

**...Greater Than The Whole Sky**

Written by  
Fionnbar Fitzgerald

"...and write love songs that change the world."

## **A TRAIN**

There's a WOMAN.

Physically she's there, standing near the door, holding onto the pole. But mentally you can tell she isn't. It's in her eyes.

The brakes squeal. Everything outside the carriage becomes clearer as the train slows down.

Then you see it, in her eyes, she's back.

TRAIN ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
Arriving now at, Fraser Heights.

The train stops and the doors open...to a restaurant?

She walks through the doors, entering:

## **INT. THE IMIX RESTAURANT - EVENING**

Her coat and beanie now become a nice grey dress.

**Chyron: 5 years earlier. 2027.**

A waiter leads her through the restaurant, up some stairs, to a table where a MAN, a gentleman, sits waiting in a grey suit. Aw they're matching.

WAITER  
Here you are.

WOMAN  
Thank you.

The waiter leaves and she takes her seat across from him.

MAN  
Hey.

WOMAN  
Hi.

She looks around them. It's an okay spot.

The two of them, sitting across from one another at the table then becomes:

## **INSIDE OF A KAREN'S KOFFEE SHOP, DAY**

They look younger. Their grey fancy fits have been traded for clothing with more colour. He's suffocated by his big red coat and she's strangled by a red scarf.

**Chyron: 5 years even earlier. 2022.**

She stirs her untouched frappe while there's nothing for him to stir.

WOMAN

...see it's funny because I loathed literature in High School. If it wasn't mandatory then I wouldn't have done it first chance I could.

MAN

Me with science. So you're in your fourth year of uni?

WOMAN

Second. I didn't initially go to uni from the jump. Didn't plan to at all.

MAN

(looking at something)  
Oh woah.

WOMAN

Yeah, um. I get a response like that sometimes.

MAN

(back to her)  
Oh sorry, I was just focused on your frappe. You should probably start drinking it. The whip cream stuff at the top is melting.

It is.

WOMAN

Nah it's fine. I'm waiting for your drink to be ready so we can start at the same time.

MAN

I didn't order a drink.

A confused beat.

MAN (CONT'D)

I don't like coffee.

WOMAN

You suggested we meet here...?

MAN

Yeah but I've never been on a date before. So I just asked my bestie where to go, and she said here.

(beat)

And she's only wrong when it comes to solving murder mysteries.

WOMAN  
Aww bestie.

MAN  
Hm?

WOMAN  
Sorry I don't normally hear guys refer to best friends as besties.

MAN  
Contractually I'm obligated to.

A pause for comedic effect.

WOMAN  
Are you being literalllll or comedic?

MAN  
She made me sign it with a ballpoint pen.

WOMAN  
Oh my-

MAN  
And my blood.

WOMAN  
Oh.  
(>:c)  
Hey.

MAN  
Sorry, yeah comedic. What gave it away?

WOMAN  
The blood.

MAN (CONT'D)  
The blood? Yeah.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
So you're just going to watch me drink this?

MAN  
Yep!

WOMAN  
Okay. Well watch this then.

She takes the straw out, takes the lid off, and fuckin chugs it all. Down in one.

And you know she's gotta slam that empty cup down proudly, wiping her mouth with a napkin.

MAN  
Holy shit.

She stands.

WOMAN  
Come'on Let's go.

MAN  
Where?

**INT. THE IMIX RESTAURANT - EVENING**

WOMAN  
Sorry I'm late.

See, a true gentleman here would spin this around into a compliment like "you can be as late as you want when you show up like that," but instead he'll say:

MAN  
It's all good, I understand.  
(beat)  
Sorry for being early.

That works too.

MAN (CONT'D)  
How was work?

WOMAN  
It was fine.

He looks at her.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
What?

MAN  
You always say-

**OUTSIDE ON A STREET, IN BROAD DAYLIGHT**

He walks beside her on a bustling street.

WOMAN  
-anyone that says like "it's fine"  
or "I'm fine" are lying.

**INT. THE IMIX RESTAURANT - EVENING**

She chuckles.

WOMAN

Everyone says that, we all know  
fine is-- ah whatever.

MAN

So, again, how was work?

She sighs.

WOMAN

I hit a kid.

MAN

Again?

WOMAN

Yeah.

They smile. A joke.

MAN

Can you answer seriously please?

WOMAN

I'm just annoyed. No one does the  
homework I assign. And then I've  
got to punish the class because  
they need to do that work, but then  
they hate me even more.

MAN

You could, not give them homework?

WOMAN

Their homework was to watch a  
movie.

MAN

Oh never mind, those kids are dumb.

She chuckles, making him smile.

### **A BUS**

She's sitting on the bus but you know her mind isn't.

Until it is, and she looks outside.

WOMAN

Oh shit.

She searches for the STOP button and presses it, rushing to  
door.

The bus stops, the doors open, and she rushes out into:

**INSIDE OF A KARAOKE PLACE, DAYLIGHT**

Running to hug the woman behind the front desk.

FRIEND  
Oh my hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.

WOMAN  
(:DDDD)  
HEEEY.

FRIEND  
I thought you were...  
(she sees him)  
...ohhhh, THIS is duck guy?

MAN  
Hi...?

WOMAN  
Shuthefckup, is the deluxe room  
empty today?

FRIEND  
I'll see.

Her friend creates anticipating silence while she checks the computer.

FRIEND (CONT'D)  
Oh um. There's a booking in 45  
minutes for... 2 hours. Could come  
back in 3 hours and it's all yours?

WOMAN  
Nah, we'll make sure to cherish  
those 45 minutes.

FRIEND  
Just don't fuck in there.

MAN  
What-

**INSIDE OF THE DELUXE KARAOKE ROOM, DAYLIGHT**

She opens the door like she's checking the coast is clear,  
then is followed by him.

Now THIS is a deluxe room. The high-tech mics, the sweet TV,  
the comfy couches with pillows, and an IPAD?! Oh me, oh my.

She crashes into one of the couches.

MAN  
So why are we in this room?

WOMAN

Cause' a few reasons. Simplest one is just this is the only room that you can use by booking in advanced. The rest are fine with walk-ins and we don't want to even take the tiny risk of all those rooms being full.

MAN

I mean we can pay? I don't mind p-

WOMAN

No. She refuses to let any of us pay because her bosses pay her shitly so this is her form of rebellion.

MAN

Oh, that's sad but sweet.

She picks up a mic.

WOMAN

Plus, this is the only room with...  
(helium voice)  
...voice changer options.

He laughs, then shrinks.

MAN

Um.

WOMAN

(helium voice)  
What's up-

She lowers her mic.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(back to normal)  
Sorry, what's up?

MAN

I don't like karaoke.

WOMAN

Oh.

MAN

Yeah, sorry.

WOMAN

So you're like afraid to be embarrassing?

MAN

No that's not-

WOMAN  
Lacking confidence?

MAN  
No no-

WOMAN  
A coward?

MAN  
What the fuck.

She chuckles.

WOMAN  
It's fine to not want to do karaoke  
but you should just say why.

MAN  
Well then, I guess all three? I'm  
probably like-- I'm bad at it, and  
I don't want to look ridiculous or  
for you to judge me. Which is dumb  
but-

WOMAN  
-it's not dumb. Well...- yeah it's  
not.

(then)  
I could force you to do it but you  
won't have a good time and so  
there's no point of that then. But  
one day you'll be itching for that  
mic and you'll be great. It's not  
your fault what the voices in your  
head lie to you about.

He's kinda, speechless?

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Sorry, sorry, sorry I went too  
existential.

MAN  
No, no you didn't. I liked what you  
said. I just, didn't know what to  
say? Sorry I'm kinda here and there  
with conversations.

WOMAN  
Okay, pick up your mic then.

He does.

MAN  
(into the mic)  
Hello?

WOMAN

We have 40 something minutes left,  
perfect amount of time for an  
unrecorded podcast episode.

MAN

I love podcasts.

WOMAN

Would you ever make one?

He laughs to himself.

MAN

Well, I do sound mix for one. But I  
won't say which one.

WOMAN

Why?

MAN

Because you'll look it up and...

WOMAN

Oh yeah that's all good then.  
Thanks for explaining.

(then)

But you don't talk on it?

MAN

Yeah I don't.

WOMAN

Why?

MAN

Because I'm bad at talking.

WOMAN

Ah well I'm average.

(then)

You got something for an intro or  
should I?

MAN

Lead the way.

WOMAN

You probably count them down--  
Count me down.

MAN

In 5, 4, 3,  
(mouthing)  
2, 1.

WOMAN

Welcome to Making Conversations,  
today you're here with me, an  
average talker and my guest today,  
bad talker. How we feeling?

MAN

Um, I'm okay.  
(beat)  
Shit- sorry, lemme say more.

WOMAN

No that's fine, we'll just cut this  
out. You're doing great.

He smiles, making her smile.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Now we're gonna play a game. You  
ready?

MAN

Ummm, sure?

WOMAN

Great. So we'll each ask one  
another questions, but it has to be  
alphabetical. So we start at A, so  
you'd ask maybe like, what's been  
your favourite age?

MAN

And then you'd answer?

WOMAN

Yeah....okay wait, and how about  
though, after I answer you have to  
as well. Whatever you ask, you  
gotta be ready to answer as well.

MAN

I'm down. Do you start or I?

WOMAN

I was hoping you'd start.

MAN

Welp, rightio!  
(beat)  
Ummmmmmmm...  
(beat)  
What's your favourite letter of the  
**alphabet?**

**INT. THE IMIX RESTAURANT - EVENING**

He's reading the menu and she isn't.

Now she's on her phone.

A waiter comes by and she puts her phone away.

WAITER

Heyo, are you two ready to order?

WOMAN

Uh.

He's still reading.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Not yet.

WAITER

All good. I'll come back in a few minutes. Do you want to order any drinks now?

WOMAN

I think we'll order them alongside the food.

WAITER

Okay.

The waiter walks away and he puts the menu down.

MAN

Who was that?

WOMAN

A waiter.

MAN

Oh, I'm all ready to order if you are? I've just been, visualising the food in my mind. Oh there's some good stuff in here.

WOMAN

I'm still thinking.

She picks up the menu and begins skimming it, while somewhere in the restaurant applause begins to gradually get louder and louder.

Curious, they leave their table and look over the railing, to see the cause for all the noise down below.

They see perhaps the whole bottom level of the restaurant applauding beside 2 people who are kissing, hugging and eye fucking each other.

MAN

Must've been a proposal.

WOMAN  
Aww, that's cute.

MAN  
Yeah.

They return to their table but-

WOMAN  
Wait.

MAN  
Yeah?

WOMAN  
I kinda wanna leave.

MAN  
Not feeling this place?

She huffs air out her nose.

WOMAN  
Yeah. The menu isn't fully singing to me. But if you still want to eat here-

MAN  
Nah. Let's go.

WOMAN  
Really?

MAN  
Yeah! I want to celebrate five years with a smile on your face. If this place shrinks it even a little then we must skedaddle.

She smiles. He points.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Oh look, there it is. We can stay now.

WOMAN  
What?

MAN  
Kidding. Let's go find a place that, sings to you.

**Ding!** A bell somewhere else rings.

CUT TO:

**INT. A BANGER BURGER BISTRO - NIGHT**

They stand in a smallish, cozy, warm bistro. There's this plastic freshness to it, like it's brand new but also not?

WOMAN

This is it. It's singing to me.

Her face wears joy.

**A PARK**

Now it wears concern.

She's walking through the park with a weight on her shoulders.

She walks by a bench, but instead of continuing, she sits down.

While stress consumes her face.

**INSIDE OF THE DELUXE KARAOKE ROOM, DAYLIGHT**

Her dimples sticking out warm her face. They're from laughing.

WOMAN

You're very passionate about this.

MAN

GRAPES ARE VERY IMPORTANT TO ME.

WOMAN

Aw but not to me. Sorry.

(then)

H. If you saw a **hundred** dollar bill down on the ground, what would you do?

MAN

Keep on walking.

WOMAN

Really?

MAN

I don't know why but I know that's what I'd do.

WOMAN

I think I'd...

(then)

Ugh, surely I grab it.

MAN  
You don't know?

WOMAN  
No no, yeah I'd grab it. Freeee  
moneeeeeeeeeey.

MAN  
And what would you do with it?

WOMAN  
Spend it immediately. Or I'll  
forget.

An alarm goes off on her phone, she stops it and puts the mic down.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Oh we should go.

She begins putting her scarf, her jacket, and her gloves back on.

MAN  
Times up?

WOMAN  
Basically. Where to now?

He puts his mic down too and stands.

MAN  
Me?

WOMAN  
I took us here, now it's your go.

He sits back down trying to pull out his phone.

MAN  
I may need a few minutes.

She marches over and pulls him up.

WOMAN  
Nope! Let's go.

And pushes him out the door.

#### **OUTSIDE THE KARAOKE PLACE - MIDDLE OF THE DAY**

He's struggling on his phone, searching, thinking.

She's beside him, just, watching the people walking to and fro in front of them on the street.

MAN

Got it! Okay great, it's not far.

**INSIDE THE BANGER BURGER BISTRO, MIDDLE OF THE DAY**

As they walk in, a bell **dings** to announce their entrance into a smallish, cozy, warm bistro. There's this retro aesthetic to it, like it's older than it seems.

WOMAN

Holy-- This is a place?

MAN

Yeah, a good mate of mine used to work here while he was in uni. Haven't been here in a while but the food is really good.

WOMAN

Was that cause it was free?

MAN

Sometimes...

He leads her to a booth, and sits down while she stays standing. He pulls out his phone, opens the camera and scans the table's QR code.

WOMAN

...what are you doing?

MAN

Ordering.

WOMAN

On your phone.

MAN

Yeah, there's a QR code.

WOMAN

No. Nuh uh.

(then)

Do you know what you're gonna order?

MAN

Yeah, the b-

WOMAN

-cool. Let's order it at the counter or I'm leaving.

She walks off to the counter. He leaves the booth to follow her.

Together at the counter they wait a few seconds before an employee appears.

CASHIER

Hi what can I get you?

WOMAN

Hello! Can I please get a-

**INT. A BANGER BURGER BISTRO - NIGHT**

There's already a burger in her mouth.

He has food in front of him too.

She puts the burger down and pulls out her phone, scanning the table's QR code with its camera.

MAN

What are you-- you ordering more?

WOMAN

I'm ordering this burger, again.  
It's too fucking good.

MAN

You haven't even finished the first burger.

WOMAN

Yeah, you think I want to wait?  
(then)  
Aw I've missed this place.

MAN

I don't think it ever actually dawned on me that you stopped coming here.

WOMAN

Oh yeah. So the journey is like this. Five years ago, you bring us here on our first date and I fell in love. Any opportunity I saw for us to come here on another date, I took. Then I started to bring like friends, my siblings, classmates, my bosses.

MAN

Bosses, plural?

WOMAN

Yeah, they're very lucky they hired the right gal.

(MORE)

WOMAN (CONT'D)

But eventually I've tried everything, I know the staff, they know me and one day I just didn't give a fuck and came here alone for the first time. Ordered like, I dunno even know what I said maybe like "surprise me" to one of the cooks and that burger-- oh, that was Jesus reincarnated as a burger. Best shit I've ever tried.

(then)

Damn, I'm surprised we've never been here for any anniversary till now?

MAN

Cause you'd turn it down.

WOMAN

I did...? RIGHT! Cause um, who was it...ah I can't remember the gaggle of people but we came here for a midnight snack after a movie.

MAN

What movie?

WOMAN

Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh-- welp it was clearly something unmemorable.

MAN

Ah man.

WOMAN

The thing is, whatever I did order, it was okay-- well know it was great but, once you've tasted Jesus' buns, everything else just tastes like sand.

MAN

Is that why there was that period of time where you stopped-

WOMAN

Yep.

He chuckles.

MAN

I remember, I'd mentioned it to the guys and was going to talk to you and ask what was going on. But then the night I was, you-

WOMAN

Blew your mind?

MAN

Yup, a hundred percent.

WOMAN

I always do. Now sorry, I need to devour this before the second one gets here.

She picks her burger back up and resumes the devouring. He, well he just looks around the bistro, taking it all in, and letting his burger go cold.

**INSIDE THE BANGER BURGER BISTRO, AFTER MIDDAY**

He finishes his last onion ring as she sits slouched, reeling with a beer belly.

MAN

Want to resume the game?

Immediately the beer belly vanishes.

WOMAN

Hell yeah. Go, go, go, it's your turn.

MAN

K. Do you think you want **kids**?

WOMAN

Why use the word think?  
(it clicks)  
You don't actually know if you do.

MAN

I don't?

WOMAN

What was your answer going to be?

MAN

It was...-- It wasn't really fully formed. But I'm not the one giving birth so I feel like-

WOMAN

You could adopt?

MAN

Oh, yeah.

WOMAN

Everyone forgets that's an option.

MAN

You say that, with like a venom in your voice.

WOMAN

Because I want kids, I want to adopt. I don't want to create new life in the world, a broken world that breaks people, kids. But I want to do what I can to heal the kids that are already broken, rather than break new kids.

He gives it a beat.

MAN

You'll be great.

WOMAN

Thank you. So, do you want kids?

MAN

I want whatever the love of my life wants.

WOMAN

Hm.

(then)

L. Do you believe in one true **love**?

MAN

I do.

WOMAN

Ah, damn. I kinda think that's delusional because I don't.

MAN

Nah there's no delusion for me. I live in the whimsy.

WOMAN

But you can't say you live in the whimsy if you believe in one true love. That's the belief of fate, destiny, in certainty.

MAN

But it's the uncertainty of the certainty. That's the whimsy.

WOMAN

The...- I'm lost.

MAN

One true love is a theory. We will live and die never knowing the answer. And others before and after us will have conversations like this, wondering themselves whether a soulmate is real.

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

Some will die believing so, but others will die believing not. We may die, having no idea what's correct. And it is that, that I find whimsical.

WOMAN

I could argue, but I like the answer.

MAN

Argue.

WOMAN

No. No I like that we have different perspectives. World would be boring if ours were the same. Like to have the same favourite movie, favourite artists,-- I love it because it's how I've met my friends. But if we all have the same favourites then there would be no whimsy because nothing new would come from it.

(then)

So I'll play ball, to whatever the fuck the universe has in store.

(then)

Sorry that was a whole thing-

MAN

No it's fine.

WOMAN

What's the next question?

MAN

M. Is there anyone you **miss**?

Yeah there's a beat.

WOMAN

Well...I-

An alarm once again goes off on her phone, but it does sound different.

She exhales a breath of defeat and groans.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I have to go somewhere, run an errand.

A beat, off him... **lightbulb**.

MAN

Okay, where to? It is your turn to tell us where to go.

WOMAN

Very well.

**INSIDE A LIBRARY, INBETWEEN SHELVES, SHHHHH IT'S THE AFTERNOON**

He leans against the bookshelf, watching her head swivel between the books on the shelves and her phone.

They *whisper*.

MAN

*S. What are you **searching** for?*

WOMAN

*Dammit, you wasted it. Wanted you to ask for my favourite song.*

MAN

*Well you can still answer that too, what is it?*

WOMAN

*Nooooo, you missed your chance, twice now. So you don't get to know that.*

MAN

*But I will.*

WOMAN

*Whatever makes your heart skip a beat.*

She crouches.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

*But to answer your question.*

And pulls out a book, springing back up holding some sort of book on teaching.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

*This. We can go now.*

He begins doing so but she stops him.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

*But first you tell me what you're searching for?*

A beat for eye contact.

Another beat to look away for thought.

MAN

*For the next place we should go to.*

A stoic beat for her. It's not the answer she wanted but,  
The beat ends and she begins leading him out of the aisle.

**INT. A BANGER BURGER BISTRO - NIGHT**

She lays on her side of the booth like it's her bed. He just fidgets with the food's plastic packaging.

Oblivious, her feet pull at something white tucked into the seat.

WOMAN

Whaaatttttt nnnnoooowwwwww?

MAN

We could...do dessert?

She swings up.

WOMAN

Dessert?! What dessert?

MAN

Well the default is ice cream, but could see how far away a Max Brenner is... or-- fuck what else do people get for dessert?

He pulls out his phone and researches, while she looks around the bistro now. Perhaps wondering, how is this the same bistro from all those years ago, even if none of it looks the same?

She spots something white wedged in her seat and pulls it out. It's a wedding veil.

She tries it on.

Letting it sit on her head for a few seconds.

Lifting it over her face, and off, and over.

After that, she takes it off and tosses it to the booth behind. He's oblivious.

WOMAN

Found a place?

MAN

Not yet...

WOMAN

Let's go to that ice cream parlour we passed by then.

**INSIDE OF A KARAOKE PLACE, AFTERNOON**

He's the one leading her now. She stays behind as he walks up to the desk where her same friend is, on her phone.

MAN

Hey.

The friend looks up, gasps.

MAN (CONT'D)

Yeah hi again. Is the deluxe room empty again?

FRIEND

Have at it. But don't-

MAN

-fuck in there. We won't but... no promises.

He leaves for the room-- but doubles back quickly.

MAN (CONT'D)

Sorry I didn't want to mislead or whatever, we won't, we won't. Just here to sing this time.

**INT. ICE CREAM PARLOUR - NIGHT**

"Remember When" by Wallows plays out through the parlour's speakers while they look through the glass looking at and reading the flavours.

MAN

Want to pick each others' flavours?

WOMAN

Um, ah, but I finally want to try dragonfruit and lychee. Do you want me to pick yours though?

MAN

Ah, but you'll just make me have dragonfruit and lychee too.

WOMAN

I would.

MAN

Well, won't fight the enviable.

(beat)

I'll order. Cone or cup?

She thinks.

WOMAN

Mmmmmmmmmmm.

(then)

Cup.

He nods then walks up to the counter, speaking to an employee and orders their ice creams.

She turns her attention to outside and looks out at far across the street, watching as a hens night party run after one another like hooligans in the night.

The music through the speakers gets clearer and clearer as it continues playing through the speakers in:

**INSIDE OF THE DELUXE KARAOKE ROOM, AFTERNOON**

They're jamming out in the room, the lights, the mics, and all that. Singing their hearts out to the song that was playing in the parlour.

MAN

(squirrel voice)

I CAN STILL SEE YOU AT THE  
PLACE OUT THERE WHEN I CLOSE  
MY EYES,

DON'T LET ME BE ONE OF THE  
PEOPLE THAT SEEK A LOST  
ROMANCE,

OH, OH, OH-OH, OH-OH,

WOMAN

(duck voice)

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN WE FELT  
LIKE THE ONLY TWO ALIVE?

WOULD YOU GO AND DO IT ALL  
OVER AGAIN, GIVEN A CHANCE?

OH, OH, OH-OH, OH-OH,

BOTH

OH, OH, OH-OH, OH-OH,  
OH, OH, OH-OH, OH-oh...

It ends and they fall back onto the couch together exhausted, the friend knocks.

FRIEND

Heads up, last minute booking  
coming here in 30.

Her friend leaves.

WOMAN

Maybe a sign to call it a day.

MAN

Then, let's finish the game.

She playfully groans.

WOMAN

I hope you know I've been trying to think of an X question this entire time. There's no good words.

MAN

Uh...xylophone...xbox...x-ray!

WOMAN

X. Have you ever gotten an x-ray?

MAN

Um.

WOMAN

What?

MAN

My butt.

WOMAN

You got an x-ray of your butt?

MAN

Yes, cause I broke it.

WOMAN

So...

MAN

Story for another time. You, um, uh, you ever gotte- got- gotten the- an x-ray?

WOMAN

No. Now, what are you gonna say for-

MAN

Do **you** want to go on another date?

WOMAN

Oh.

Smooth.

MAN

And I should've said this, way way way earlier but I love your red scarf.

DUDE.

WOMAN

Thank you.

(then)

Wait is the date with you?

MAN  
No, I was thinking maybe like,  
Channing Tatum?

WOMAN  
He's second on the list.

MAN  
Who's first?

WOMAN  
Paul Rudd. You're third.

MAN  
I'll take that.

WOMAN  
Am I first?

MAN  
By a wide margin yes.

WOMAN  
So that mean your answer is yes?

MAN  
Yes. Is yours?

She smiles. Yeah she'll probably say yes. You know that she does say yes and 5 years later it leads us to...

TO THIS:

**INT. THEIR CAR - NIGHT**

He drives them back home. He drives in silence.

MAN  
You know the game you came up with  
on our first date?

WOMAN  
Yeah.

MAN  
Can we play it again, right now?

WOMAN  
Yeah. But I want to go first this  
time, so you have to deal with the  
letter X.

MAN  
Sure, but, we have to answer at the  
same time.

WOMAN  
 Okay, I like this twist.  
 (then)  
 What has...been your favourite **age**?  
 3... 2... 1...

22. MAN 22. WOMAN (CONT'D)

MAN (CONT'D)  
 Guess we're both feeling,  
 (sing-song-y)  
 twentyyyy twooooo.

She cringes and they chuckle into silence.

But they both know it's his turn.

Him driving is a good excuse to stall, but they both know it's an excuse.

WOMAN  
 What's B?

This next wave of silence,  
 ...it let's it click for her,  
 ...for why he wanted to play the game again...

MAN  
 Do you think...we should **break** up?

WOMAN MAN (CONT'D)  
 Yes. Yes.  
 (beat)  
 Yes?

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 Why?

A beat, as he finds a good place to temporarily park the car.  
 He needs to be here for this conversation.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 Why.

MAN  
 Rule of the game is that we both  
 answer.

WOMAN  
 What the fuck? Fine. But I asked  
 first.

MAN

Yeah.

(beat)

Well, I guess, I reached a point realising we're probably not soulmates. And, I don't want to waste your chance of finding them.

WOMAN

I think I felt that too.

MAN

You did?

WOMAN

Yeah.

A beat. It's her turn. Why?

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I realised if you got down on one knee, I'd say no. And I wasn't getting down on mine.

MAN

Why not say anything?

WOMAN

Because I didn't want this to end yet. Plus I had doubts from day to day. Including today.

MAN

But you said yes.

WOMAN

Because you asked.

(then)

I dunno, look, it's hard saying bye to five years. And I wasn't... I wasn't...-- look you asked. Okay.

MAN

Okay.

He begins the car again and gets back on the road.

WOMAN

So then we're...

MAN

...we're over, yeah. I'll drop you back home. And sleep somewhere else tonight.

She exhales.

Then chuckles to herself in the next beat.

MAN (CONT'D)  
What's up?

WOMAN  
It's nothing. Just...

**A PARK, THE SAME ONE**

WOMAN (O.S.)  
...remembering a time when it felt  
like we were the only two alive.

She's back.

She finishes daydreaming on the bench. Taking the beat to  
recover.

**Chyron: 5 years later. 2032.**

Leaving the bench, she continues on her way.

Walking her way out of the park.

To eventually arrive at:

**A DOOR STEP AND ITS DOOR, A FEW MINUTES LATER**

She arrives at an apartment building.

And presses the apartments buzzer for 4E. Then waits.

Standing impatient, she counts down from 10 with her hands.  
10....., 9....., 8...., 7.., 6., 5, 4 3 2-

**Click.** The door opens from the inside.

And there he stands. 5 years later, older.

MAN  
Hey.

His face says much, but you don't know enough to read it yet.

He lets her in and closes the door in our face.

**THE END OF PART 1**