# PATRONS OF THE UNIVERSE

by Daniel Park

Danielpark2288@gmail.com 781-879-9773

INT. MEAGHAN'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

We are in a cramped bedroom. A BOOKSHELF is crammed with BOOKS of all sizes, a half eaten SANDWICH sits on a DESK next to an ashtray full of burned out JOINTS. The entire floor is littered with CLOTHING.

An ALARM CLOCK suddenly blares loudly.

MEAGHAN LAWRENCE, a spunky girl in her early twenties, immediately slaps the CLOCK quiet and looks at the time.

**MEAGHAN** 

God damn it!

She quickly kicks out of her bed, grabs some of her things, and runs out of her room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN'S roommate AMY, is passed out on the couch.

She is still dressed in nightclub attire. A trash bin full of puke sits next to her face.

MEAGHAN grabs a blanket and covers AMY.

**MEAGHAN** 

Oh Amy.

AMY

Huh what?

**MEAGHAN** 

Feel better. Have a good day.

AMY

Blah.

MEAGHAN runs out of the apartment.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN pays the cashier and hurries out with a cup of coffee.

Thanks so much. Have a good day.

INT. SUBWAY - CONTINUOUS

Meaghan is sitting down, sipping from her cup of coffee. Headphones are plugged into her ears as we ANGLE to her point of view.

The train is crammed with half-awake commuters.

INT. BATHROOM - RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN is dressed in her waitress uniform.

She looks exhausted as she looks back at her reflection. A beat. She starts talking to herself.

#### **MEAGHAN**

Let's just get through the day for now, Meaghan. Okay? How does that sound? Great. Fantastic. It sounds like the game plan. Let's just get through the day, yeah? Yeah. Okay then.

MEAGHAN applies the final touches of make up to her face and exits the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM/ VINCENT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

VINCENT DEVOLSON, a scraggly looking male in his late twenties, is surrounded by tins of water filled with paintbrushes and tubes of paint in a cramped one room studio apartment.

He stares at a BLANK CANVAS resting on an easel. We focus in on the canvas as VINCENT gets ready. He starts squeezing out the tubes of paint on his wooden palette, and starts to blend together some of the colors.

CREDITS ROLL as VINCENT starts painting.

An outline of a circle is quickly marked on the canvas. Various shades of color are quickly accentuated and become the different hues of skin color and hair. The eyes, the pupils suddenly stare out at us. The nose. Strands of hair. The drooping bags underneath the eyes. The little pores on

the chin and on the tip of the nose. More and more specific details are gradually added in until it all slowly conglobulates into VINCENT'S face on a canvas.

END CREDITS.

VINCENT is exhausted. He crawls to his sofa and quickly passes out.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN picks up the check from two SUITS as they get up and leave from the table.

**MEAGHAN** 

(beaming)

Thank you very much gentlemen. Have a great day.

SUIT 1

(to SUIT 2)

And then we have to contact Johnny for those extra contacts. More capital, more profit.

SUIT 2

Fuck, yeah. Absolutely.

They exit as MEAGHAN looks at the check and processes it on the computer.

**MEAGHAN** 

Motherfuckers.

She closes out the check and exits downstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. VINCENT'S APARTMENT - LATER

VINCENT awakes from the sofa. It is now late afternoon. He stares at the PORTRAIT.

LATER:

VINCENT is checking his email on the computer. He opens up the first EMAIL. The COMPUTER reads it out loud.

Click.

EMAIL

Mr. Devolson, thank you for submitting your pieces to the Gallery of New talent. Unfortunately...

Delete. Another email. Click.

EMAIL

.. However due to the high number of submissions..

Delete. Click.

EMAIL

...Submissions open up once again in August. Sincerely..

Delete. Click. Click. Click.

VINCENT shuts off his computer.

VINCENT turns and blankly stares at his SELF PORTRAIT.

He gets up, and goes to a drawer. He pulls out a large bag of weed.

LATER:

VINCENT is smoking a huge joint. The BEATLES lightly play in the background.

VINCENT

Hm.

His stomach begins to growl.

INT. SUPERMARKET - CONTINUOUS

Generic supermarket music is playing on the speakers as VINCENT is strolling by the shelves, high as a kite. He throws every other item into the shopping cart.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT - LATE AFTERNOON

MEAGHAN exits out of a modern looking RESTAURANT and sits down on a bench.

She stretches out her legs and lights a cigarette. Exhales.

A beat. She gets up and begins to walk towards the subway. She takes out her phone and calls VINCENT.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. VINCENT'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

VINCENT is in his kitchen, blankly staring at the oven. Something bakes inside. He hears the phone and goes to answer it.

We can see that his entire kitchen is now a mess: empty tin cans of tomato sauce, scattered flour, a sink full of dirty bowls and utensils, etc.

**MEAGHAN** 

Hey lover.

VINCENT

Hi.

**MEAGHAN** 

What are you up to on this glorious afternoon?

VINCENT

Guess.

**MEAGHAN** 

Hm.

VINCENT

Hm?

MEAGHAN

You're getting high?

VINCENT

Past tense. I am high. Guess what I'm doing though that actually takes a conscious effort.

**MEAGHAN** 

You're painting...

VINCENT

No, no, no.

**MEAGHAN** 

No?

VINCENT

Yeah, absolutely no.

A beat.

MEAGHAN

What's wrong? What happened?

VINCENT

Will you please just guess?

**MEAGHAN** 

Oh my god, Vincent, all you do is get stoned and make art. I don't know. What are you doing?

VINCENT

Well, that was kind of mean.

**MEAGHAN** 

I'm bored out of my mind, just got out of another mind numbingly monotonous shift, and really, really want to come and see you. I didn't mean to be mean, you know that. What are you doing? I give up. Just tell me...

VINCENT

Well, it's really interesting you ask me that Meg, because at the moment, I'm sitting in my kitchen admiring the vegetarian lasagna and cheesecake souffle that I've been working on for the last several hours. It's all finally baking in the oven and I have to say, the sense of accomplishment is overwhelming. Would you like to come over then and help me enjoy the fruits of my labor?

MEAGHAN

You made food?

VINCENT

Yes.

**MEAGHAN** 

Really?

VINCENT

Really.

MEAGHAN

I'm walking to the train now.

VINCENT

Hurray. Hey, would you mind getting a bottle of wine on the way? I would, but you know, I'm stoned and can't really move, mentally or physically.

MEAGHAN

You're hilarious. Is red okay?

VINCENT

I love you.

**MEAGHAN** 

See you in a bit. Love you.

They both hang up. VINCENT goes back to staring at his oven. MEAGHAN stubs out her cigarette and gets on the train.

CUT TO:

INT. VINCENT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A knock on the front door.

VINCENT, shuffles to the front door and opens it.

MEAGHAN, stands at the entrance holding a bottle of wine.

**MEAGHAN** 

You okay with Pinot Noir?

VINCENT

You complete me.

They kiss as VINCENT closes the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

VINCENT and MEAGHAN pass back and forth a fat joint as smoke rises up to the ceiling. Two glasses of wine are almost empty along with stained plates of lasagna and cheesecake.

Bravo.

VINCENT

You liked?

**MEAGHAN** 

I loved.

MEAGHAN kisses VINCENT.

MEAGHAN (CONT'D)

You really made that.

VINCENT

Why are you laughing?

MEAGHAN

Ah babe, I'm sorry, I don't mean to laugh. It's just that..

VINCENT

Just what..

MEAGHAN

I didn't know that you could cook. I mean now that I think about it, I guess it makes sense..

VINCENT

I just felt like putting all my energy into something else for a change. Switch it up a bit.

A beat.

**MEAGHAN** 

It was amazing Vin. You're amazing.

She kisses Vincent again.

MEAGHAN (CONT'D)

How was your day? When did you start preparing all of this?

VINCENT

I'm in a weird funk again.

A beat.

MEAGHAN

What happened?

## VINCENT

Oh, nothing too major. Oh right, nothing asides from me waking up this afternoon and realizing that I've been rejected by every art show/ gallery I've been applying to for the past several months and realizing that I don't even know what it is that I'm actually even doing anymore.

A beat.

#### MEAGHAN

You know you're talented. It's only a matter of time before you get accepted somewhere.

## VINCENT

Several different curators and art directors couldn't disagree more.

## **MEAGHAN**

Vincent, you're a painter trying to make a living in the twenty first century. You're supposed to struggle. Isn't that how it's supposed to work?

#### VINCENT

Have you not seen the garbage up at Chrystie's? What about them?

# **MEAGHAN**

Your artwork is brilliant, Vin. It's brilliant. It's only a matter of time.

A beat.

VINCENT

You're right. I'm sorry.

MEAGHAN

Sorry about what?

## VINCENT

I really don't mean to come off as whiny or self deprecating, it's just you know..it stings is all. Getting endlessly rejected. Not feeling valued or wanted. I just get confused and shit..

MEAGHAN kisses Vincent.

MEAGHAN

I want you. I value you..

VINCENT

Can I show you my new portrait?

**MEAGHAN** 

Show me.

Vincent leads Meaghan to his bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

VINCENT and MEAGHAN are both laying underneath some blankets.

MEAGHAN is deep asleep. VINCENT'S eyes are wide awake as he stares up at the ceiling.

A million thoughts run through his mind.

VINCENT finally shuts his eyes and falls asleep.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

MEAGHAN wakes up and realizes that VINCENT is already gone.

**MEAGHAN** 

Vin?

She gets up and gets dressed.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

VINCENT is frantically cooking pancakes and bacon and eggs. Fresh coffee is brewing. A pitcher of juice has been freshly squeezed and sits on the table.

MEAGHAN enters with her things, half dressed.

MEAGHAN

Oh my god, please tell me you slept.

VINCENT

Sit down, have some of this before you go.

MEAGHAN sits down calmly as VINCENT sets down two plates on the table. He quickly pours two glasses of juice and two cups of coffee.

VINCENT

Have some coffee to start the day.

**MEAGHAN** 

Okay.

VINCENT

Look, I haven't been able to sleep for some time now, and I was thinking all night about this. And I saw you sleeping next to me, and it just hit me like a ton of bricks. This sudden realization. So I'm going to ask you something, and I don't want you to think about the answer, okay? Just say the first thing that comes to mind.

**MEAGHAN** 

Okay.

VINCENT

What is the one thing that you want in this whole entire world? What's the one thing in your whole entire existence that would make you unbelievably happy if you could have it, if you could have anything?

A beat.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

You're thinking!!!

**MEAGHAN** 

You make me happy, Vincent. You. Being with you.

VINCENT

I'm being serious.

MEAGHAN

So am I.

A beat.

MEAGHAN (CONT'D)

Why would you even question that? You know how I feel about you.

VINCENT

..You had to think about it.

MEAGHAN

Hey jerk, all I look forward to at the end of each day is being able to just be with you. Okay? What makes you happy? Don't think..

VINCENT

Do you want to take off with me, Meg? As soon as possible, we leave everything. Yes? Please say yes.

A beat.

MEAGHAN

What are you talking about right now?

VINCENT

The dead end job, the continuously rising rent, the exhausting commute, taxes, the stack of bills, everything and anything. We leave all of it. Just you and me.

**MEAGHAN** 

You need to get some rest. You're thinking too much again.

VINCENT

So your answer's no. You wouldn't want to..

**MEAGHAN** 

Yes, I would prefer to not be homeless and jobless.

VINCENT

No, we would still work. We would still live. But under different circumstances..We'd have each other, right? Being with me makes you happy, remember?

MEAGHAN

Vin, you're kind of starting to piss me off.

VINCENT

And why is that?

**MEAGHAN** 

You're like twisting my words around to get into this bullshit fantasy of yours.

VINCENT

What part of this is a bullshit fantasy?

MEAGHAN

I don't even know what the fuck you're even talking about right now..

VINCENT

I'm saying let's get away from modern civilization. Back into nature. To just have some time and space to ourselves. You know? To be just absolutely liberated and free, to just just pack it all up, and just BAM! go, no second thoughts, someplace entirely new, someplace where we won't have to worry about how we're going to live, but to just live. To just being and feeling alive, growing our own food, living back in mother nature..

MEAGHAN gets up and holds VINCENT'S head in her hands. She buries her eyes into him.

MEAGHAN

VINCENT, look at me. I want you to look at me.

VINCENT looks at MEAGHAN in a frenzy.

MEAGHAN (CONT'D)

Are you on anything?

VINCENT

No.

VINCENT begins to cry.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I don't know what to do Meg. I just don't know what to do anymore. I'm sorry.

LATER:

VINCENT is passed out on the couch. MEAGHAN slowly readjusts the blanket on top of him.

**MEAGHAN** 

Hey, I'm going to be late for work. Just keep sleeping okay? I'll call you when I get off.

VINCENT

Have a good day at work.

**MEAGHAN** 

I packed up everything into the fridge. Can we eat this together when I get back?

VINCENT

Okay.

**MEAGHAN** 

Okay. I love you. With everything in me. You know this.

VINCENT

I love you too.

**MEAGHAN** 

I left some Chamomile tea on the stove if you want some later.

VINCENT

I'll have some later. Thank you.

MEAGHAN

Okay bye. Love you.

VINCENT

Bye.

MEAGHAN passionately kisses VINCENT and exits the apartment.

EXT. VINCENT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN holds herself back from crying as she walks down the sidewalk. She clears her tears from her face as she gets near the subway.

MEAGHAN

Get it together, Meg. Get it together.

She exits into the subway station.

INT. VINCENT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

VINCENT is immediately up. He looks over at the clock.

It blinks 10:18 am.

#### LATER:

The clock blinks 12:06 pm.

VINCENT is sitting in front of his PORTRAIT with a bottle of whiskey. He takes another pull from the bottle.

## LATER:

VINCENT is sitting on the rooftop with his PORTRAIT, the bottle is now almost half empty. He sets down the bottle, picks the PORTRAIT up and begins to talk to it.

## VINCENT

No, you tell me, what to do. Go ahead tell me. Huh? Tell me. Do you have talent, do you? Do you? You've been doing everything you could in your power right? You've been painting diligently and with everything you have in you for the past several years right? So what does that tell you when no one wants your shit? It's a lost cause, isn't it? Isn't it? I mean, you love Meaghan, and Meaghan loves you, and you feel amazing when you're with her, but other than her, who are you Vincent? What are you? What is your purpose here? Just destroy me already. Just shatter me into a million pieces, and take off. Get as far away from here as you possibly can, okay? Go, just go. Let me go.

VINCENT walks towards the edge of the rooftop and gets dangerously close. He dangles the PORTRAIT over the side as he stares into the EYES.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Just let me go already.

Someone yells out from below.

PEDESTRIAN

Get back on the fucking roof dude! Are you fucking crazy?!

VINCENT

(to himself)

God damn it.

VINCENT quickly retreats from the edge of the roof and goes back into the apartment. His SELF PORTRAIT is unscathed as VINCENT stumbles back down the stairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT - LATE NIGHT

It is late night on a weekend as a few long legged models stumble around barefoot. One pukes on the side of the street.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Subtle techno sounds blare throughout the dining room.

The restaurant has morphed from an early lunch spot into a dark, clubby late night scene.

MEAGHAN, is currently taking an order from a wall street SUIT and his anorexic MODEL girlfriend.

**MEAGHAN** 

Good evening folks, how are you?

SUIT

(interrupting)

Get me a Johnny Walker Black double neat for me and a cocktail for her.

MODEL

What cocktails are good here?

**MEAGHAN** 

We have a lychee martini that is quite popular.

MODEL

Is it really sweet?

MEAGHAN

No. But we could make it less sweet for you.

MODEL

No, I want it really sweet.

**MEAGHAN** 

Sure, absolutely.

MODEL

Fantastic.

MEAGHAN

Great. And was there a preference for water? Bottled sparkling, still..

MODEL

(dismissing MEAGHAN)
Oh my God, baby, they have the tartare. We have to get that.

SUIT

We'll get it babe. You want some sushi too?

MODEL

Well duh. Where is it?

SUIT

(back to MEAGHAN)

What sort of sushi you got?

**MEAGHAN** 

All sushi selections are on the very back page.

MODEL

Did you have any cooked sushi? I don't really do raw.

**MEAGHAN** 

We can try and do that for you. Were there any allergies that the chef should be aware of?

MODEL

I can't have shellfish, meat, dairy, or gluten. And I'm trying to stay light on the carbs. Can you remember all of that?

MEAGHAN

Of course.

SUIT

(to MEAGHAN)

How about this, you figure it all out, and bring us the drinks.

**MEAGHAN** 

Of course.

MODEL

And actually could I change that drink to a cosmo? Lychees don't sound appealing anymore.

**MEAGHAN** 

Absolutely.

MODEL

What sort of vodkas do you have?

MEAGHAN

We have Ketel, Belvedere, Grey goose...

MODEL

Ooh, Grey goose. Give me Grey goose.

MEAGHAN

Of course.

SUIT

Okay fine, make her a Grey Goose cosmo. Just put in the order and bring the drinks. We're in a hurry.

MODEL

(back to MEAGHAN)

And could you make that cosmo more sweet?

MEAGHAN

Of course.

MODEL

Extra pink, extra limes.

SUIT

Great. And bring us some water, we're parched.

MEAGHAN

Right away sir.

MODEL

And some extra ice in a glass please, with a side of lemons.

**MEAGHAN** 

Right away ma'am.

MODEL

And a napkin for my gum. Thank you.

MEAGHAN

Of course. Right away folks. Right away. Thank you very much.

The MODEL laughs hysterically as the SUIT makes an obscene gesture.

MEAGHAN steps away and blankly stares at her computer.

A long beat. She sighs.

INT. BEDROOM/ VINCENT'S APARTMENT - LATER

VINCENT is sitting at his computer browsing through different ads for vacant ROOMS.

We ANGLE to his view as we see ad after ad of different options. The cursor finally stops on one listing.

"--Come join us, fellow patron of the universe."

VINCENT clicks. The whole screen suddenly fills up.

Multiple pictures of breathtaking nature scenery suddenly flood the screen. Acres and acres of land. The infinite stretch of forest. Calm still bodies of water. The rising sun.

A soothing female voice, DEBORAH, plays on the computer.

DEBORAH (VO)

"This room is specifically intended for the struggling artist looking for a place of solace and inspiration located far and beyond from the hectic city.."

We follow VINCENT'S eyes reading the ad.

VINCENT

Holy shit.

DEBORAH'S VOICE continues to narrate:

## DEBORAH (VO)

I welcome you fellow brother and sister. Where you originally come from is not the pressing matter, whether it's from the tribe of God, Jesus, Allah, Shiva, Buddha, or Ganesha. We are the patrons of the universe. Our goal within our limited time here is to try and make our own heaven on earth. Join us ye brilliant creator who has been cast out and endlessly rejected from a cold and heartless society, we welcome you. Join us ye artist who is on the final verge of being fully exasperated of any original and inspired content, we seek such an individual. An individual who needs rest, who needs to rejuvenate the senses, an individual who needs to reignite imagination and passion for creation. Join us....

VINCENT stops for a moment to take another long drag off of a fat joint. He lights it and inhales.

He cursors to his EMAIL and begins to type hysterically.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT - LATE NIGHT

We are outside the RESTAURANT once more.

MEAGHAN is still dressed in her waitress uniform, absolutely exhausted. She is reclined on the bench, smoking a cigarette while leaving VINCENT a VOICEMAIL on her phone.

# MEAGHAN

(into phone)

Hey, Vin, I don't know why you're not picking up your phone. I'm really hoping it's because you're finally deep asleep and actually getting some rest. So anyways, Amy's back in her binge drinking, existential crisis mode again so I'm going to go and have a drink with her for tonight unless you call me back. If not, I'll see you tomorrow. I love you a lot Vin. Call me whenever you get this. Bye.

She hangs up her phone, gets up, and lights another cigarette as she walks down the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN is having a drink with AMY, who is dressed to impress.

AMY

Are you seriously still in your work clothes?

**MEAGHAN** 

Are you seriously dressed for the Oscars?

AMY

Oh, Meg. Come on. Why?

MEAGHAN

Don't come on me. You woke up next to a trash bin full of puke yesterday.

AMY

I at least had fun the night before. When's the last time you did that? You know, had actual fun?

**MEAGHAN** 

Having fun is overrated.

(looking back at her phone)

I've called this jerk several times already. What the fuck..

**AMY** 

Why don't you just go over to his place then? You're bumming me out.

MEAGHAN

It makes him feel nervous. He prefers me to call first.

AMY

Are you fucking kidding me? What is he nine?

MEAGHAN

You've met him, Amy. The guy's annoyed by his own shadow. He likes (MORE)

his own sense of space, as do I. We're on the same page.

AMY

Why do you date such weird assholes?

MEAGHAN

He's passionate, a great listener, incredible in bed...

AMY

Weird as fuck..

MEAGHAN

Artists are the most under appreciated people in society. They give us great artwork to reflect, to think, to elevate...

AMY

(interrupting)

Van Gogh shot himself in a field, Pollock died from drunk driving, Basquiat overdosed on heroin..Psycho, drunk, and a druggie respectively. No thank you. Finance type please, thank you.

**MEAGHAN** 

How are we friends? How? I'll never know..

AMY

Meaghan, can you just please do me this one favor? Just loosen up? Ignore that phone for one night, and just get shitfaced with me? Yes?

**MEAGHAN** 

I'm here having a drink with you, aren't I? Cheers you bimbo.

AMY

Cheers you weirdo. I love you.

MEAGHAN and AMY clink their glasses and drain their drinks. The BARTENDER quickly makes his way over.

BARTENDER

Sorry to interrupt, ladies. These are from the two gentlemen over there.

The BARTENDER puts down two shot glasses full of expensive whiskey.

AMY

I'm sorry, who?

The BARTENDER points to two guys at the end of the bar. Both are dressed in dress shirts. AMY lifts her glass in a cheering motion, as the two guys smile and cheers back.

AMY (CONT'D)

Turn the hell around, Meg. They're really cute. Be polite for once.

 ${\tt MEAGHAN}$  turns and does a cheesy version of the cheers motion.

**MEAGHAN** 

Oh my god. Yuppies.

MEAGHAN drains the shot.

The TWO GUYS make their way over.

LATER:

JAMES, a good looking blonde male, late twenties, is sitting down next to Meaghan and making small talk.

**JAMES** 

I see. Are you born and raised?

**MEAGHAN** 

(bored)

No, I moved here from a Suburb. You?

**JAMES** 

I actually just flew in from LA. Just a little jet lagged at the moment.

**MEAGHAN** 

I'm going to assume that you're an actor?

**JAMES** 

Is it really that obvious?

**MEAGHAN** 

Well, you look like you just stepped out of an Abercrombie and Fitch ad, and your voice sounds like it should be narrating an ad for Old Spice. I just got a hunch.

**JAMES** 

I don't even know what to say.

**MEAGHAN** 

I'm still just trying to figure my own shit out.

**JAMES** 

Pardon?

MEAGHAN

I assumed you were going to ask me next what it was that I did, so I just jumped ahead with an answer.

JAMES

(slightly baffled)

You're funny.

DAVE, a taller guy with a mustache, comes in with AMY and joins MEAGHAN and JAMES.

DAVE

One more round of shots? What do you ladies say?

AMY

One more round? Honey, we're closing this place down. It's not even three.

MEAGHAN

No, one more last round of shots sounds amazing Dave. Thanks Dave.

**JAMES** 

Agreed.

AMY

Will you two just relax? Bartender!

Oh my god..Amy, stop yelling.

AMY

Guys, we're closing this bar down, and then we're all going to smoke a big fat ass J.

DAVE

Amy, where have you been all my life?

AMY

Bartender! Four shots.. one for yourself as well.

MEAGHAN slaps herself on the forehead.

The BARTENDER starts lining up the last round of shots.

DAVE

(to MEAGHAN)

I don't know if you're into movies at all, but I'm just letting you know that you're currently having a drink with the next big thing in Hollywood..Just letting you know.

**JAMES** 

Dave, shut up. Now.

**MEAGHAN** 

Am I now?

(to JAMES)

Are you James? You're the next big thing?

**JAMES** 

Don't listen to him. Dave, shut up.

DAVE

He came out here just to do a play for a few weeks. There'll be a raving review about him in the TIMES a few days from now. I assure you.

**JAMES** 

Okay, let's do these shots. Thanks Dave.

DAVE

What? Just sharing the good news dude!

AMY

(to JAMES)

Oh my god! You're in the new superhero movie, I knew it!

JAMES slaps himself on the forehead.

**JAMES** 

Amy, you seem like a sweetheart but please pipe it down. Dave, I'm going to punch you in the larynx when we get home. Cheers everyone.

MEAGHAN can't help but actually laugh.

Everyone cheers and drains their shots.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Everyone drunkenly spills out of the bar. It is really late night now.

AMY is making out with DAVE to the side of the bar.

JAMES talks with MEAGHAN.

MEAGHAN

So a play. You're here for a play.

**JAMES** 

Yeah, just for a few weeks. I fly out back West after the run. Would you like to come and check it out? I'd love to have you.

MEAGHAN

I don't really have that much free time...

**JAMES** 

Well, take my number down, and if you ever feel like, I can get you a free ticket..

A beat.

Yeah okay. Fine.

**JAMES** 

Here, give me your phone.

MEAGHAN hands JAMES her phone. JAMES punches in his number and hands it back to MEAGHAN.

MEAGHAN

James, I'm just letting you know that I do have a boyfriend.

**JAMES** 

You told me this already. Call me whenever if you actually plan on coming. Show ends the 16th.

MEAGHAN

Okay.

A beat.

**JAMES** 

It was really nice meeting you Meaghan.

MEAGHAN

Have a good night James. Amy, let's fucking go! It's five!

AMY pushes off DAVE and stumbles towards Meaghan.

AMY

Call me tomorrow.

DAVE

You know it.

JAMES gives one final look at MEAGHAN.

**JAMES** 

I hope to see you soon Meaghan.

**MEAGHAN** 

Good night James.

Everyone disperses and walks in opposite directions.

AMY

Oh my god, he's so hot. God.

It's almost five in the morning, shit head.

Meaghan hails a taxi. AMY ends up hurling all over the street.

MEAGHAN (CONT'D)

Motherfucker!

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM / MEAGHAN'S APARTMENT - LATER

AMY is back on the couch as MEAGHAN places a trash bin next to her face. She throws a blanket back on AMY.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN snuggles into her bed and checks her phone. No new messages, no voice mails.

She places her phone next to her pillow and falls asleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY

We hear heavy breathing. It gets closer and closer as VINCENT suddenly runs by us, dressed in a bright white toga.

HEAVY DJEMBE DRUMS play over this scene as VINCENT runs like an animal, weaving his way through all the enormous tree trunks. Monkeys and the sounds of birds all reverberate around us.

EXT. CLIFF

VINCENT breaks out from the trees and finds himself running towards the edge of a cliff. He jumps off without a second thought, diving headfirst into the ocean. We follow him plummet all the way down as he splashes into the dark blue body of water.

CUT TO:

INT. MEAGHAN'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN jumps out of her bed, flailing.

MEAGHAN

Holy shit!

Her heart rate gradually returns to normal. She kicks out of her bed and makes her way to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

MEAGHAN sits at the table drinking a Gatorade. She checks her phone. Still nothing.

AMY is long gone. The blankets are already neatly folded and placed on the couch.

The time is 8:02 pm. Meaghan realizes that she has slept through the whole day.

Her phone suddenly rings. MEAGHAN jumps and picks it up.

VINCENT

Hi.

MEAGHAN

Why haven't you been picking up your phone?

VINCENT

You sound upset. I can explain everything.

**MEAGHAN** 

I'm not upset. It's just a little irritating when you decide to completely ignore me is all.

VINCENT

I'm on my way to your place right now.

**MEAGHAN** 

You're what?

VINCENT

I'll call you when I'm outside.

MEAGHAN

Can you tell me what's going on? What are you doing right now?

VINCENT

I'm going to explain everything. Just come outside when I call you.

MEAGHAN

Vincent!

VINCENT hangs up.

MEAGHAN (CONT'D)

Is this guy being fucking serious?

MEAGHAN calls VINCENT again.

INT. VINCENT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

We see that VINCENT'S apartment is now entirely empty.

VINCENT puts his ringing phone back into his pocket.

VINCENT straps on his enormous backpack, grabs his easel along with his large rolling suitcase, and exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEAGHAN'S APARTMENT - LATER

MEAGHAN is standing at the front door. Both of her fists are clenched. VINCENT stands a few feet away.

**MEAGHAN** 

I have to sit down. I can't even look at you right now. Like are you being serious?

MEAGHAN sits down and lights a cigarette.

VINCENT

Since when do you smoke?

MEAGHAN

I've been smoking for some time now.

VINCENT

Tobacco? Since when?

MEAGHAN

Since I've been working in this fucking restaurant. And also because you've been stressing me (MORE)

out hardcore. Especially like right now.

VINCENT

I'm sorry I stress you out Meg.

**MEAGHAN** 

Are you going to tell me why you have all your shit with you or are you going to just keep dicking me along?

VINCENT

Don't be angry with me. I already expressed how I was feeling with you a few days ago. I'm done now. I finally found a place or rather it found me. I want you to come with me. Please come with me.

MEAGHAN

Stop talking to me. Just stand there. I'm trying to think.

VINCENT

There's multiple rooms, Meg. It's all built on secluded land inside an enormous forest...

**MEAGHAN** 

I'm not kidding Vin, just shut the fuck up for a second. Please.

VINCENT

You have ten minutes..

MEAGHAN

Do you not realize how much of a fucking cop out you're being right now? Like a total piece of selfish shit of a person fucking cop out?

VINCENT

I'm not going to argue with you on this. I came here for one reason. You make me happy, okay? I have to... I have to just leave and go somewhere for a while and just figure my life out and I want you there with me. It's as simple as that.

MEAGHAN looks down at the ground. She holds back her emotions.

## VINCENT (CONT'D)

Her name's Deborah. She's a shaman who bought this huge piece of land a few years ago. Cultivated the hell out of it. There's hundreds of people there just living off the land. All you'd have to worry about is doing a job of taking care of the place along with everyone else. That's all. Rent free. They grow and prepare their own food, they have meditation sessions, a huge lake to swim in...

## **MEAGHAN**

So you decided to leave me to go and live in some bullshit hippie commune.

#### VINCENT

(interrupting)

Do you want to come with me or not Meaghan?

## **MEAGHAN**

Let me fucking finish.

## VINCENT

There's no need to swear. Please don't swear at me. Do you want to come with me or not?

## **MEAGHAN**

No, Vincent, I am going to curse at you right now because I still want you to clue me in on how we went from being on the completely same page a few nights ago to you all of a sudden showing up at my place after ignoring my phone calls, hanging up on me, and then asking me if I want to go live in the middle of some random fucking forest. Am I understanding all of this correctly?

VINCENT

Okay. Fine. Goodbye.

MEAGHAN begins to shake.

(breaking)

Do you not know every morning I wake up, the first thing I think about is you? How you're feeling that day, what it is that's going through your mind, what you're going to end up doing and adjusting my plans accordingly so it lines up with yours? Do you even know?

## VINCENT

(interrupting)

Sublet out the rest of your lease, leave that soul-sucking job you're stuck in, and just burn it off. Burn it all off. I can give you ten minutes. Leave a letter for Amy, pack up as much as you can, and we'll leave. Just me and you, Meg. The way it should be. This place has everything we'll ever need. It's now or never. Please come with me. I love you Meaghan. Please.

We CLOSE in on the two looking at each other.

CUT TO:

## EXT. MEAGHAN'S APARTMENT / FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Meaghan is drinking straight from a bottle of wine as tears drip down from her eyes.

MEAGHAN sets down the bottle, and takes a long drag from her cigarette. Exhales.

## EXT. PENN STATION - CONTINUOUS

VINCENT makes his way to PENN STATION as he rolls his luggage through the various crowds of commuters.

VINCENT'S stomach grumbles. He stops for a moment and heads into a McDonald's.

INT. MCDONALD'S - CONTINUOUS

VINCENT looks up at the signs of the different value meals.

CASHIER

Hi, welcome to McDonald's. What can I get for you?

VINCENT

Hi, Could I just get a BIG MAC meal?

CASHIER

What drink would you like?

VINCENT

A coke is fine.

The CASHIER looks at him strangely as VINCENT starts to cry.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. How much?

CASHIER

That's going to be 6.99.

VINCENT sniffs and reaches into his pockets. He pulls out some crumpled bills and change and places it all on the counter.

The CASHIER continues to look on strangely.

EXT. MEAGHAN'S APARTMENT / FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN finishes the bottle and throws it off the fire escape. It smashes below.

Her phone suddenly rings as MEAGHAN sighs again and picks it up.

**MEAGHAN** 

What?

INTERCUT:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

AMY is pacing outside an industrial looking WAREHOUSE. Intricate lighting surrounds the area. Groups of people stand around and converse, all smoking cigarettes. The faint sounds of ELECTRONIC MUSIC lightly thumps in the air.

**AMY** 

Where are you right now? Are you busy?

**MEAGHAN** 

No, I'm just at home drowning out my sorrow at the moment. Where are you?

AMY

I'm at some dope ass fucking party is where I am! Wait, you're doing what?

A beat.

AMY (CONT'D)

Meg?

**MEAGHAN** 

Me and Vincent just broke up.

AMY

Oh my god, are you beings serious? Yes!

**MEAGHAN** 

Don't be a bitch.

AMY

God, finally. I was waiting for it.

**MEAGHAN** 

Get over here now please, I need you.

AMY

No, fuck you Meg. You get over here and cut all that negative shit out right now. Now. Get over here, I'll text you the address.

MEAGHAN

Amy, I'm not kidding. Come home.

AMY

Okay, cool, see you in a bit. I'm rolling so hard right now. This is going to be so fucking awesome.

MEAGHAN

Amy! I'm being fucking serious!

AMY

Meaghan! You know that shit wasn't going to work out, and yet you still decided to keep it going for god knows how long. It's about fucking time. I'll see you in a bit.

#### **MEAGHAN**

I'm not going to some bullshit hipster bullshit party. Okay? I need you now.

AMY

Okay, cool, call me when you're outside.

#### **MEAGHAN**

Amy! I'M ABOUT TO LOSE MY FUCKING MIND! OKAY?! WILL YOU PLEASE STOP FUCKING AROUND AND COME BE..

### AMY

(interrupting)

Meg, he never actually gave you the thought of day. He never cared about how you felt. It's why he never returned your calls last night. It's why he never wanted you near his apartment when he was painting. He never wanted you to actually be in his life. Okay? I'm sorry, but you know that I'm telling the truth.

# **MEAGHAN**

You're wrong. He's just confused.

### AMY

You can do one of two things right now. ONE, You can stay home and mope around like a self loathing petty idiot, or TWO you can start accepting the fact that you just made one of the best decisions of your youth by breaking off this destructive relationship that was heading absolutely nowhere, start making yourself sexy and hot, and have some fun with your unbelievably amazing awesome roommate. His artwork sucked. Okay? He was going nowhere and dragging

(MORE)

**AMY** 

you down with him. I respected you enough this whole time to keep my mouth shut and to have you figure it out all on your own, and now you've figured it all out. Thank God. Fuck him. There's free booze and drugs and amazing music all over the place. I love you Meg. You know I would never leave you. Ring me when you're outside. Texting you the address now.

Click.

MEAGHAN sighs as she looks down at her phone. She gets a text.

The sounds of ELECTRONIC MUSIC begin to build as we CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

.. the inside of the WAREHOUSE.

A DJ is spinning a set as everyone is either high off of their minds or rolling face. Or both.

COUCHES surround the entire space. BLUNTS are being passed all around.

GIRLS are climbing multi-weaved colored curtains in different colored spandex. STARS and GALAXIES spin around the walls and the ceiling. The music quickly builds to a CRESCENDO.

AMY is dancing with full abandonment in an enormous swaying mass of sweaty BODIES along with MEAGHAN, who has somehow found herself covered in different colors of paint.

We stay on this scene as we FLASHBACK:

MEAGHAN taking some MOLLY.

MEAGHAN taking several shots of liquor.

MEAGHAN getting splashed with random paint from some artists painting a wall.

CUT BACK TO PRESENT:

MEAGHAN looks up at the ceiling as she suddenly tries to make her way out of the DANCING CROWD. She collapses on one of the COUCHES and is passed a fat BLUNT.

MEAGHAN

Oh, no thank you. I'm all good. Super duper duper good. Thanks though, you're the man.

The RASTAFARIAN next to her just nods and smiles before passing out.

MEAGHAN turns back and silently watches this enormous group of PEOPLE dancing to the music.

The BEATS of the MUSIC all suddenly converge and builds to another CRESCENDO.

CUT TO:

EXT. PENN STATION- CONTINUOUS

VINCENT stubs out his cigarette when he sees A HORSE CARRIAGE arrive and stop right in front of him. VINCENT looks at his clock: It is exactly ten o'clock.

HORSE DRIVER

Vincent?

VINCENT

I am. Wow, that's really impressive. Right on the dot.

HORSE DRIVER

We do try, Vincent. We do try. Lloyd's the name.

VINCENT

Nice to meet you Lloyd.

VINCENT throws his luggage into the carriage, and starts to climb inside.

LLOYD

It's going to be a long trip as Deborah mentioned. There's already some blankets in the back. Make yourself comfortable.

VINCENT

Thank you.

LLOYD

It's what I'm here for. All good then?

VINCENT

All good.

LLOYD

Off we go then.

VINCENT shuts the door. The CARRIAGE slowly takes off and disappears into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. MEAGHAN'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

The blaring of an ALARM CLOCK.

Meaghan slaps it quiet.

Meaghan's eyes blink open. She gets up and exits her room..

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

MEAGHAN is chugging from a Gatorade as AMY chugs from a GALLON of POLAND SPRING.

MEAGHAN finishes the Gatorade and chucks it away.

MEAGHAN

Blah.

AMY

You had fun last night. Don't lie.

MEAGHAN

Blah.

AMY

We're in our twenties, Meg. We only live it once.

MEAGHAN

You make me feel like jumping out of a window.

AMY

You know it's true.

### TATER:

It is late afternoon.

MEAGHAN and AMY are sitting on the couch passing back and forth a fat BONG.

**MEAGHAN** 

I'll admit I had fun. Fine.

**AMY** 

You seriously are free, Meaghan. You don't even know. You're fucking free. Thank god. I'm so happy for you.

**MEAGHAN** 

If you say so..

AMY

No, that's what you don't seem to understand. You are, you really are.

**MEAGHAN** 

This weed's good.

AMY

You know how you feel right now? Like the morning after when you were rolling your face off the night before? It's going to feel like shit, because what feels good can't last forever. That was Vincent. The temporary escape...

**MEAGHAN** 

Oh my god, I get it. I get it. Please stop Amy, let's just chill.

**AMY** 

..But you eventually come back to reality. You get through it, and you come to appreciate the experience, you know? As much as it sucks.

**MEAGHAN** 

I got it. Thank you.

AMY

Okay.

A beat.

MEAGHAN

He's just on my mind is all. I can't help it. I think I'm going to go for a walk..

AMY

We're going out again tonight.

MEAGHAN

No, we're not. This is my only other day off. I'm just chilling. No more partying.

AMY

You lost me at chilling ...

DAVE comes out of AMY'S bedroom.

DAVE

Sorry I could smell this a mile away. I couldn't help myself.

AMY

Good morning.

DAVE crashes down next to Amy and gives her a kiss.

DAVE

(to AMY)

You're radiant.

(to MEAGHAN)

How are you feeling, Meaghan?

MEAGHAN

Feeling fine. How are you feeling?

DAVE

Good.

MEAGHAN

Good.

A beat.

MEAGHAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'm going to go for a long walk. The sun is shining. I'll see you guys later.

MEAGHAN gets up to leave.

DAVE

Wait, Meaghan, before you go. I just wanted to tell you that James is driving me fucking nuts. He won't stop asking about you. Won't stop talking about you. You are going to his play right? He didn't (MORE)

DAVE

ask me to ask you, I'm just asking for me.

A beat.

MEAGHAN

I'll try, like I told him already. My schedule's pretty hectic.

DAVE

Okay, fine. I just had to ask. Roommate drama. It really is a great play though. And James is a pretty good actor.

AMY

Okay, let her go Dave. She wants to walk.

**MEAGHAN** 

(to DAVE)

What's the name of the play?

DAVE

Uh what?

MEAGHAN

It's a pretty big statement to call something great, isn't it? It's not Shakespeare is it?

DAVE

No..

**MEAGHAN** 

So I mean, he's the standard is he not? I mean I guess, it's all subjective in some sense...whatever, I'm too stoned for this. What's the name of the play?

DAVE

Yeah, you're stoned. The Seagull. It's called the Seagull written by Anton Chekhov. James is playing Konstantin.

**MEAGHAN** 

The Seagull..fine.

DAVE

Do you know it?

**MEAGHAN** 

I don't know what I think about seeing something with a bird for the title, but I'll try and find some free time this week.

DAVE

Thank you. You'll have a good time, I promise you.

AMY

Have a good walk Meaghan. Dave, leave her alone. Have a good walk Meg.

**MEAGHAN** 

I will. Have a good day you two.

MEAGHAN exits.

A beat.

AMY and DAVE begin to make out like whoa..

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - DAY

MEAGHAN roams around the city. She passes various shops. She makes her way to the HIGH LINE.

EXT. HIGH LINE - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN walks down a long railroad path lined with trees and greenery along the walls.

She stops after a bit and sits down.

We ANGLE to her view as we see all the surrounding ROMANTIC COUPLES engaged in excessive PUBLIC DISPLAYS OF AFFECTION.

EXT. CITY - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN is eating a hot dog and drinking from a soda as she continues to just meander around the city.

She walks by a BOOK STORE. She continues walking for a beat, wolfs down the hot dog and tosses the soda. She turns around and walks into the book store.

INT. BOOK STORE - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN walks by all the different shelves of books in this antique setting.

She meanders into the drama section. She finds Chekhov. Her FINGER scans the different books until it finally lands on a copy of the SEAGULL by ANTON CHEKHOV.

She grabs it off the shelf.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN gets a cup of coffee from the counter.

**MEAGHAN** 

Thank you very much.

She sits down at a table in the corner. She takes a sip from her coffee, sets it down on the table, opens up the SEAGULL, and continues reading..

Her VOICE begins to read inside her mind.

MEAGHAN (VO)

..The sun has just set. JACOB and some other workmen are heard hammering and coughing on stage behind the lowered curtain..

CUT TO:

INT. HORSE CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

The sun is setting as VINCENT awakes and looks out the CARRIAGE window. He sees that he is now deep, deep, inside of a forest. Tall green TREES surround him everywhere.

Strange creatures scurry about the floors of the wilderness. Birds of different vibrant colors fly overhead.

VINCENT

Wow. Where are we? I mean, are we almost there Lloyd?

LLOYD

Oh, good morning Vincent. You went out like a light the moment you laid down. Had a good rest now, did you?

VINCENT

I did. I haven't rested like that in forever.

LLOYD

We're almost there.

VINCENT

Where exactly are we Lloyd?

LLOYD

Why, we're near the estate of Deborah.

There is a tone in LLOYD'S voice that causes VINCENT to cease in any further questioning.

VINCENT

This is incredible.

LLOYD

We're almost there.

VINCENT

Oh my god, it's a sloth.

VINCENT spots a SLOTH slowly climbing up one of the branches.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMUNE - CONTINUOUS

The HORSE CARRIAGE finally stops at an enormous gate. Two rather intimidating looking guards in WHITE ROBES stand by with enormous swords.

The two GUARDS address LLOYD with strange noises.

LLOYD

(responding)

Ven Ven de la Deborah. Ven ven.

A beat.

The MEN open the gates. The CARRIAGE proceeds down an even darker path.

VINCENT looks straight ahead as the GUARDS quietly observe him.

The CARRIAGE continues towards the end of the path as it slowly rolls into...

INT. COMMUNE - CONTINUOUS

...a modern utopia. It is slowly becoming night.

VINCENT stares open mouthed as he takes in the view all at once.

Enormous WOODEN BUILDINGS are built all around this EXPANSE BODY OF LAND that seem to go on for miles. In the distance we see rows and rows of farmland being tended to by masses of people in WHITE ROBES. Livestock roam around in another section of the area.

MODERN WIND FARMS and WATER GENERATORS power all of the buildings. A beautiful lake sparkles off some of the sunlight in the distance.

Groups of people are seen meditating in the fields.

At the top of a hill is a LARGE WOODEN CHAPEL. A GIANT EYE is encrusted on front.

LLOYD

We're here Vincent. We are here.

LLOYD dismounts, as several other ROBED FIGURES guide the horse away.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Follow me. I'll show you to your room.

VINCENT grabs his things and follows LLOYD.

In the distance is a rather disturbed looking male, JACOB, chopping up some wood. He looks threateningly in VINCENT'S direction.

EXT. DINING HALL - CONTINUOUS

VINCENT walks side by side with LLOYD as they make their way to the DINING HALL.

TITIOYD

This is the Dining hall. It's always open. We switch roles every other month or so, but to work in the kitchen is always a fun duty. You get to see how all our food is actually made.

VINCENT

Right on.

INT. DINING HALL - CONTINUOUS

VINCENT and LLOYD eat at a long COMMUNAL TABLE. Other various groups of ROBED FIGURES eat their supper as well.

VINCENT looks down at his meal. Home cooked spiced chicken, freshly warm baked bread with churned butter, freshly picked turnips, cucumbers, and spinach with a citrus vinagrette.

LLOYD

We eat straight from the earth.

VINCENT

(chewing)

Incredible.

VINCENT quickly devours his meal as LLOYD looks on quietly.

EXT. SLEEPING QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

LLOYD opens a door as VINCENT is guided in to his bedroom.

LLOYD

And this is your room. Sleep well Vincent. See you in the morning.

VINCENT

Thank you so much Lloyd.

LLOYD

Welcome new Patron of the Universe. Welcome. Good night.

LLOYD exits.

VINCENT immediately drops all of his things and makes his way to the window.

He opens it and sees a STARRY NIGHT.

INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

We see DEBORAH for the first time. An old wise woman dressed in white robes.

She sits quietly on the floor. Hundred of blankets and pillows surround her. She is in full meditation. A single spotlight shines down on her. Brightly lit candles line the walls.

JACOB is brought in through the entrance by two other ROBED GUARDS and is placed a few feet away from DEBORAH.

DEBORAH

Thank you.

The GUARDS leave.

JACOB

What may I do for you mother?

DEBORAH

There is much conflict within you Jacob. It has only been growing.

**JACOB** 

I know not what you talk about...

DEBORAH

My son, I see all your thoughts and wants. What is it that has been bothering you?

JACOB

Nothing mother. You only assume to see bad things in me, for whatever reason I know not of.

**DEBORAH** 

Just let it out. Tell me my son. Tell me.

JACOB

As I have stated, I am perfectly well at peace here. I am happy to welcome our newest patron of the universe.

DEBORAH

Are you at peace, Jacob?

JACOB remains silent.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

You remain silent.

JACOB

Your constant questioning just tends to fluster me mother.

DEBORAH

And why are you flustered?

**JACOB** 

Because you accuse me of feelings that I do not have.

LLOYD enters and stands by the entrance.

LLOYD

He didn't look too enthusiastic when we rode in.

JACOB growls.

DEBORAH

Why do you growl my son?

JACOB

I only wish to speak with you mother. The man behind me has no business addressing me.

DEBORAH

We are all Patrons of the universe here. At peace with the earth and with each other. There are no secret conversations to be held.

JACOB

Very well. I understand fully mother. My eyes are open. Thank you.

DEBORAH

There is a darkness inside of you, Jacob. The growl does not come from nowhere. Release it.

JACOB remains silent.

**JACOB** 

What is that I may do to ease your doubts about me? What may I do, mother?

DEBORAH

Look to the stars and clear your mind, my son. Release the burning hatred you have inside of you. I know nothing of what it is that turns your blood to rage, but there is rage in you. That much is obvious. Be at peace here. You are amongst your family and loved ones.

**JACOB** 

Okay mother. I understand now.

LLOYD

Do you?

JACOB contains his composure.

**JACOB** 

I do.

**DEBORAH** 

Very well.

**JACOB** 

May I be excused? To go and reflect and vent in a healthy manner?

DEBORAH

Very well my son. You do know how much I love you? To the end?

**JACOB** 

It warms my soul at the very thought, Mother. Thank you for your guidance and wisdom.

(to LLOYD)

And thanks to you my fellow patron of the universe. Excuse my slight hostile response from before. I know not of where it even comes from.

LLOYD

You are excused.

JACOB calmly walks out of the chapel.

LLOYD looks unsettled as JACOB goes walking off into the night.

DEBORAH

Is Vincent fully at ease?

LLOYD

He is well fed and rested. Completely at ease.

**DEBORAH** 

Good. Come sit beside me.

LLOYD sits besides DEBORAH and falls into a meditative stance as well.

CUT TO:

INT. MEAGHAN'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN is seated at her desk finishing the SEAGULL.

We hear her voice back in her mind.

MEAGHAN (VO)

A gunshot....

She immediately closes the book.

EXT. MEAGHAN'S APARTMENT / FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN lights another cigarette, takes out her phone, and blankly stares at JAMES' number.

She continues to stare at it. She sighs and dials.

**JAMES** 

Hello?

**MEAGHAN** 

Hi James, it's Meaghan.

**JAMES** 

I was wondering when you'd call.

**MEAGHAN** 

Um, do you have a show playing tomorrow? I'm free finally.

**JAMES** 

Yeah, I do. Is a front row seat alright with you?

A beat.

MEAGHAN

Oh, you don't have to do that. I can just..

**JAMES** 

(interrupting)

Just show up. Say my name at the box office and you can cut the line when the doors open.

MEAGHAN

Wow, okay. Thank you. That's real nice of you.

**JAMES** 

Hey Meaghan?

**MEAGHAN** 

Yeah?

**JAMES** 

I'm really looking forward to seeing you. See you tomorrow.

**MEAGHAN** 

See you tomorrow.

Click.

MEAGHAN sits silently. She remains silent.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - COMMUNE - DAY

Loud KNOCKING is heard.

VINCENT wakes up with a start, as the knocking on his door gets louder.

He gets up and opens it.

LLOYD

Good morning Vincent. Sleep well?

VINCENT

I did. Yes.

LLOYD

Good to hear. Get dressed and bring your art supplies. There's someone who wants to meet you.

VINCENT

Right.

LLOYD

I'll meet you outside.

VINCENT

Okay.

VINCENT quickly gets dressed and gathers all of his art materials.

EXT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

VINCENT follows LLOYD up the enormous hill towards the CHAPEL.

INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

LLOYD enters the CHAPEL with VINCENT in tow.

LLOYD

Deborah, I present to you our newest Patron of the universe.

DEBORAH snaps out of her trance.

DEBORAH

It's great to finally meet you Vincent. Lloyd, leave us. Thank you.

LLOYD

Of course.

LLOYD exits.

DEBORAH

Sit. Please sit.

VINCENT sits.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

So an artist? A painter in this day and age?

VINCENT

Yes ma'am.

DEBORAH

Please, Vincent, we are all the same here. Deborah.

VINCENT

Deborah, this place doesn't even seem real. I was this close to losing my mind a few weeks ago. I've never felt more at peace.

**DEBORAH** 

I am glad to hear that Vincent. There is however, not much time..

VINCENT

(in a frenzy)

I will work any job you have to offer here. I'll work the farms, cook the food, sweep the floors. Only as long as I have a place to stay and work on my art, I am more than happy to do anything.

**DEBORAH** 

Vincent, it is time for you to face the grim reality. It is soon about to crumble. You will, however, still get what it is that you came for as long as you keep painting and follow what it is that I'm about to tell you..

A beat. VINCENT becomes immediately perplexed.

VINCENT

I'm confused. I don't seem to understand.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

You will. I'll start from the beginning...

We FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BUS - THE SIXTIES - DAY

... A younger DEBORAH, a teen of the sixties. She carries her backpack and hops on a bus. It takes off down to Mexico.

DEBORAH'S voice plays over these scenes.

DEBORAH (VO)

It's what I was born into this world as. A child born into a very affluent, a very shallow and materialistic existence. I was tired and feeling just as you were. Restless. I was feeling as empty as ever. So one day I decided to just take off. Just packed up as little as possible and just went for it. Dropped out of school, out of the whole system of institutionalized thinking and went south. Way down south....

# EXT. JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

A Young DEBORAH is crossing a body of water by wooden boat to the coast of a jungle.

DEBORAH (VO) (CONT'D) ...into the lost jungles of nowhere...

INT. JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

We CUT to the YOUNG DEBORAH drinking from a WOODEN CUP with a group of other YOUNG HIPPIES. All are dressed in white robes.

DEBORAH (VO) (CONT'D)
I ended up finding a group of
people who became my family of
brothers and sisters. My fellow
patrons. They were just as lost and
frustrated as I was.

DEBORAH takes the CUP and drains it. We ANGLE to her point of view as the TREES suddenly come alive and become more vibrant in their colors. DEBORAH falls backward and looks down at her HANDS, as they slowly shrink in size to that of an INFANT'S. She curls up into fetal position as she is suddenly SKY ROCKETED into outer space. She ends up floating endlessly through the MILKY WAY. DEBORAH'S VOICE plays over this scene.

DEBORAH (VO) (CONT'D)
There was a special brew that was extracted by the locals and made from a rare golden plant. It's where upon I first drank from this (MORE)

DEBORAH (VO) (CONT'D) beverage, that all my thoughts lined up and became fully realized. I could feel my pupils swallowing up my eyes, my mind expanding and rising out of my head, my own spirit starting to overtake and flow out of my entire body. Life flashed before my eyes, I was born again from my mother's womb, only to realize that I was soon to die, only to realize that in the end, it would be like I was never really here. It would be like none of us were ever here. I had the sense of enlightenment. I only had the now...

EXT. BOOK SHOP - CONTINUOUS

We see an older DEBORAH in a book shop, signing copies of her latest non-fiction work..

DEBORAH (VO) (CONT'D)
Some time later, I wrote as much as
I could about my spiritual journey.
It somehow became an instant
bestseller...

A CLOSE UP of DEBORAH'S BOOK "PATRONS OF THE UNIVERSE."

INT. FANCY HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see the older DEBORAH, depressed out of her mind. She drinks from several bottles of wine while watching television..

DEBORAH (VO)

And somehow, through all of this... I eventually ended up right back to where I started. I was on the edge of despair.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

An older DEBORAH sees LLOYD, the horse carriage driver, smoking a cigarette near the PARK.

He is reading a copy of DEBORAH'S book.

DEBORAH and LLOYD stop and look at each other.

DEBORAH (VO)

One day, I decided to go for a long walk..And came across him. Under the most random circumstances. My journey was complete..I had found my other half..

CUT TO:

INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

VINCENT is entranced as DEBORAH finishes up her story.

**DEBORAH** 

It's the only thing that is real Vincent. It's the only thing that will ever make you feel complete. Fame, wealth, success, these are just illusions. The pure love you feel towards another person who feels just the same way about you. That's the only real thing we have in the end, it's the only real thing.

A long beat.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

It's however the paradox of life. All good things must come to an end. They always do.

WE FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

LLOYD and DEBORAH look at the newly born JACOB.

Even as an infant, JACOB'S eyes are full of fury.

INT. COMMUNE - CONTINUOUS

A young JACOB starts hitting one of the other CHILDREN.

**DEBORAH** 

JACOB!

JACOB runs off crying with laughter.

INT. COMMUNE - CONTINUOUS

An older JACOB yells back at DEBORAH.

**JACOB** 

This place isn't real! It's not real! None of this is real!!

JACOB starts to hit himself hysterically as DEBORAH looks on silently with LLOYD.

INT. COMMUNE - CONTINUOUS

A near present day aged JACOB is reading to himself under a tree at a far distance from all the other PATRONS.

DEBORAH and LLOYD look on worried.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - PRESENT DAY

We see JACOB rummaging through the leaves. He finally uncovers an oil cloth. He opens it up, revealing a 9mm handgun. He quickly looks around to ensure that he is alone, covers the gun up once more, and makes his way back to the COMMUNE.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAPEL- CONTINUOUS

VINCENT sits, looking at DEBORAH, more perplexed then ever.

VINCENT

I still don't follow. I'm sorry.

DEBORAH

You came here for artistic and personal satisfaction. To be valued, to be wanted. I can give you that attention, Vincent. Worldwide attention.

VINCENT stares on.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

You came here to paint. So paint me a portrait. Whenever you're ready.

A moment passes before VINCENT starts to set up the BLANK CANVAS on an EASEL. DEBORAH falls back into her MEDITATIVE POSE.

CUT TO:

INT. MEAGHAN'S APARTMENT/ BEDROOM - NIGHT

MEAGHAN studies herself in a full length mirror as she smooths out her dress. She is beautifully made up.

**MEAGHAN** 

(to herself)

God, what are you doing Meaghan? What are you doing?

She sighs as she grabs her purse and exits her apartment.

EXT. BROADWAY THEATER - CONTINUOUS

We are outside a fairly large THEATER. A long line waits outside the front doors.

MEAGHAN is escorted through the side doors by two large bodyguards.

CUT TO:

INT. BROADWAY THEATER- LATER

MEAGHAN is sitting in the extreme front row seat of the theater.

We ANGLE to her VIEW and see JAMES acting on the stage with another ACTRESS playing NINA. It is the final act of the SEAGULL.

**JAMES** 

(as KONSTANTIN)

Stay, and let me bring you some supper.

NINA comes downstage and continues

NINA

No, no--and don't come out, I can find the way alone. My carriage is not far away. So she brought him back with her? Don't tell Trigorin anything when you see him. I love (MORE)

NINA

him--I love him even more than I used to. It is an idea for a short story. I love him- I love him passionately -I love him to despair.

JAMES begins to shake.

NINA (CONT'D)

Have you forgotten Konstantin, how pleasant the old times were? What a bright, gentle, pure life we led? How a feeling as sweet and tender as a flower blossomed in our hearts? Do you remember?

We ANGLE back to MEAGHAN who is trying to hold back tears in the audience. She suddenly gets up and makes her way out of the theater.

EXT. BROADWAY THEATER - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN paces back and forth as she lights another cigarette and exhales. She mutters to herself.

**MEAGHAN** 

What the fuck was that, Meg? Huh? What is the matter with you?

MEAGHAN sits down on the sidewalk as she keeps smoking. Her leg continues to shake.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

VINCENT is painting a PORTRAIT of DEBORAH with all of his energy.

More and more WHITE ROBED PATRONS flood into the CHAPEL, all surrounding VINCENT, all admiring his skills as a painter.

VINCENT is in artistic ecstasy. DEBORAH'S VOICE slowly narrates the SCENE as everyone sits down and focuses on VINCENT'S PAINTING...

DEBORAH (VO)

There are times when you have to realize, that no matter how much you want to be in control of

(MORE)

DEBORAH (VO)

everything, no matter how much you want to try and limit your experiences in this thing called life, something will always happen to you that completely overwhelms your mind and forces you to make a choice that is completely out of your control. You can try and comprehend these moments with your limited logic and conveniently label them as 'mere coincidences.' But you know the truth, Vincent, no matter how much you've been trying to bury it deep inside of you. This is all about her. It always has been...

More and more PATRONS continue to gather around VINCENT, all in absolute awe. The PAINTING slowly eases into its final stages as DEBORAH'S FACE begins to shine.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

JACOB makes his way towards LLOYD who is walking up to the CHAPEL.

**JACOB** 

Fellow Patron...

LLOYD turns around as he looks around at JACOB.

JACOB (CONT'D)

I release you..

LLOYD'S eyes light up as his FACE suddenly grimaces with pain.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

VINCENT continues painting feverishly. The PORTRAIT is almost complete..

DEBORAH (VO) (CONT'D)
...And it's these choices that you find yourself making until your final breath, that you will come to (MORE)

DEBORAH (VO) (CONT'D) realize that there was no other way. A chain reaction. From the day you left your mother's womb, to the day you are shoveled six feet into the planet, this is the path that you won't ever be able to tear yourself from until its final bitter end. So keep painting Vincent. Don't ever stop. And when the time comes, there will come that ultimate choice. Leave with her. It will only come to strengthen you later. You'll need her more than you could ever know..

The PORTRAIT is finished.

VINCENT sighs and shows DEBORAH the finished piece.

**DEBORAH** 

Bravo.

WOODEN CUPS are passed around. Everyone grabs one, including VINCENT, and cheers.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

This is the end my fellow patrons. To the end.

A blood splattered JACOB finally wanders into the CHAPEL, a 9mm GUN pointed straight ahead at DEBORAH...

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. BROADWAY THEATER / LOBBY - NIGHT

We hear a single GUN SHOT echo behind the closed doors.

A moment passes before we hear a rapturous applause.

The doors swing open as PATRONS stream outside in ecstatic spirits.

PATRON

My dear god, that was incredible. Hands down the best production of Seagull I have ever seen. Unbelievable. I'm cabbing it home and making myself some pepperoni hot pockets, fuck it.

PATRON 2

I have two bottles of whiskey we can drown ourselves in.

PATRON

Move faster.

The PATRONS continue to make their way outside of the actual THEATER as MEAGHAN stands way out from the crowd and to the side of the theater. She lights another cigarette. Her phone suddenly rings. We hear JAMES on the other end.

**MEAGHAN** 

Yeah, hi, I'm sorry.. I just couldn't sit through that ending. It was such a strange sensation. I hope I didn't ruin your show.

**JAMES** 

Yeah no. I understand. It's some pretty brutal shit. No, I get it. It's fine. Hey, would you still like to grab a drink?

**MEAGHAN** 

Sure. I owe you, I feel so rude, I mean..

**JAMES** 

Meaghan, it's fine. Seriously. So, um, I have to move out through the side entrance with a few bodyguards, and have to do the whole celebrity autograph signing nonsense. Do you want to meet me at that bar? The one near the A line? Where I first met you?

**MEAGHAN** 

Yeah okay. Sure.

**JAMES** 

Okay, cool. Just meet me there. I'll see you in a bit.

**MEAGHAN** 

Okay. Just ring me when you're near.

**JAMES** 

Okay.

Click.

MEAGHAN makes her way through the crowd. Police cars are lined up all around the block.

A group of screaming fans hold up various pictures of JAMES as enormous BODYGUARDS block the entrance.

MEAGHAN is a bit flabbergasted at the sight as she continues walking towards the subway.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN sits at a table with two beers. JAMES enters and sits down.

**JAMES** 

Wow, you look amazing. Wow.

MEAGHAN

Thank you. God, I'm still embarrassed.

JAMES

Will you stop, a lot of people walk out of plays... and it's Chekhov. I feel like it's bound to happen.

**MEAGHAN** 

Okay, it did shake me up a bit if that's any sign of a good reaction.

**JAMES** 

Oh, so you were actually emotionally affected by it?

**MEAGHAN** 

Well, yeah.

**JAMES** 

Okay, good to know.

A beat.

**MEAGHAN** 

So you kill yourself right?

**JAMES** 

Yeah, that's the play.

**MEAGHAN** 

Gunshot.

**JAMES** 

That's Chekhov.

MEAGHAN

How long have you been acting?

**JAMES** 

Oh man, I don't know as a kid. My parents were performers too. Blah blah blah. Typical. Now on to more important matters...I wouldn't have thought of this bar if I knew you were going to get all dolled up. I look like an idiot. Do you want to go somewhere nicer?

MEAGHAN

Oh my god, no. Drink, let's just drink. Cheers.

**JAMES** 

Great. Cheers. I'll get the next round.

MEAGHAN

Okay, cheers. Cheers.

**JAMES** 

Thanks for coming. I mean it.

**MEAGHAN** 

Thanks for having me.

Cheers. They drink.

LATER:

MEAGHAN and JAMES are both outside having a cigarette.

MEAGHAN

No, James, I'm flattered, I am. It's just that I'm still..

**JAMES** 

Are you really going to stand there and tell me you're not interested in me at all?

**MEAGHAN** 

I'm still in love with my boyfriend. Okay? I'm sorry. I still think about him a lot.

**JAMES** 

You mean your ex boyfriend.

**MEAGHAN** 

We're just taking a break.

**JAMES** 

Can I ask you an honest question? And just be real with me? Why did you really walk out? It wasn't even near the ending. It wasn't the suicide that bothered you.

MEAGHAN

You really have to slow down James. You're touching a nerve. I'm just letting you know.

**JAMES** 

Can you just hear me out? Just let me get this all out, and if you're not at all interested in me, than we break this off. You'll never hear from me again.

**MEAGHAN** 

Good night James.

JAMES blocks MEAGHAN from leaving.

**JAMES** 

You took your time off to come and see me right? Knowing that I was going to try and initiate a relationship with you, no? You made yourself up, you accepted the front seat of the theater, and then you walked out at the ending. Why did you walk out? I just want to know. Please tell me.

MEAGHAN stares back at JAMES.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Meaghan, I'm saying I like you.
Okay? I like you a lot. Just give
me a chance. I don't know what sort
of guy leaves the girl he's in love
(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

with to go live on some fucking commune. It's crazy. It's plain bat-shit fucking crazy.

JAMES reaches for MEAGHAN'S hand and holds it.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I want to actually try and start something here. This can be our first date, if you want. We'll do it proper and go out to eat on the second, all on me. I like you a lot Meaghan. I'm asking for a chance here. Just give me a chance.

MEAGHAN shakes off JAMES hand. She looks down at the ground.

**MEAGHAN** 

Buy the next round. Get something hard.

**JAMES** 

Okay.

JAMES and MEAGHAN make their way back into the BAR.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

As JAMES and MEAGHAN both take a shot, we PAN to a BREAKING NEWS REPORT of a MASS SHOOTING on the television screen overhead.

MEAGHAN and JAMES are at this point way too drunk and into their conversation to notice the television.

Several images of VINCENT'S PAINTINGS flash on the screen as MEAGHAN continues to talk to JAMES.

JAMES finally leans in and kisses MEAGHAN. MEAGHAN breaks it off immediately and pushes JAMES away.

**JAMES** 

Am I being too forward? I really don't want to upset you. I couldn't help it. Sorry.

A long silence passes.

MEAGHAN

Are you still crashing on Dave's couch?

JAMES

No, no, the studio booked me a room finally at a penthouse near central park. The view's absolutely mind blowing.

**MEAGHAN** 

You're staying in a penthouse overlooking central park for free...

**JAMES** 

And I have blow. A lot of blow. The Hollywood diet.. It's up to you. I'm not going to force you into anything..I just, I just want to cut loose and have fun with a cool attractive girl I can also have a real conversation with. You know what I mean? It's up to you..

MEAGHAN

I can't. I can't do this..

JAMES

I have a full open bar. Anything you want.

A beat.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Let's go have some fun. Your call.

MEAGHAN stops and looks down at the bar.

MEAGHAN

Okay.

**JAMES** 

Bartender...I'll close please. Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE - LATER

We are inside a fancy PENTHOUSE.

JAMES breaks out a line of coke on a glass table. MEAGHAN is coked out as she takes another line.

JAMES drains a glass of scotch and refills another glass.

MEAGHAN

Don't you have a show tomorrow?

**JAMES** 

I have an understudy. I'm done with this play anyways, it's boring as fuck. Here cheers.

**MEAGHAN** 

Cheers.

MEAGHAN and JAMES clink and drain their glasses. JAMES finishes off another line. MEAGHAN is relaxed out on the couch.

A moment passes before JAMES makes his way over to MEAGHAN, lightly kisses her, and gently grabs her hand.

**JAMES** 

Come on. I want to show you the view.

JAMES leads the drunk, coked out MEAGHAN to his bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE/ BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

MEAGHAN'S eyes blink open. She looks over and sees JAMES is fast asleep.

EXT. PENTHOUSE/ BALCONY - EARLY MORNING

MEAGHAN is smoking a cigarette. She blows a cloud of smoke into the cold morning as she looks at the towering view of CENTRAL PARK.

She talks out into the distance.

MEAGHAN

I hope you're doing okay Vincent.

She wipes the tears from her eyes, flicks away the cigarette, and makes her way back inside.

CUT TO:

TITLE: SEVERAL MONTHS LATER

A MONTAGE of FOOTAGE floods the screen..

- -- Various NEWS REPORTS follow the story of the MASS SHOOTING on a COMMUNE..
- -- DEBORAH'S FACE becomes front page news.. A mysterious shaman/ writer with a former best selling work of non-fiction..murdered...
- -- NEWS FOOTAGE suddenly segues to the ARTWORK that was uncovered from the crime scene.
- -- VINCENT'S PAINTINGS are suddenly published in various art publications..
- -- VINCENT'S FACE becomes front page news...The mysterious Painter..

CUT TO:

## INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

VINCENT is sitting at a table with an INTERVIEWER.

He has aged and grown significantly thinner. His beard flows out from his face. His eyes have grown pierce black. He smokes a cigarette.

# INTERVIEWER

So Vincent, tell us. What started your specific journey as a Painter?

### VINCENT

Hm. What started my journey as a Painter... I mean, I've always painted, you know? Before I even remember anything, I was always painting.

## INTERVIEWER

But is there a reason why you chose this art form? And not, let's say, music, or literature, for example? Why painting? What is it about this specific art form that you were so drawn to? And maybe to be more specific, painting and not sculpture?

# VINCENT

Well, let me put it this way.
Before, a few months ago, I was
really just on the verge of giving
up. I really was. Um, I mean, quite
(MORE)

## VINCENT

honestly I just didn't know what I actually wanted to do with my life. Painting just happened to be the ultimate distraction. So I just did it. It's simple as that really..It really was a choice outside of my own control. I would honestly have nothing else to do.

# INTERVIEWER

Well, did you study art for example? Is there a particular artist that inspires you?

## VINCENT

Um, yeah, I guess I studied for a little bit. But also not really. I just try to keep as open as possible, and just go with what I've always been doing. I really don't know how else to explain it. It's like asking a mathematician why or how he comes to solving a formula, no? It just happens all on its own. I hold the brush, I squeeze the different colors of paint out on my wooden palette, I fill up some tins of water, I get my paper towels ready, and I swear, when I finally see that blank canvas, I can feel my entire body getting re-energized. It's almost like the blank page to the writer if I can draw a parallel on this feeling, your mind just goes blank. Your body just moves on its own. Like muscle memory. I just find my way home somehow...

INTERVIEWER

And cut..

The camera stops rolling.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

That was really great. Have a great show tomorrow, Vincent.

VINCENT

Thank you. Thanks.

VINCENT lights another cigarette and walks around the gallery.

We move along the PAINTINGS of VINCENT inside the gallery. We see his first SELF PORTRAIT, the various landscapes, still lives, the PORTRAIT of DEBORAH...We continue to move along the PAINTINGS until we finally stop on the last piece.

A PORTRAIT of MEAGHAN.

VINCENT stops and looks at it for a moment, before flinching, and walking away.

A long beat.

A CAMERA MAN comes out of nowhere, walks up, and takes a bright SNAPSHOT of MEAGHAN'S PORTRAIT..

EXT. ART GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

VINCENT exits the Gallery and continues to walk down the sidewalk smoking a cigarette. He makes his way to a BAR.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

VINCENT is sitting at the bar having a few whiskeys on the rocks. He chats with an old looking BARTENDER.

OLD BARTENDER

You'll have a good show. Don't think too much about it.

VINCENT

It's just the calm before the storm. Just trying to stay calm is all.

OLD BARTENDER

(pouring out two shots) This is on me, pal. Cheers.

VINCENT

Appreciate it.

The two men clink the shots of whiskey and drink.

VINCENT pulls out a newspaper and hands it to the bartender.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

You see this though? It's not surprising, but I mean still..

The OLD BARTENDER picks it up and looks at the front page of the ARTS SECTION.

We see the headline "AN ART SHOW FROM A HORRIFIC TRAGEDY"

OLD BARTENDER

You have to sell that story somehow..

VINCENT

That's actually what that says. I don't even know what to think these days..I mean, they somehow made it all about my artwork. I just don't understand...it was a mass shooting..

OLD BARTENDER

It's the news, kid. Everyone knows the news is just entertainment these days. That's what the people want, an entertaining story.

VINCENT

I guess you're right. What do I owe you..

OLD BARTENDER

It's on me, bud. Go for a long walk. It's what I do to calm the nerves.

VINCENT

I'll see you tomorrow.

OLD BARTENDER

See you tomorrow Vincent.

VINCENT makes his way out of the BAR and continues walking.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

VINCENT roams around the city. He passes various shops. He makes his way to the HIGH LINE.

EXT. HIGH LINE - CONTINUOUS

VINCENT walks down the same long railroad path. LIGHTS beam down on him from overhead.

He stops for a second and sits down.

We stay on this image of VINCENT sitting all alone in the dimly lit darkness.

## EXT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

VINCENT walks by the RESTAURANT. We come to realize it's the same place Meaghan works. He continues to walk by and stops. He debates with himself. He stubs out his cigarette, turns, and walks inside.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

VINCENT sits by himself alone, draining the last of his whiskey. He stops a WAITRESS aside.

VINCENT

Hey excuse me? I know you're busy, but I just had to ask. Do you know if there is a Meaghan that still works here? A Meaghan Lawrence?

WAITRESS

Oh, Meaghan, no yeah, she quit a while ago...

VINCENT

(crushed)

Oh, okay thank you. Thanks. I'm just an old friend, that's all. Anyways, um, yeah I'll take the check anytime when you're ready. Thank you.

WAITRESS

Of course, sir. Right away.

VINCENT

Thanks.

VINCENT glances down and blankly stares at the ice in his glass.

CUT TO:

# INT. MOVIE AWARD CEREMONY - NIGHT

We are inside a very prestigious looking theater filled with good looking men and women dressed in tuxes and dresses.

MEAGHAN sits at a table filled with fancy silverware and wine glasses. JAMES is on the stage. We catch him in the middle of his speech.

JAMES

...And finally I'd like to thank my girlfriend Meaghan. Meg, this really is for you babe, I mean it. I just don't know what else I would do without you. You mean everything to me. I love you. Thank you all. Thank you.

An applause erupts as CAMERAS fling on MEAGHAN trying to catch her reaction. MEAGHAN forces on a smile.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN and JAMES are escorted out of a limo by two LARGE BODYGUARDS.

Screams erupt out of nowhere as MEAGHAN and JAMES are escorted into the club.

VOICES

JAMES! JAMES! OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! JAMES!

MEAGHAN glances back as camera flashes go off everywhere.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

GENERIC CLUB MUSIC blasts throughout the entire club.

MEAGHAN sits at the bar and continues to drink herself stupid. JAMES comes back as he wipes his nose.

JAMES

Let's dance. I want to fucking dance.

**MEAGHAN** 

So go dance. I'm good here.

**JAMES** 

What's your problem? You've been acting like this all night..

**MEAGHAN** 

I just want to drink. Just let me drink..

**JAMES** 

I just dedicated my entire fucking night to you.

MEAGHAN

Stop swearing at me.

**JAMES** 

My whole world just opened up. The offers just got bigger. Don't you see that?

MEAGHAN

Jesus Christ, James. I don't care. I just don't care.

**JAMES** 

Okay fuck this. Fuck you.

**MEAGHAN** 

Don't dedicate shit to me next time. It's all bullshit.

JAMES walks off and grabs a MODEL. They start dancing as they get swallowed up by the crowd.

Meaghan takes another gulp of her drink and asks for another. She stops for a moment and looks around. She can't help but resort to her now pessimistic view of life as she sees nothing now but the superficiality of all the people she is surrounded by. SUITS, MODELS, all doing blow, all shitfaced drunk, all spiraling down into their own paths of eventual self-destruction.

MEAGHAN does a final shot and leaves.

INT./EXT. CLUB - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN walks down the sidewalk smoking another cigarette. She is briefly followed by the paparazzi.

Her phone rings. MEAGHAN picks it up.

INTERCUT WITH:

AMY, back inside the club. She is coked out as well.

AMY

Where the fuck did you go?

**MEAGHAN** 

I'm leaving.

AMY

Wait, wait, where are you?

MEAGHAN

I'm outside walking towards the train.

AMY

Wait, Meg, wait. Fine, I'm coming with you.

**MEAGHAN** 

Amy..

AMY

I have no reason being here if you're not here, idiot. Just wait for me.

**MEAGHAN** 

Fine.

Both girls hang up as AMY grabs her things and makes her way out.

DAVE makes his way from the crowd and grabs AMY.

DAVE

Whoa, what are you doing?

AMY

Meaghan left.

DAVE

What? Why?

AMY

I don't know. Ask James why he's being such an asshole.

DAVE

James? Meg's the one who's been taking advantage of him this whole time.

AMY

Okay, don't start this. I'm leaving.

DAVE

Man, you're being really lame right now.

AMY

Fuck off.

DAVE

God. .

AMY makes her way out of the club as we follow her catching up with MEAGHAN..

CUT TO:

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

We are inside a late night diner as MEAGHAN chomps down on some pancakes and sausage. AMY is sipping from a LONG ISLAND ICED TEA.

**MEAGHAN** 

I'm not happy anymore. I don't know what to do.

AMY

Join the club, princess. You're not the only one who feels this way, Meg.

**MEAGHAN** 

That place was disgusting. Never. Never again.

AMY

Quite honestly, Meg, I can't recall a time when you were actually happy. So don't put this on James. He's just another vain narcissistic celebrity. It has nothing to do with him.

MEAGHAN

Sorry, I'm just wondering Amy. How are you in the position to say anything to anyone?

AMY

What is the matter with you?

**MEAGHAN** 

I don't want to talk anymore. I'm done..

AMY grabs the attention of the waiter, signaling for another LONG ISLAND ICED TEA.

AMY

Meaghan, if you're my best friend, then you're going to stop right now with this 'fuck the world' attitude that you've been having towards everyone for the past few months and start talking to me like an actual person. Talk to me. What's the matter?

A beat.

MEAGHAN

(breaking)

I haven't heard from him in months..I've called him almost every other day. Sent emails. Nothing. Not one fucking word.

**AMY** 

He left you, didn't he? Even after you gave everything to him? Fuck him. You have to move on, Meg. Come on.

MEAGHAN sits still.

AMY (CONT'D)

Meaghan...

**MEAGHAN** 

Amy, we need to take a break. I need to take a break. From you. I'll talk to you again when you get your shit together.

AMY

Oh my god, Meaghan, you did not just say that. I have to get my shit together? You're joking right?

MEAGHAN takes out some money, before AMY slaps it out of her hand.

AMY (CONT'D)

I got it. Go home.

**MEAGHAN** 

Wow, Amy. You seem really upset. How much coke did you do tonight?

AMY

You're right, we need to take a break. I can't be around pathetic people like you anymore. I'm sorry.

## **MEAGHAN**

(snapping)

Let's time I checked Amy, you were the one who sucked me into this shit-house whirlpool of your constant drinking and partying, only to have me come out of it even more confused then ever. You're the pathetic one here, not me. Vincent and I had something real, and you envied it, don't lie. An actual relationship where both parties are dead sober and able to actually share things with each other. When did you ever have that? Something other than your drunken drugged out string of meaningless flings? You're just a coked out twenty something year old, either always on something or drunk, currently sitting in some late night diner only to wake up tomorrow and get fucked up all over again. I'm pathetic? Go take a look in the fucking mirror. Goodbye Amy.

MEAGHAN stomps out of the DINER as AMY sits silently and drains her glass. She calls to the WAITER for another.

A LONG BEAT. AMY brushes back her hair as we notice that tears are starting to flow down her cheeks.

EXT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN gets into a cab and disappears down the street.

INT. PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN quickly throws most of her belongings into a rolling suitcase and quickly exits the luxurious suite.

#### INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN lights a cigarette and blows smoke out of the opened window. Tears begin to stream down her cheeks as well.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN enters into a low rent hotel room. She throws her things on the bed and collapses. Blackout.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - LATE AFTERNOON

VINCENT wakes up in an enormous one room studio apartment.

He glances at his watch. It reads 5:35 pm.

He stretches out on the couch and makes his way to the kitchen. He lights a cigarette as he brews a cup of coffee.

We see a huge thunderstorm building in the sky. Rumbling is heard in the distance. VINCENT walks up to the large windows overlooking the entire city.

He stands and looks out at the clouds as another rumble is heard from the skies.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN wakes up. She goes to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN looks in the mirror. She quietly stares at her stains of mascara dripping on her face, the smudged lipstick, the hectic bed of hair..

### LATER:

MEAGHAN looks in the mirror, her face now steaming from a hot shower. She admires her natural beautiful face washed clean from all the cosmetics.

Meaghan exits the bathroom.

## LATER:

MEAGHAN is on her laptop and clicks her mouse. We see a PLANE TICKET being purchased on the computer screen.

INT. DELI - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN rolls into a deli with her suitcase.

MEAGHAN

Hi, how are you sir... Could I just get a Philly Cheese steak? Extra peppers? Spicy? Bread toasted? Thank you so very much.

The CASHIER nods and goes behind the grill to start making MEAGHAN her sandwich.

MEAGHAN waits as she nods along to the music on her headphones..

CUT TO:

INT. ART GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

VINCENT sits quietly talking to a group of ART PATRONS.

PATRON

We love your work. Really, really great work.

VINCENT

Thank you, thank you very much. I really do appreciate it. Excuse me a moment. I'm so sorry.

The CROWD slowly starts to build as more PATRONS enter the gallery.

GLASSES of WINE are being passed around as VINCENT grabs another glass and drains it.

INT. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

MEAGHAN walks away from the counter as she heads towards the BOARDING TERMINAL..

**MEAGHAN** 

Thank you very much.

INT. ART GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

VINCENT is now more or less shitfaced drunk. He excuses himself from the crowd.

VINCENT

Excuse, I must go puke. So sorry. So sorry. Excuse me ma'am. Thank you very much.

VINCENT finally breaks free of everyone and makes his way out of the gallery.

EXT. ART GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

VINCENT stumbles outside and lights a cigarette. He leans against the wall and exhales as he glances back inside through the windows and looks at all the people admiring his artwork. He realizes that, at the current moment, he really couldn't feel more empty.

VINCENT slides down against the wall and exhales more smoke into the air.

INT. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

An ANNOUNCER blares out a message:

ANNOUNCER (VO)
Now boarding the ticket to somewhere. Anywhere. Now boarding..Last call.

MEAGHAN has stopped moving.

She is grasping the front page of the ARTS SECTION in the TIMES.

On the front page is a PORTRAIT of MEAGHAN.

Beneath is a caption that reads:

" An art show from a horrific tragedy: Now showing the paintings of Vincent Devolson."

MEAGHAN immediately grabs her suitcase and goes running out of the airport.

EXT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

VINCENT continues to sit back, smoking his cigarette.

He looks even more exhausted then ever.

A beat.

Tears stream down from VINCENT'S face as he exhales another cloud of smoke.

EXT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

It is now POURING RAIN as MEAGHAN gets out of the cab with her suitcase.

RUMBLING is heard again from the skies.

MEAGHAN grabs her suitcase and continues to roll it towards the art gallery.

MEAGHAN stops when she sees VINCENT crying to himself. She moves a few steps closer until she is only a few feet away.

VINCENT turns and immediately locks eyes with MEAGHAN. A thunder shock. VINCENT quickly shoots up on his feet and immediately stops crying.

A long beat.

VINCENT

Meaghan?

**MEAGHAN** 

I saw you in the papers..I told you it'd only be a matter of time.

VINCENT

I've never felt this empty Meg. I don't know what to do..

**MEAGHAN** 

This is what you wanted though, isn't it? It's why you left me, no?

VINCENT

(breaking)

I fucked up. okay? I'm a fuck up. I'm sorry. I'm lost, lonely, I keep forgetting who I am..I'm nothing without you Meaghan. I realize that now. Please take me back. Please.

MEAGHAN

(breaking)

Do you promise not to leave me again? Ever?

VINCENT

I promise. I promise. I promise. I swear on whatever is left of my life. Don't say no to me again. I need you Meg. I love you. With everything in me.

The two break into tears.

**MEAGHAN** 

(quickly)

Are you coming with me or not?

VINCENT

(without a second thought)
Let's go. Let's go..

VINCENT grabs MEAGHAN'S luggage and grabs her hand as the two go running to catch another cab. A CAB immediately stops as the two hurry inside and slam the door.

The CAB takes off quickly, disappearing into the distance.

The RAIN continues to pour down.

We SLOW DOWN and stay on this scene for a few moments. The RAIN continues to pour down silently on the pavement.

Suddenly, a distant SOUND is heard, as if from the sky, of a breaking string, dying away sadly. Silence follows it..

ENDING CREDITS being to roll...

FADE OUT.

THE END.