

I THINK WE'RE ALONE NOW

Written by

Jessica Mei Gershen

Based on a True Story

Jessica.Gershen@gmail.com  
(347) 510-7091

INT. MIAMI AIRPORT GATE - 1988 - NIGHT

JULIETTE, 10, innocent & childlike, STARES with large perceptive eyes, stands on line with her family in front of the airline representative desk.

STACY, 12, big 80s hair, blue eye shadow & pink lips, stands with her family next in line, BOPS her head, 80's MUSIC blasts from her walkman.

JULIETTE STANDS WITH BACK TO AIRLINE REP, CONTINUES TO STARE AT STACY

AIRLINE REP

I'm sorry, but there is nothing we can do. The snowstorm is very bad, All flights have been grounded.

JULIETTE'S FATHER, 38, drops his head into his hands, defeated & tired.

JULIETTE'S MOTHER, 36, shifts her BABY to her other hip, adjusts the multiple bags on her other shoulder.

JULIETTE'S BROTHER, 8, tugs at Mother's bags.

Juliette's Father looks around for a courtesy phone and hotel information kiosk, spots one, runs off.

JULIETTE'S MOTHER

Okay, come on, help me with the bags.

Juliette's Mother ushers Juliette, her brother, baby sister and bags over to a row of seats.

Juliette picks up a couple of backpacks, follows Mother to seats, her EYES never leave Stacy.

STACY'S PARENTS, same age as Juliette's parents, now with gate rep. Rep repeats herself (silent ad lib). Stacy's walkman MUSIC drowns out all sound. Then-

SFX: BABY FUSSING NOISES

JULIETTE'S MOTHER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Juliette, hand me a bottle?

JULIETTE CONTINUES TO WATCH STACY

JULIETTE'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 Juliette! Hello? I said hand me  
 your sister's bottle please.

Juliette snaps out of it, goes to bag, hands her mom the bottle, turns back to STACY.

Stacy's parents discuss (silent ad lib) what to do about their night. They argue a bit and then relent, toss their bags on a row of seats.

JULIETTE'S FATHER RETURNS, WALKS PAST STACY'S PARENTS.

JULIETTE'S FATHER  
 There are no hotels. Not without  
 spending an arm and a leg.

JULIETTE'S MOTHER  
 You're kidding.

JULIETTE'S FATHER  
 I am not.

Juliette breaks her stare.

JULIETTE  
 We could stay in the airport for  
 the night? Couldn't we?

JULIETTE'S BROTHER  
 (simultaneously with  
 Juliette)  
 Yea! Can we?

JULIETTE  
 Can we?

Juliette's parents look at each other. Her father SIGHS.

INT. MIAMI AIRPORT GATE - NIGHT

Juliette's Mother lies on floor, makeshift bed, baby sleeps next to her, she reads a book.

Juliette's Brother plays with a Speak & Spell on the ground near his mother.

SFX: SPEAK & SPELL VOICE

Juliette's Father sits on a seat, reads a newspaper.

Juliette leans on her father's legs, Christopher Pike novel open on her lap. She watches-

STACY HANGS UPSIDE DOWN ON SEAT, FLIPS THROUGH A TEEN BOP MAGAZINE

Juliette's Father notices Juliette.

JULIETTE'S FATHER  
You seem quite interested.

JULIETTE  
(caught and flustered)  
In what?

JULIETTE'S FATHER  
That mall rat over there.

Juliette looks back down at her book.

JULIETTE'S FATHER (CONT'D)  
I'd be mortified if that were my  
daughter.

Juliette looks quickly at her father, then back at her book. Then, Her EYES shift back to Stacy.

Stacy sees Juliette staring at her, makes a 'GOT A STARING PROBLEM?' look back at her.

Juliette, FLUSTERS, quickly looks back down at her book.

Stacy SMILES, looks back at her magazine.

TIME CUT:

INT. MIAMI AIRPORT GATE - LATER

Juliette's Mother, baby sister & Brother, all in same positions, but asleep.

Juliette's Father, asleep in his chair, newspaper next to him.

Juliette lies on her stomach on floor, still with her book, doesn't read it. Looks up at Stacy again.

STACY, already looking at Juliette, smiles, waves.

Juliette waves back, shyly.

Stacy POINTS to an empty row of seats.

Juliette looks at her FAMILY asleep, slides away.

INT. MIAMI AIRPORT GATE - CONTINUOUS

Stacy and Juliette sit on the floor in front of an empty row of seats, look at each other silently. Then-

STACY  
(confidently)  
You've got a staring problem.

JULIETTE  
(embarrassed)  
Sorry.

STACY  
Where you from?

JULIETTE  
New York.

STACY  
Duh. Where?

JULIETTE  
Yorktown. Where are you from?

STACY  
Yonkers.

JULIETTE  
Oh.

STACY  
What grade are you in?

JULIETTE  
Fifth. What are you?

STACY  
I'm a sophomore. In high school.

JULIETTE  
Oh.

STACY  
(laughing at her)  
Ha, psyche! I'm only 12. I'm in  
7th.

Juliette is noticeably embarrassed.

STACY (CONT'D)  
 Could you imagine if I was actually  
 though? (laughs more)

JULIETTE  
 (coolly)  
 Ha, yea totally.

STACY  
 (pulls out two candies  
 from her pocket)  
 Want an Atomic Fireball?

JULIETTE  
 Yeah okay.

STACY'S HANDS UNWRAP A FIREBALL - HER NAILS ARE POINTY AND  
 PAINTED BRIGHT GREEN

JULIETTE'S HANDS UNWRAP A FIREBALL - NORMAL KID HANDS

They both pop the fireballs into their mouths.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)  
 (fireball in mouth)  
 Wanna play spit?

STACY  
 I'm not that good.

JULIETTE  
 (gaining confidence)  
 That's okay... I am.

Juliette runs back to her bag, Stacy watches her go.

Juliette returns with a pack of cards, SHUFFLES, deals.

JULIETTE AND STACY  
 (quietly)  
 1, 2, 3, spit

Juliette and Stacy play Spit. Juliette is very fast and  
 beating her. Stacy laughs at herself.

Juliette holds FIREBALL in her front teeth, now white after  
 having been sucked for a while, SLURPS in air between the  
 candy to alleviate the spice, SMILES with candy in her teeth.  
 Stacy laughs at her.

Stacy puts her fireball between her pink lips, POPS it back into her mouth, Juliette laughs at her.

INT. MIAMI AIRPORT GATE - LATER

Juliette and Stacy lay on airport floor with a notebook, they play M.A.S.H.

JULIETTE  
Okay, name 4 guys.

Stacy cocks her head upwards, eyes Juliette.

STACY  
Ryan, Jenny, Tony, and Juliette.

Juliette stares at Stacy.

STACY (CONT'D)  
(knowingly)  
What?

JULIETTE  
You named like, at least 2 girls!

STACY  
So? And also, I named 4 girls.

JULIETTE  
But-

STACY  
But what? Why can't I marry a girl  
if I want to?

Juliette stares at her, frozen.

TIME CUT:

INT. MIAMI AIRPORT GATE - MOMENTS LATER

The M.A.S.H. table is filled out. Juliette sits up, draws a spiral on the other page of the notebook. Stacy watches her.

STACY  
(after Juliette draws  
spiral 7 times)  
Okay, stop!

Juliette counts the spiral lines.

JULIETTE

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. 7. Seven.

Juliette counts down the M.A.S.H. lists with the number seven.

Juliette counts, crosses out all the 'spouse' options, lands on 'Juliette' as the winner, BLUSHES hard.

Stacy laughs, makes a 'YES!' motion with her arm.

TIME CUT:

INT. MIAMI AIRPORT GATE - LATER

JULIETTE'S CLOSED EYES

Stacy sits face to face with Juliette, puts BLUE EYE SHADOW on Juliette.

JULIETTE'S CHEEKS AND LIPS

Stacy puts BLUSH on Juliette's cheeks.

STACY

(puckers her lips, closes  
her eyes)

Okay now do this.

Juliette, noticeably embarrassed, closes her eyes, puckers her lips.

Stacy draws lipstick on Juliette's LIPS.

Juliette opens her eyes, lips still puckered. Stacy's face very close to hers, her lips puckered as well in imitation to Juliette's. They FREEZE, look in each other's eyes with puckered lips for a long moment.

Juliette jumps up.

JULIETTE

(stammering)

I wanna go look in the mirror!

Juliette runs away.



INT. AIRPORT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Juliette looks at her painted face in the mirror, she touches her cheek and then her lip.

YOUNG WOMAN, early 30s, 80s fashion perfection, enters bathroom, looks at herself in mirror, teases her hair.

Juliette watches Young Woman.

Young Woman notices Juliette, nods at her makeup.

YOUNG WOMAN

Cute.

Juliette looks back at herself in the mirror.

JULIETTE LOOKS AT HER REFLECTION, TO YOUNG WOMAN'S, AND BACK TO HER OWN

Juliette takes a paper towel, wets it, rubs off makeup.

INT. MIAMI AIRPORT GATE - CONTINUOUS

Juliette walks back to Stacy on the floor.

Stacy notices Juliette's clean face.

JULIETTE

My dad would kill me if he saw.

Stacy looks down into her lap, disappointed.

JULIETTE (CONT'D)

But I liked it. I wish I was- I like it. On you.

Juliette sits down next to Stacy, they catch each other's yawns.

STACY

Isn't that so weird when that happens?

JULIETTE

(giggles)

Yea...

They arrange their things to make a pillow, lay into it both on their sides, they FACE each other.

Stacy pulls out a walkman, pulls the headset wide enough that it can fit over both of their heads, hands Juliette one side.

The girls turn onto their backs, heads touching, listen to MUSIC.

STACY'S HAND TAKES JULIETTE'S - INTERLOCKING FINGERS

TIME CUT:

Juliette and Stacy sleep in same positions, hands still held.

INT. MIAMI AIRPORT GATE - EARLY MORNING

Juliette's FATHER stands above the two sleeping girls.

HANDS STILL EMBRACED

Juliette's Father loudly CLEARS his throat.

The girls remain asleep.

Juliette's Father nudges her FOOT with his own.

Juliette wakes, sees him, rapidly SITS up.

JULIETTE'S FATHER  
What is going on here?

JULIETTE  
Nothing, I-

JULIETTE'S FATHER  
Come and get your things. We are  
leaving.

Juliette looks at Stacy, still asleep.

INT. MIAMI AIRPORT GATE - EARLY MORNING

Stacy wakes up where she and Juliette had fallen asleep earlier, Juliette is gone.

Juliette and family stand near representative desk, pick up their bags.

Juliette looks at Stacy, notices she's awake. Visibly excited, half waves.

Stacy stands, watches Juliette's family get ready, locks eyes with Juliette.

Juliette makes an 'AREN'T YOU COMING?' motion with her hands.

Stacy looks at her parents.

Stacy's PARENTS, awake but not getting ready to leave.

SFX: THE AIRLINE REPRESENTATIVE BEGINS CALLING GROUPS TO BOARD THE PLANE

Juliette's Father EYES Stacy, directs Juliette towards the jet bridge.

Juliette urgently looks back over her shoulder at Stacy.

Stacy watches Juliette leaving, shrugs, waves once.

Juliette stands in front of the jetbridge looks at Stacy for a long moment, then-

Juliette drops her backpack, runs to Stacy, they HUG.

JULIETTE'S FATHER  
Juliette! What on earth?

Juliette's Father runs after her, pulls her apart from Stacy, turns her body, marches her to jetbridge.

Juliette watches Stacy as she goes.

Stacy stands there, hand in air, frozen wave.

FADE TO BLACK.

**END.**

