

The Crossing
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EXT. FORBES-MOREWOOD INTERSECTION - DAY

It's a rare sunny and beautiful day in Pittsburgh. It's early in the morning, and everyone is trying to get where they need to be. Forbes Avenue is bustling, with cars and Port Authority buses driving back and forth. On one side of the "T"-shaped intersection of Forbes and Morewood, a pack of students await to cross the street.

The streetlights on Forbes Avenue turn red. The cars stop. The pedestrians are given the signal to walk. We hear the signal, BLEEP-BLOOP. BLEEP-BLOOP. BLEEP-BLOOP. The students walk across Forbes Avenue like a herd of animals, bunched together and walking relatively the same pace.

MOREWOOD GARDENS ENTRANCE:

Way behind this herd coming from the Morewood Gardens building is FORREST (19) and his girlfriend MORGAN (19). They walk from Morewood Gardens to the street intersection as they hold hands.

MORGAN

I just don't really get "planners."

FORREST

What do you mean by that?

MORGAN

You know, like people who worry too much about the future and feel the need to plan every little detail out.

FORREST

Not much wrong with that if you ask me.

MORGAN

Maybe, but it can get a little ridiculous. I mean, my friends are already stressing about summer internships and where they're living next year and stuff.

FORBES-MOREWOOD INTERSECTION:

Forrest and Morgan reach the intersection; they stop, as they don't have the signal to walk yet. The next herd of pedestrians needing to cross gathers around them.

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN

(continued)

I just want to focus on the "now,"
you know? What's in front of me.

Morgan looks at Forrest with a big smile. Forrest returns it.

FORREST

Yeah.

Forrest affectionately squeezes Morgan's hand.

FORREST

Though- I guess just out of sheer
curiosity, do you know who you want
to live with next year?

MORGAN

I don't know, Forrest. Haven't
thought about it.

FORREST

Because- I was thinking that maybe
we can live with each other.

Morgan gives a surprised look. BLEEP-BLOOP. The herd begins to cross the street. Morgan doesn't walk though; their hands let go, but Forrest barely notices as he continues walking, talking, and gesturing with his hands.

FORREST

(unknowingly to himself)

It just makes sense, you know? It
feels like the right step for us.
We've known each other the entire
year, and I just think we're ready
now. What do you think, Morgan?

Forrest has crossed Forbes Avenue. He turns to his right to finally notice that Morgan is not with him. He looks across the street to see Morgan still standing there.

FORREST

(yelling)

What are you doing?

MORGAN

(yelling)

What are you doing? We've only
known each other for- what, a year?

(CONTINUED)

FORREST

Why are we yelling across the street? Can you get over here?

Morewood Avenue has a green light, but despite this, Morgan runs across Forbes Avenue to Forrest.

MORGAN

(panting)

Okay... As I was saying... Are you crazy?

FORREST

What's so crazy about it?

MORGAN

What's not? What if something happens, like if we break up?

FORREST

You're already thinking of us breaking up?

MORGAN

That's not what I-

FORREST

Jesus, and I thought you *hated* people who plan that ahead.

BLEEP-BLOOP. BLEEP-BLOOP. BLEEP-BLOOP. Time for pedestrians to cross. Forrest, distraught, starts to walk across Forbes towards Morewood.

MORGAN

Forrest! What are you doing? We have class in five minutes!

Forrest keeps walking, against the larger herd walking towards campus. They separate as Forrest walks through them.

FORBES-MOREWOOD INTERSECTION, CAMPUS-SIDE SIDEWALK:

A distressed Morgan palms her face and sighs. She shakes her head. She turns towards campus and walks.

She stops walking. She turns around to see Forrest finishing his crossing. Her face lightens up. She runs across Forbes Avenue, almost getting hit by a CAR turning right from Morewood Avenue. The driver honks his horn.

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN
FORREST!

Forrest turns around in surprise. She reaches him, panting from running so much.

FORBES-MOREWOOD INTERSECTION, MOREWOOD-SIDE SIDEWALK:

MORGAN
Forrest... Maybe you're right...
Maybe we're ready.

Forrest gives a half-smile.

FORREST
You know, I actually think that you have a point. I mean, we've only known each other for- well, not even a year. Maybe it's best we don't live with each other next year.

The two are silent as they look at each other.

MORGAN
Are you kidding me? Does our relationship mean nothing to you? Am I not important enough in your life?

FORREST
No, no, it's not that, I just think we need to be careful. I mean, what if we live with each other, and suddenly start hating each other as a result?

MORGAN
Oh, is that what you're expecting to happen? That you suddenly start hating me?

Forrest is pulling his hair at this point.

FORREST
I'm not saying that!

MORGAN
You know what, I don't get you. You're like a schizophrenic or something.

FORREST

Hey, you're the one who changed
their mind in the first place.

MORGAN

Whatever.

Morgan turns around to cross the street. She neglects to look both ways. As she walks in the middle of the asphalt road, a Port Authority BUS approaches quickly. Morgan is in its path.

FORREST

MORGAN!

Forrest runs to Morgan and grabs her by her shoulders; he pulls her while running ahead, as the bus drives on without slowing down, where Morgan was just walking.

Forrest and Morgan, both slightly panicked, stand in the middle of the two lanes.

FORREST

You okay?

MORGAN

Yeah. Yeah, I'm okay. But... we're
standing in the middle of the road.

FORREST

It's all right.

Forrest embraces Morgan as cars from both lanes drive closely past them. A few passing drivers yell at them.

MORGAN

I'm really sorry.

FORREST

No, I am.

MORGAN

Maybe we're both getting ahead of
ourselves.

FORREST

Yeah. Let's just enjoy the "now."

MORGAN

We still have a lot of time to
think about this, right?

(CONTINUED)

FORREST
Definitely.

MORGAN
Right. So let's not worry about it
until it really matters.

FORREST
When we get there.

They hold hands and look into each other's eyes.

BLEEP-BLOOP. BLEEP-BLOOP. BLEEP-BLOOP.

CUT TO BLACK