

Julie
by
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EXT. HOUSE - DAY

JULIE (20s), furious, but brittle, storms up to the door.

JIM (20s), a caring face, but nervous, opens it up first.

JIM

You shouldn't be here, Julie.

JULIE

I shouldn't be at my boyfriend's?

JIM

Ex-boyfriend.

JULIE

Since when? Last week? Last night?
When did we break up? When did you
tell me you wanted to break up?
When did you say the words?

JIM

Julie, it's over. You're too
intense... out of control. I'm
tired of always fighting.

JULIE

(forcing her "calm" voice)
We're not fighting. I just want to
know when you think you broke up
with me. See? Totally calm. Not
even raising my voice when I think
about the whore you've got in there
with you.

KRISTI, 20s, steps out from behind the door.

KRISTI

I'm not a whore; and this isn't
about you--

(puts her hand on his
shoulder)

It's about Jim. He--

JULIE

(losing it)
Shut your mouth! You shut your
damn mouth, or I swear to Christ
I'll cut your fucking head off!

She stops. Looks at Jim. It's just like he said.

She fights to regain control, but can't and turns away before
she breaks down in front of them.