sister. How about you?

GIRL 1

Wow. I always knew you'd cool
things. I'm going to law school
right now. A few of us are,
actually.

JULES

Nice. Trying to live that New York
dream.

GIRL 1

Yeah! I guess. Who wouldn't, right?
You know, I always think about how
awesome your campaign for class
president was.

GIRL 3

Oh my god, I forgot about that!
That was so funny!

Jules shrugs. Awkward silence.

JULES

Still hanging out with the same
bros?

GIRL 2

Those bums? Yeah, for the most
part. They're still around, either
in the city or living back at home.
Most of them live at home,
actually. Let's see, Casey's
engaged to Patrick, Molly and
Anthony McGuinness live together...

JULES

Wow, going strong.

GIRL 1

We were just on our way to another
bar but, if you're gonna be around,
you should totally come out with us
sometime. Facebook me!

JULES

Yeah! For sure!

The girls walk away.

TALYOR

They're nice.

JULES

They're fake as shit.

TAYLOR

So were you, Miss Class President.

JULES

(wistfully)

It was a different time in my life.

TAYLOR

You didn't hate high school like
the rest of us, you loved it.

JULES

Is that a crime? And anyway, I
didn't love it, they loved me. I
can't help that. And can you blame
them?! I was only one in that
school that didn't give a shit, and
that was so fascinating to them.
Even the girls who pretended like
they didn't give a shit gave a

(MORE)

JULES (cont'd)
shit, gave more shits actually. I
was an enigma. And they couldn't
get enough. I was like their pet.

TAYLOR
Whatever.

JULES
Whatever, then I went to college,
and no one actually gave a shit
for. So it didn't matter. Urgh,
they would all be going to law
school.

TAYLOR
Speaking of which, how's the
employment going?

JULES
(pause)
How societally acceptable would it
be, as a college graduate, to
remain a nanny forever?

TAYLOR
As long as this recession holds
out, I think you're good to go.

INT. CONCERT VENUE - NIGHT, FLASHBACK

Flashing and moving colored lights alternately blind and
illuminate the dark and hazy setting. Loud electronic music,
heavy with bass, deafens the scene.

In the back of the crowded, sweaty room, a younger-looking
Jules, Taylor, Jack and another young man - the
aforementioned ARI - stand in a circle. Looking around, Ari
takes a tiny, clear, plastic baggie out of his pocket filled
with white powder and opens it. He puts his finger in his
mouth, then dips it into the baggie, then rubs his powdered
finger on his gums. Taylor and Jack quickly do the same.
They look at Jules, who hasn't moved. She shakes her head.
Taylor shrugs and turns to face the stage. Ari pouts,
sticking his lower lip out in a sad face. Jack shakes his
head and rolls his eyes. He gives her a look that says, "I
knew you wouldn't do it."

Jules looks at the baggie. She looks at the crowd and the
stage. Girls wearing shorts and bikini tops, guys wearing
jerseys and muscle shirts, move and sway in a sweaty trance
to the music. She takes a deep breath. She wets her finger,

sticks it in the baggie, then sticks it in her mouth. Ari and Jack smile. Ari gives an inaudible cheer and a high five to Jules.

Alone in an undulating sea of people, Jules experiences the sights and sounds around her. She dances uninhibitedly to the beat, smiling and marveling at the colors, lights, and people that dominate her vision. She looks around and notices she doesn't know anyone around her. She gets on her tiptoes and looks around. She spots her friends at the very front of the crowd.

Jules makes her way through the dense crowd to the metal barrier that creates a space between the crowd and the stage. With a lollipop in his mouth, Jack is standing up on the lower horizontal beam of it, dancing and throwing himself toward the music. Jules taps his shoulder. He looks over. He smiles widely at her. He steps down and continues dancing, dividing his attention between her and the stage.

Jules looks at his happy, sweaty face. Without hesitating she takes her t-shirt off, bunches it up, and dabs at his smiling face. He takes his lollipop out of his mouth and rests that hand on the metal barrier. They look appreciatingly at each other, smiling, their faces close.

A barely costumed girl on the stage side of the barrier grabs the lollipop out of Jack's hand and puts it in her mouth. She dances seductively in front of him, holding his gaze. He smiles wider and gets back up on the barrier, throwing himself towards the music once more, with more enthusiasm. The girl dances away, hyping up the crowd as she passes. Jack watches her as she goes down the line.

END FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT. NAT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A gasp, a startled awakening noise as the clock reads 4:27. Jules breathes deeply, her arm draped over her forehead as she lies on the couch. She stares at the ceiling. She looks at the clock.

She gets up, pulls on her running shoes, sticks her keys in her sports bra, pulls on a shirt, and goes out the door.

INT. NGO OFFICE - DAY

Jules builds a mini replica of The Temple of Dendur out of office supplies. Her supervisor comes up behind her.

SUPERVISOR

Hey!

Jules' hand slips in surprise and her little temple comes crashing down. She spins around in her chair.

JULES

Hey there! What's up?

SUPERVISOR

Just wanted to say, great job with that last proposal. Keep up the good work. As I'm sure you've heard, there are going to be some higher level positions opening up in the near future.

JULES

Thanks, I appreciate it.

He walks away. Jules wheels back around. On her way, she looks at her COWORKER, who furiously types away at her laptop, her hipster glasses inches from the screen. Jules looks at the ruins of her temple. She sighs.

She gets up and walks to the communal coffeemaker in the small office kitchenette. She opens a cabinet and pulls out ground coffee and a mug. She opens a drawer and pulls out a spoon. As she watches an office monitor that displays CNN covering the war-torn Middle East, she spoons a few table spoons of coffee into the coffeemaker. She looks at the coffee in the filter -- it is about a quarter full. She puts down her spoon and starts pouring coffee into the filter until it is almost full. She closes the lid and checks the water. She pours about a cup of water into the coffee maker and presses the on button. She watches the tv monitor, every so often checking back at the coffee trickling through.

Jules pours the cup of coffee into her mug. She walks back to her desk and sits down. She takes a sip of her sludge. She opens up her Facebook newsfeed and starts scrolling.

ON SCREEN

Veronica Gadowski: Today is day one of me writing my book on my life...hoping to release demons and maybe one day publish it to help teenagers both female n male!!!

ON JULES

Coffee sprays over the screen. Jules wipes her mouth, looks around, and calmly starts wiping the screen with her sleeve. She grabs her back pack and opens it wide. She closes her laptop and puts it in. With the whole of her arm, she sweeps the ruins into her bag and stuffs everything else that's hers in there. She closes it, gets up, and starts walking toward the door. She stops and goes back to get her coffee. Again she walks toward the door. She starts to run. She huffs into the elevator. She takes out her phone. She opens a text message to Jack.

ON SCREEN

You better answer this text message. We're going out tonight. Pregame at 9?

ON JULES

Jules chugs her coffee. As the elevator doors start to close, she bends down and leaves her mug on the floor outside of the elevator. She stands back up. The doors close.

INT. NAT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - EVENING

Jules comes in. She sets down her stuff. She looks around to make sure she's alone.

JULES

Nat?

(pause)

Anyone home?

She tiptoes into Nat's room and turns on the light.

NAT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jules looks through Nat's clothes. She takes off Nat's shirt that she is wearing, throws it in the hamper, and starts trying other pieces on. A montage of outfits: dress, skirt and blouse, blouse and jeans, etc.

BATHROOM - LATER

In a towel and towel turban, Jules applies make-up. She ruffles through a make-up bag and pulls out eye shadow. She tries to read the label. She looks at it skeptically. She puts some on her finger and applies it to her eyelid. She stands back to examine her work. Nope.

She takes a cloth and rubs it off. She puts on eyeliner.

Wearing her outfit now - a tight, high-waisted skirt and tank top - and with blow-out hair, she puts the finishing touches on her make-up. She hears the front door open and Nat come in.

NAT

Jules?

JULES

I'm in here!

(to herself)

Shit!

Jules takes one last look at herself. She looks dynamite. She checks her watch. She listens at the door for any movement in the living room/kitchen area.

LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jules slowly opens the bathroom door and peaks out. No one. She tip-toes over to the couch to get her bag. With no chance now to get a purse from Nat's room, she must use her ratty, everyday one. She throws it over her shoulder and makes her way to the door. Hand on the handle:

JULES

I'm going out...to a movie! Be back later!

NAT (O.S.)

(from behind her bedroom door)

OK! Don't stay out too late - we have the registry first thing -

Jules opens the door and bumps into Adam.

ADAM

What mov- WOAH.

He didn't know she could look like this.

NAT (O.S.)

in the morning.

JULES

(to Adam)

Oh! Uhhhh, you wouldn't like it! chick flick.

NAT (O.S.)

Oh! And you get to meet Bobby!

Jules rushes out the door as Nat opens hers and leans out.

NAT (CONT'D)
I can't wait, I think you'll really
like him!
(to Adam)
Where'd she go?

ADAM
(skeptical)
To a chick flick. Dressed like a
chick.

Nat straightens. She gives Adam a puzzled look.

STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Jules rushes down the stairs.

JULES
I will come home tonight, I will
come home tonight, I will come home
tonight, I will come home
tonight...

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jules rings the doorbell of the Brooklyn brownstone.
Electronic music mildly pulses from within. She waits a few
minutes. Jack opens the door.

JACK
Hey, Jules! What's up?

They hug and walk inside. Jack walks her back to the
kitchen, where loud voices come from.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

JACK
You scared me a little with that
text message.

JULES
Sorry. I quit my job today, so I
was a little, in a weird mood.

JACK
Yeah? Was that a good idea?

JULES

Like you said, I'm wasting my time.
I guess it's high time I figured
out what I want. The scariest part
though, is that I don't think I've
ever quit anything in my life
before.

JACK

Well, then, I'm glad you did it.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A group of mostly guys but some girls stand and sit around
drinking. Some are smoking.

JACK

Hey guys, this is Jules. Jules,
meet the riff raff I've come to
call my friends and roommates.

Introductions are made.

GUY 1

Are you the same Jules that
survived three days with this kid
in Amsterdam?

JULES

Unfortunately.

JACK

Come on, we had a great time!

JULES

It's all a matter of perspective, I
suppose. But yes, we had our
moments. Like the moment we took
shrooms in the handicapped bathroom
of the Van Gogh museum, only to
find out Jack hadn't bought enough
for two so nothing happened, no
matter how many lemonades we downed
in the gift shop. Or the moment the
ATM machine ate Jack's debit card
because he forgot to tell the bank
he would be traveling. Or the
moment we missed the train which
caused us to miss our flight
because Jack just had to get one
last thing of those french fries.

GUY 1
Get this girl a drink!
(pointing at Jack)
I couldn't have lasted three days
with this bitch.

JACK
(to Jules)
Let's not forget how many times you
got us lost.

JULES
It's a really confusing city! There
are a million little streets!

JACK
I don't think I could have done
that trip with anyone else,
honestly.

She smiles at him and rubs his back.

JULES
Shots!

FRIENDS
Yeah!

Guy 1 hands her a shot. They all stand around with shots in
their hands.

JULES
To this bitch!

They cheer and take their shots. Jules sits down among the
friends, and another guy hands her a drink. The guys
monopolize Jules, and Jack watches from across the room as
she laughs with them.

INT. A BAR IN BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Jack and Jules sit at the bar, enclosed by many people. They
are drunk, but Jules a little more so.

JULES
Can we just go back to the way
things used to be? When we were
friends and we hung out and we had
actual conversations? Or have you
finally realized that you actually
don't really like me?

JACK
I always loved you, Jules, you were
my best friend.

JULES
But now I'm your hot best friend.

JACK
You were always pretty.
But...yes...I'm not gonna lie, this
is an improvement.

JULES
The question is, have you decided?
An asshole, or a good guy?

He just shakes his head. He finishes his drink and puts it down on the bar. He gets up and goes over to his friends. He starts talking to some girls.

Jules sips her drink morosely. A man across the bar makes eyes and smiles at her. Jules gulps down the rest of her drink. She gets up and fixes herself. She walks right up to Jack and taps his shoulder. He turns around. Jules puts her arms around him and pulls him close.

JULES
I try to tell you how much I care
about you, but I end up just
pushing you away because I'm
scared. And I'm just so fucking
sick of being scared. Because I'm
more than good enough.

She kisses him.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jules and Jack make out passionately as they enter his room, lit by a solitary and small but warm-colored lamp on the bedside table. They fall on the bed, Jules on top.

INT. COLLEGE PARTY - NIGHT, FLASHBACK

A younger-looking Jules and younger-looking Jack talk and laugh inaudibly at party in a warm-colored living room. They hold and drink from red cups in their hands, as do the many people standing and sitting around them. Many of the co-eds wear graduation caps. They two stand quite close. Jack puts his hand on her back. Jules senses it. She chugs her red cup.

INTERCUT

Jules is on all fours over Jack on the bed as they make out.

Younger Jules and younger Jack play flip-cup at a ping-pong table with a bunch of other co-eds. Over and over again, Jules refills and lifts her red cup from the table to her lips, gulping down beer.

Jules lifts up and leans back, now straddling Jack. She pulls her shirt over her head. She twists it into a rope as Jack watches her. She covers his eyes with it and leans down and kisses him again. She reaches behind with one of her hands to unclasp her bra.

Younger Jules and younger Jack stand close and talk amid a crowd of co-eds. They face each other, younger Jack with his arms around her waist, younger Jules with her hands on his shoulders/upper arms. She sways. She almost loses her balance, but he steadies her, getting extremely close as a result. He closes the distance and they start to kiss.

Jules rides Jack.

Younger Jules and younger Jack enter a dark and empty bedroom attached at the lips and fall to the floor. Jack on top. Jack takes off his shirt and undoes his pants. Jules watches from below, unmoving, eyes wide, glossy, and dilated.

Jules is beneath Jack. With closed eyes, she whispers directions to him. He proves good at following directions. She starts to moan.

Younger Jack basically dry humps an incoherent younger Jules. They kiss here and there. He slips a hand down the front of her pants. She pulls it up and puts it on her breast, over her shirt. He does it again, she puts his hand on her breast again. She puts her hands in his pants.

Eyes still closed, Jules moans more loudly. Jack finishes. Meanwhile Jules opens her glossy eyes and stares at the ceiling. She is silent.

Younger Jules pushes younger Jack off of her and sits up. She stares ahead blankly. He lays beside her, rubbing her arms and chest. He leans up on his elbow and puts his other hand on the back of her neck to pull her lips his again. They lay back down, kissing. Younger Jules moves her head to Jack's pelvis. Her head moves up and down and he plays with her hair. She picks her head up and coughs. She throws up in her mouth but swallows it. Younger Jack leans all the way back, head on the floor, enjoying the moment so he doesn't

notice. He just rubs her back and hair. She puts her head back down. Seconds later she picks it back up. She vomits in her mouth and swallows it. She does it again. She does it again but this time she can't swallow it anymore. She turns her head in time so that she only vomits on herself. She wipes her mouth with her sleeve and breathes deeply. She looks at Jack's body next to her. He is still stroking her. She puts her head toward his pelvis again.

INT. COON HILL PARTY - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Younger Jules lays on her stomach in the cool early morning light. She scrunches her face and opens her eyes. They swivel around in surprise as she tries to figure out where she is. She gets up on her hands and looks at Jack, passed out beside her in his boxers. She looks down to see that she is still fully clothed, but her shirt is covered in vomit.

She quickly gets up. There is some more vomit on the floor. She rubs it in the carpet with her shoe. Younger Jules looks like she has been hit by a truck. She backs out of the room and closes the door.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Jules scrunches her face and rubs her closed eye in the morning sunlight. She turns over to snuggle into the back of the couch, but it's not there. She opens her eyes wide.

Jack lies sleeping on his back in front of her, the sheet coming up to a few inches below his bellybutton. He is naked. She looks at herself. Though covered by the sheet, she is naked. She covers her eyes with her hand and barely whispers "shit", then opens her fingers to peer through them at him once more.

She leans up on her hands to look at the clock that is on the bedside table on Jack's side. It reads 9:45.

JULES

Shit!

She jumps up and starts throwing on her clothes. Jack stirs.

JACK

(sleepily)

Hey.

She freezes. She scrunches her face and mouths "shit." She turns around.

JULES

Hey.

JACK

Weren't going to say good bye?

JULES

I'm late for this thing with my sister, I really have to go, I'm sorry.

JACK

You're uh, you're kinda wild.

She smiles.

JULES

There's a lot you don't know about me, Jack Adelman.

JACK

I guess so. Man, I was really drunk last night. I don't even know how we got here.

Her smile falls.

JULES

Well, I really have to be going.

JACK

I wish you would stay. We could watch movies all day, like old times.

She goes over and sits down next to him. She strokes his head. She leans in, hesitates, looks at him, and kisses him. When they pull away, she puts her fingers to her lips.

JULES

You don't think this was a long time coming?

JACK

I mean, I can't say I never thought about it. But it never crossed my mind you might like me like that. We were so close, you know?

JULES

We weren't that close. Yes, we spent a lot of time together, but emotionally, I don't think we were that close.

JACK
I guess you're right.

She gets up to leave.

JACK
Jules, can we be that close?

She turns to him, smiles, leans down and kisses him deeply.

JULES
You don't know how long I've wanted
to hear you say that.

JACK
Really?

JULES
I'll call you.

EXT. BLOOMINGDALE'S - MORNING

Jules stumbles out of a cab and runs toward the entrance.
She grabs for a door handle just as a YOUNG MAN does. They
kind of bump into each other.

JULES
Oh! Sorry!

He opens the door for her.

YOUNG MAN
Go ahead.

They walk through in succession.

INT. BLOOMINGDALE'S - CONTINUOUS

YOUNG MAN
(from behind her)
Rough night?

Jules turns but keeps walking.

JULES
Is is that obvious?

He smiles.

YOUNG MAN

No, not really. You're handling it well. I wouldn't have noticed except for the fact you tried to run me over back there.

JULES

Sorry, I may or may not be sobering up at the moment. Hey, do happen to know what floor the registry is on?

YOUNG MAN

(jokingly)

Do I look like I know what floor the registry is on?

She takes him in for the first time. Late twenties, wearing a t-shirt, jeans, and hiking shoes. Though plain, the t-shirt and jeans fit his toned body well. His hair is tousled - not on purpose - and a thin layer of scruff marks his chin. He's like a down-to-earth Daniel Craig. This man is aloof of his sex appeal and underestimates his sophistication. Jules is impressed, but of course she tries not to let that show.

JULES

(with a smile)

No, I guess not.

YOUNG MAN

Funny thing is, that's exactly what I'm looking for as well.

JULES

Well, then. Shall we?

YOUNG MAN

We shall.

ESCALATOR - CONTINUOUS

They ride the escalator together. One strap of Jules' tank falls off her shoulder. The young man reaches over and gingerly puts it back in place. Jules shivers at his touch. She giggles in embarrassment.

JULES

Oh, sorry! Thanks.

(pause)

God, I just want to be in sweat pants right now.

YOUNG MAN

I think I saw some back there. You should grab them, they were on sale for about \$650 dollars.

JULES

That cheap, huh? What a steal.

She smiles.

JULES

I don't think this place is that bad. Though I'm interested to see how much they charge for spoons. I'm sure it's a very tricky business.

YOUNG MAN

Well, you know, it's all to do with the ratio of stickability to surface area of the nose.

JULES

I'm sorry, was that supposed to be a joke?

YOUNG MAN

Ouch...

JULES

Better luck next time.

YOUNG MAN

So are you registering yourself for an allotment of spoons?

JULES

(vigorously shaking her head)
No way. I'm here for my sister. Though I don't know why she would seek my opinion on stuff like this. Moral support, I guess.

YOUNG MAN

That's funny, I'm meeting my brother. He's tying the old knot. And yeah, I don't why I'm here either.

SIXTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

They get to the top of the escalator. The young man motions for Jules to go ahead. She's not used to such treatment. It makes her a little uncomfortable.

JULES

Uh, thanks.

Nat and Adam stand near some Corningware, talking to a sales clerk.

JULES

Well, it was nice meeting you.

YOUNG MAN

Wait! Um, what are you doing for the rest of the day? I mean, later, after this, of course? Oh! Sorry.

(He holds out his hand.)

I'm --

ADAM (O.S.)

Bobby!

The young man whips his head toward the sound. Nat and Adam approach.

BOBBY

Maybe we could quickly exchange numbers or something?

Jules isn't listening. She's too busy trying to seem nonchalant as she watches her sister come toward her.

NAT

Is that my skirt?

ADAM

Looks like you guys met already.

BOBBY

Huh?

ADAM

(broadly smiling)

This is Jules, Nat's sister.

BOBBY

(eyebrows furrowed)

Oh.

Bobby looks at Jules. He clams up.

JULES

What? Oh, you're Bobby? That's awkward. Well, nice to meet you!

She holds out her hand. He resignedly shakes it.

BOBBY

Nice to meet you.

NAT

Jules, you're kind of like, glowing. Did you go on a - dare I say it? - date last night?

JULES

That is none of your business!

NAT

You should wear my clothes more often.

JULES

How long is this gonna take? Is it really necessary for me to be here?

NAT

Yes! This is sisterly bonding time! And I need another opinion. Adam's going to be useless. And you have nothing to say 'cause Bobby came, and he lives all the way in Connecticut.

(in a sing-song voice)

We need to make sure our kitchenware matches well with the house you'll be building us!

(to Jules)

He's an architect.

ADAM

Nat. Don't.

BOBBY

(to Jules)

I'm not technically certified yet, but soon.

NAT

(to Adam)

What? We're gonna need room for all the Adam Juniors! We can't live in Manhattan forever.

BOBBY

I don't know how much help I'll be,
honestly. I know about walls, not
plates.

JULES

Oh don't be modest, now. You seem
to know so much about spoons.

Jules smiles wickedly. Bobby relaxes.

NAT

Screw the wedding day, this is what
it's all about. Let's get started
already!

Nat and Adam walk away. Jules and Bobby fall in a little
further behind.

JULES

So that explains the bad math
jokes.

BOBBY

Hey! At least I...don't...wear the
same clothes two days in a row.
That's a lie, I totally do that,
even if I'm not getting laid.

JULES

Maybe that's why you're not getting
laid.

BOBBY

I'll have you know my natural aroma
is world-famous with the ladies.

JULES

(a little too seriously)
I don't doubt that.

Trying to recover, Jules leans in and pretends to take a
whiff.

JULES

Would that be one part beer, one
part soy latte, 2 parts cat, and 1
and a half parts peanut butter
Cap'n Crunch?

BOBBY

(eyes narrow)
Now that's just weird.

JULES
What can I say, I have a gift.

BOBBY
I'm going to have to kill you now.

Jules grabs a nearby spoon and holds it in front of herself like a weapon.

JULES
Don't make me use this.

He grabs it out of her hand, looks around, licks it, and sticks it on his nose. Jules is disgusted and amused.

BOBBY
Yup, excellent quality.

NAT (O.S.)
Jules!

JULES
(shoulders dropping)
Duty calls. Come on, home boy. Get it? Home boy? 'Cause...you're an architect?

BOBBY
I'm sorry, was that supposed to be a joke?

INT. NAT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - EVENING

Jules and Bobby enter the apartment chatting and laughing. Jules is practically hysterical.

Nat is in the kitchen making dinner.

NAT
(shouting a little)
I'm making extra in case Zach wanted to stay for dinner.

JULES
Nah, he was so beat that we just took him home. Bobby carried a passed out Zach almost the whole way back.

NAT
Awww, he must've had an awesome time.

JULES
We all did.

NAT
Did you get him that dinosaur?

BOBBY
Oh, no, no, no, that is Merle,
Jules' new pet dino.

JULES
I like holding something when I
sleep, ok? And I like dinos. I
don't see anything wrong with that.
In fact, I see everything right
with Merle, here.

NAT
Well, Bobby, then you're staying
for dinner. What time do you have
to be at Adam's?

BOBBY
I have a few hours.

JULES
Woooo gonna get wasted tonight!
When are the ladies arriving?

NAT
Soon.

JULES
They better have decorations. I've
always wanted to drink out of those
penis straws.

NAT
Just because it's a bachelorette
party doesn't mean it has to be
this raunchy thing.

JULES
Yes, it does. If there's no
stripper, I'm filing a formal
complaint. Hey Bobs, did you get
one for Adam?

NAT
You fucking better not have.

BOBBY

I personally did not handle anything of that nature, but you know what those bros are like. Nat, you really shouldn't worry about it. They will all probably get so fucked up they will pass out before any even arrive.

NAT

This is true.

LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - LATER

Jules and Bobby sit on the couch and watch a movie.

JULES

(singing)

Oh, this is the best part.

The door buzzes. Nat opens it. Taylor walks in.

NAT

Hey, Taylor.

TAYLOR

Why aren't you drunk yet?!
Celebrate your soon-to-be-gone
freedom!

NAT

In due time. Tell my sister to get
off her ass.

JULES

This is a work of cinematic genius!
I'm educating Bobby over here! And
we made a drinking game for it so
we're ahead of you, actually.

Taylor sits down next to Jules and Bobby.

TAYLOR

Oh my god, the Sound of Music.

JULES

(concentrating on the TV)

Bobs meet Taylor, Taylor meet Bobs.
Bobby is Adam's brother.

TAYLOR
So...did you invite Jack out
tonight?

Bobby looks at Jules out of the corner of his eye.

JULES
First of all, Tay-lore, this is a
female outing, ok? No boys allowed.
If someone just happened to be at
the same establishment as us at the
same time, that would be a
different story. But they're not.
He can't come.

TAYLOR
Why?

Jules keeps her attention on the TV.

JULES
I don't know, he didn't answer.

TAYLOR
Jules. Has he even called you since
the fuck of the century?

JULES
Whoa, whoa, whoa keep it down! And
let's not get crazy with the
embellishments here. It wasn't that
amazing. Though it was pretty
great. Anywho, this is normal Jack
behavior, ok? He's a busy guy.

TAYLOR
Did you invite him to the wedding?

JULES
Yeah. He's excited. He wants to
meet my mom or some stupid shit
like that. Good thing he's a Jew,
so she probably won't approve. Too
bad he's not black.
(to Bobby)
Drink!

They both take a drink.

BOBBY
I should get going actually.

JULES

Ok! Go wild tonight, Bobs. Make me proud, ya hear?

BOBBY

I'll probably be babysitting, but I will do my best. Call me if you need anything, ok?

JULES

Our lady posse is perfectly capable, but thanks.

He gets up and walks out.

TAYLOR

(in a sing-song voice)
Jack and Jules went up the hill--

JULES

Shut up, you are not that clever.

TAYLOR

Dude, Bobby is hot why aren't you trying to score that.

JULES

I know's he fucking hot. He's also funny, and nice, and he has an awesome job, and he's my soon-to-be brother.

TAYLOR

In. Law. Those are two very important add-ons.

JULES

It's weird, Taylor. It would be like you...dating Nat or something. Ahhhhh! Ewwwww! A scene with the nuns, drink!

She takes a drink.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - LATE NIGHT

Nat is wasted, dancing on a table surrounded by her lady posse and wearing a cheap, costume veil. Everyone's drink has a penis straw.

Jules and Taylor sit watching them and sipping on their drinks.

TAYLOR
(referring to the penis straw)
These things are pretty effective.

JULES
Right? God, she's wasted. Reminds
me of those summers she spent home
from college. Is it weird she still
drinks that much?

TALYOR
It's her bachelorette party. Let
her have some fun.

JULES
I know, but like, she still gets
this drunk when she goes out
sometimes I think.

TAYLOR
Well she'll probably be knocked up
soon, so let her get it out of her
system now.

JULES
Oh, I can't wait! She's gonna be so
happy! We'll be that happy one day,
right?

TAYLOR
Doubt it. Though maybe now that you
finally hooked Jack...

JULES
I didn't hook anyone. Stop making
it sound like I tricked him. If
anything he tricked me for the last
4 fucking years. I never should
have slept with him. Now he'll
think he won.

TAYLOR
Oh please, you would run to his
place in a heartbeat if he texted
you at 3 in the morning.

JULES
He has.

TAYLOR
Seriously? Did you go?

JULES
I wanted to, but I stopped myself.

TAYLOR
Sorry. Maybe he hasn't changed.

JULES
I wouldn't write him off yet. He's just not used to the idea of being serious, probably.

Nat stumbles off the table and sits on Jules' lap.

NAT
(slurring)
Hi.

JULES
Hi.

NAT
I'm getting married. Finally.

JULES
I know. I'm so happy for you. I never have to worry about you again.

NAT
You don't worry about me, I worry about you.

JULES
I wouldn't be so sure of that.

NAT
Are you having sex?

JULES
What? What was that word Nat Gadowski just uttered?

NAT
Sex, sex, sex, sex, sex, sex, sex!
I just think, if you had more sex, it might change your life. You might actually smile for once.

JULES
As much as I agree with that statement, I'd like to think I don't have to rely on someone else to be the source of my happiness.

NAT

Pretty sure that's how it works,
lady. As much as it hates to admit
you.

JULES

We'll see.

NAT

You seemed happy today.

JULES

Oh! Look at the time!
(shouting to the ladies on the
table)
Time to switch establishments,
ladies!

The ladies cheer. They all get up and start gathering their
things.

JULES

I'm gonna go ahead and start
hailing some cabs. We probably
won't make it wrangling them for
ten blocks.

TAYLOR

Ok, I'll send them your way. Over
and out!

The tables are a few steps above the perimeter of the dance
floor. Jules walks around the dance floor to get to the
other side where the entrance is. The music and strobe
lights blare. She side-steps, facing the dance floor, to get
around the crowd. At one point, she stops to let people pass
her. She looks at the dance floor while she waits. She seeks
Jack, grinding and making out with some girl.

Jules looks back at Taylor, who tries to corral Nat and her
friends. Jules catches Taylor's eye, and Taylor smiles at
her, sighing, laughing, and shaking her head at the drunken
stupor of the ladies. But Taylor's smile quickly fades to a
look of concern and questioning as she takes in Jules'
stone-cold face. She watches as Jules looks at the dance
floor, and follows her gaze. Taylor sees Jack and her face
quickly turns to anger. Forgetting the ladies, she charges
right up to Jules.

TAYLOR

Is he fucking serious?

JULES

Stop, Taylor. He's not really doing anything wrong, I mean we didn't even talk about where we stand, really.

TAYLOR

It sounded like you did. God, why would you ever even go for a guy who would dance like that in a club, anyway? It's sick.

JULES

Let's just go.

TAYLOR

No. I'm talking to him.

She makes a step towards the dance floor, but Jules grabs her arm.

JULES

Taylor, just forget it, ok? I'll just cut him out.

TAYLOR

And then the next time you see him, this will happen all over again. Jules, I'm sick of being friends with the Queen of Passive Aggression. You have to talk to people and tell them their fucking up. Otherwise you just end up running in circles with the same bullshit. This is why you're not going anywhere. Where would you be right now if you hadn't made the first move with Jack? Sulking in a corner somewhere and telling everyone that nothing is wrong? If you want to make a clean break, you better go over there and do it. Or I will.

Jules looks hard at Taylor, then at the dance floor. She makes her way to Jack. She stands behind him.

JULES

Hey.

Jack doesn't hear her.

JULES
(shouting)
Hey! Jack!

Still nothing. She grabs his shoulder. He turns around. It takes him a few seconds to get his bearings. They have to shout above the music.

JACK
Hey!

They just kind of stand there. He goes to hug her but she pushes him away.

JULES
You said you wanted to be close!

JACK
What?

JULES
That morning. You know, after we fucked. You said you wanted to be close.

JACK
Oh! I did? I mean, yeah, I do!

JULES
Too close, you mean.

JACK
Yeah! Well, I mean, we can still have sex ---

JULES
You're an asshole. You didn't change and you never will.

Jules starts to walk away.

JACK
Wait! Jules!

He pulls her to face him.

JACK
It's just, you're like my sister, ok? I don't want to lose you.

JULES
You fuck your sisters?

JACK

I knew this would happen. I don't want to ruin our friendship. Look, let's just forget this, you know, we had fun, we shouldn't regret it. And I still really want to you come work for my company.

JULES

What friendship? We're friends only if we happen to end up in the same room together and there aren't more interesting people for you to talk to. Fuck you, and fuck your company, and go fuck that girl over there. Have a nice life, Jack.

She walks away. As Jack turns back around, he sees Taylor watching him. They stare at each other for a few moments until Taylor breaks the gaze and turns toward Jules and the exit.

INT. UPSCALE STRIP CLUB - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Adam, Bobby, and Adam's friends sit drunkenly in a smoky room and watch strippers dance. No one really speaks. Adam is getting a lap dance. He puts a bill in her g-string.

ADAM

(slurring)

Have a nice life.

He barely smacks her ass as she walks away. Bobby texts on his phone.

ON SCREEN

To Jules Gadomski: How's the lady posse holding up? Rallying?

ON STRIP CLUB

ADAM

You're up, Bob.

BOBBY

I'm still enjoying my last one, thank you.

ADAM

Come on, be a man! You're always so uptight.

Bobby's phone lights up.

ON SCREEN

From Jules Gadomski: On to spot 3! Haven't lost anyone yet, though Nat is pretty far gone. Gonna head back soon, I think. How's Adam? Stripper-ed out?

ON BOBBY

Bobby's fingers type.

ON SCREEN

To Jules Gadomski: I don't think that's possible.

From Jules Gadomski: Once a bro, always a bro. Godspeed! Let me know if you need anything.

ON BOBBY

He puts his phone away. He calls over the cocktail WAITRESS.

BOBBY

(to the waitress)

Can we have a round of tequila
shots?

The guys cheer.

ADAM

That's my brother!

He pats Bobby on the back.

ADAM

You know, at first I was gonna ask
Billy over here to be my best man
(he points to a young man
across from them who is passed
out, head leaning on chest,
drink in hand)
but then I thought, no. I'm going
to be the best big brother and ask
ol' Bob to be the best man, 'cause
that's what what great big brothers
do. And I'm a great big brother,
aren't I?

BOBBY

Sure.

The waitress returns. They guys hold their shots.

BOBBY
To your new life!

ADAM
To the end of my life. Well, not
totally true. I won't have to take
care of myself anymore, really.

They take their shots.

ADAM
Gotta love te-key-raaaa.

BOBBY
I didn't, really, until Jules
turned me on to it.

ADAM
Jules turns me on too.

BOBBY
Adam.

ADAM
What? Everyone's saying it, I'm
thinking it. She's hot. I imagined
that last stripper was her,
actually.

BOBBY
(through clenched teeth)
Adam.

ADAM
And she's got that whole angsty,
hipster thing going on. She's
probably a freak in bed.

BOBBY
Adam!

ADAM
Who the fuck are you, her
dad? Tonight is my parade, ok?
I'll say whatever the fuck I want
as long as I still can. You look up
to me, little bro, not the other
way around. You've always had
trouble with that notion. I don't
care how smart, or successful, or
beloved by our family you think you
are. You listen to me.

Bobby gets up.

BOBBY
You're drunk. We need to go. The
rehearsal dinner is tomorrow.

Adam struggles to his feet and stands face-to-face with his
brother. Their noses are inches apart. Adam sways.

ADAM
Fuck you, Bobby.

Adam goes to the bathroom. Bobby goes to the bar to pay
their tab. He comes back to the group of bros, half
lifeless, half belligerent.

BOBBY
Come on, guys. It's time to go.
Where's Adam?

BRO
I don't know.

BATHROOM

Bobby walks in.

BOBBY
Adam?

He's not there.

MAIN CLUB ROOM

Bobby calls Adam from his phone as he walks to the entrance
of the strip club. He walks out the door.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Bobby looks up and down the street. No sign of Adam. He goes
up to the BOUNCER.

BOBBY
Did a guy come out here in the last
few minutes? My height, short dark
hair, drunk...this isn't helping at
all, is it?

BOUNCER
He just got in a cab to the Upper
East Side.

BOBBY
East side? Shit.

EXT. NAT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A taxi cab rolls up outside of Nat's apartment. Jules gets out first, and helps Nat out. Jules puts Nat's arm around her shoulders and helps her up the stairs.

NAT
I'm getting married in two days.

JULES
Yes, you are.

NAT
Can you fucking believe it? I can't fucking believe it. He wants me, Jules.

JULES
You deserve it.

NAT
I do, don't I? I'm sorry I didn't make you my maid-of-honor. I just - you forgive me, right? It's just you're never around. And now you are, and I like it. You like spending time with me, right?

JULES
Honestly, I would have hated the job, your friends have a much better idea of what they're doing, so thank you. And yeah, you're pretty cool I guess.

NAT
So no hard feelings that I'm kicking you out when we get back from the honeymoon?

JULES
It's about time I got my shit together.

NAT
Yeah, and start helping me pay Mom and Dad's bills.
(pause)

(MORE)

NAT (cont'd)
You know I love you, Jules, don't
you? Even though you're way cooler
than me?

JULES
Love you too, Nat.

They walk into the building. Another taxi pulls up outside
of the apartment building. Adam stumbles out. At first he
mumbles, then he shouts.

ADAM
Jules! Jules! Jules! Jules!

Jules opens a window from Nat's apartment and pokes her head
out.

JULES
Adam?! What are you doing? Hold on,
I'll be right down. And shut up!

She closes the window.

ADAM
Jules! Jules!

He reaches the stairs and haphazardly starts climbing them,
more like crawling up them. Jules opens the front door to
the building and rushes down to him.

JULES
(she can't help but smile at
him)
Adam, what are you doing? You need
to go home.

ADAM
Jules.

JULES
(laughing and stroking his
head)
Wow, looks like someone had a good
time tonight. Come on let's get you
a cab.

ADAM
I am not that drunk. Please, just
stay with me.

She puts her arms around him and helps him back down the
stairs.

JULES
Come on, big guy. You'll see me
tomorrow. More importantly, you'll
see Nat tomorrow.

They get to the bottom of the stairs and look at each other.

ADAM
You're so pretty.

JULES
(not enthused)
Thanks. Now let's get that cab.

A taxi cab is coming down the street. Jules waves her hand. As it pulls up and to a stop, Adam pulls Jules in and kisses her. It takes her a moment to react, but she tries to push him away. It's difficult -- he's a lot bigger and stronger. Jules' jiu jitsu training takes over. With a few quick moves she has him moaning on the ground.

Bobby rushes out of the cab and stands there. He has seen everything.

Jules is livid, hugging her arms to her chest. She drifts away from both of them.

JULES
(to Bobby)
Get him the fuck out of here.

BOBBY
Jules --

JULES
Just go, Bobby!

Bobby gets in the cab after Adam. Jules watches them drive away.

INT. TAXI CAB - CONTINUOUS

Bobby and Adam sit as far away as possible from each other in the cab, each looking out their own window. Finally, Bobby speaks.

BOBBY
I can't fucking believe you did
that to her. And to Nat.

ADAM

Please. I'll just say I was
blackout and thought she was Nat.
Problem solved.

BOBBY

Right, because telling your fiance
would be the wrong thing to do.

ADAM

Yeah, you're right, it would.

(pause)

You'll never get a girl like Jules,
Bobby. She wants an asshole, just
like the rest of them.

BOBBY

Is that why she went for you just
now?

(to the driver)

Can you pull over please?

The cab pulls over. Bobby gets out and slams the door.

INT. CHURCH - EVENING

Nat, Adam, and their bridal parties sit and chat in pews at
the front of the church in their Sunday best. Jules walks
down the aisle to them, more straight-faced than the day she
walked off the plane.

NAT

Any sign?

JULES

Nope.

NAT

God, why do they always have to be
late? I specifically told Mom to be
on time for this. Thank God I
booked them a hotel around the
corner for tonight.

JULES

Twenty bucks they're still late for
the wedding tomorrow.

NAT

What is her problem?

JULES

Well they're coming with Veronica and Mike too so it's like a double whammy of lateness.

NAT

We should just get started. We'll fill them in later.

Nat motions to the PRIEST.

PRIEST

Ok, so here's what's going to happen tomorrow...

BACK OF CHURCH - MINUTES LATER

Nat and bridal parties, sans Adam and Bobby, stand in clumps as the MAID-OF-HONOR calls out names and lines people up. Jules hangs in the corner, not speaking.

MAID-OF-HONOR

Jules, you'll be with Billy at the end. Then me, then Nat. Veronica will go in front of you with Connor.

Jules gets into line. The pairs begin walking down the aisle. The door at the back opens and Veronica and Mike walk in, followed by Krystyna. Nat greets them.

Veronica and Mike are in their usual sweats.

NAT

Finally.

VERONICA

(to Mom)

See, I told you she would say something.

NAT

You're half an hour late, of course I'm going to say something.

KRYSTYNA

It's fine. See? Nothing's even started yet.

NAT

Yes, it has. We just haven't gotten very far because we were waiting for you.

VERONICA
I'm not doing this. Let's go.

KRYSTYNA
It's fine.

NAT
Where's Dad?

KRYSTYNA
He's coming.

NAT
Just go in and sit down.

KRYSTYNA
Veronica, go stand in line.

VERONICA
No. I'm not going where I'm not
wanted.

Nat rolls her eyes and stalks away. Krystyna, Mike, and
Veronica go to sit in the pews. Chester huffs in. He looks
pale and sickly, and he's not walking well.

CHESTER
(angrily)
I told them we were gonna be late.
I told them. Did they listen? No.
Of course not. Did we miss
anything?

NAT
You're fine Dad, it's ok. You
haven't really missed anything.
(with a smile)
You have only one job, remember?
Just relax.

CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The pairs walk down the aisle and into their spots. Bobby
looks intently at Jules as she gets to the front, trying to
catch her eye. Jules just stares straight ahead the whole
time. She feels Bobby's gaze and glances at him for barely a
second, then turns and walks to her spot on the altar.

PRIEST
(standing at his spot at the
front of the altar)

(MORE)

PRIEST (cont'd)
And once everyone has come through,
the music starts, and the bride and
her father walk down the aisle.

A smiling Nat starts down the aisle with Chester, who is trying to smile as he struggles to keep up. About halfway down, he falls over.

NAT
Oh my God! Dad!

She tries to help him up but struggles. Adam, Jules, and Bobby run to help. Adam gets there first. He grabs hold of Chester's arm just as Jules gets there. She shoves him out of the way.

JULES
Get off of him!

NAT
Jules!

Jules helps her dad up and sits him in the nearest pew.

BOBBY
I'll call an ambulance.

CHESTER
Oh, stop. I'm fine.

JULES
You don't look fine. We need to be
sure.

Bobby walks outside. By now everyone else has gathered around. Jules stands there, arms folded. Nat and Adam have their arms around each other.

Veronica is crying loudly.

VERONICA
Dad, are you ok?

JULES
(to Veronica)
Why don't you be useful for once
and go and get some water?

Veronica becomes hysterical.

MIKE
I'll get it.

NAT
(hissing to Jules)
What the hell is your problem?

Jules looks at her, then at Adam, then walks away.

EXT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Jules leaves the church and walks down the steps. She sits down at the bottom, off to the side. Bobby stands at the bottom of the middle of the stairs. He looks at Jules. She makes eye contact with him, then looks in the opposite direction.

Bobby takes a step toward her just as blaring ambulance pulls up. Two EMTs rush out and open the back of the ambulance to grab their stuff.

BOBBY
He's inside. I think he's ok.

EMT 1
(to EMT 2)
No stretcher.

The EMTs rush up the stairs. Bobby watches them. Then he walks over to Jules.

BOBBY
I'm sorry.

She doesn't look at him.

JULES
It's fine.

BOBBY
Not that it's my business, but, why haven't you told her?

JULES
You're right. It's not your business.

BOBBY
Jules. They're getting married. Don't you think that she should know what she's getting into?

JULES

Pretty sure most marriages are based on lies, so this one isn't going to be any different.

BOBBY

She's your sister.

JULES

(getting up and raising her voice)

Yeah, she is. She's my sister. And he's your brother. And he was drunk. Everybody gets drunk, and everybody does shitty things. Doesn't matter if it was me, or some girl at the strip club. And what do people do? They ignore it, they look past it. That's what you do to survive. And don't let anyone get close enough to hurt you. She should have learned that already, but she didn't. Well I'm not gonna be the one to teach her. Because I just got her back.

A tear escapes Jules' eye. Bobby embraces her. She nuzzles her head in his shoulder.

JULES

This is the only thing she wants. She'll never forgive me. And I don't want to take it away from her.

BOBBY

Ok...but you're preventing her from finding the real thing. You're wasting her time. And it's gonna be harder later on.

JULES

Everybody is wasting their time. There is no real thing.

BOBBY

You're seriously fucked up, you know that?

They both start laughing. Jules pulls away to look at him, but Bobby still holds on to her.

JULES

The closer you are to the ground,
the softer the fall.

BOBBY

So give her a softer fall.

Jules looks at him, tears welling up in her eyes, but not escaping.

JULES

I...

BOBBY

Tell her, Jules. You're better than
this. You don't trust anyone, fine.
But this is why. Do you want to be
an accomplice to the madness, or do
you want to change it? Tell her.

NAT (O.S.)

Tell who what?

They turn to look at Nat, who is standing a few steps above them. Adam is a few steps behind her. He slowly walks down until he is at Nat's level. Nat is still heated.

NAT

Dad's fine by the way.

She notices their embrace.

NAT

What's going on?

Jules pulls away from Bobby. She looks at him. He nods.

JULES

I--Last night, um, after we got
back. And I put you to bed--

ADAM

--Tell her, Jules. Tell her
everything.

Jules looks confusedly at Adam. Bobby takes a step toward him. Nat looks at Adam, then back at Jules.

NAT

What?

JULES

Adam. He, he came to the apartment.
It was all just a misunderstanding,
really. He was really drunk.

BOBBY

Jules.

ADAM

She kissed me, Nat. Your slut
sister tried to make out with me
when I was black out drunk.

Bobby runs up to his brother. Veronica and Mike stand at the
doorway to the church.

JULES

What? No! He kissed me, Nat!

Bobby punches Adam in the face. Nat stares at her sister.
The boys scuffle.

MIKE

Holy shit.

VERONICA

I didn't do anything.

JULES

I tried to push him away! I did
push him away! Bobby! Stop! Look,
Nat, I didn't know what to do! I'm
honestly telling you what happened.

NAT

I finally had it. I finally had a
way to separate myself from this
shithole family. And you couldn't
let me go. God forbid you would
have to take on the responsibility
for once.

JULES

What the fuck are you talking
about?

NAT

Are you sleeping with Bobby, too? I
mean, I always knew you were
selfish but I really have to hand
it to you this time.

BOBBY

(breaking away from a moaning
Adam)

Nat, you don't know what you're--

NAT

Shut up! Both of you!

JULES

Nat, please. I'm telling you the
truth. I just want you to be happy.

Nat laughs.

NAT

Yeah? Did you hear that, Adam? She
wants us to be happy. Where are you
off to next, Jules? Don't let me,
don't let our dying parents, stop
you.

JULES

Don't worry, I won't.

Jules runs.

VERONICA

Jules!

(to Nat)

I'm supposed to be the pathological
liar, not her!

EXT. NAT'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Jules runs all the way back to Nat's apartment.

INT. NAT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jules grabs all her stuff and shoves it into her huge
backpack. She leaves the key on the counter and walks out
the door.

INT. TAYLOR'S BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - NIGHT

A knock on the door. Taylor opens it. Jules stands in the
pouring rain, weighed down by all her stuff.

Jules trudges into the living room, drops her stuff, then
drops herself onto the couch. She puts her face in her hands
and just cries.

Taylor looks extremely worried. She just stands in the doorway, watching. Margot appears at her side.

MARGOT
What's going on?

TAYLOR
(stunned)
I didn't know she could cry.

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - SACKLER WING - DAY

Rain pounds on the glass panes that make up one wall of the room. Jules sits cross-legged on the bench that makes the upper edge of the reflecting pool. She reads a travel guide to West Africa.

NAT (O.S.)
I thought I'd find you here.

Jules looks up. In front of her stand Nat and Zachary, holding hands.

NAT
Though, to be honest, it was all his idea.

Jules musters a small, sad smile at Zach. She goes back to reading her book.

NAT (O.S.)
Bobby told me everything that happened.

Two small hands appear on the top edge of Nat's book. Nat looks up. Zach is eye-level with Jules, his face inches from hers.

ZACH
I've been taking care of Merle while you're away. I read him a story every night before bedtime.

Jules grabs him and hugs him.

JULES
Thanks.

ZACH
He asks when you're coming back. So you can read us both a story before bedtime.

Jules looks at him. Her eyes grow watery. She blinks hard and swallows.

JULES
Can you take care of him for me a
little longer?

ZACH
Okay.

He goes back to stand next to Nat.

NAT
He's been looking for you, too.
Bobby. Though I'm sure you know
that. He calls almost every day. I
told him he should give up like I
did, since you obviously don't know
how to answer a cell phone.

JULES
Must've missed that lesson.

NAT
Look, I'm sorry, ok?

Jules starts packing up her stuff.

NAT
And, thanks. The truth is, you kept
me from making a big mistake.

JULES
I have to go.

NAT
To West Africa?

JULES
Yup. You know, since I can't seem
to do any good here, I figure, go
where it's really fucked up, it
might be easier.

Jules starts walking away.

NAT
Yeah, just keep running away from
your problems!

JULES
It's what I do best!

Zach pulls away from Nat and runs to grab Jules' leg.

ZACH

Don't go!

She kneels down to him.

JULES

Don't worry, Zach, you'll forget
about me lickety-split. I promise.
Take care of Merle, ok?

NAT

Are you even gonna say bye to mom
and dad?

She stands up.

JULES

I don't really have time. I leave
in two days and I have a lot of
shit to do before then.

She looks down at Zach, hugging her leg and looking back up
at her. She looks at Nat.

JULES

I'll call them or something.

She pulls Zach off her leg.

JULES

I really have to go.

Jules walks away. Zach starts to cry. Jules starts running.
Tears stream down her face.

INT. JFK AIRPORT - EARLY AFTERNOON

Jules stands in line at the check-in counter, in the same
outfit she wore the day she arrived in NY. Her huge backpack
is on her shoulders. She talks on her cell phone as she goes
through the retractable belt barrier maze.

JULES

...yes, I have safely arrived at
the aeropuerto.

(listening)

You can throw out any shit I left
in your apartment. I don't even
know what's there. And tell Margot
I said bye.

The woman in front of Jules struggles to wheel two massive suitcases, one in each arm, with a large duffel slung over her shoulder. She drops one of the handles and the suitcase falls. She struggles to pick it up.

JULES

(turning around and
whispering)

Dude, homegirl in front of me has like 2 huge-ass suitcases in addition to a carry-on. Like, we're getting on a plane to Senegal not Sao Paulo. Unless you're in an arms deal you're in for a rude awakening.

(listening)

Right, but that was years ago and I didn't know what the climate was like and I didn't know what kind of functions we were going to attend and I don't like to feel unprepared.

(listening)

Ok thank you I feel sufficiently covered in bullshit are you finished now? Thank god I have you to remind me that every wiseman was once a moron.

(listening)

Yes, I am the wiseman I am referring to.

(listening)

That still doesn't change the fact that the ratio of idiots to non-idiots is more unsettling than the ratio of potato chip to bag.

BOBBY (O.S.)

Is that supposed to be a joke?

Almost at the front of the line now, Bobby stands on the other side of the belt-barrier where the check-in counters are.

JULES

I have to go, Taylor, I'm almost at the counter.

(listening)

Yeah, I'll email you when I get there or something.

(listening)

Bye.

She hangs up. She tightly grips her backpack straps. She looks everywhere but his face.

JULES

This is extremely creepy, you know.

BOBBY

I'm hoping you'll use some of your defense mechanisms to ignore that.

JULES

My defense mechanisms are blaring, actually.

BOBBY

Don't go.

JULES

You're a little late.

BOBBY

I've been trying to find you for weeks give me a little credit.

JULES

I thought I was supposed to forget that part?

BOBBY

Jules. Just shut up for a second. What about Zach?

JULES

Zach will forget about me before he knows it.

Jules is next in line. Bobby stands between her and the counter.

JULES

There's nothing keeping me here, Bobby.

Bobby looks like he's been punched in the stomach.

BOBBY

Don't say that unless you really mean it.

She looks at him for the first time. Their eyes bore into each other. She sighs. Her eyes start to well up. He pulls her out of line.

JULES
I don't even know you.

BOBBY
Yes you do.

JULES
Well you don't know me.

BOBBY
I don't think anyone knows you.

Jules starts to cry.

BOBBY
But you can't say I'm not trying.

JULES
(wiping her tears)
Jesus fucking Christ. Now that I've
started I can't stop!

Bobby cradles her face with both his hands and wipes away
her tears.

BOBBY
I'm not going to walk away until I
know you've tried as hard as I
have. Push me away all you want
Jules, but I'm not going to let you
down.

JULES
I broke two families, Bobby.
(she shakes her head)
Three! I can't be trusted.

Still holding her face, he draws it close to his.

BOBBY
Jules! You didn't break any
families! You made one.

He kisses her, gently at first then strongly. She seems to
melt.

Bobby and Jules walk to the exit. He carries her backpack as
she curls around his arm. She pulls out her phone.

ON SCREEN

To Taylor Morales: I think someone just passed the test.

ON JULES AND BOBBY

JULES
I can't actually date you, you
know.

CUT TO BLACK

BOBBY (O.S.)
Yeah? And why would that be?

ON SCREEN

Let Me Down.

JULES (O.S.)
For one thing: Nat. I just
destroyed her love life. I can't
rub it in her face by having one
myself, especially since I'm
supposed to be the sister who's
forever alone. That reputation has
taken years to build. For another
thing, my mom will probably love
you.

BOBBY (O.S.)
Let's get on that plane.

CUT TO

EXT. JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Jules and Bobby walk into the sunlight outside through
sliding glass doors. Nat and Veronica sit in a car parked
next the the curb. Jules looks confusedly at Jack.

JACK
What? I needed someone to watch the
car.

NAT
More like reinforcements to help
kick your ass.

VERONICA
I'm engaged!

Jules and Bobby get in the car.

CUT TO BLACK

As the credits role, there is a

MONTAGE - BLACK AND WHITE PRINTS (STOP MOTION)

1. Veronica's civil service wedding. Jules and Bobby entertain Veronica's drooly baby while Nat photographs.

2. Bobby and Jules give Nat and her husband a tour of their newly built home (Jules photographs).

3. Nat and Jules in the hospital after Nat gives birth (Bobby photographs).

4. Bobby and Jules on vacation. Bobby surprises Jules with a ring. She is so caught of guard she knocks the ring and camera out of his hand.

END MONTAGE

FADE OUT