

HEARTBREAKER

Written by

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FADE IN.

INT. FRENCH MANSION - NIGHT

FRANCE, 1755.

Fire roars in an exquisitely carved fireplace. Gilded vases, chests, and ornaments line the walls. Two powdered wigs, his and hers, sit side-by-side on a rococo sofa.

Two nude figures intertwine on a lavish four-poster bed, partially obscured by draped curtains. Their bodies seem to mesh together as one.

The YOUNG MAN is on top. Seen from behind, his back is muscular, slick with sweat.

The YOUNG WOMAN is unseen, aside from her hand slowly scratching down his shoulder. Her fingers look grayish, but it might just be the shadows.

The Young Man moans, hips slowly thrusting.

Through the Young Woman's eyes, we catch his gaze. He's handsome. Not gorgeous. His face has a boyish appeal. Clean-shaven, brown hair sticky from passion. But his eyes-

The most piercing blue eyes you've ever seen, distinctly accented with GOLDEN SPECKS. These incredible eyes stare into ours, unflinching. The flames dance in their reflection.

He leans in and speaks softly.

YOUNG MAN  
(in French)  
I love you.

The Young Woman responds, still unseen.

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)  
(in French, monotone)  
You're my everything.

The Young Man picks up pace.

The Young Woman's gray fingers clench his shoulder.

Seen through SHADOWS ON THE WALL, the Young Man's physique contorts inhumanly, enveloping the Young Woman like a beast consuming prey.

The Young Woman's hand slides off his shoulder and dangles off the edge of the bed.

The Young Man lets out a light sigh and smiles. He looks entirely normal, just as before. He rolls onto his back to-

REVEAL: the Young Woman's face. She's alive, but her eyes are dead. She looks almost frozen. And her skin is definitely grey.

Purple veins cobweb up her face. We follow them across her neck and chest back to their source - her heart.

B-BMP. B-BMP. B-BMP.

With each practically visible beat, the veins throb outwards, pumping away from her heart.

The Young Man takes her left hand with his right. In contrast to her ghostly skin, his shines vibrant and tan. He gives her a loving squeeze, and while it may only be a trick of the fire, her skin grows even paler.

His blue eyes glow brighter than ever, the gold specks dancing in the flames.

B-BMP. B-BMP. B-BMP.

Black.

EXT. MONTANA SUBURBS - VARIOUS

MONTANA, 1998.

A series of SHOTS convey a timeless Americana. Quiet streets, farmhouses, a town square with a five dollar cinema, a diner, an ice cream parlor. Time hasn't moved here in 40 years, and perhaps it never will.

EXT. CASEY'S HOUSE - DAY

A small two-story on a residential street. The house isn't flashy, but it's not in bad shape. Fresh flowers hang in planters. A welcome mat says "HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS."

CASEY HENDERSON, 17, a local girl with a good head on her shoulders, sketches in a well-worn, pocket-sized NOTEPAD. She wears a bright yellow windbreaker and a pink ribbon, her signature style. Her dog, RUFUS, sleeps near her feet.

The DRAWING is a rough sketch of the landscape seen from her backyard. She sticks her FOUNTAIN PEN in the notepad binding, puts it into her jacket pocket, and hops off the porch onto the lawn.

The grass is fresh and green, rustling in the breeze.

Casey lays down, relishing the feeling of nature on her skin.

The sky is blue and wide open. The air feels clean. In the far distance, mountains peek out from behind rooftops.

Casey closes her eyes and breathes it all in.

EXT. SUMMER FAIR - NIGHT

A banner hanging over the entryway reads "SUMMER FAIR" in hand-drawn letters, with "FOOD," "FUN," "GAMES," and "MUSIC" below.

Makeshift booths offer greasy food, carnival games, and local crafts. A LIVE BAND plays in the background. They're not very good.

Casey peruses a homemade jewelry stand with her best friend, AMANDA ROBERTS, 17, another local girl, albeit one with a sarcastic streak.

Casey clasps a distinct HEART CHARM NECKLACE around her neck in front of a small mirror.

CASEY

What's the movie tonight?

AMANDA

You don't want to be surprised?

CASEY

I don't like surprises.

AMANDA

You won't believe this.

She excitedly pulls a rental DVD from her purse. It's some notoriously terrible 80s flick with a schlocky cover.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Boom.

CASEY

Wow. That looks really bad.

AMANDA

Right? I'm so excited.

Just then, BRYCE DANVERS, 17, a friendly, shy guy with a boy-next-door vibe, walks up from behind.

BRYCE

Hey, Amanda, Casey!

AMANDA

Hey Bryce.

CASEY

Hi Bryce.

Bryce smiles noticeably when Casey greets him. He clearly doesn't know a lot about jewelry, but he takes the chance for a compliment.

BRYCE

That's a really nice necklace,  
Casey.

CASEY

Oh, thanks. I think it might be a  
little much.

Casey unclasps the necklace and puts it back.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUMMER FAIR - ELSEWHERE - NIGHT

A little later.

Casey, Amanda, and Bryce walk along the stalls together. Casey and Amanda have ice cream. Bryce has a corn dog.

Casey licks her cone and gets some ice cream on her nose. She doesn't seem to notice.

Bryce obviously finds this cute.

BRYCE

Casey.

CASEY

Hm?

He stares at her nose.

BRYCE

You, um-

Casey realizes what he's looking at. She laughs a little while wiping her face.

CASEY

I'm a mess.

BRYCE

You look good in what you eat.

Casey moves on to the next booth.

Bryce hangs back, chiding himself for such a lame line.

Amanda joins him. She gives him a look - *Go for it!* - followed by a little nudge.

Bryce nods. *Amanda's right. Put up or shut up.*

Casey's looking at a handmade tote bag.

Bryce approaches.

BRYCE (CONT'D)  
Hey, I was thinking...

CASEY  
About what?

They head for the next booth side-by-side.

BRYCE  
Well...  
(beat)  
I mean, I dunno. I guess I was just wondering if-

Suddenly, Casey's eyes widen.

CASEY  
Oh no.

BRYCE  
You're right. I shouldn't have-

CASEY  
I don't have my purse. I must have left it at one of the stalls.

Bryce looks relieved.

Casey swivels around, dashing back to the tote bag stall when-  
BUMP.

She knocks into someone.

CASEY (CONT'D)  
Sorry. I-

Casey cuts herself short as she looks up at the person she bumped into -

HUNTER COLERIDGE, 17, stares back at her with pale grey eyes. They're captivating like lakes in the middle of winter. Other than his eyes, Hunter is good-looking, but not so good-looking that you couldn't find a few equally attractive guys at any high school. His hair is dirty blonde, his face clean and boyish. His demeanor suggests the slightest hint of mischief, but the safe, Disney kind. He oozes confidence.

And he's holding her purse.

HUNTER

I think you forgot this.

He holds it out. She takes it.

CASEY

I did.

HUNTER

Lucky I caught you.

He offers a sweet, genuine smile.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

I'm Hunter.

CASEY

Thank you, Hunter.

HUNTER

What's your name?

CASEY

I'm Casey.

He gazes at her intently.

HUNTER

I hope I'm not being too bold, Casey, but I'd like to take you out sometime.

Casey is immediately flustered. She was definitely not expecting that.

CASEY

Sorry, I need to go back to my friends now.

Casey backs away towards Amanda and Bryce, both of whom are raptly watching. Bryce glares at Hunter. Casey shoots Amanda a look - *We need to go!*

CASEY (CONT'D)

Thanks again.

HUNTER

Don't worry about it. Maybe I'll see you around.

As soon as Casey reaches Amanda and Bryce, they all walk off in the direction opposite Hunter.

AMANDA

What was that all about?

Casey looks back over her shoulder.

Hunter is still standing in front of the booth, watching her walk away. Totally, completely love-struck. Their eyes meet.

EXT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A homey residence, much like Casey's. Various lights are on in the surrounding houses. We get the sense the entire town feels like this - safe.

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Amanda's terrible rental movie plays on the TV. It's living up to its cover.

Casey, Amanda, and Bryce bunch together on the sofa inside. They LAUGH and JOKE around, pointing at the screen and talking over the dialogue and having the best time three friends in small-town Montana can possibly have.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

The lake isn't huge, but it's scenic enough to attract locals on hot summer days. FAMILIES lounge on the far side. The mountain range is ever-visible on the horizon.

Casey sketches in her notepad on a beach towel, entirely alone on her end of the bank. Her bicycle, the same one she's used since middle school, rests a few feet away.

For a long moment, we linger WIDE on Casey and the perfectly still lake behind her. Then, seemingly out of nowhere, a head thick with dirty blonde hair emerges from the water.

Casey JOLTS up from her drawing.

Her eyes widen and her mouth drops a little before she can catch it. Her heartbeat is practically audible.

It's Hunter.

He strides out from the water, shirtless and dripping wet.  
He's in good shape.

He shakes his hair before running his hands through to slick  
it back, flexing his biceps.

His eyes meet hers.

HUNTER  
You're staring.

Casey sheepishly averts her eyes.

CASEY  
Sorry.  
(beat)  
Do you want my towel?

HUNTER  
I'll dry in the sun.  
(beat)  
What are you drawing?

She hastily closes her notepad.

CASEY  
Oh, nothing really.

HUNTER  
Come on. Show me.

He reaches over to open her notepad. She pulls it away,  
embarrassed. He continues playfully.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
Come on.

CASEY  
No. I'm not finished.

HUNTER  
Show me.

Casey relents. She opens it and shows him her drawing of the  
lake.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
It's a great view.  
(beat)  
I'm planning on eating lunch. Would  
you like to join me?

CASEY  
Maybe another time.

HUNTER

Do you have somewhere else to be?

Casey hesitates.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

What if I promise not to keep you too long?

CASEY

I don't know.

HUNTER

You don't like spontaneity.

CASEY

Yes I do.

HUNTER

I think you like playing it safe.

CASEY

Well maybe I don't care what you think.

HUNTER

Come have lunch with me.

CASEY

I don't even know you.

HUNTER

Okay. My name is Hunter Alexander Coleridge. I've got a running list of everything I want to do before I die. Some of it's big. See the pyramids, learn Italian, make love in Paris. Some of it's small. Stay upright on a surfboard for at least 30 seconds, have a picnic with a girl I'm falling for. Some of it's stupid, too - there's a famous bakery in New York City with 200 types of cookies, and I want to try every single one. And every time I cross something off, I write a journal entry. Then I rip the page out and put it away so I can't read it again. One day when I'm very old, I'll go back and read all the pages. Maybe my memory will have faded, so I won't even remember all of it.

(MORE)

HUNTER (CONT'D)

But when I read it back, I'll experience it all one last time, and that's how I'll know I had a life worth living. And now you know me.

Casey hesitates. In spite of herself, she's charmed.

CASEY

Okay, Hunter Alexander Coleridge. I'll have lunch with you.

Hunter smiles genuinely.

HUNTER

Good. I hate eating alone.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Grass stretches far as the eye can see, framed by woods and mountains on the horizon. A lone tree is in full bloom. Hunter's truck is parked nearby. The sun hangs slightly westward overhead.

Hunter and Casey share a bona fide picnic, complete with blanket and wicker basket. It's old-timey and cute.

CASEY

You're a good cook.

HUNTER

My dad's better at burning food than cooking it, so someone had to pick up the slack.

Casey takes a bite of cucumber cream cheese sandwich.

CASEY

You could sell these.

HUNTER

Oh, this isn't a free lunch.

CASEY

You're gonna charge me?

HUNTER

Conversation is currency. I want to know: Who is Casey?

CASEY

What do you want to know?

HUNTER

Everything.

Casey's taken aback by Hunter's genuine interest. In a good way.

CASEY

I like reading. I prefer fiction, but I have read some good memoirs. I also really like drawing. I bring my notepad with me everywhere I go.

HUNTER

What do you draw?

CASEY

Mostly landscapes. I'm not very good at drawing people. Not that I'm very good at landscapes either. But I like doing it.

HUNTER

You're better than me.

CASEY

You draw too?

HUNTER

Well, I paint. I'm not amazing, but I love it. We should make something together sometime.

CASEY

I'd really like that.

They share an affectionate smile.

Overhead, the sky reddens as late afternoon shifts to early evening.

EXT. FIELD - EVENING

Casey and Hunter lay atop the picnic blanket, next to one another on the bed of the truck.

They gaze up at the shifting sky as the stars just start to poke out.

CASEY

When I was younger my dad and I stargazed in the fields. We'd lie on our backs, just like this, and he'd point out constellations.

(MORE)

CASEY (CONT'D)

That's Orion's Belt, there's the Big Dipper. I felt so safe under the open sky. Like the universe was this giant, beautiful thing I couldn't even wrap my mind around, and I was just a tiny speck along for the ride.

(beat)

I almost forgot how that feels.

HUNTER

Did you ever name them?

CASEY

Hm?

HUNTER

The stars.

CASEY

They already have names.

HUNTER

Old things can have lots of names. Pick one to be ours.

Casey smiles a little. She thinks for a moment before pointing to a bright one isolated from the others.

CASEY

How about that one?

HUNTER

I like that one. Now it's ours.

CASEY

What should we name it?

HUNTER

How about Nous?

CASEY

Nous?

HUNTER

It's French for *us*.

CASEY

Nous.

Casey shifts her gaze from the star to Hunter. He's looking back at her intently with his deep gray eyes. They seem to be reflecting the moonlight.