

**FAREWELL**

**a screenplay by Sam Phelan**

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INT. SUBWAY FLOOR - DAY

Railway tracks. Pitch black except for two fluorescent lights running parallel to the lines. A half-eaten Snickers bar lies between them.

Two mice sprint towards the bar and devour it. In the background, headlights form.

ROAR. One mouse scurries away. The other continues its feast. BAM!

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

A CROWDED car of people heads to work. A HOMELESS MAN lies across several seats SNORING.

MARK RIZAL, 22, leans on the train doors, under a sign warning against doing just that. He wears sweatpants and a t-shirt for Howard Hawks' "His Girl Friday."

His hair is greasy. He reads and grips a stack of papers like a vulture. FLIP. He turns the page.

ERIC WILLIAMS, 23, leans next to him in a letterman jacket. A construction helmet rests in one hand. He reads a heavily annotated newspaper.

JAMIE MCCULLOUGH, 20, with black eyeliner and in a yellow dress, stands a few feet away. She walks up to a COUPLE.

JAMIE

(sweet, slight Southern  
twang)

Come see Ensemble Studio's production  
of A Streetcar Named Desire! Every  
night this week!

Jamie hands the couple a flyer. As she moves to the next PASSENGER, the husband crumples it up.

ERIC

(smiles)

Let's see...studio. Five miles from  
Rodeo...right next to the beach...

ERIC (CONT'D)

(smile disappears)

Five thousand a month. What the actual fuck.

He looks to Mark. No answer. Eric's eyes lower slightly. He FLIPS to the next page. Jamie's VOICE lingers.

ERIC

Here's another one. Shared studio...only 500 a pop...in Burbank. Where the fuck is Burbank--

MARK

(awakens)

--Eric! Bio midterm--

(checks watch)

--due twenty minutes ago!

SCREECH. The train stops.

ERIC

You'll call me later?

Mark nods. Eric exits and stares at Mark through a window. He shakes his head. SCREECH. The train leaves.

Mark scribbles unreadable writing. Jamie's VOICE amplifies gradually. Mark yawns and raises his head--

--Jamie stands a foot away, flyer in hand. Mark jumps and brushes himself off, embarrassed.

JAMIE

Come see--

Mark grabs it.

MARK

(brash)

I heard you the first time. We all did.

Jamie scowls and exits.

Mark inspects the flyer. It's cheaply made, full of bright colors and buzz words. He rips it in half and leans on the subway door--

SCREECH.

SUBWAY PA (O.S)

(monotone)

This is: 116<sup>th</sup> St, Columbia University.

The subway doors fly open, bringing Mark to the ground, hard. His papers scatter in every direction.

Mark blocks the train doors. He rushes to pick up a paper near him. A crowd forms in front of him, trying to leave. An ANGRY STUDENT steps over him.

ANGRY STUDENT

Nice going, dumbass.

Mark's head shoots up. He opens his mouth to speak. He closes it and moves faster.

MARK

(muttering)

Yeah, well, fuck you too.

He turns around to ensure his comment went unheard.

People continue stepping over him until he gathers the last of his papers. He stands up and counts them. He frowns.

JAMIE (O.S)

Here.

Mark looks up. Jamie holds a sheet. He quickly takes it and brushes dirt off it.

MARK

(blushes)

Thanks.

JAMIE

Good luck.

(nods at papers)

That seems important.

She struts away. Mark gazes at her, eyes wide.

CLANG. A clock rings in the distance. His eyes open wide and he takes off, full-sprint.

EXT. COLUMBIA MAIN CAMPUS - DAY

Campus booms. STUDENTS walk in herds as massive TOUR GROUPS are led like sheep.

Amongst the bedlam is Mark, who races through. He sprints up the stairs of a giant concrete building.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Mark sprints. A JANITOR mops by a wet-floor sign. Mark KNOCKS it down inadvertently. The janitor scowls.

Mark brakes at the end of the hallway. He presses his ear up to a door. One VOICE is distinct.

DAVIES (O.S)  
(strong Brooklyn accent)  
Something you'll learn of very soon is  
the stubbornness of people--

Mark wipes sweat off his forehead and pushes the door gently open.

INT. SMALL LECTURE HALL - SAME

Professor JOHN DAVIES, 64, stands in front of a blackboard filled with diagrams of human anatomy.

The class is made up of 15 STUDENTS around Mark's age. They stare at him like a piece of vermin.

DAVIES  
(stares at Mark)  
--Especially...that of a doctor.

The class LAUGHS. Their attention returns to Davies.

DAVIES  
No, seriously. It's true.

Mark ducks his head and scrambles to an empty desk in the front row.

DAVIES  
I've found that for most people,  
stubbornness and years of schooling is

DAVIES (CONT'D)  
very much a direct relationship.

Davies pauses to drink water.

CLOSE ON: Mark sitting. He SCROLLS through a notebook filled with doodles. The TWO STUDENTS beside him wear suits. They make Mark look homeless.

DAVIES  
We're bound to become ignorant in the things we claim to be experts at. That may sound cynical now, but hey, let me know how you feel when you're 64.

He smiles and averts his eyes from the class. He rolls up his sleeve and glances at his watch.

DAVIES  
(whistles)  
I guess I'm so fascinating that no one would even bother to tell me I'm holding you ten minutes late.

The class stares back blankly. He waves his hands.

DAVIES  
Class dismissed.

People filter out. Their FOOTSTEPS fill the room.

SLAM. The door shuts. Davies props up and digs in his desk for a rustic silver pocket-watch. He opens it meticulously.

CLOSE ON: the watch. On one side, a clock. On the other, a yearbook picture of a 10-YEAR-OLD GIRL. It's heavily wrinkled and has been taped back together.

Davies' eyes water very slightly as he smiles at it.

MARK (O.S)  
Professor?

SHUT. Mark stands in front of his desk, papers in hand.

DAVIES

(clears throat)

Mark--

MARK

(holds papers out)

I have my midterm.

CLOSE ON: the rag-like papers. The first page is stained with a brown shoeprint.

Davies squints at them and stares at Mark in disgust. Mark slowly places his work on his desk.

DAVIES

(sternly)

Please, sit.

Mark takes a longing look at the door. He slouches.

DAVIES

(grabs his paper)

I can't accept this--

Mark's eyes widen.

DAVIES

--And I'll tell you why.

Davies looks over Mark's papers, shaking his head.

DAVIES

You don't come to class, any work you do turn in looks like--

(points at the footprint)

shit!

Mark bites his lip. He twiddles his thumbs and looks down.

DAVIES

Turn in your next assignment on time.

If not, you won't be taking up anymore unwanted space in my class.

Davies rubs the wrinkles of the paper out and uncaps a red pen. Mark nods sullenly. He exits. SLAM.

EXT. COLUMBIA MAIN CAMPUS - DAY

Only one tour group still stands. Mark lounges in the middle of campus on grass, large headphones on.

He holds a bible-sized biology textbook to his face. In large bolded letters it reads: "The Human Reproductive System." A blurry diagram of a human penis is visible.

Mark TURNS the page and GAGS. SHUT. He stuffs it into his bag. He reaches further in and grabs a fancy DSLR camera. He smiles and presses it to his face.

He adjusts the lens and observes his surroundings. SNAP. A SLEEPING STUDENT. SNAP. A pigeon pecks at a birdbath. SNAP. A GARDENER mows the lawn.

Outside campus, Jamie strolls along. Her dress shines a mile away in the sunlight.

CLOSE ON: Mark, with the camera to his face. He lowers it, squints at her, then raises it again. SNAP.

Jamie turns. Mark averts his eyes. He crams the camera back into his bag.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

An empty car. Mark perches with his camera around his neck.

Opposite of him is a sign that reads: "Become the next Spielberg! Film classes as low as \$100 per credit!"

He sits upright and raises his camera to his face. SNAP.

INT. MARK'S KITCHEN - SAME

OFELIA RIZAL, 54, takes a dish out of the oven. She's clad in a dimly colored dress.

The room around her is decorated with the Philippines flag. The only other wall space is dedicated to pictures of her and Mark.

A large, framed photo of a youthful Ofelia, MARK SR., 35, and baby Mark hangs behind a dining table. He resembles Mark, but with a stern, much more serious face.



They both place a hand on Mark. They are in swim-gear in front of a gorgeous beach and smile widely.

It is next to a smaller framed photo of Ferdinand Marcos and his family. None of them smile.

A door CREAKS and SLAMS.

Mark trudges into the room, removing his headphones.

OFELIA  
(strong Filipino accent)  
I was getting worried.

Mark drops his bag by the dinner table. He slumps into a chair and gently rests his camera like an antique.

MARK  
Sorry Mom, just studying late.

She places the finished dinner in front of Mark. He grabs a plate and fork from a cabinet and dishes out.

OFELIA  
(tests)  
Aren't you going to set the table for both of us?

Mark stares at her mid-bite. He stands up again and grabs another set of silverware. She sits down opposite of him, at the head of the table.

OFELIA  
What did the professor have to talk to you about?

Mark's head shoots up. Ofelia's face stares back, stone cold.

MARK  
(swallows)  
Nothing important...  
(mimics Samuel L. Jackson)  
Mm...that is a tasty burger!

Ofelia's expression does not change.

OFELIA

You watch too many movies.

Mark stops eating.

MARK

(calmly)

I didn't think it hurt anyone.

Mark smiles. He grabs two forks and stabs a bread roll with each. He twirls them as if they were dancing feet. It's a skilled mimic of Chaplin in "Gold Rush."

OFELIA

(picks up camera)

You don't go to school to make movies.  
You're there to become a doctor. Think  
what your father would say.

Mark stops his act promptly and drops one of his forks.

MARK

(sadly)

Yeah. I know.

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark perches on his bed on his laptop. A giant poster for the movie "Breathless" encapsulates the wall behind him. His biology textbook is open at the foot of the bed.

CLOSE ON: his computer screen. On it is a title page of a screenplay that reads: "The Night of the Were-Vampires: a screenplay by Mark Rizal."

RING. Mark holds up his phone. An obnoxious close-up of Eric floods the screen.

OFELIA (O.S)

Mark, it's 3 AM! Go to sleep!

Mark hangs up. He picks up the textbook and DROPS it to the floor. He reaches his hand out towards his lamp.

On his nightstand is a framed picture of him, around age 5, riding a bike. His father pushes him from behind. A large crack goes down the middle of the glass-frame.

Mark stares at it. His eyes lower. CLICK! Pitch blackness.

MARK  
(loudly)  
Goodnight, Ma!

QUIET TYPING resumes as he sits in the pitch dark.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Mark stares wide-eyed at the same advertisement. He jots down its address on his wrist. It's located in LA.

JAMIE (O.S)  
(cheerfully)  
Come see Ensemble Studio's production  
of A Streetcar Named Desire! Every  
night this week!

Mark's eyes widen. Jamie is dressed in a gown in character. A BUSINESS MAN reacts blankly to her requests.

Mark takes a seat and hides behind his camera.

JAMIE (O.S)  
Come see Ensemble Studio's production  
of A Streetcar Named Desire--

Mark sees Jamie's feet from behind the camera. He lowers it, slowly bringing his face into view. Jamie's smile disappears as recognition seeps in.

JAMIE  
(monotone)  
--It's every night this week.

Mark offers out his hand. Jamie shoves the flyer into them. He glances at it and stuffs it in his pocket.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

Mark runs alone through the doors. He checks his watch. The doors close. When only a crack of air is left, a hand wedges itself through.

JAMIE (O.S)  
Hold the door, please!

Mark jams his own hand through. The doors part. Jamie stands an inch from him. Her eyes widen and her mouth shuts. She strolls in and distances herself.

The doors shut. GROAN. Jamie holds a script. She WHISPERS to herself, moving slightly with her words.

GROAN. Jamie stops her act. GROAN! Jamie jumps.

JAMIE

What the--

SCREECH. The elevator stops. Jamie and Mark turn to each other, eyes wide. Jamie BANGS on the doors and walls.

JAMIE

(loudly)

C'mon! Not now!

Mark rubs his temple. He checks his watch again.

JAMIE

(turns to Mark)

Oh what, now you have nothing to say?

Off-guard, Mark glances at her.

MARK

I can't say I'm an expert on elevators.

Jamie pulls out her phone. She throws it down immediately.

JAMIE

Perfect. No service.

(to herself)

And this dick--

MARK

--Okay... I'm sorry if I was a bit rude earlier--

JAMIE

--You weren't a bit rude. You were a complete asshole.

Mark rolls his eyes. He bends over to the intercom near the elevator doors. He presses a red button near it.

MARK  
(into speaker)  
Hello? We're stuck in an elevator at  
the 75<sup>th</sup> St Q stop. Anyone there?

Mark holds for a response but gets none. He rolls his eyes.

MARK  
You gotta love the MTA.

Mark sinks to the floor and rests his back on the wall.

JAMIE  
(dramatic)  
I'm gonna be so late for rehearsal.

Mark glances up at her.

MARK  
(sarcastically)  
Oh...you're in a play?

Jamie snaps her head at Mark.

DISSOLVE TO:

Jamie and Mark sit on opposite sides. Jamie's face is buried in her hands. Mark carefully digs for his camera in his bag.

He raises it and points it at Jamie. SNAP. Jamie's face shoots up, eyes wide and distraught.

JAMIE  
What are you doing?

She covers her chest.

MARK  
I'm just...  
(eyebrows furrow)  
Oh no! I just thought you looked...  
aesthetic.

JAMIE  
(loosens up)  
Aesthetic?

Mark nods again. He puts his camera on the ground. He raises his hands to surrender.

JAMIE  
(points at camera)  
You're a photographer?

MARK  
Filmmaker.

JAMIE  
(interested)  
Really? Have you made anything I would've seen--

MARK  
--Technically...I'm not one yet.

JAMIE  
Well, what are you then?

MARK  
A doctor--

Her eyes light up, surprised.

MARK  
--In training.

Jamie's eye brows furrow.

DISSOLVE TO:

Mark and Jamie lie down in the middle of the elevator. About a foot of space between them.

MARK  
I wonder if it's dark yet.

JAMIE  
Uh...everyone must be gone by now--

BANG! They bolt upright.

JAMIE  
(screams)  
Hey, we're in here!

MARK  
(sarcastic)  
They probably know that.

Jamie punches Mark's shoulder. They smile at each other.

BANG. the door bursts open. A FIREFIGHTER stands with a crowbar. The elevator is not quite at floor level.

FIREFIGHTER  
Just sit right there! We'll have you up  
in no time.

Mark and Jamie lock eyes and immediately roll them.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mark and Jamie walk down a deserted street. The stores to their side all have their gates up.

JAMIE  
I don't know what I can tell Jack.

MARK  
Jack?

JAMIE  
My director.

MARK  
How could he blame you for a broken  
elevator?

JAMIE  
Believe me, he'll find a way.

A FEMALE SINGER'S VOICE is heard coming from a bar. Jamie stops in her tracks and her face lights up. She runs in.

Mark gazes at a subway stop right in front of him. He shakes his head and runs into the bar.

CLOSE ON: A blue neon sign in front of the bar -  
"Virginia's."

INT. BAR - SAME

The SINGER stands behind a microphone on a small, dimly lit stage. She is in her 70s, but her VOICE is powerful. Behind her is a BASS PLAYER and PIANIST.

She continues the song from outside. It is slow and about a lost love.

Jamie and Mark face the singer. Jamie watches in admiration as Mark sips a beer.

The performance ends. Jamie CLAPS. She is the only one.

MARK

I guess you really like the blues.

JAMIE

(smiles)

My mother was a singer. I used to hear that song every day as a kid.

Jamie looks away. Tears form in her eyes.

MARK

Are you alright?

Jamie nods. She gazes out at the stage.

JAMIE

Yeah, it's nothing.

Mark's stare does not change. He places his hand on her shoulder. Jamie turns to smile at him.

INT. SUBWAY - SAME

Mark and Jamie stand on a subway platform. They watch a rat scurry by the subway lines. Mark SNAPS a photo. Jamie looks at him amused.

JAMIE

You're a strange one.

MARK

(laughs)

A strange what?



JAMIE

Person. You're very...eccentric.

Mark smiles.

MARK

I'm a man of many mysteries--

Mark slouches into a bench near him. Jamie joins him.

JAMIE

So, Mr. Hitchcock, when's your first movie coming out?

MARK

(laughs)

Shut up--

JAMIE

--No, seriously. I'm dying to see what you got.

MARK

I don't think I have...anything.

SCREECH. A train arrives in from of them. They jump to their feet.

CLOSE ON: their two heads. They're about a foot apart, and they smile widely at each other.

MARK

I'll see you around.

JAMIE

I guess so...maybe we'll find each other on the subway again--

MARK

--Or at your play.

Jamie smiles and leaves. She enters the train but stops by the doors.

JAMIE

Mark!

Mark's eyes gaze at her. Jamie practically glows from the subway light.

JAMIE

You better cast me in your first film.

Mark smiles and blushes. The door shuts.

ANGLE ON: Jamie's eyes.

ANGLE ON: Mark's eyes. Both stare with intensity.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT

Eric eyes a golf ball on a tee. His knees are bent and his forearms tense. His muscles seep through his shirt. He focuses as if his life depends on this next shot.

Mark stands a few feet away, holding a bucket of golf balls. He stares out at the range. His eye lids droop.

Eric SWINGS, it only makes it about 20 feet.

ERIC

(angry)

Fuck!

Mark smiles.

MARK

It's all in the legs, buddy.

Eric squints at him.

ERIC

Give me a fucking ball, Tiger.

Mark turns and sees a frowning MOTHER with her DAUGHTER.

MARK

Relax, Eric. We're playing golf... the most relaxing sport in the world.

Eric grabs a ball from the bucket. He places it on his tee and reverts to his windup position. He EXHALES.

SWING! His club flies out of his hands. The ball doesn't move an inch. Eric stares at his hand in angry amazement.

ERIC

(to hand)

You fuckin--

Eric locks eyes with the mother. He lowers his fist like it's a loaded gun.

ERIC

(to Mother)

I'm sorry, ma'am!

(nods at daughter)

She's got quite a swing!

INT. ERIC'S CAR - SAME

Eric drives a torn-down, rusty Ford pick-up truck that's cluttered with trash. Mark gazes at the stars through the passenger seat window.

MARK

(sarcastic)

You looked great out there.

ERIC

Yeah, well, at least I didn't hold a bucket of balls all night--

MARK

(laughs)

You asked me to!

ERIC

I know...I just wish...

(glances at Mark)

...never mind. Forget about it.

Mark sits up in his seat.

MARK

What?

Eric bites his lip. He locks eyes with Mark.

ERIC

I wanna get out of this city one day... I  
wanna be more than a construction  
worker--

MARK

--Eric, how many times do I have to  
hear this shit.

ERIC

Can you please shut the fuck up?

MARK

What does this have to do with holding  
golf balls?

ERIC

You're not enjoying yourself! Every  
day, it's like you're in a different  
place. You've changed man...

(squints)

Mark?

Eric searches for any sign of attention from Mark, who  
stares wide-eyed out the window. A large reflection of the  
moon is sprawled across his face.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

A dead frog lies planted on a metal tray.

A greenish Mark stands over it in a white lab coat. He  
wears oversized goggles and holds a tiny scalpel.

His LAB PARTNER watches over his shoulder. He's also in  
full lab gear. The room is CROWDED with similarly dressed  
people.

Mark lowers the blade. He hardly scrapes the skin.

LAB PARTNER

What are you doing?

Mark pulls the blade up.

LAB PARTNER

That'll open its liver!

MARK

Right...I knew that.

Mark CRACKS his neck.

ANGLE ON: the frog, staring right at Mark.

ANGLE ON: Mark's wide-eyed face, staring back at it. He gawks at his blade in horror, and DROPS it.

MARK

Fuck it. Fuck this, I'm out.

Mark pulls off his goggles and throws them onto the table. As Mark stomps out, the other students turn their heads.

INT. ADVISER'S OFFICE - SAME

Mark sits in an office filled with Columbia paraphernalia. An ADVISER sits opposite of him at a desk.

ADVISER

Hi, what can I do--

Mark leans forward.

MARK

--I want to drop out. Now.

INT. CAR - DAY

Ofelia drives while Mark sits with his feet on the dashboard. He looks out the window through his camera. The trees are multicolored orange and green.

Ofelia glances over. She gives him a death stare. He lowers his legs.

Mark rolls down the window. SNAP.

OFELIA

(seriously)

Mark. Have you finished your work?

MARK

(surprised)

How do you know I even have work to do?

OFELIA

I called Davies this morning.

Mark sits upright. He stares at Ofelia.

MARK

What? Why would you do that?

Ofelia looks at Mark with eyebrows furrowed then turns back to the road.

OFELIA

I'm paying for your education. I think  
I'm entitled to a phone call or two.

MARK

(animated)

That's bullshit.

Ofelia pulls into a driveway. Mark reaches for the door handle. LOCK. The door doesn't budge.

MARK

Mom?

Ofelia unbuckles her seatbelt and gets into the face of a slightly petrified Mark.

OFELIA

(threatening)

Mark. You're my son, and I want what's  
best for you. But, it seems like our  
intentions are starting to diverge.

Mark stares at her with silent anger.

OFELIA

I'm not afraid to kick you out of the  
house. Do you understand?

Mark nods. He manually unlocks the car and storms out.

INT. MARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mark stares at a nearly blank page. He TYPES a few words then shakes his head.

He looks around his room, eyeing each speck of dust.

ANGLE ON: the picture of his father. Mark pierces it with his gaze. He turns to his computer, TYPES, then looks right back at it.

Mark stands, marches to it, and SLAMS it down. Behind it is a folded piece of paper.

Mark squints and unfolds it. It's the flyer for Jamie's play.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mark holds the flyer in front of a tiny gray townhouse. He lowers the paper, squints at the building, then squints at the flyer. He slowly saunters towards it.

INT. THEATRE - SAME

In a small room with a capacity for about 40 people, twenty people sit in chairs, all spread out from each other. They face a proportionally sized stage.

Inaudibly, Jamie performs with OTHER ACTORS in costume.  
CLOSE ON: Mark in his seat. He smiles with a rose in hand.

CLOSE ON: Jamie. She spots Mark, who grins and nods his head. Her face brightens up.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Mark picks at his flower in an empty hallway that looks like the back entrance of a bar.

DREW, 23, is the only other person. He wears a nurse's scrubs. He looks like a model.

CREAK. Jamie enters out of a rickety door. She smiles in Mark's direction. He jumps into action and walks toward her. Drew moves in front of him.

Jamie now smiles clearly at Drew. They embrace and kiss.

ANGLE ON: Mark's face, mouth agape with surprise.

Jamie pulls away. She grins at Mark.

JAMIE  
(politely)  
Mark? I can't believe you came!

MARK  
Just showing my support for the local  
arts.

He offers her the flower. She smiles and mouths "thank  
you." She smells it.

JAMIE  
This is Drew...my boyfriend.

MARK  
(surprised)  
Boyfriend?

Drew reaches out his hand and grins widely. Mark accepts  
his invitation slowly.

DREW  
Well, actually, her fiancé.  
(Mark lets go)  
It's a pleasure to meet you.

He models his hand to show off a large diamond ring. It  
sparkles brightly. Jamie puts his hand down.

JAMIE  
We're not engaged. That's a promise  
ring. We've had one since high school.

MARK  
(to Jamie)  
I had no idea that...

JAMIE  
...That what?

MARK  
That you were such a good actress.

Jamie beams.



MARK

I should probably be heading out...it's getting late.

Drew checks his watch.

DREW

Really? It's only 9:30.

MARK

(looks down)

Early morning tomorrow.

Jamie scrunches her eyebrows. She grabs the flyer out of Mark's hands and takes a pen out of her purse. She writes on it against a wall and hands it back.

JAMIE

Call me, sometime. I could use another friend besides this one.

Drew smiles at her and kisses her. Mark promptly turns and leaves. Jamie pulls away and watches him.

EXT. CONEY ISLAND - NIGHT

Eric holds a large softball in his hand, pointing it at a stack of three bowling pins 10 yards away. Jamie and Mark spectate a few feet away.

Eric winds up like an MLB pitcher and throws. He hits only the top pin down. Before anyone can say anything--

SLAM! A CARNEY takes a \$1 bill. He hands Eric two balls.

Jamie nudges Mark.

JAMIE

(sarcastic)

He seems fun.

MARK

(amused)

You haven't even seen the best of him.

Eric winds up again.

ERIC

I may be competitive, but I'm not deaf.

Eric throws and hits all the pins down. He spins gracefully and high-fives Jamie.

EXT. FERRIS WHEEL - NIGHT

Jamie and Mark sit side-by-side, alone. In the cart behind them is Eric, sitting next to a giant pink-stuffed bear. He holds a beer in his hand and SCREAMS.

JAMIE

(smiles)

He's a wild one.

Mark turns around to observe the view.

MARK

I'm sorry...if I knew he'd be like this--

JAMIE

--You don't need to apologize. Believe me, I haven't had this much fun in awhile.

Mark smiles and relaxes in his seat.

MARK

So, Drew couldn't make it?

JAMIE

Yeah...he got a last second call from the hospital. He was very sorry he couldn't come.

MARK

Last second call? Don't they have other nurses?

Jamie looks out into the ocean. She shrugs.

JAMIE

He must be the best of the best...

(points)

Look! Do you see that?

Mark squints at the pitch-black water in front of him.

MARK

I just see...black.

JAMIE

I saw something shine down there. It  
sparkled...like a diamond--

Mark squints at nothing.

MARK

I can't see anything--

Jamie takes his hand in hers and points it out into the  
ocean. A faint white light is visible.

As she holds his hand, Mark smiles to himself.

EXT. BEACH - SAME

Jamie, Mark, and a passed-out Eric lay on the sand, staring  
at the waves crashing into the shore.

MARK

Was it hard...to tell your parents?

JAMIE

Tell them what?

MARK

That you wanted to be an actress.

Jamie looks away. She shivers slightly.

JAMIE

I don't think my parents even know that  
I'm alive.

MARK

Doesn't that make you sad?

Jamie turns to Mark with complete sternness.

JAMIE

(calmly)  
It's my dream. Not theirs.

Mark nods. He gazes at the waves.

MARK

It was my father, you know.

Jamie glances back at the waves.

MARK

He put me on to movies. He was an even bigger cinephile than me--

ANGLE ON: Jamie's face, crying slightly.

MARK (O.S)

We watched everything we could get our hands on...Kurosawa, Tarkovsky...

(laughs)

My Mom always hated it. She'd blame him for my grades. She called him a distraction--

Jamie shakes away the tears and smiles politely at Mark.

MARK

--You know what's crazy? In 21 years, I haven't seen a single movie with her. Not one. I wish I could just...make my own, you know, and show her...what I love. Why I love it.

Jamie nods her head. She hugs him. Taken aback, he hugs her slowly.

CLOSE ON: Mark's face, eyes shut for what feels like forever. Only the WAVES break the serene silence.

Suddenly, Mark's eyes shoot up. The moonlight shines brightly on his face. He pulls away and grins.

JAMIE

What?

MARK

I need a pen.

Mark digs in his bag for a piece of paper and a pen. He draws a giant rectangle. Inside of that, he crafts an image: a camera lost at sea, afloat.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. POND - DAY

Mark's camera floats in a tiny pond only a few inches deep.

MARK (O.S)

Cut... What do you guys think?

Mark films behind his phone. He holds it out in front of him and shields his eyes from the sun.

Eric and Jamie stand next to him, inches deep in water. They saunter to him and watch over his shoulder. Jamie hugs Mark.

JAMIE

She's going to love it.

Eric pats his back.

CLOSE ON: Mark's eyes shine in the sunlight.

ERIC (O.S)

We really need to buy you a new camera.

## Farewell – Step Outline (Acts 2 and 3)

### Act 2

- 1) Ofelia confronts Mark as he leaves with props. Petrified, he lies about seeing a made-up girlfriend. She invites her over and reminds Mark of an anniversary happening that Saturday.
- 2) Mark surprises Jamie on her birthday at her studio, who's in the middle of an argument with her director. She storms out in tears.
- 3) Mark and Jamie film on the Central Park rowboats. Mark gives her a vinyl of the record they heard in the Jazz Club. Jamie tells him Drew forgot her birthday.
- 4) At Jamie's home, they watch their footage. Drew criticizes its abstractness. Jamie erupts at him and references the fact that he leaves in the middle of the night often.
- 5) Mark, Ofelia, and Jamie, pretending to be Mark's girlfriend, eat an excruciatingly uncomfortable meal. Distraught, Jamie runs out in tears.
- 6) Mark and Jamie talk it out at a diner. Jamie tells Mark that Drew is cheating on her, she just hasn't confronted him yet. She will as soon as she sees him.
- 7) Mark takes an emotional Jamie to his favorite spot in the city: the bench from the movie poster for Manhattan. They kiss.
- 8) Mark and Eric drive upstate to film a stop-motion scene in a forest. Mark suggests stopping at a gas station, but Eric doesn't listen. He's too caught up talking about moving to LA.
- 9) Filming is successful. The car runs out of gas. Mark blames Eric and they sleep in the car.
- 10) Mark remembers the anniversary Ofelia mentioned. He runs to the nearest town, pays a young girl for her bike, and rides it to Manhattan.
- 11) Act 2 Crisis: Mark meets Ofelia at a cemetery. His father died a year ago. Ofelia reveals she knows Mark's secret and kicks him out of the house/family.
- 12) Mark moves in to Eric's apartment. He destroys his film in a fit of rage.
- 13) Jamie performs. Only strangers fill the audience. Afterwards, her director tells her she's being replaced. She quits.
- 14) Mark is told that Jamie's gone missing. He goes to every spot they've been to together.
- 15) He finds her at the Manhattan bench. She wants to go home. He tells her he loves her, but is told she needs some time for herself. He angrily argues not to run away from her dreams.
- 16) Mark initiates an argument with Eric after he's criticized for his laziness. Mark tells Eric he'll never make it to LA. He's not strong enough to pack everything up and go.

17) A huge storm hits New York. Eric, Mark, and Jamie all watch the rain, but individually. Mark goes to his favorite bench the next day, it's been torn to shreds.

18) Mark returns to an empty home. Eric leaves a note explaining that he's going to LA. He leaves a new camera and a paper, unseen to us, that leaves him in tears.

19) Act 2 Reversal: Mark goes to Davies for professional advice. Davies recounts how he lost his daughter because he was an overbearing father. He encourages him to finish his movie.

### Act 3

20) Mark sets out to create a new film. He interviews Filipinos about their immigration experiences. He sees the film academy ad again and stops in his tracks.

21) Jamie approaches Mark as he films. She tells him that he was right, she needs to figure out her life on her own. So, she'll stay in New York. She suggests making the movie more personal.

22) They film the rest of it together. On the last day, he interviews her about leaving home. She reveals her father became abusive after her mother died. She ran away from home.

23) Ofelia goes about her day alone. She ends her night crying at a picture of her family.

25) Mark tells Jamie about a plan to move to LA. He asks her to come with him. She refuses for the same reasons Mark told her to stay in New York. But, she understands his leaving.

26) Climax: Mark shows his movie to Ofelia. In the final scene Mark reveals his father's final message to him: keep pursuing your dreams. Ofelia is deeply moved and apologizes.

27) Resolution: Ofelia and Jamie watch Mark leave at the airport. He reveals Eric's gift: a hand-drawn movie poster that features Mark Sr., teaching Mark how to ride a bike. At the top, it is titled "Farewell, a film by Mark Rizal." He eats a Snickers bar as the plane lands.