

VEIN

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INT. JEAN AND PHILIP'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

JEAN, 20s, blonde female, average height and weight, wears a wedding dress, and is at the sink scrubbing her left hand incredibly hard, trying to get her nice engagement ring off. She tries and tries, soap, water, trying to slip it off, but can't. Eventually stops when she hears a door open outside of the bathroom, and foot steps are heard.

PHILIP (O.S.)  
Everything okay in there?

JEAN  
Yeah. I'm just trying to get my  
finger ready for the big moment.

PHILIP (O.S.)  
Just try some soap and water.

JEAN  
Already did.

PHILIP (O.S.)  
You're just gonna put it back on  
aren't you?

JEAN  
(rolls her eyes)  
Yes Philip, but the wedding band  
has to be over the vein of love,  
you know this!

PHILIP(O.S.)  
Can you come out for a sec, I want  
to talk to you about something.

Jean gets a worried look on her face.

INT. JEAN AND PHILIP'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY - LATER

Around the room are photos of PHILIP, 20s, nice looking male, and Jean, and various other objects.

Jean, sitting on the bed, looks like she got the worst news she could get today.

Sitting beside her on the edge of the bed is Philip, who wears a groom's suit.

JEAN  
I don't understand.

Philip takes a few moments to collect his thoughts.

PHILIP

I can't explain what goes on inside my head, in my body, with my feelings. I can't express that the way you can.

JEAN

So the only way we're gonna know is if I somehow shrink down and get into your morning coffee, and then swim around your insides?

Philip annoyed, shrugs. Keeps trying to figure out what to say, as he looks at Jean, who is looking more and more full of desperation, holding back a nervous breakdown and tears.

Looks around the room and notices the photographs of them, then points to them.

PHILIP

Look at those people...do they look happy to you?

Jean wipes the beginnings of tears and looks over at the photos. The two of them never looking that happy, but she can't see fully what he does.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

None of them look that happy to me. This is not "happy."

Jean looks at Philip. Now she's really close to breaking down.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

They were happy, awhile ago, but not now.

JEAN

(desperate)

Maybe you can try to remember what it was like, and we'll be okay. Try and remember. Please? I'll find some photos of us, you'll remember, I promise, we'll be okay!

Philip sighs, not caring about her emotion, and stands up, heading to the door.

Jean, with a sudden burst of anger at him ignoring her last comment, stands up and grabs a nearby glass object and smashes it over his head, causing him to collapse and hit the ground.

Realizes what she just did, starts to scream, trying to take it back.

She takes a moment, then goes and starts breaking and destroying everything in the room.

She then looks at her left hand and at her engagement ring. She gives it an angry look and tries to pull it off again, but can't, and lets out a loud scream as she tries.

INT. JEAN AND PHILIP'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Takes out a sharp knife. Takes out a cutting board, and puts it onto the counter. Puts her left hand on the board, and puts the knife towards her ring finger, enraged but still thinking about what she's about to do.

A few moments later she backs the knife away.

INT. JEAN AND PHILIP'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY -  
MOMENTS LATER

Jean enters the room, holding the knife, and puts it on a dresser.

She looks at one of the broken framed photos on the ground and picks it up. She looks at it, not amused by how unhappy her and Philip look in it.

Sees something behind the photo, and sees it's the photo that comes with the frame, and it's been turned around to use the white on the back for a background.

She looks at this photo, and it's of two MODELS, man and woman, smiling at the camera, happy. She stares at it, seeming affected.

A couple tears roll down Jean's face, which she soon wipes.

Moaning is suddenly heard and she looks over at Philip moving a little bit.

Goes and stands over him, looking down at him. He opens his eyes.

Philip looks at her, blinking a lot. He seems out of it, not "all there."

He then passes out, and she nudges him with her right foot and he snaps awake.

PHILIP

Yes?

Jean realizes something's off with him.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I might have a Gerald in my pocket,  
can you go look?

Jean thinks for a few moments.

JEAN

We're going for a ride.

Goes and grabs the knife on the dresser.

INT. PHILIP'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Philip gets put in the car to the passenger seat with Jean's help, and she shuts his door and then goes inside the car herself to the driver's seat and shuts her door.

Philip is buckled in by Jean. She notices his head is bleeding a little bit, but then she continues on and gets situated, but then looks at Philip again who is now staring out blankly.

Jean looks at him strangely as she starts the car.

JEAN

Do you know any photo studios  
around here?

PHILIP

Hey don't I run that place!?

Jean is a little worried, but then shrugs it off and takes her phone out and presses a button.

JEAN

(to phone)  
Photo studio.

INT. NEEDLEPOINT STUDIOS - PHOTOSHOOT SET - DAY

Justin, a photographer, late 30s, slightly overweight, shoulder length hair, wearing a novelty T-Shirt, is starting to put some equipment away.

Jean and Philip enter through a nearby door. She is holding his hand, almost dragging him in.

Justin sees them, looking confused.

JUSTIN  
Can I help you?

JEAN  
We're your models!

JUSTIN  
Just finished my last shoot, you're  
at the wrong place.

JEAN  
Well nothing like a surprise  
impromptu one!

Indicates herself and Philip. Justin ignores them.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Mister...I don't think you realize  
the opportunity you are passing up.

Justin notices the dry blood on Philip's head, and Jean  
notices his reaction.

Jean, frantically, looks at Philip's head, then starts wiping  
the blood that's run from his wound, with her finger.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
We were just in a little fender  
bender on the way here, he's okay.

Justin shrugs, then continues packing stuff up.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Please stop what you're doing.

Justin doesn't stop. Jean takes out the kitchen knife from  
Philip's pocket.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Listen to me!

Justin looks up at Jean, and sees the knife.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
I'm trying to give you a photo that  
will inspire people to fall in  
love!

Justin seems a little worried now at the situation.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
No other photo you've ever taken  
will show the kind of love you're  
about to see. All you gotta do is  
tell us where to stand and then  
click away! Why is it so  
difficult!?

Justin thinks, seeing the urgency in Jean's eyes.

He then points over to a green screen.

JUSTIN  
Go over there okay? Then I'll set  
up.

Jean, pleased, grabs Philip's hand and takes him over to the  
green screen. They get in place, she puts the knife back in  
his pocket, and she fixes Philip's hair.

JEAN  
(to Philip)  
Are you ready Philip?

Philip stares at her blankly.

Jean grabs his face, surprising him.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Think about the first time we met.

Philip looks at her blankly.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
You told me you fell in love  
instantly.

PHILIP  
I don't.

Jean slaps him, surprising him again.

JEAN  
Shut up!

PHILIP  
What is...

Jean slaps him again, even harder, then again, and grabs his  
face tight and pulls it closer to hers.

JEAN

We met and you loved me and you proposed to me and gave me a ring that was too tight but that was good because someone like me... I never wanted to be tied down. I tried to take the ring off one time and cheat, and because it wouldn't I had time to think and came to my senses. Then I grew to love you even more and never again did I doubt what we had. I never told you, because I couldn't ruin the awesome team we were. But then I saw you becoming distant, like you didn't want me anymore. But I never stopped loving you through that. I believed that what you once felt would come back...I was hoping it would come back today at our wedding but you didn't even give that a chance to happen... BUT we can do it right now, and we'll have this photo to remind you, and then more photos later when we get married. We'll have so many all around our new house. I love you so much. We love each other so much. Fuck this morning, okay? Just remember you love me, that's all that matters. Find that love.

Philip looks bewildered still. She slaps him.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Fucking find it! You love me!  
Find it and feel it, and tell me  
how it feels!

Slaps him again. Philip seems to be getting a little more into reality. Jean slaps him even harder, then again. Then starts to really smack him hard in the head.

JEAN (CONT'D)

(yelling)  
I'm here and you love me, tell me  
you do! Find that love! Find it!

Smacks him again on the head, really hard. He seems to get back into reality, and he looks at her sincerely, gives a genuine smile and she sees it and she smiles too.

They look at one another, and soon kiss romantically as we hear the camera snapping photos.

Jean soon looks over and sees Justin taking some photos, seeming disturbed by the whole occurrence.

Jean looks back at Philip, and smiles.

JEAN (CONT'D)  
Are you ready for the big day?

Philip smiles and nods.

Jean, happy, walks off towards Justin, who starts backing up.

JUSTIN  
Hey I took your stupid photos! I did what you wanted!

Jean keeps walking towards him, and he soon bolts out towards a side door. She watches him go, and walks over to what she was after, the camera. Takes it off its tripod and heads back over to Philip. Takes his hand, and takes him with her towards the door they came in from.

INT. PHILIP'S CAR - DAY

Philip drives, looking ahead, seeming like he's in some pain, but unsure of what it is.

Jean is looking out the window, seeming pleased. The camera is resting on the dashboard.

PHILIP  
My head is KILLING me, think we can stop for some Advil or something?

Touches his head again, indicating a throbbing feeling.

Jean looks at him worried.

PHILIP (CONT'D)  
I gotta pull over.

Pulls the car over and comes to a stop and puts the car in park.

Philip tilts his head back and begins to close his eyes. Jean watches him, seeming more worried.

JEAN  
Philip are you alright?

PHILIP

I'm just gonna shut my eyes for a few minutes, I think I just need to sleep it off. I'll be okay.

Gets comfy and shuts his eyes. Jean watches him, as he sits there silently, eyes closed.

JEAN

Hey.

No reaction. Jean looks worried.

JEAN (CONT'D)

(worried)

Wake up.

Taps Philip on the shoulder, no reaction.

JEAN (CONT'D)

(starting to get upset)

Philip?

Feels his forehead, then his face, getting more worried. She kisses his cheek, and puts her head on his shoulder, a few tears coming down her cheek, as she holds him, embracing him. While this occurs, she feels something in his pocket, and then reaches in and pulls out the knife she forgot was there. Looks at it, and then looks at the ring on her left hand.

PHILIP (O.S.)

Jean?

Jean looks, surprised, and sees that Philip is awake, blinking rapidly, looking confused.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Looks around.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Did I drive here?

JEAN

Yeah, you don't remember?

PHILIP

What's going on Jean? Why are we in this car together? Why are you still wearing your dress?

JEAN

Let me show you something....

Puts the knife on the dashboard and grabs the camera.

PHILIP

Did breaking up with you this morning not register? What the fuck is wrong with you? Why can't you ever just get the point? Is that part of your brain just not working like everyone else's?

Jean starts scanning through the photos on the camera.

JEAN

Just wait please, you'll like...

PHILIP

I haven't been into this for a verrrry long while.

Jean frantically keeps looking at the photos.

JEAN

Look!

Is about to show a photo on the camera but Philip knocks it out of her hands, sending it to the ground.

PHILIP

Listen to me! You need to hear this!

Jean looks at Philip, angered.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

I've been cheating on you too many times to count. In high school you were easy to fuck and now you're easy to fuck over. Love? Maybe a long time ago when we were nothing but two pretty faces, prom king and queen, the two everyone wanted to be. Most of your friends got married to stockbrokers and lawyers and moved away from this stupid town. They moved on. Why did you stay? To be with me? You could've gone to college, I couldn't have, not with my grades. Why didn't you? Because you really thought this was "love?" Are you going to blame me for being the one to finally interpret the reality you've been hiding from all this...

In anger, Jean grabs the knife and stabs Philip in the chest.

Philip, shocked at this, tries to stop the bleeding with his hands, as some blood comes out. Jean watches him, full of stress and anguish, and she begins to cry at what she just did. She tries to stop the bleeding with her hands too, as her hands get bloody. Looks at him deeply, as his eyes widen with pain.

JEAN

Please tell me you love me one more time.

Philip trembles a bit, and looks at his chest, and sees both of their bloody hands touching, covering the wound. He grabs her left hand and holds it tightly. She watches with confusion and a little fear. He starts twisting the ring on her finger and it slides off from all the blood. It drops on the floor, and she looks at him with disbelief, as he stares right into her.

CUT TO BLACK:

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Jean sits on a bench, watching the waves from the ocean. She looks the photos on the camera's playback. She stops at a good one of the two, and smiles. Soon she notices her left hand which she uses to swipe through photos, and she looks at her left ring finger. Her whole hand is full of dried blood, and there is clean flesh showing where her ring was. She stares at this.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END