

**SCENE 13. CHARLOTTE'S WEB**

INT. JENNY'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

JENNY

You didn't have to come. You should sleep. You have a midterm tomorrow.

PAUL

So do you. And you asked me to come for a reason, so I'm here.

JENNY

I know, I know. But now I think I want to be alone.

PAUL

(concerned)

...Are you sure? I can stay for a little bit, and then if you decide you want to be alone--

JENNY

No I already decided. It's fine.

PAUL

Okay, I guess I'll head back to my room.

JENNY

(starting to cry)

No, wait, please stay. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

PAUL

You don't have to be sorry. Just tell me what's going on. Is this the same as last week?

Jenny nods.

JENNY

Well...and three other times this week.

PAUL

What?? Jen. Okay, so what happened?

Paul kicks off his shoes, then removes his jacket and hangs it over the desk chair. Jenny climbs into bed and leaves enough room for Paul. He follows.

JENNY

(quick, rambling, *Gilmore Girls* speed)

I had tea right before bed to help me fall asleep, and I did yoga and everything, but then as soon as I got in bed, it was like one of those little tickers on the bottom of the screen during the news. Like these random thoughts just kept repeating themselves over and over again. And then I closed my eyes and kept seeing these black and white shapes inflating and then shriveling up and then inflating again. And I just couldn't stop any of it from happening. So I started shifting around a lot because this-- obviously super rational--part of my brain thought that all that would roll away like...the words on a Magic 8 Ball if I just flipped myself over. Which obviously didn't work because duh I'm not a Magic 8 Ball.

Paul laughs and nods.

JENNY (CONT'D)

And now it feels like all of my nerves are just vibrating. And like I don't want any parts of my body to be touching each other, but I also want to curl up into a ball. Like magnets, you know?

PAUL

(jokingly condescending)

Yeah...we should address how you think magnets work sometime, sweetie.

JENNY

(starting to relax)

Okay, whatever, jerk. I'm not a physics major. But you know what I mean.

PAUL

(nodding)

So you haven't figured out what's causing the attacks?

Jenny shakes her head no.

JENNY

Which is super frustrating because then I don't even know how to prevent them.

PAUL

Mhmm. Have you thought about going to a doctor? Maybe this is as simple as just taking something.

JENNY

(getting upset again)

No, I don't need a doctor. I'm probably just stressed. Can you just read to me again?

Paul reaches across Jenny's desk and grabs a box set of books.

PAUL (CONT'D)

So which one will it be?

Jenny thinks for a moment, then points to one. Paul slides *Charlotte's Web* out of the box. Jenny cuddles into his side as Paul begins to read.

PAUL (CONT'D)

"Where's Papa going with that ax?" said Fern to her mother as they were setting the table for

breakfast.

"Out to the hoghouse," replied  
Mrs. Arable. "Some pigs were born  
last night."

FADE TO  
BLACK;  
AUDIO  
CONT.