

ALONE, TOGETHER

by

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Eighth Draft

FADE IN:

1 EXT. VARIOUS LANDSCAPES - MONTAGE - MAGIC HOUR 1

The sun sets on city streets and industrial buildings.

2 INT. ROBERT'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT 2

A lighter opens, ignites a cigarette.

Moonlight penetrates the blinds, casts an eerie glow across the room. Various magic supplies litter the floor.

ROBERT WEXFORD, 30, tall, dark hair, black shirt and pants, white bow tie, sits in a chair, his back turned.

Smoke rises from the cigarette in his hand. He flips playing cards onto the floor with his other hand.

Sound of the door opening.

A woman, JEAN, 25, short blonde hair, pretty, black dress, walks down the hall, places her keys on the kitchen counter.

JEAN

Sorry I'm late.

Robert turns to look at her, gets up.

ROBERT

It's okay.

They kiss.

JEAN

Your tie's crooked.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Reveal, Robert stands in front of a long mirror, fixes his tie, and hair.

Jean comes up behind Robert, places her hand on his shoulder.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Nervous?

ROBERT

A bit. We need another practice.

JEAN

You worry too much.

ROBERT

I don't want to end up like Leo.

Jean nods.

They turn away from the mirror.

BLACK

SUPER: ALONE, TOGETHER

3 INT. THEATRE STAGE - NIGHT

3

The theatre is empty.

Robert and Jean approach a large red box.

Robert opens the box. Jean enters. He runs his hand against her cheek and smiles.

He shuts the door.

Several beats.

He opens the box. Jean is gone.

ROBERT

Alright. You can come out now.

No response.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Come on Jean. It's not the time to
joke around.

Silence.

Robert opens the back of the box. Jean isn't there.

He looks around, panicked.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Jean. Jean!

No response.

In a panic he searches the stage, screams out to the empty theatre.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Jean. Jean! Come on!

He sits on the edge of the stage, runs his hand through his hair, distraught.

4 INT. ROBERT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

4

Robert searches the room. Jean isn't there.

He sees her keys on the countertop and takes them.

5 EXT. JEAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 5

Robert puts the key in the lock.

6 INT. JEAN'S APARTMENT HALLWAY/KITCHEN - NIGHT 6

Robert opens the door, walks down the long hall to the kitchen.

DAVE, 28, stands in the kitchen, making dinner. He jumps in surprise as Robert enters the room.

DAVE

Oh my God!

ROBERT

Who the hell are you? What are doing here?

DAVE

Take whatever you want. I don't care.

ROBERT

This is my girlfriend's apartment. Jean. Do you know Jean?

DAVE

No. I don't know what you're talking about.

Robert looks around the apartment, realizes it looks different.

ROBERT

This is 18 West Costello St., right?

DAVE

Yes. How'd you get my key?

Robert steps back, runs his hand through his hair, confused.

ROBERT

I don't know. I'm sorry.

Robert puts the key down, leaves, shuts the door.

7 INT. ROBERT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 7

Robert sits in his chair.

The sound of a siren fades in the distance.

The phone rings.

Robert answers.

ROBERT

Hello.

JEAN (O.S.)

Robert. Help me. Please. They're coming.

ROBERT

Jean. Where are you?

JEAN (O.S.)

Please. Help.

Static.

A click. The line goes dead.

DISSOLVE TO:

8 INT. ROBERT'S APARTMENT - LATER 8

Robert paces back and forth in front of the window, moving in and out of the moonlight.

DISSOLVE TO:

9 INT. ROBERT'S APARTMENT - LATER 9

Robert sits on the edge of the bed, nervously opens and closes his lighter.

The phone rings (O.S.)

He gets up, picks up the phone.

ROBERT

Hello.

JEAN (O.S.)

Please. Hurry. They're almost here.

Static.

ROBERT

Jean. Jean, can you hear me? Where are you?

Nothing.

Robert hangs up the phone.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Jesus.

10 INT. CAFE - NIGHT

10

Robert enters the empty cafe, approaches SHEILA ANDERSON, 60, dark hair, waitress.

SHEILA

We're closing up. There's a place open down the street.

ROBERT

Oh, I don't want anything to eat. It's Robert.

SHEILA

I don't know any Robert.

ROBERT

Robert Wexford. Your daughter's boyfriend.

SHEILA

Sir, I don't have a daughter.

ROBERT

Jean. Your daughter Jean.

SHEILA

Look, I said I don't have a daughter. Now will you please leave. It's closing time.

ROBERT

But I know you.

SHEILA

Don't make me call the manager.

ROBERT

Okay. My mistake.

Robert walks away, turns and looks at Sheila once again, then turns away and exits.

11 INT. ROBERT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

11

Ice and bourbon fill a glass.

Robert walks to the window, glass in hand, takes a sip. He parts the blinds, stares out at the night.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

12 EXT. FIELD - DAY

12

Robert and Jean run through a field. The grass sways in the wind.

13 EXT. LAKE - MAGIC HOUR 13

Robert and Jean sit beside a lake, watch as the sun sets over the placid water. Robert runs his hand through Jean's hair.

14 INT. ROBERT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 14

Robert and Jean fall onto the bed. They kiss.

END FLASHBACK:

15 INT. ROBERT'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - NIGHT 15

Robert sits, flips playing cards onto the table.

He stops, picks up the phone, dials.

Several rings.

LEO (O.S.)

Hello.

ROBERT

Leo, it's Robert. We need to talk.

16 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 16

The dimly lit restaurant is deserted.

Robert sits at a table with LEO LILT, 45, slightly intoxicated, crooked bowtie hanging around his collar.

Both men drink from glasses filled with dark beer.

LEO

I was surprised when you called.
It's been awhile.

ROBERT

I need your advice.

LEO

I'm not exactly in a position to be
helping anyone.

ROBERT

What happened when you hypnotized
that woman?

LEO

I went through the routine like any
other night. Picked a pretty girl
from the crowd. Cracked a few jokes.
Started in with the hypnosis. And
her eyes rolled back in her head.

(MORE)

LEO (CONT'D)

Just like that. She never woke up. I can't explain it.

ROBERT

You ever think about her?

LEO

Sure. I used to visit her in the hospital. Just sit there, hoping she'd open her eyes. Jumping at any sign of movement. But her family told me to stop.

ROBERT

I'm in a tough spot as well.

LEO

What can I do?

ROBERT

It's Jean. I think one of my tricks may have hurt her.

LEO

Who's Jean?

ROBERT

My girlfriend.

LEO

Never heard of her.

ROBERT

Are you kidding me? You introduced us at your goddamn birthday party.

LEO

Hey, just settle down. You either want my help, or you don't. I have no problem sitting here, drinking by myself.

ROBERT

I'm sorry. I'm under a lot of pressure right now.

LEO

Well how serious is it? You didn't cut her in half did you? I know a guy in Jersey City who did that. Very messy.

ROBERT

No. She disappeared during my vanishing act.

LEO

I've only heard of that happening once before. Jack Kerrigan from Milwaukee. I think you met at the conference a few years ago.

ROBERT

What did he do?

LEO

He killed himself. Used a double-barrel shotgun. A real mess.

ROBERT

Jesus. Come on.

LEO

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that. Look, if you can help her, then I think you should try. In my case, I think about my girl, and that she's probably happier in that deep sleep. Constantly dreaming. Never having to deal with any of this shit. I do shows at Seafood Palace now. You don't want that.

ROBERT

No.

Robert nods, looks at his dwindling cigarette.

Sound of ringing phone (O.S.)

17 INT. ROBERT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

17

Robert puts on his white gloves and black suit coat. The phone continues to ring.

He stands in front of the mirror, adjusts his tie.

Jean comes up behind him, kisses his neck. He closes his eyes, as she places her hand on his shoulder.

A beat.

The phone stops ringing.

Robert opens his eyes. Jean is gone.

18 INT. ROBERT'S APARTMENT DOORWAY - NIGHT

18

Robert stands in the doorway, looks at his apartment for the final time, before he turns off the light and shuts the door.

19 INT. THEATRE STAGE - NIGHT 19
Robert approaches the red box, stops.
He slowly opens the door.
There is a moment of hesitation. He exhales, enters the red box and shuts the door.
A low rumble is heard.

20 EXT. FIELD - DAY 20
The wind blows through the field from Robert's memory.

21 EXT. LAKE - MAGIC HOUR 21
The sun sets on the lake. There are no people in sight.

22 INT. ROBERT'S APARTMENT - MAGIC HOUR 22
Robert's apartment is now completely empty, with the exception of a deck of cards spread across the floor.
A phone rings.

FADE OUT: