

Jack & Maude

By

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INT.SUPERMARKET. NIGHT

Jack walks slowly down the supermarket aisle. In his shopping basket is tofu, soy milk, organic this, environmentally friendly that. Jack is 27. He wears an expensive tailored suit, an expensive watch, black polished shoes and a bored expression. He picks up and inspects the label of each item before tossing it disinterestedly into his basket. He sings along half heartedly to the cheesy song playing over the speakers, under his breath. He buys a lot.

He goes to the checkout. He suddenly remembers himself.

JACK

Oh, better give me some of those green bags.

Cashier scans his groceries, looks at what Jack is buying then looks at Jack. Hands Jack his groceries.

JACK (CONT'D)

Can I get the receipt, please?
Thankyou.

Jack carries his shopping to the car park. His car is nice, expensive, it unlocks as he approaches.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Jack walks into his apartment and places the green shopping bags on his kitchen bench. His kitchen looks like something out of an IKEA catalog, minimalistic, with obligatory touches of personality here and there. The open plan lounge has views over the city lights. His phone rings, and he answers it. As he talks, he busies himself laying out the groceries on the kitchen bench for surveying.

JACK

Hello.

CUT TO:

INT JACK'S KITCHEN/ROGER'S OFFICE

Split screen. Roger is in his corporate office, at his desk, leaning back on his chair. Roger is in his 60s, a smarmy professional type who uses unnecessary words a lot.

ROGER

Jack, its Roger. Listen I just wanted to touch base with you and
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROGER (cont'd)
see where you are at vis-a-vis the
green marketing research. I just
got out of a very important meeting
with some the VIP clientelles.

JACK
I am all over it. As we speak I
have my hands on some recycled
toilet paper.

ROGER
Gross. Look Jack, you are really
going to have to step it up a
notch, we need to show the
clientelle how VIP they are to
us...

Jack pulls a face at his bosses second use of the words
clientelle and VIP.

ROGER (CONT'D)
and that we know how to advertise
to the young, affluent, ethical
types. Theres a reason we chose you
for the job. I'm going to need you
to work some of your magic.

JACK
Its sorted Roger. Theres an inner
city eco market on tomorrow thats
going to be swarming with those
types.

ROGER
Yes, and?

Jack walks to his window and looks across the city
valiantly.

JACK
Roger, I'm going in.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM. MORNING

Jack is in bed, alone. He gets out of bed and throws open
his huge wardrobe. He picks out a neatly folded t shirt and
some jeans, cuts off the tags with a pair of scissors, and
folds them over his arm. He picks up a pair of dirty white
plimsoles from his tennis bag, and walks to the bathroom.

INT JACK'S BATHROOM

Jack stands in front of the mirror and basin in the clothes he has picked out. He looks at himself in the mirror and considers his next move. He picks some products out of his extensive collection, and goes at his hair with unbridled energy, trying to give himself some sort of effortless looking bed hair. It doesn't work.

He picks up his razor to shave, then decides against it. He congratulates himself in the mirror for this stroke of genius.

INT. JACK'S HALLWAY

He walks out the door with swagger, after stopping to pick up his green bags he bought the night before.

EXT. CO OP/FARMER'S MARKET

Jack approaches the market, dressed in the clothes he picked out to go undercover, like he is walking into battle, but with a smug expression. The market is made up of stalls of fruit and veg, locally made honey, bread, and so on.

He picks up some vegetables and does his best to blend in, assuming his bizarre version of what these types talk like, in an over the top enthusiastic voice:

JACK

Ooh, are these organic artichokes?

VENDOR

(taken aback by his strange
enthusiasm)

Yes.

JACK

Oh and local too! Aren't they just
devine?

Jack clutches the artichokes to his chest.

Vendor nods, unimpressed, and takes his money. Jack is pleased with this successful interaction, and moves on to other stalls. He looks over and observes Maude.

Maude is in her early 20s, she runs a stall where she recycles and reuses clothing and bits and pieces and resells them at 'boutique' prices. She is talented and business is booming. Jack is attracted by the crowds and Maude herself,

(CONTINUED)

who is handling the place competently, so he saunters over to her stall, green bag over shoulder.

He picks up a price tag on a lamp made out of tea cups, and raises his eyebrows, visibly impressed.

JACK
Excuse Me.

MAUDE
Yes?

Jack tosses his bed hair to one side with a confident flick of his head and puffs up his chest.

JACK
How much is this?

Maude is busy with another customer.

MAUDE
(politely)
I'm not sure, whatever it says on the price tag.

Jack looks down and sees the price tag.

JACK
(dorkily and loudly)
Oh, duh!

MAUDE
What?

JACK
Nothing.

Jack continues browsing. He looks at lap top cases made out of recycled wetsuits.

JACK
(holding up one of them)
Do these fit MacBook Pros?

MAUDE
Yes, they fit all laptops.

JACK
Even like, 17 inch ones? I have a really big one, for like, all the art I do.

MAUDE

Umm, they are pretty stretchy. Here try.

She pulls on one to demonstrate. She holds it out to Jack to try for himself.

JACK

(casually)

I shouldn't really be doing this. I injured a muscle in my hand whilst making my own sourdough this morning for breakfast.

Maude laughs sharply. Jack looks at her with a straight face.

MAUDE

Oh, your not joking.

JACK

Oh, no I totally was.

He wasn't. They have an awkward moment where he tries to think of something to say and she tries to figure out what this guy is on about.

MAUDE

I can custom make one for you. Just go to my website. Here.

She hands him her business card, he looks at it.

JACK

(heartened)

So you're like, giving me your number practically.

MAUDE

(unsure)

Yeah, I guess so?

INSERT: Maude's business card. It is cutesy and hand drawn, with rainbow colours and written in cursive. It is cluttered with words, email, websites, descriptions, lists of what she does.

JACK

(inspecting the card,
frowning)

Maude?

(CONTINUED)

MAUDE
(defensive)
Yeah.

JACK
Well that's a little old fashioned.

MAUDE
Sorry?

JACK
(looking her over, thinking he
is paying her a compliment)
Its okay, it fits your image.

Maude scoffs.

JACK
(smiling)
Here. Now we've exchanged cards.

He pushes his business card into Maude's hand.

INSERT: Jack's business card. It is printed on expensive off-white card with gold embossed letters. It says only 'Jack Gold' and a phone number.

She looks at it, unimpressed.

MAUDE
Jack Gold.

JACK
The one and only.

MAUDE
(incredulous)
That's your name?

JACK
It's a shortened version. It's a
nickname my work buddies gave
me...its more snappy.

Maude is lost for words.

JACK
Originally Goldstein.

MAUDE
I think you should stick to your
real name Goldstein.

Steven approaches. Steven is about Jack's age but the contrast between the two couldn't be more apparent. Steven has an impressive beard and wears interesting spectacles.

STEVEN

Maudie! Hey.

MAUDE

Steven!

The pair embrace, Jack looks on keenly.

MAUDE (CONT'D)

Where have you been? You fell off
the face of the planet.

Steven exhales dramatically and raises his eyebrows.

STEVEN

Oh my god, you have no idea! I just
finished the second draft of my
first novel.

MAUDE

Oh yeah, what was it about again?

STEVEN

Well, in theory its a
historiographical text about
botany...but in practicality its
about the evolution of the
farmer...

Steven continues to talk animatedly about his novel. Jack gets Maude's attention, he holds up Maude's business card with one hand, then holds his other hand up to his ear like a phone.

JACK

(whispers loudly)

I'll call you.

He walks away.

Maude looks after him, amused.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT

Jack throws open the door and waddles down the hall, laden with his purchases from the day.

(CONTINUED)

In the kitchen, he excitedly arranges the artichokes he bought in a vase, as if they were flowers. He clearly thinks they are ornamental objects.

He sits at the table, chin in palm, and stares at his artichoke arrangement.

Jack's phone vibrates on the table. It's Roger. Jack looks at his phone, and choosing to ignore it looks back at the artichokes with a dreamy expression.

CUT TO:

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE / JACK'S APARTMENT DAY

Maude lounges on Jack's huge couch reading a novel. His barely decorated open lounge has been transformed into a hipster utopia. Piles of books sit everywhere, colourful and crazy oversized pillows cover the couch. The walls are covered with art. It is sunny. A record spins in the lounge, upbeat summer music plays and two vintage bikes lean against the wall.

Jack is out on the balcony. He wears an old tshirt and fisherman pants, and is on his knees, pottering among a clutter of potplants with a trowel in hand. When Jack lifts his head from his gardening it is revealed he has a thick and magnificent beard, and interesting glasses, much like Stephen.

Maude stares at him adoringly.

Jack's phone rings. It is Roger, Jack ignores it.

Jack picks a tomato off one of his plants and holds it up to show Maude.

His phone continues to ring.

Maude looks at the tomato in ecstasy, throws her book over her shoulder, and makes a b-line for Jack like a cat on heat. Jack smiles.

Suddenly Roger appears, climbing onto the balcony as if he scaled the 30 floors to get there. He wears a full suit, has his phone to ear. The phone is still ringing. He looks angrily at Jack. Jack looks at Roger, suddenly afraid. He looks back inside and Maude is gone.

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM. MORNING

Jacks wakes up and sits bolt upright in bed. He looks around his apartment, it's back to normal. He finds Maude's business card and dials her number.

JACK
Maude? Its Jack.

Jack pauses.

JACK (CONT'D)
(hopefully)
From yesterday?

A few seconds pass by.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Oh come on.
(back into the phone)
Jack Gold, with the business card
with the gold lettering? Yes,
Goldstein. Listen, we need to meet.
Why? Because I have a business
proposal for you.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE

Chairs and tables are set up on the street outside. Maude sits at a table, with a notebook and pen sitting idle in front of her. She is dressed smartly, in a colourful frock and heels.

Jack pulls up in his car across the street. He beeps to get her attention, startling the cafe patrons. She squints at the car and he rolls down the electric window and waves excitedly. She waves back, not knowing what else to do.

Jack crosses the road, stands before her and undoes the button on his suit jacket before sitting down. He leans back on his chair and smiles at her.

JACK
Your hair looks different.

MAUDE
Thats your opener?

Jack shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

MAUDE (CONT'D)
(enjoying herself)
Well, I was going to wash it but
then I realised I wasn't going to
see anyone important today.

Jack smiles. They look at each other for a moment.

MAUDE (CONT'D)
(leaning forward, expectantly)
So?

JACK
What?

MAUDE
This business proposal.

JACK
(laughs)
Oh, there isn't one. I just wanted
to make sure you'd come.

MAUDE
(angry but slightly flattered)
You cannot be serious.

JACK
(smugly)
It worked.

A waiter approaches. Jack orders coffees for the both of them. Maude frowns.

JACK (CONT'D)
Come on, you didn't come here
expecting a business meeting. Look
what your wearing.

MAUDE
(defensively)
I brought a notebook and pen!
Anyway, look what your wearing. Who
wears a suit on a Sunday if its not
for business.

Now it is Jack's turn to be offended. He thinks for a moment.

JACK
Church people.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (CONT'D)

(Sincerely now, turning on the
charm)

And men who grew up with a tailor
for a father. Men who are trying to
impress.

MAUDE

(softening)

A tailor's son? I picked you for
one of those corporate types...in
advertising or some utter bullshit
like that...

Jack looks uneasy.

MAUDE (CONT'D)

(laughing and splashing her
hands across the sky)

Jack Gold. Bullshit artist!

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE

Jacks sits at his desk, staring blankly at his untouched
lunch, a tupperware container full of artichoke salad.

END ACT ONE.