

You feeling this

"BREAKING UP"

WRITTEN BY
HEATHER TAYLOR

1 **INT. UBER -- DAY**

1

The car drives down a side street. Slows for speed bumps. A beaded crucifix hangs from the rearview mirror. It rattles every bump they take.

The occupants are silent. The radio plays some LIGHT JAZZ.

GRACE (30s) sighs impatiently.

The sound of a SIGNAL LIGHT. The car turns.

GRACE

Actually, here is fine. Thanks.

The driver gives a nondescript grunt. The car comes to a stop. The door opens, and Grace rushes outside.

2 **EXT. SANTA MONICA -- DAY**

2

It's early morning. The waves lap in the distance. Seagulls screech overhead.

The sand littering the pavement crunches under Grace's feet as she hurries from the road onto the walk/ bike path.

She mumbles to herself as she walks, as if rehearsing a speech. Lost in her own thoughts, someone on a bike rushes past, startling her. Tinny music blares from the phone strapped to the handle bars.

Grace jumps off the path.

GRACE

Hey! Watch it.

But they're out of earshot. Grace shakes the moment off and continues walking, obviously in a hurry. A jogger runs toward Grace on the other side.

JOGGER

(chipper)

Morning.

GRACE

(distracted)

Uh. Morning.

And he's gone. It's not as solitary as she expected, which is upping her anxiety. Why can't people just leave her alone?

Grace's phone chimes. Meeting alert.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Shit.

She pulls out her phone as she heads off the path across the sand. After she gets to the "perfect" spot, she texts someone. Sends. A long moment. A grunt of frustration. Another text.

And send again.

Impatient, Grace dials. The call automatically goes to voicemail.

VOICEMAIL WOMAN
Your call has been forwarded to an
automatic voice messaging system.

JACKSON
Jackson Martin.

VOICEMAIL WOMAN
-- Is unavailable.

Grace hangs up. Defeated, Grace sits in the sand. Stares.

GRACE
C'mon, Jackson.

Finally, the phone rings. It's a video call.

Grace answers.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(annoyed)
Hey.

JACKSON
Hey.

GRACE
You're late.

JACKSON
(keeping things light)
Sorry. I got caught up -- and this
time difference. You'd think after
three months I'd have it down.

GRACE
There's apps for that.

JACKSON
Noted.

GRACE
And you could've texted. Instead of
leaving me here waiting -- again.

JACKSON
(his back up)
I was busy. If I had time to text, I
would've called.

Grace huffs.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Honey.

GRACE
What.

JACKSON
I'm trying here.

GRACE
You're not the one left worrying.
What if something happened to you?

JACKSON
Nothing is going to happen.

GRACE
You don't know that.

JACKSON
You're right. I don't. I'm sorry.

GRACE
(relenting)
It's fine. It's...Whatever.

JACKSON
I'll make it up to you. I promise.

GRACE
Sure.

Jackson clocks the surroundings.

JACKSON
Where are you?

GRACE
The beach.

JACKSON
At this time?

GRACE
I thought you'd like to watch a
sunrise...like we used to.

JACKSON
You're really at our spot? You hate getting up early.

GRACE
The things you do for love.

JACKSON
(catches Grace is off)
What's the matter?

GRACE
This...just isn't how I planned this.

JACKSON
Grace.

GRACE
(diverting)
What time is it there?

JACKSON
Almost dinner. But you know that.

GRACE
(cutting him off)
You eating okay?

JACKSON
You know I eat better when you're around.
(back to his questioning)
What's up?

GRACE
(ignoring the question)
When I force you to eat vegetables?

JACKSON
Grace. Talk to me.

GRACE
(exacerbated)
I'm trying to go back to the script.
I planned this all out.

The call starts breaking up.

JACKSON
You don't have to plan things with me [frozen/ breaking up] say it.

GRACE
You're breaking up.

JACKSON
Can I...[frozen/breaking up]

GRACE
Jackson?

The call fails.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Shit.

She tries calling. It fails.

GRACE (CONT'D)
C'mon.

Then, her phone rings. It's an unknown number.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(answers, unsure who it is)
Hello? Jackson?

JACKSON
Hey, sorry. The wifi's crappy here.
I had to use the landline.

GRACE
So...no video?

JACKSON
Sorry. Is that okay?

GRACE
I guess.

JACKSON
I know you have something to say.
Just tell me. Rip off the bandaid.

GRACE
I wish it didn't have to be like
this.

JACKSON
(concerned)
Like what? Are you okay?

GRACE
Yeah.

JACKSON
Wait. Are...we okay?

GRACE
Yeah...yeah.

JACKSON

No really. Are we?
 (beat, panicked)
 Honey, if this is bad news --

GRACE

(spiraling)
 I just -- just -- had
 this picture in my
 mind. You'd be sitting
 here, beside me, holding
 my hand.

JACKSON

I'm sorry.

But you're not so I
 thought a video call
 could work but even
 that's a disaster.
 This whole thing --
 it's a mess.

It's not.

I'm a mess!

You're not.

(tearing up)

It was supposed to be
 perfect. I wanted you
 to see the sunrise
 over the ocean. That's
 all. I know you love
 the ocean. You do. But
 now you can't see
 anything. I can't
 believe I fucked it
 up. Why can't I do
 anything right?

(trying to get her
 attention)

Grace. GRACE!

Hearing the sound of her name, Grace finally snaps out of
 her spiral. Her breath short and fast, still in panic mode.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

It's not your fault, okay? It's my
 stupid connection. Just breathe.
 Breathe for me.

Grace takes a long, deep breath. It's shaky.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Everything's gonna be alright. Let's
 focus on something...like, what's
 the first thing you see.

GRACE

Um -- there's water?

JACKSON

That's a great start. What does it look like? Smell like?

GRACE

The air is tangy. Salty. It smells like the sea, I guess?

JACKSON

That sounds about right. And?

GRACE

The water is grey blue. The waves crest and it's like they're wearing this mass of white tulle.

JACKSON

Tulle -- is that like what our flower girls wore?

GRACE

Yeah. They looked like frothy little fairies.

JACKSON

What else do you see?

GRACE

The seagulls are high in the sky. I can barely hear them. It's-- soothing.

JACKSON

The sun up yet?

GRACE

It's just starting to peek out. When the light hits the waves, it sparkles and dances on the water.

JACKSON

If I was there...would we dip our toes in?

GRACE

(laughs)

Not me. It's freezing.

JACKSON

I'd make you come to the edge anyway.

GRACE

And you'd splash me.

JACKSON

But you wouldn't mind.

GRACE
 (smiling)
 I would. But I'd still let you.

JACKSON
 What else?

She takes a deep breath. This is it. This is the moment --

GRACE
 A picture. I'm holding it.

JACKSON
 Who takes a picture to the beach?

GRACE
 Someone who wants to show it to you?

JACKSON
 (confused)
 What is it?

GRACE
 I'll text it.

JACKSON
 (wary)
 Alright.

Grace snaps a picture of the picture with her phone. Attaches it to a text message. Presses send. She stands, filled with nervous energy. [NOTE: She slowly wanders closer to the ocean from now until the end, only moving when it feels right.]

GRACE
 Let me know when you got it.

JACKSON
 This reception is the worst. Just give it a sec.
 (then)
 I think this is it.

There's a long pause. The tension is palpable. Under the sounds of the waves, so subtle it could be the waves, is the sound of an ultrasound.

GRACE
 You got it?

JACKSON
 (in shock)
 Is this...

GRACE

Yes.

JACKSON

An ultrasound...your ultrasound?

GRACE

Yes.

JACKSON

I'm...going to be a father?

GRACE

Yes!

JACKSON

We're having a baby.

GRACE

We are!

JACKSON

(whooping with joy)

It's happening. It's really happening.

I just want to hug you and hold you
and just...and just...

(trails off, hit by reality)

Oh my god. This wasn't the plan.

GRACE

I know.

JACKSON

I should be there.

GRACE

You will be. When it's safe.

JACKSON

But I won't be home in time. I still
have 8 months to go.

GRACE

The baby won't know.

JACKSON

Then we have to talk everyday.

GRACE

When you can make it.

JACKSON

I'll make it. I promise...and you
have to put me on speaker. The baby
has to hear my voice.

GRACE
They can't hear yet. Their ears don't
work.

JACKSON
But they will soon.

GRACE
They will.

JACKSON
So we'll have a Grace and Jackson
talk -- then a peanut and daddy talk.

GRACE
Peanut?

JACKSON
We've got to call them something.

GRACE
Peanut. I like it.

JACKSON
I love you so much.

GRACE
I love you, too.

JACKSON
Grace?

GRACE
Yeah?

JACKSON
Thank you.

GRACE
For what?

JACKSON
For making my perfect day.

GRACE
Should we go in the water?

JACKSON
We should.

Grace stands, slips off her shoes, and heads into the water.
As the waves splash against her legs, she laughs.

END