PATRONS OF THE UNIVERSE

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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.
MEAGHAN
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.
MEAGHAN
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

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 his 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)
MEAGHAN
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.

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!
MEAGHAN  
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.
MEAGHAN
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.
MEAGHAN

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.
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)
MEAGHAN
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

MEAGHAN begins to shake.
MEAGHAN
(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
CRESCErNO.

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.

LATER:
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.
LLOYD
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.

CUT TO:
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 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.
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.