

Jules

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INT. GEMMA'S LIVING ROOM. - NIGHT

Gemma and Jules sit across from each other. The wide GLASS DOORS look out onto the backyard where Oliver exercises. Shirt off - toned, sweaty. Jules stares at him lustily.

START →

JULES

Hello sir.

GEMMA

You didn't answer my question. Where are you working?

JULES

Can you believe you got Oliver fucking Patton to propose to you? That's some voodoo right there. He didn't even know your name at SMU. You set a wedding date finally?

GEMMA

Jules. Focus. Where are you -

JULES

Oh my god, you still haven't set a date! What's wrong with you? Loser.

GEMMA

We're not in a rush.

JULES

You mean you're not in a rush. You know what's gonna happen? Some preteen with brand new tits is gonna come scoop him up, and you're gonna be real sad. You landed a sweet deal with him. I mean - I still don't believe that man knows how to pump his own gas - but he's so pretty it don't even matter.

GEMMA

Doesn't. "Doesn't even matter." And you don't know what you're talking about.

Jules ignores the grammatical correction and lights a cigarette, eyes gleaming as she studies Gemma.

JULES

Is his book any good?

Gemma pauses before responding - Jules smirks -

JULES (CONT'D)

You hate it.

GEMMA

I haven't read it. I'm sure it's great.

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JULES

Right. Well, maybe he'll give up
and get a real job.

(still amused)

Man. Remember how bad you wanted
him? Problem with you is, you never
like how anything looks up close.

Gemma meets her stare, gives a smile, thinly veiled cruelty;

GEMMA

Oliver is one of the kindest men
I've ever met. From the bottom of
my heart, I hope someday you find a
man who loves you like he loves me.

Jules gives a fake smile. They've played this game before.

JULES

(FUCK YOU)

That is so sweet of you, Gem.
Really god damn sweet.

Gemma grabs the cigarette out of Jules's hand, puts it out -

GEMMA

Why are you homeless?

JULES

Because I was living at this
place... and now I'm not anymore.

Silence. Gemma just stares her down. Jules sighs, continues;

JULES (CONT'D)

I was renting a guest room from
this guy. Okay? But he got this big
crush on me, and we started dating.
But then I started feeling kinda
suffocated. So I told him we should
slow down, and he just couldn't
handle it. So I left. He's like
desperate to get me back.

GEMMA

Do you have a job?

JULES

I was waitressing, but I got kinda
fired.

GEMMA

Why did they fire you?

JULES

They were jealous of me.

Gemma sighs.

GEMMA

Are you in trouble?

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JULES

No.

(beat)

I'm not gonna be a problem this time, Gemma. I feel really good.

Gemma studies her, finally hands her back the cigarette. Jules takes it, grins.

INT. HAMILTON MANSION - BOBBIE HAMILTON'S BEDROOM. - NIGHT

Bobbie watches TV in bed. He hears the doorbell ring downstairs. Several moments, then his mother's angry voice --

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

What the hell are you doing here?

INT. HAMILTON MANSION - FRONT HALL. - CONTINUOUS

A MASSIVE HOME - too enormous. Elizabeth stands at the door; her husband, TONY HAMILTON, 50's, rich but nerdy, is pleading with her. He doesn't look like the villain we were expecting.

TONY

I just want to see the kids. Please don't use them to hurt me.

ELIZABETH

If you cared about our kids you would've thought with your brain instead of your dick!

INT. HAMILTON HOUSE - BOBBIE'S BEDROOM. - CONTINUOUS

Bobbie listens to the fight below. He gets up, exits his room-

INT. HAMILTON HOUSE - CHLOE'S BEDROOM. - CONTINUOUS

Bedroom of Bobbie's sister CHLOE; 16 going on 35. Chatting on her phone. The FIGHT rages below. Bobbie enters, uninvited -

BOBBIE

Chloe? Can I come in here and -

CHLOE

I'm on the phone! Privacy??

Bobbie exits. Chloe groans into the phone.

INT. HAMILTON HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. - CONTINUOUS

Bobbie closes his sister's door and leans against the wall. Downstairs he hears his mom and dad screaming violently.

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JULES
Come on Rick. Why don't you just
calm down and have a drink with us?

RICK
I have told you - stop calling me.
Stop driving by my house. Now you
show up at my restaurant -

JULES
It's not your restaurant.
You're the manager.

GEMMA
Jules. Let's leave.

RICK (CONT'D)
You're her sister? She needs some
help. Like serious, expensive help.

JULES
Fuck you. I only came here 'cause I
was craving the god damn calamari-

RICK
I'm going to call security -

GEMMA
We're leaving.

Gemma grabs Jules by the arm, pulling her to the door. People
are now watching. Jules is bright red, embarrassed.

RICK
Get it through your head. I'm no
longer interested. Stop making a
fool of yourself.

Gemma has pulled Jules outside then turns -walks back to Rick-

GEMMA
Hey. I don't know who you are, but
don't let this inflate your ego.
You're not special. She does this
with anyone who's mean enough to
her.

Gemma exits.

INT. GEMMA'S CAR. - NIGHT

Silence. Jules rides passenger, embarrassed, sullen. Finally -

START →

JULES
He was obsessed with me at one
point. He was like fiending for me.
(beat)
I just thought maybe... if he saw
me out, having a good time... I
spent like 200 bucks on this dress.

GEMMA
I don't understand why you do this.

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JULES
I wouldn't expect you to.
(silence)
Nobody loves me.

GEMMA
That's not true.

JULES
You don't count. I meant, nobody
that isn't obligated to love me.

GEMMA
Nobody is obligated to love you..

JULES
Family is.

GEMMA
No. Family is obligated to help
you. Save you if you need saving
and if you haven't burned through
all your chances. But there's not a
damn person who's obligated to love
you.

Silence.

JULES
I let him do some weird shit.

Gemma looks at her. Jules smiles, enjoys the attention.

JULES (CONT'D)
Some rough stuff. And he liked
watching me with other guys.

Jules laughs at Gemma's disturbed expression -

JULES (CONT'D)
Is that bad?

Gemma says nothing.

JULES (CONT'D)
I let them film it once.

Jules covers her mouth - really laughing hard now.

JULES (CONT'D)
I know, it's so bad.

Finally Jules's laughter subsides. Beat.

GEMMA
I swear to God, if there's some
weird footage of you out there -

JULES
No.

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GEMMA
Get rid of it.

(beat)
I can't protect you from this shit
if you keep asking for more of it.

JULES
You don't have to protect me.

GEMMA
Yes I do.

Silence. Jules looks very, very sad.

JULES
I can't stop thinking about him.

INT. GEMMA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM. - THAT EVENING

Gemma stares out the window. Lost in thought about Jules.
Oliver comes up behind her with a GLASS OF WHISKEY. She takes
the glass gratefully, drinks.

OLIVER
I was thinking. We could always put
her up in a hotel or something. If
it's too much for you.

Gemma looks at him, suddenly defensive.

GEMMA
It's not too much for me. Is it too
much for you?

OLIVER
No. I didn't mean that. Relax.

She realizes her overreaction and softens - pulls him close -

GEMMA
Sorry. I'm tired.

OLIVER
I can tell.

She laughs and they kiss. It's sweet.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Why don't we draw a bath and forget
how intense your week has been?

Gemma smiles, they kiss again. Suddenly her cell rings,
breaking the moment. She looks, caller ID says ROSE SWEENEY.
She answers. Oliver sighs disappointedly; he's lost her.

GEMMA
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

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