

jordy

By

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FADE IN:

INT NYC PSYCHOLOGISTS OFFICE - DAY

A small office with a desk in the corner, a few couches and a long, reclining leather chair. Framed certificates and plaques occupy one section of the wall.

In the recliner we see the back of the head of RICH TAYLOR, late forties, caucasian man, dressed business casual. His jacket hangs at a hook near the door.

At the desk, we see a silhouette of DR GRIER, overweight, mid-fifties or early sixties, wearing glasses, in a button down shirt.

As Rich and Dr. Grier talk, we see a montage of images from around the office.

RICH - V.O.

He wasn't a conventional therapist.

DR GRIER - V.O.

You look unwell.

C/U of Rich and Dr. Grier

RICH

I haven't slept for 3 days.

DR GRIER

Been taking your medication?

RICH

No.

(beat)

I like to dream at night.

DR GRIER

If you don't sleep, you'll end up dreaming during the day.

RICH

I'm okay with that.

DR GRIER

Insomnia can be caused by a number of things. Unresolved goals, unfinished business, bitterness.

(CONTINUED)

RICH

Hmm.

DR GRIER

Is there someone in your life you need to forgive?

RICH

I'm sure there is.

DR GRIER

Find that person.

(beat)

How's your novel coming?

RICH

It's not.

(beat)

I don't feel inspired.

DR GRIER

There's a certain part of the brain called the cerebral cortex. It connects the brain stem to the spinal column.

RICH

I'm listening.

DR GRIER

The cerebral cortex thrives on novelty. This part of the brain actually grows as a result of new experience. It's a process known as neuroplasticity. It is -

RICH

(overlapping)

What are you saying? I need a new experience, some inspiration?

DR GRIER

You need to find a muse.

CUT TO:

INT BROOKLYN, NY COFFEEHOUSE - DAY

A funky coffeehouse in Brooklyn.

Rich is behind the counter, preparing coffee. Crowd of people inside, drinking coffee, sitting at tables, on their smartphones, laptops, tablets, talking.

(CONTINUED)

MONTAGE of images: Rich preparing coffee. Girls ordering coffee. Hipsters posing nonchalantly, with a look of boredom that's been cultivated in private. NYC residents riding the subway, walking to work. Couples ordering coffee.

RICH - V.O.

He was right. And in a city of 6 million people, you think it would be easy to find one.

(beat)

But these girls, even if they arrived muses, didn't stay that way for long.

(beat)

The city has a way of corrupting you. The moment you arrive, it forces you to surrender your sanity, to the noise, the asphalt, the forest of stone and cement. Even your mundane excursions can become an obstacle course, waiting in line, fighting for space.

(beat)

In a city this crowded, attention is the most precious commodity.

As her prepares coffee at 100 miles an hour, everything around him is a blur.

RICH - V.O. (cont'd)

I'm sure there's a lot of lonely people around, but they hide it well. Behind sunglasses, reflected in the glare of a smartphone screen.

(beat)

Everyone here is buried in their own distractions. And no one talks to each other any more.

MONTAGE of images of people in the coffeehouse, sitting at tables on the street, walking.

RICH - V.O. (cont'd)

And all of us, no matter what our occupation, end up working for the city. We feed the monster, while trying not to become its food.

(beat)

So I toiled, like the six million other ants in this concrete colony.

(CONTINUED)

(beat)

And I sought the muse, watching
these girls, and making up
who-they-were in the parenthesis of
my imagination. Quietly, I
watched, filling in the blanks,
making up my own story, one with
the perfect ending.

Everyone stops instantly--the other employees, the customers, frozen in the moment. Even the music stops and all noise stops. It is silent. The only person continuing to move is Rich, oblivious. He notices and looks around at everyone frozen.

He walks over to a cute girl, who's frozen while texting on her phone. He takes her phone, and starts texting

RICH - TEXTING
One day you're gonna die.

He presses the send button.

He returns to his coffee station, closes his eyes, with a look of deep concentration, and opens them. Everyone is moving again.

EXT BROOKLYN, NY STREET - NIGHT

Jordy exits the subway station (L train) at Wilson Street. She walks into a bodega. A minute later, she leaves.

She continues walking, purposely, down the sidewalk. A fence, bordering a school, runs along the sidewalk.

Two guys are approaching her. She pulls out a switchblade and snaps it open.

Noticing her, the two guys cross the street.

She continues walking to the intersection, crouches down, and pulls a tin from her pocket. Using her knife, she pops open the lid of sardines.

Meows are heard as two stray cats approach. She pets them. Moments later, she stands, and continues walking.

INT BROOKLYN, NY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A rave party. Jordy is dancing. Piano approaches her, says something, dances with her.

INT BROOKLYN, NY, LOFT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

3 hours later.

A Brooklyn loft space, dark, except for a single candle burning on the kitchen table.

The living room: high ceilings, wood floors, a wall of windows on one side. Two couches, one long, one smaller, sit against adjacent walls.

An artist's easel stands in one corner, with an assortment of paint containers and brushes nearby on the floor.

On the longer couch, RICH, is sleeping.

Near the front door stands a ladder that rises to a bedroom, affectionately known as the nest.

A clock on the wall shows 3:55 am.

A sound of someone-unlocking-the-front-door is heard, with quiet talking behind it, some giggling.

The door opens. Two people enter the living room.

PIANO, 27, good looking, dressed extremely sharp (everything fitted, matched, stylish in a classic way).

JORDY, 22, petite, slender, pale as a ghost, with Eastern European features, wearing skinny jeans, a charcoal gray coat, and a pretty collar shirt that looks vintage, with a messenger bag over her shoulder, carrying a small suitcase that's, at least, 25 years old.

Piano enters the kitchen. Jordy follows him cautiously.

JORDY

Are you sure?

PIANO

Relax.

(points to living room couch)

You can sleep there.

Jordy removes her coat and hangs it on the chair. She is wearing a long sleeved shirt.

(CONTINUED)

Piano and Jordy go to the kitchen. Piano lights a candle. Once the candle is lit, we see the living room more clearly.

There's 2 couches, a big one whose back faces the large wall of factory windows, and a smaller one, sitting adjacent to it.

In the large couch, RICH, the coffeehouse employee who we met earlier, is sleeping. He's grunts in his sleep and turns over.

JORDY

There's someone there.

PIANO

The other couch.

(beat)

Or you can sleep on top of him.

Piano walks to one side of the room, puts hand on door.

PIANO (cont'd)

The bathroom.

Jordy uses the bathroom, then returns to the kitchen.

They both are quiet as Piano prepares tea.

They drink the tea, talking quietly, then finish the tea. Jordy walks to the couch, removes her jacket, lays down. Piano brings out a sheet, unfurls it over her. She pulls it over herself.

JORDY

You're not going to kill me, are you?

PIANO

Not tonight.

Piano goes to his room.

INT BROOKLYN, NY LOFT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Although there's mocha colored fabric hanging from the curtain rods on the large living room windows, this does little to diffuse the early morning light as it shines into the living room.

The clock on the wall shows 7am.

Rich rolls off the couch, walks to the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

JASMINE, a pretty, hippie girl, 22, dressed in an funky hipster style, carrying a garment bag, exits her room, walks to the kitchen, prepares a coffee.

Rich exits the bathroom.

RICH
Morning, Jasmine.

JASMINE
Hey. You want coffee.

RICH
I drink too much at
work. Thanks. How'd your audition
go?

JASMINE
Good. He said that if he doesn't
use me on this film, he'll keep me
in mind.

Jasmine motions toward Jordy, who's sleeping on the couch.

Rich shrugs, smiles.

RICH
Not mine.

FLAVIA, 20, pretty, exits her room, and walks to kitchen. She notices FAITH asleep on the couch.

FLAVIA
(to Rich)
Got lucky?

RICH
She's like 17.

JASMINE
In Georgia, that's legal.

RICH
Really?

FLAVIA
Don't give him -

RICH
(overlapping)
Good to know.

FLAVIA
(overlapping)
any ideas.

Rich smiles, shrugs.

RICH
When I woke up, she was here.

FLAVIA
Piano's girlfriend?

JASMINE
I thought he was gay.

RICH
Piano? Ha ha. He's not gay. Just
mysterious.

They all stand in the kitchen, looking at Jordy, who's
sleeping peacefully on the smaller couch in the living room.

Rich walks to front door, opens it, turns to Flavia and
Jasmine, waves, leaves.

JASMINE
I gotta go.

FLAVIA
I thought you had off.

JASMINE
Rush call.

FLAVIA
Lucky. What show?

JASMINE
Blue Bloods.

FLAVIA
I have to go, too. We can't just
leave her here.

RICH
I don't have to work til
later. I'll wake her before I go,
and make sure she leaves when I do.

FLAVIA
Piano invited her over?

(CONTINUED)

RICH

I guess.

INT BROOKLYN, NY LOFT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

3 hours later.

Rich is sleeping on the couch next to the couch that Jordy is sleeping on.

He rolls over and rubs his eyes. He sees Jordy sleeping on the couch beside him. She has her back turned to him. She's wearing a tank top. He looks her over.

Jordy opens her eyes, then closes them.

Rich sits up on the couch.

The door to a room opens and PIANO, a good looking guy with dark features, walks into the living room.

He's dressed in upscale casual clothes and carrying a wardrobe bag.

PIANO

You met my friend.

RICH

No. She's been asleep. I have to go to work. Can you make sure she leaves when you do?

PIANO

I have to go to work right now.

Rich's cell phone buzzes with an incoming text. He reads the text.

TEXT - WORK

We don't need you today.

RICH

They don't need me.

Rich texts back to reply to incoming text.

PIANO

Enjoy life.

RICH

I'll babysit her.

(CONTINUED)

PIANO
She is not a baby.

RICH
If you see those chocolates at
crafty -

PIANO
(overlapping)
Yes.

Piano leaves. Rich enters the bathroom.

INT BROOKLYN, NY LOFT, BATHROOM - DAY

Rich looks himself over, straightening his hair. He sucks
in his stomach and turns sideways, practicing different
looks.

He stoops down to a collection of magazines sitting in a
rack, pulls out a GQ, flips through to the cologne ad, peels
it back, and rubs it on his neck and wrists.

He brushes his teeth, flosses his teeth, uses mouthwash.

He leaves bathroom and returns to the kitchen.

INT BROOKLYN, NY LOFT, KITCHEN - DAY

Rich walks into the kitchen opens fridge.

He searches through it, grabs a banana that's gone rotten.
He throws it into the garbage.

Jordy sits up on the couch.

JORDY
Are you hungry.

RICH
Yes.

Jordy slips into her jeans and collar shirt and coat.

JORDY
I'll be right back.

RICH
What's your name?

She leaves.

INT BROOKLYN, NYC BODEGA - DAY

Jordy is roaming the aisles of a corner store, slipping food into her coat.

Eggs, waffles, orange juice, a box of whole grain angel hair pasta, a jar of spaghetti sauce, a pint of tomato paste, garlic, onions.

She orders a pound of ground beef. As the clerk puts it on the counter, she takes it and runs out the store.

INT BROOKLYN, NY LOFT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

MONTAGE of music and fun ...

Jordy is preparing a breakfast. Rich assists her.

JORDY

Jordy. My name is Jordy.

RICH

Rich.

They eat breakfast in silence.

RICH

This is delicious. Thank you. So, do you live in Brooklyn?

JORDY

(beat)

Sometimes.

Rich finishes his cup of coffee and spits out rapid-fire conversation.

RICH

I've been here for 2 months. Jasmine offered me a couch.

Rich pours another cup of coffee. Takes a sip.

RICH (cont'd)

I met her on set. Person of Interest. We're both extras.

(beat)

I work at a coffeehouse, too. The Bean. Come by, I can get you free coffee. You like coffee?

(CONTINUED)

JORDY

No.

RICH

So, who are you?

JORDY

Jordy.

RICH

I know that. Tell me about yourself. What do you do, for money? Do you work in the city? Are you an artist or ...

JORDY

This and that.

RICH

It's okay. We don't have to talk. I'm talking to much. It's the coffee, turns my mouth into Niagara Falls. Words like water.

JORDY

I have a question for you.

RICH

Okay.

JORDY

Can I take a shower.

RICH

Yes. You can use the white towel. It's mine.

Jordy gets up and goes into the bathroom. Rich continues eating, then gets up, walks to couch, retrieves a pad and paper, returns to table, and starts writing.

He notices that she left the bathroom door so it's barely open. He gets up and walks toward the bathroom. He peeks inside.

He returns to the table and continues to write.

She exits the bathroom and enters the kitchen.

RICH (cont'd)

I have to run some errands. I'm not supposed to let you stay here. Are you gonna be alright?

(CONTINUED)

(beat)
Do you have a place to stay?

JORDY
Possibly.

RICH
I'll be back at 7. Come back then
and I'll let you in.

INT BROOKLYN, NY LOFT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rich returns to the house. Jordy returns 1/2 hour
later. She prepares a feast.

The roommates--Flavia, Jasmine, Rich--and Jordy are enjoying
the meal that Jordy and Rich prepared. Rich is drunk and
already in love.

FLAVIA
(skeptical)
How did you make all this?

RICH
It wasn't just her.

JASMINE
Is this organic beef?

RICH
Seriously?

Piano arrives, notices them eating, hands Rich a bag of
Lindolm chocolates.

RICH (cont'd)
Thank you. Join us.

Rich places the bag of Lindolm chocolates on table.

RICH (cont'd)
Dessert.

PIANO
A feast.

Piano sits down. They eat.

FLAVIA
(to Jordy)
So, how do you get your money?

Rich shoots Flavia a dirty look.

(CONTINUED)

FLAVIA (cont'd)
(to Jordy)
I'm just curious. Where are you
from?

PIANO
It does not matter.

FLAVIA
Where do you live?

JORDY
Over there.

Rich and Piano laugh.

RICH
Me, too. I live over there.

PIANO
On the couch.

FLAVIA
(pouring wine for Jordy)
Here you go.

RICH
Me, too.

JASMINE
Rich is drunk.

RICH
I'm a professional.

JASMINE
(to Jordy)
I like your suitcase.

FLAVIA
(to Jordy)
That's all you have?

JASMINE
I only had the clothes on my back,
a travel journal, a pen, and \$3
dollars when I lived in Hawaii.

PIANO
How long were you there for?

(CONTINUED)

JASMINE
3 weeks. True story.

FLAVIA
(to Jordy)
So, that's all you have?

JORDY
That's all I need.

FLAVIA
(to Jordy)
Do you live around here? What do
you do for money?

RICH
C'mon.

JORDY
I sell my body.

Piano nods.

Rich gestures his hand toward Flavia as if to say "see".

PIANO
Me, too.

RICH
So do I.

Rich and Piano clink their wine glasses, and laugh.

As the conversation continues, the volume diminishes to a low murmur and we hear Rich's voice over as he thinks to himself.

RICH - V.O.
(watching everyone talk,
glancing at Jordy)
I felt the wine was a sniper.
(beat)
More than anything, this is what I
wanted. In fact, it was the
perfect moment. Sitting with
friends, enjoying a meal, and
falling in love, with a perfect
stranger.
(beat)
If a nuclear bomb were to detonate
in NYC, turning me into a shadow
... if I were to die right now, I
would die happy. I almost expected
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICH - V.O. (cont'd)
to see the credits of my life roll
up before me.

INT BROOKLYN, NY LOFT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A messy kitchen. A massive living room space. Rich and Jordy arranging themselves for sleep in their couches.

RICH
Thanks for the meal.
(beat)
It was fun.

JORDY
I know.

RICH
You're crazy.

JORDY
I'll tell you a secret.

Thirty seconds pass.

RICH
I'm listening.

JORDY
There's two things you should know
about me.
(beat)
I'm not afraid of anything. And,
I'm always right.

INT NYC SUBWAY CAR - DAY

MONTAGE

Rich standing in crowded subway car. A series of shots showing the simultaneous claustrophobic conditions with the loneliness that can accompany it.

RICH - V.O.
Sometimes, this city is too much
for me. It's like taking a drink
of water from a fire hydrant.

RICH - V.O.
For years, I had been looking for a
way out ... of myself, of my own
fears. And a way in, to be
accepted on the fringes of
something bigger than myself.

(CONTINUED)

(beat)

This restlessness kept me awake at night. Eventually, crippling me. I felt backed into a corner.

SUBWAY RIDER looks at Rich.

SUBWAY RIDER

Forgive. Let the burden go. Only then, will you be able to accept what comes next.

RICH - V.O.

I didn't want the responsibility of taking the lead. So, when others flew by, I attached myself to the tail of their comet. Eventually, I got absorbed into their gravity field. I just wanted to enjoy the view, even if it meant I was taking orders from someone who was insane.

INT NY LOFT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The clock shows 7am.

Jordy is up making breakfast for everyone. Crepes with nutella and banana. Coffee from French press.

Rich continues to glance at her, with curiosity and admiration.

Piano, Jasmine, Flavia are talking about TV shows or movies they have worked on. Rich is saying how he hopes to get this audition, so he can get a core part on a new pilot.

FLAVIA

(to Jordy)

So, how was work?

JASMINE

So, you're in between places?

PIANO

Stop. Let's enjoy breakfast.

RICH

This is delicious.

FLAVIA

You used to be a chef?

(CONTINUED)

JASMINE
So, where do you live?

Jordy shrugs.

JASMINE (cont'd)
Where do you sleep?

JORDY
(beat)
Under the stars

CUT TO:

INT NY LOFT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

music: Das Malefitz by Flaunts

music: Young Bloods - The Naked and Famous

Jordy takes Rich on an adventure to ... abandoned subway, abandoned building, North Brother Island, Staten Island abandoned shipyard.

On return, Rich gets beer. Sees surveillance picture of Jordy stealing. He discreetly steals the flier, then shows it to Jordy later. Asks if it is her.

INT NY LOFT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The roommates are curious and Jordy and talking about her.

FLAVIA
Has anyone seen my brush?
(beat)
It was given to me by my
grandmother before she passed.

JASMINE
The silver one?

FLAVIA
Yeah.

JASMINE
I haven't seen it. Nice brush.

PIANO
My dental floss is gone.

RICH
You're so famous, I had to sell it
on Ebay. I got three-hundred
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICH (cont'd)
dollars for it, so I'll buy you a
few more.

Flavia pulls Jasmine aside.

FLAVIA
I don't trust her. Jordy. We
should search her stuff.

JASMINE
She always takes it with her.

FLAVIA
And I think she's using Piano.

JASMINE
How?

FLAVIA
I just don't like her being here.

Rich, who's been listening, approaches them.

RICH
You think she stole your
hairbrush? And Piano's dental
floss? C'mon.

FLAVIA
Who else would've taken it?

RICH
Does she look like she needs a
hairbrush?

FLAVIA
It's valuable. Maybe she sold it.

RICH
C'mon.

FLAVIA
Why are you defending her?

Flavia pulls Jasmine to the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT NYC LOFT SPACE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Flavia and Jasmine discussing Jordy.

FLAVIA
I have an idea.

CUT TO:

EXT BROOKLYN, NY STREET - NIGHT

Flavia and Jasmine follow Jordy.

music: "Cascade" by Hyper

MONTAGE

In the subway. Making transfers. To Manhattan. They follow her to a clinic. She enters the clinic.

FLAVIA
She said she sells her body. But she works at a clinic.

Jasmine looks deep in thought, staring at clinic, then at Flavia.

JASMINE
She's a lab rat.

FLAVIA
What?

JASMINE
She sells her body for medical experiments.

FLAVIA
What? That's crazy.

JASMINE
It pays well. Sometimes.

FLAVIA
No wonder she's so weird.

JASMINE
You still wanna kick her out?

FLAVIA
(beat)
It kind of makes me like her more. But yeah, she's gonna have to go.

EXT NYC ROOFTOP - EVENING

Jordy tells Rich that she can summon UFOs.

All the roommates ... Piano, Rich, Jasmine, Flavia ... go up to roof to see if she can actually do it.

When no UFO's arrive in the sky, they leave.

RICH
What happened?

JORDY
Their negativity was blocking the UFO's.

RICH
They're some of the most positive people you'll meet.

JORDY
Even alien technology, as advanced as it is, cannot penetrate the negativity of humans.
(beat)
Think what it does to us when we're around it.

RICH
I never thought of it that way.

JORDY
You should leave them.
(beat)
They'll never appreciate someone like you.

RICH
And go where? They're letting me stay on their couch for low rent.

JORDY
Come with me.

RICH
Where?

JORDY
(points north)
Over there.

(CONTINUED)

RICH
Where do you live? Seriously.

JORDY
Here and there.

RICH
What do you do if it rains?

JORDY
Enjoy it.

RICH
What would I do for money?

JORDY
Nothing. Just be. The money will
come.

INT BROOKLYN, NY COFFEEHOUSE - DAY

Rich during non-busy periods, asks to use the bathroom. He sits on top of the toilet, pulls out his sketchpad, and continues writing.

He is inspired by Jordy.

EXT STATEN ISLAND, ABANDONED SHIPYARD - EVENING

Jordy takes them on all these cool adventures, to an abandoned shipyard in Staten Island, to the abandoned hospital in North Brother Island, to abandoned subway stations.

Show these as a montage.

Throughout these adventures, she gains their admiration, trust, respect, and this even furthers their curiosity about this person.

INT NYC LOFT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

All the roommates are in living room.

FLAVIA
We've been talking and we all think
you're cool, but it's time for you
to go.

Jordy nods.

(CONTINUED)

FLAVIA (cont'd)
It's just. It's getting kind of crowded.

JORDY
I understand.

Jordy grabs her suitcase and leaves.

It sets in that she's gone. Over the next day, the roommates kind-of resent Flavia.

CUT TO:

EXT EAST VILLAGE CAFE, NYC - NIGHT

All the roommates are inside a cafe, finishing a meal, when they see Jordy walk by outside. They follow her.

INT NYC SUBWAY SYSTEM, ABANDONED - NIGHT

She leads them to their doom. Rich, who's been following in the distance, is spotted by her.

Rich points a gun or knife at her.

JORDY
Are you going to kill me?

RICH
No. I'm turning you in.

JORDY
You can't.
(beat)
I'm always right. And I'm not afraid of anything.

Jordy approaches Rich.

JORDY (cont'd)
Are you in love with me?

RICH
(looking at her)
I'm getting there.

Cut to black.

INT UPSTATE NY, COLLEGE COFFEEHOUSE - DAY

Two college guys approach Jordy, who sits with her legs crossed, giving them a flirty look.

BEN

Hi, I'm Ben. This is my friend,
Caleb.

CALEB

Hi.

BEN

There's a party at our fraternity
tonight. You're invited.

Ben hands Jordy a flyer. She looks it over.

Rich returns with coffee and donuts, sits across from her.

JORDY

This is my cousin, Rich.

BEN

(looking at Jordy)
He can come, too.

CALEB

What's your name?

Jordy looks at them. Rich looks at Jordy, then looks at

JORDY

Jordy.

them.

Cut to black.