

THE MAGICIANS

"Fuc\*\*\*ng Breakebills"

Woman/Man  
Drama/Fantasy

It's cold. JULIA is alone, sitting on a table, smoking, pensive, as QUENTIN exits the bar and approaches her.

JULIA

Let me guess. "James is so worried, what's going on with you?"

QUENTIN is unsure, hesitates; JULIA flicks ash. Meets his eyes.

JULIA

I need you to tell them they were wrong about me.

QUENTIN

Who?

JULIA

Fucking. Breakebills.

QUENTIN's taken aback. JULIA stares at him mercilessly.

JULIA

Say "what's Breakebills?" and I will stab you. Tell them to test me again.

QUENTIN

How -

JULIA

Do I remember? I dunno, maybe I'a mutant, maybe...

JULIA pulls up her sleeve, where she left herself that scratch on the forearm. Her arm is now deeply scored with many cuts.

JULIA

...I wouldn't let myself forget.

QUENTIN is distressed. Then, quietly -

QUENTIN

They'll just erase your memory again.

JULIA

I should be there -

QUENTIN

What happened to should be at Yale?

JULIA

That was before I knew there was something else. Who cares about fucking business school, would you?

QUENTIN

Look. You have to be able to do certain things to -

JULIA

God, were you always this smug?

JULIA snaps away her CIGARETTE, intent, annoyed. And begins to move her fingers. Not elegantly, the way we've seen at Breakebills. It's jerky, uncertain. But she seems to be doing... a spell? And it's also clear it won't work.

Then she flicks her fingers and MULTICOLORED SPARKS FLY FROM THEM, falling on the table, smoldering like a dozen sputtering matches. JULIA tamps them out with her hands.

JULIA

You have no idea how long it took me. To find a spell that was real.

QUENTIN

Look. I don't know what to tell you about... that. All I know is, I've never seen you like this. You're hurting yourself and -

JULIA

They cutt off my life.

QUENTIN

Your life is here.

JULIA

Please. Be my friend.