

Peck

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN - CAR - DAY

A car drives through busy traffic. Horns honk relentlessly. DREW (24) sits in the passenger seat - hair frazzled and in need of a shave - wearing untucked business-casual clothing. He stoically glances out the window. JULES (23)- dark hair and wearing glasses - is the driver. She wears a black hoodie, which is partially drawn over her head.

JULES

Guessing it didn't go well.

Drew shrugs.

DREW

Guess so.

Jules stares straight ahead, eyes glazed over. Traffic moves slow.

INT. SMALL RESTAURANT - DAY

Drew and Jules sit at a table. She has coffee and a sandwich. He sips a straw from a glass of soda.

JULES

You know I'm not mad, right?

DREW

Sure.

JULES

But you realize the stress I'm put under.

Drew puts his hand to his forehead.

DREW

Why do you still bother with me?

Beat.

DREW (CONT'D)

I mean, what is it you want with me? You want to prove something to yourself? That you can fix me?

(CONTINUED)

JULES

Huh?

DREW

Why else are you with me these days? I don't have a job. So what gives?

JULES

I don't want to fix you...

DREW

I know your friends ask about me. And your parents. They think you can do better.

Jules bites into her sandwich. She chews slowly. Looks worn out.

DREW

'Cause they think I can do better? No. Maybe that's what they say but I'm not naive. What they really think is that you're too good for me. I'm pretty much a loser. You can say it. Could feel good to get it off your chest.

JULES

You're not a loser.

DREW

(exasperated)

Then what am I? Because I'm sure as hell not a winner. I sit at home. Dreading going to these interviews. I...will you just say I'm a loser?

JULES

I'm not gonna say that.

Drew actively points at Jules. He goes to speak, but takes a slug of soda first. He goes to speak again, still pointing.

DREW

(theatrically)

But I am! God, Jules. Just tell me the truth. Wait! Even better! Scream it on the rooftops! And just accept it. Okay? Accept it!

(CONTINUED)

PATRONS and EMPLOYEES inside the restaurant start to look over at the table.

JULES

Why do you want me to say these things to you so bad? And please sit down. Sit.

DREW

Why's it matter?

Jules scoffs. She anxiously looks around for their server. On cue, the SERVER comes over and drops by the check. She examines it. She gets out her WALLET.

DREW

I'm not gonna let the world beat me, alright? You have! But I'm not!

Jules quickly counts out some cash. She puts it on top of the check. She glances up at Drew.

JULES

(coldly)

It's already won.

She gets up from her seat, tossing her hood over her head. She turns to leave, not caring if Drew follows or not. He follows.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Jules hurries down the sidewalk. Drew reluctantly tries to catch up. He breathes heavily, having trouble. She realizes this, stopping for a moment, annoyed. She turns around to face him.

JULES

You realize how taxing this is? Dragging my boyfriend around like he's dead weight?

DREW

(still breathing hard)

That's society talking.

JULES

What? No!

She sighs.

(CONTINUED)

JULES

When I met you, the world was your oyster.

Jules makes sure her hood stays over her head in the wind, particularly as BYSTANDERS pass by. Drew waves his arms around, having caught his breath.

DREW

That's ignorance, Jules. College naivety. Baseless optimism. But you wouldn't know anything about that because you're still in school! Still entrenched in the facade! You think you're going to save the animals!

JULES

That's absurd.

DREW

At least I'm locked into the real world. And that's just really fucked up, isn't it? Me? Confronting reality?!

A PIGEON flies from the sky and onto the sidewalk, PECKING at some old, cruddy food near Drew and Jules. Seconds later, he pecks at Drew's shoe, as Drew stepped in a portion of the food.

Jules crosses her arms. The pigeon finishes pecking at Drew. He doesn't acknowledge it. It scurries off.

DREW

You're the last one left standing, don't you see? You're the only one who still believes in me! Why can't you just let it go?!

JULES

I'm not a quitter.

DREW

Shit! And I am? No! I stick to my principles and I get punished for it.

Drew paces around, unsettled. Jules stares at him pacing, still as a statue. She observes him as if he were an animal in a cage.

Drew takes notice of her deadlocked stare. He steps closer to her.

(CONTINUED)

DREW

This isn't a game, Jules. I mean it! Just stab me in the heart and get it over with! Drive the knife into my chest and end me!

Drew mimics stabbing himself in the heart. He crumbles to the ground, making horribly acted death noises. Grumbling. Groaning. Croaking. An OLD WOMAN walks by, eyes widening. She paces herself a little faster by the couple. As fast as she can, anyway.

Jules kneels down beside Drew. She contemplates, holding a hand to the side of his head.

JULES

Doubt me all you want but..

Beat.

JULES (CONT'D)

I believe.

She shrugs her shoulders. She suddenly takes out a CHEF'S KNIFE from her sweatshirt pocket. Some unsuspecting bystanders become horrified as she drives the knife through Drew's chest. No fight from Drew. Not even instinctive fight. She stabs him over and over again. She breathes heavily as she's stabbing. Then shouts and yells. More thunderous stabbing. Blood gushes everywhere. On the bystanders. On Jules. It stains the sidewalk, too. More pigeons drop by and peck at the blood.

CLOSE UP on Jules' face. She looks comforted. Satisfied. Satiated. She surveys the pigeons that continue to peck at the blood on the sidewalk. The band of pigeons proceeds to collectively peck at Drew's body.

Jules stands to her feet. She smiles sweetly.

THE END

(CONTINUED)

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