

OCTOPUS

Written by

Thi Chu

FADE IN:

INT. TEAGAN AND LUKE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

From Teagan and Luke's window, radio sound of the next-door room can be heard..

RADIO (O.S.)
... Good evening everyone, you are
listening to VOV 91 MHZ and the
next song is *Lunatic* by Green
Sloth, requested by Davis, send to
Tracy with a message ...

Memory pictures of a young couple taped on the wall near window. A small speaker on the nightstand, next to a few boxes of pills scattered. - "NORETHINDRONE". The drawer is still left opened. No one is on the bed. The lamp is on. A paper is torn apart on the bed. Bedroom door is closed.

Gaining intense arguments noise at the back echo UNCLEAR from distant - the other side of the door.

INT. TEAGAN AND LUKE'S LIVING ROOM

Dishes broken. Debris scattered on the floor. Two people's feet are standing still. The man leaves. Door is slammed. Music from the radio is still going.

OUT OF THE BALCONY, to the street:

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Music still going.

A quiet night. A few couple sit in a small street vendor, enjoying their night snack and sipping beers in a cold night. At the end of the alley there is a small coffee/bar/live music venue. A crowded group of young people gather in and outside of the venue, talk, smoke, laugh. A lively, hidden nightlife of Hanoian youths after a busy day of being adults.

SUPER: "OPEN MIC at Silent City. Weekly Wednesday Night. Special Guest today: Candy Jeremy, Safra, Green Sloth, and YOU!"

INT. SILENT CITY -- NIGHT

The crowd fills up every corner of the venue, some sit on the ground, some sit on the stairs or stand behind the bar station. Some stand next to the door, once in a while have to stand up if someone wants to enter (though mostly unable to).

The audience's attention are fully captured in a young, thin, meek man in his 20s, LUKE, a.k.a, Green Sloth, singing in the yellow, dimmed spotlight on the venue's stage. He wears an old flannel, sits on the wooden stool next to the piano guy and the cajon guy.

LUKE
(singing, eyes closed)
..., *Me and you, we are lunatics.*
Losing each other in our chaotic
life

Ending the song, Luke opens his eyes, looks at a woman, 20s, sitting right in front of him, TEAGAN. She is looking back at him, excited and proud. The loudest applause in the crowd.

LUKE
And that is one of the first songs
I wrote, and so far still my
favorite.

A GUY FROM THE AUDIENCE
Is it for anyone special? Was it
for your girlfriend back then?

LUKE
haha no..

He murmurs "I wish" but no one can hear. He reluctantly smiles.

LUKE (CONT'D)
She has never been my girlfriend,
though she is very special to me.
My special friend, indeed, let's
call her that. She is still now.
You know, the kind of friend that
even 30 years later you'll still
see each other the same way as when
first met...
(pause)

Luke looks at Teagan while she is talking to the girl next to her. Luke smiles, a sad, resigned smile as if he wants to say something to her.

LUKE (V.O)
Will you ever be my girlfriend,
Teagan?

Teagan turns back to the stage. Luke diverts his eyes, starts talking to the audience.

LUKE

(to the audience)

Anyway, the following song was
written when my mother kicked me
out of the house once, because --

EXT. OUTSIDE THE VENUE -- LATER

TEAGAN

(to Luke)

So, have you talked to her?

LUKE

Kinda,

TEAGAN

What do you mean "kinda"? You don't
love her anymore, why dragging her
along?

(irritated) Why are you afraid of
saying the truth? You're tired
because of all the pointless
attempt, she's tired of desiring
attention from you, which clearly
you are not willing to give. How
many times do I have to say this --

A group of Luke's colleagues comes across. They greet, Luke
introduces.

LUKE

This is Teagan. Teagan, my
colleagues. O'Sean, Phong, and Key.

O'SEAN, THE BIG, FUNNY GUY.

Oh right the legendary Teagan! How
can I forget.

(laugh)

I'm O'Sean. By the way, I'm getting
married this month, and I suppose
you would be Luke's plus one. So
you are more than welcome! But
please dress in pink, or my fiance
would kill me for not stating that
clear enough in the invitation.

TEAGAN

Wait but I'm not his girl-

LUKE

- Alright alright, you have been
repeating that over a week to all
of us Big Sean.

KEY

(to Teagan, moves O'Sean
aside)

Pardon my big guy right here! Dude
is being cocky 'cause he won a bet
over Luke on who's getting married
first.

Luke flushes, Teagan smiles.

The group says goodbye to Teagan and Luke. Teagan turns to
Luke, frowns. Hands on hip, confronting Luke.

TEAGAN

Really? Now you are making me a
typical nasty villain in your
relationship, aren't you? What if
RACHEL heard this? First your
parents, and now your colleagues?
You are such an asshole, and a
liar. I'd never go to a wedding
with a liar you hear me?

She looks at Luke in the eyes - maybe too close to Luke's
face.

TEAGAN (CONT'D)

I think I'm more on Rachel's side
right now, Luke. She is the one who
should dump you.

Luke raises his eyebrows, doesn't seem to be serious about
this. He finds the angry Teagan very adorable.

LUKE

Am I a liar?

TEAGAN

Yes. Yes you are.

LUKE

(murmurs) "We will see"

Finishes teasing Summer, Luke calms her down by getting back
to the subject.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Okay alright calm down Mom. Listen,
I have a plan. She would come here
in 10 minutes. And I'm going to get
things done. Sounds good?

TEAGAN

Fine. As if I'm the one who's going
to break up with Rachel, not you
coward!

LUKE

(mutters)

Well, it's your fault. You keep
coming back to my life

TEAGAN

What? Why do you keep murmuring the
entire night?

(hits Luke)

You know how much I hate it-

EXT. THE STREET -- LATER THAT NIGHT

MOS A couple talk to each other. The girl cries. She catches
a taxi then leaves.

Black.

RACHEL (V.O)

It's Teagan, isn't it?

LUKE (V.O)

It has always been her.

INT. SILENT CITY. NIGHT

A few year passed by. Luke and Teagan are now in their mid-
end 20s. The venue is still the same.

LUKE

(singing, eyes closed)

*You asked me to wait for a century
And I did, I believed in your words
And you made me lie to myself again
And I did, I was fool with our
memories.*

Luke ends the song with a glance to Teagan, who is still at
the old place - right in front of him. Their eyes meet, and
stay for a few seconds, softer and calmer. Teagan is still
giving him the loudest applause.

LUKE (CONT'D)

And that's the first song i wrote
for my best friend, now about to
become my wife. Ms. Teagan right
here ladies and gentlemen.

He spares hand to Teagan. She flushes.

(MORE)

LUKE (CONT'D)
The love of my life.

A GUY FROM THE AUDIENCE
Tell the love story!

LUKE
The love story?

Luke touches his chin as if reminiscing something.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Our story is super long, and most
of it is not even love
(giggles)
But alright! (to Teagan) Honey, why
don't you come over here, sit next
to me, and of course add your side
of the story as well. People say
everytime you re-tell a story, you
just remember the last time you
told that story, not the actual
memory. Let's see how it differs
from us, shall we?

Teagan smiles, goes on stage. The audience helps her find a
small stool to sit next to Luke. He reaches his hand out to
hold Teagan's. They look at each other, sweet.

TEAGAN
Well, we met 10 years ago, high
school sweethearts and all that
shit.

She glances at Luke, who is strumming the guitar for the
story's background music.

TEAGAN AT THE MOMENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We were never really a couple, but
we are always there for each
others.

- EXT. SCHOOL'S YARD - DAY

*Luke and Teagan in their secondary school uniform - 15.
Teagan is shouting at a group of boys, behind is Luke, who
was beaten - his clothes are messy, his face is bruised,
looking down on his feet. The boys go away. Teagan turns
around, shouts at Luke, then holds him. Luke cries on
Teagan's shoulders while she rubs his head like a child.*

TEAGAN AT THE MOMENT (V.O.)

I'm also his romance advisor. This hopeless romantic in front of you right here knows NOTHING about the relationship thingy.

- EXT. IN FRONT OF TEAGAN'S COLLEGE - NIGHT

Teagan - 18, braided hairs - walks out of her high school gate. Luke is standing by his motorbike, holding a rose bouquet upside down on one hand. She runs to hug him, Luke cries, drops the bouquet down. Teagan looks around, people are staring. Teagan embarrassedly smiles.

TEAGAN AT THE MOMENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Did I like him then? Hmm, good question.

- EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Teagan and Lukes sit next to each other on a dark rooftop, facing the lights of streets under their feet. Teagan pushes Luke's head on her shoulder, patting on his head like a big sister. They sit still. Luke's phone behind him lights up, a message from /heart emoji/: "I want to get back together". Teagan turns her head around and notices the message. She glances at Luke, then secretly swipes to delete the message.

LUKE (V.O.)

Of course you did! I'm the only one who could handle her.

TEAGAN AT THE MOMENT (V.O.)

Shut up! You just sit there and listen.

LUKE (V.O.)

Well, when no one does.

INT. TEAGAN'S OLD ROOM -- DAY/NIGHT

Luke sits in the corner of the room, watching Teagan going through a breakup furious, trying to console her while hiding his terror. Teagan angrily shouts, smashes old picture frames, tears the pictures, throws a pile of cards, Valentine gifts in the trashcan.

END FLASHBACK. BACK TO REALITY

Luke strums the guitar one more time, then looks at Teagan continues the story.

TEAGAN

(shrugs)

... But then we kinda get bored of
doing that respectively, so we
decided to do it together.

LUKE (CONT'D)

*We were kind of fucked up, weren't
we?*

TEAGAN

Yeah, now thinking back, we were so
dramatic, don't you think?

Oh well ..

(pouts her lips)

*a fucked up "lunatic in a chaotic
life" couple.*

(turns to the audience,
pretends to be serious)

And that's the lesson today kids,
Don't. Fall. In. Love. With.
Artists. They are dumb!

The crowd laugh, and in that very brief moment of
distracting people, they look at each other, again, deeply,
as if the entire world is theirs and only theirs. They are
here, together, eventually.

A camera flashes from the audience.

Black.

TEAGAN (V.O)

(whispering)

You know what

LUKE

Hmm?

TEAGAN

There's only one person who can
make me fall head over heels by
just a hand holding, no matter when
I'm 15 or 25....

(pause)

I love you

LUKE

(pause for a long
silence)

I'm always the cheesy one. Urghhh,
Now I will have to get used to
this, huh? Surreal. Toooo Sur-real!

(MORE)

LUKE (CONT'D)
(laughs, giggles - echo)

INT. TEAGAN AND LUKE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

The polaroid of that night in Silent City, next to a few more pictures. Following on the photo string: a proposing picture on the beach, a wedding photo, some other happy moments. Next to the entrance to the kitchen carelessly hung the old wedding banner: "TEAGAN AND LUKE".

Teagan, in her pajama, walks out of the bedroom. Messy buns, eyebags, exhausted. She didn't sleep much last night. She grabs a broom, sweeps all the shattered dishes on the kitchen's ground. She opens the trashcan to put the debris in, revealing that there are even more broken dishes in it.

She makes a simple breakfast for herself. The apartment is messy, especially the kitchen. The tablecloth is on the floor. There was a fight here last night.

She gets dressed and leaves for work.

INT. TEAGAN'S SCHOOL -- DAY

Teagan finishes her lecture in class, gives students the homework and ends the class. A student comes up to her table.

STUDENT
Teagan, I- I- I'm --

TEAGAN
Call me Ms. Hope.

STUDENT
Ye-Yes. Ms Hope, I'm so sorry. I promise I would not use my phone in class next time. I promise. Can I have my phone back? I promise this would be the last time.

TEAGAN
(sigh)
Alright, but keep your promise! You know I do not welcome any liars in my class. I'll not return the phone the next time.
(she returns the phone to the student)

I/E. SCHOOL'S GARAGE -- DAY

She leaves the classroom to the garage. She reluctantly smiles to the security guy. Taking out her helmet, she rides her motorbike off.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

BEGIN MONTAGE

Teagan rides her motorbike, emotionless. The street is extremely chaotic and noisy today: horns, talks, traffic jam. She stops at a red light, notices a loud arguments behind her. A family on a motorbike, the wife yells at the husband at the front, the toddler is crying while sitting between his parents. Rolling her eyes, she looks forward. Two motorbikes stand next to each other, both have dogs. They are barking at each other. Everything is shouting at each other!

She makes a round turn, then stops at a smoke vendor. She asks for a pack of cigarettes and a lighter. She goes to the West lake - a quiet place, and mostly too foggy to see anything on the opposite side of the lake. She parks her motorbike behind an old shelter. She sees a lock chain nearby, so the gut tells her to carefully locks the wheels. There's a small, wooden bridge, more like a piece of board, behind that shelter, forward onto the water. She climbs over the fence, and sit at the end of the board. She takes out a cigarette, lights, inhales, holds it for a few seconds, then exhales.

END MONTAGE

A YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE

How does it taste?

TEAGAN

I didn't remember it tastes this good. Or maybe because it has been quite a while since I last smoked.

(pause)

Indeed. When you do something occasionally, you'll always remember it as a great time. You keep doing it for a while, you will realize it's not even that good.

(sigh)

Fuck.

Teagan is startled, realizing the asking voice is not hers. She turns around and sees SUMMER, a young girl, 15-ish year old, arm-crossed, standing behind the fence.

TEAGAN (CONT'D)

Who are you?

SUMMER

I thought I am the one who should ask you that question. This is my private spot. Not only did you invade my fort but you also stole my lock

(points the lock chain on Teagan's motorbike)

TEAGAN

Oh I'm so sorry I didn't know the lock is yours. Let me return it to you

Teagan stands up, climb over the fence, heads towards the motorbike to return the lock.

TEAGAN (CONT'D)

But you know what, this used to be my private space, too. But I like how you call it your "fort."

SUMMER

You haven't answered my question yet.

TEAGAN

What question?

SUMMER

Is it tasted good?

TEAGAN

Nah, it's harmful

SUMMER

I didn't ask if it's harmful or healthy, I asked if it's tasted good. Sometimes the harmful ones are the best ones, like vendors' street food. Everyone knows no one washes those chopsticks properly, but everyone loves it.

TEAGAN

Wise words, but no. Wait till you are older.

SUMMER

(mockingly mimic Teagan)
"wait till you are older". As if 17
and 27 is a century a apart.

TEAGAN

How old are you, 17?

SUMMER

15.

TEAGAN

Yeah, nothings matters when you are
15 year old. There's a lot more
unexpected shits to come when you
get older.

Summer pouts her lips, intends to leave. Teagan turns around
to look at Summer. She suddenly smiles as if she remembers
something.

TEAGAN (CONT'D)

You are a really cool kid.

SUMMER

Great, now you admit I'm cool, but
still think i'm a kid.

TEAGAN

Kids are the coolest! Adults --

SUMMER

Yeah I know, adults are stupid and
irresponsible.

Summer seems to have someone in her mind when saying that.
She steps and presses her feets on a leaf for a while. Then
she suddenly realizes she has things to do.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

Well, I know you want to talk to
me, i mean, everyone does. But my
dad may be coming home any minute,
or not (shrugs). Anyway, I'd better
head off.

Teagan looks at her watch, then stands up.

TEAGAN

Oh yes sure, I forgot it's lunch
time. Wait, what's your name?

SUMMER

For what? I don't think you'll ever meet me again.

TEAGAN

You're leaving?

SUMMER

Maybe, i guess so. I know everything but also nothing
(gets her bicycle)

Goodbye, bro.

(a beat)

Oh, and don't smoke too much. My dad smokes, too and he smells disgusting.

Summer rides off, leaving Teagan behind.

TEAGAN

I hope things would be better for you, mini-me.

She hops on her motorbike, starts the engines.

"Bro"?

(smiles)

Teagan leaves the place.

INT. LUNCH CAFE -- DAY

Teagan is sitting at a table near the window. A glass of wine on her phone, she looks outside the window. A waiter brings her food to the table. Teagan receives a notification from her phone

MESSAGE, from Luke: "Hey, I have a conference in Saigon tomorrow. You said you wanted time to be alone, I think this would be the best time to for us to sort everything out on our own. I have come home to take the clothes, I'll take the flight today. You're right, it's your choice, I should have respected that. But I love you, Teagan. I promise I would be the better version of myself when I come back. Give me another chance, please."

Teagan doesn't reply anything. She sighs, puts the phone down and has a sip of wine.

She cuts the steak on the plate. A little bit chewy. She uses the knife harder, taking her anger out on the piece of meat.

TEAGAN

(grunt)

Better version? My name is New Year
solution.OR.WHAT? How dare you go
when i tell you to go? In the
middle of the night, and now for
the next two days?

(keep cutting violently)

Sure! Fuck off!

The meat is cut in half. She almost broke the dishes,
everyone is looking at her, terrified. She calms down,
exhales loudly, gets herself together. She puts the meat in
her mouth, deeply inhales and exhales. She stares at the
wedding ring on her finger, full of hatred, then takes off
on the table. She stares at it for a bit longer, then
decides to hook it on her right earring. Behind her right
ear there is a tatto:

INT. BAR STATION OF THE RESTAURANT -- LATER.

Teagan walks to the bar station, gives the bill to the
waitress, and waits. A man sits nearby at the bar station,
DAVIS, end 30s - 40s, in his business suits.

Teagan gives him a "what kind of businessman sits here at
3pm?" look.

He is humming to the song on the TV above the liquors shelf,
playing random Youtube playlist.

MUSIC FROM TV (O.S.)

*Dear, such is the tragedy of "now"
A "now" we choke down and devour,
till it's ours no more.
Me and you, we are lunatics,
running around, losing surround...*

It's Luke's song.

THE WAITER

(to Davis)

You like this song?

DAVIS

Kind of, it used to be favorite.
(notices Teagan nearby)
What about you?

TEAGAN

(startled)

Me?

DAVIS

Yea, do you know this song?

TEAGAN

(pause)

Nope! First time hearing it.

DAVIS

I'm jealous with you. I wish I could hear it for the first time again.

TEAGAN

(murmurs)

Me, too.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

I hear people say that all of his songs are for one girl

TEAGAN

(immediately responses)

Nah that's a lie.

DAVIS

How can you know?

Teagan realizes her slipping out of mouth, immediately justifies

TEAGAN

Just saying, that he's somewhat a "romantic artist" doesn't mean he's a saint. Poets, musicians, songwriters, they are just normal humans. They may be a great lover, but can also be a pervert, a stalker, or a reneger. People romanticize such people with great stories, build a statue of ideals upon them but often forget how fucked up they must be to come up with that kind of romance in their life.

DAVIS

Alright alright, You're right. I don't buy that story that much, either. But it's therapeutic to have a love story to believe in, don't you think? Like fairytale, or teenage dream, but for hopeless adults! (laughs)

Teagan says nothing, reluctantly smiles.

Davis reaches his hand out to her. They shake hands. Throughout the following conversations, Teagan doesn't pay much attention Luke himself, more like she's pouring her what's on her mind out, but in a cautious, defensive way.

DAVIS

Davis.

Teagan briefly pause, something sparks in her - a slight realization: Davis is Luke's last name.

TEAGAN

(nods)

Teagan.

DAVIS

Are you in a rush?

TEAGAN

I have an afternoon off today. Just gonna head back home and sleep for the rest of the day.

DAVIS

Would you stay if I bought you a drink?

TEAGAN

Don't you have to go back to work?

DAVIS

I work on my own schedule. My start-up operates remotely, and this afternoon is not that busy. Oh this suit? I just dress like this because I like to, not that I have to.

(beat)

So, another glass of wine?

(leans his head to

Teagan's table behind)

Teagan considers, then hops back on the bar stool.

TEAGAN

A bottle of Saigon, please.

DAVIS

(picks up the previous conversation)

But, do you think a songwriter or an artist generally, like him,

(MORE)

DAVIS (CONT'D)

(points to Luke on the
TV)

are romantic from the core? Like,
it's not something they would have
to practice to be, that's what they
are, similar to people being hot
tempered, introverted or
extroverted. Do they talk that way?

(pause, then draws a
scenario)

Supposing what they say about him
is true, like all the songs are all
about one girl. How can he keep
that love so... strong? I mean, how
can you not change the way you look
at someone, especially when you are
with them all the time? Doesn't he
get bored?

TEAGAN

(bitterly uninterested)

Well, if you say something too many
times, it loses the honesty.
The story of a shepherd boy.

Davis does not say anything, but nods.

TEAGAN (CONT'D)

Besides, he may not be bored of it
but his partner may? Like what if,
she doesn't like the way she is
portrayed, or even romanticized.
But people love it, and that
version of her becomes his, becomes
theirs. What if he's not keeping it
strong but stuck in it?

Davis listens closely. He then looks around, and stares back
at his beer.

DAVIS

Yeah, it sounds the best when you
are irrelevant to the story. Once
you attach it to a memory and,
unfortunately, the sweets got
bitter... You ruin the song.

Teagan says nothing, sips her beer. They sit together for a
while. Davis is clearly having a great time. Teagan, more
like a moment of killing time - she does smile sometimes,
but not fully engaged.

LATER

Things get darker outside - sunset.

Teagan stands up, intends to leave.

TEAGAN

Well, I'm a bit under the weather,
but it's nice talking to you this
afternoon. It's nice having someone
listen.

(smiles)

DAVIS

My pleasure.

She nods goodbye to Davis, walks half way to the door.

DAVIS

Hey Teagan
(hesitant)
Can I have your number?

TEAGAN

(pauses, then turns
around)

Sure.

I/E. TEAGAN AND LUKE'S APARTMENT BALCONY -- EVENING

Old time. Teagan is standing on the balcony, looking down
the quiet street, with a cigarette between her finger. Luke
is sitting on a stool, writing songs with his guitar.

Teagan cracks her neck exhaustedly.

TEAGAN

Urgh, my neck hurts so bad.

Teagan gestures as if she's very exhausted, in a sulking
baby way. She gives Luke a glance to check if he could see
that. He doesn't notice, keeps concentrating on playing the
guitar and writing in his notes.

TEAGAN (CONT'D)

I may have slept at a wrong
position last night. Plus, standing
all day with a hurting neck worsens
it one hundred times!

No response.

Teagan pretends to sigh, a very loud, disappointing one for
Luke to notice that "I AM OVER HERE. ANGRY. ASK ME IF IM
OKAY". But pointless, Luke is fully engaged in his work.

Teagan loses her temper. She puts out the cigarette violently, steps on it and heads inside, slam the balcony slide door.

Luke is startled. He quickly (late) realizes there's something bad. Since Teagan slammed the door, Luke's locked outside

LUKE

Honey, are you mad at me?

TEAGAN

(shouts from the kitchen)

Am I mad at you? Ask your guitar!

LUKE

I'm so so sorry for not paying
attention to you, honey! I'm SO SO
SO sorry. Please let me in!

Teagan doesn't respond, as a revenge. She carries a bowl of ice cream out to the living room. She sits down on the couch and turns on the TV, ignoring Luke begging outside.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Okay how about I'll sing to you my
newest song, the one I was too
buried in that my baby got mad of
me. And then you'll decide whether
it's good enough to let me in! Is
that okay baby?

No response. Luke takes his guitar, smiles, flattering Teagan. He pretends like he's in a concert.

LUKE (CONT'D)

(MC-ing)

Ladies and, no, my only lady.

He glances at Teagan, who pretends to be uninterested but secretly turns down the volume of the TV.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Here's the song I have just
written, fresh and full of love.
Dedicated to my beloved wife who is
mad at me because of MY FAULT. If
this song is slightly good, please
persuade her to forgive me. I
deeply apologize and promise would
not repeat!

(MORE)

LUKE (CONT'D)
(begins singing)
*Who has the heart to leave the
loving words... who sent.
Who has the heart to forget the
hanging promise ... who sent?
Who has the courage to betray the
loving promise, leaving the hanging
words,
I send my courageous heart to
you...*

Teagan is a little bit moved. She watched him sing the song. Once it's finished, she quickly stares back to the TV.

LUKE (CONT'D)
(begging)
Babyyy. I'm so sorry! I promise I
will never ignore you again! Please
let me in!

Luke makes a puppy eyes expression, pouting his lips.

Teagan sighs, withdraws the anger. She stands up, emotionlessly opens the door for him. Luke intends to hug her. Teagan backs a way. She stares at him for a second, then screams at his face.

TEAGAN
DO YOU KNOW HOW SELF-PITY IT WAS -
To have an exhausting day at work
where no one listens to me, even my
students, who are 12? And then I
came home and expected just a tiny
little bit more attention than
usual from my husband. But what did
I get? Another ignore! Where did
all your old sensitivity go? Do
those songs suck everything out of
you or I am the one who is TOO
sensitive here--

Luke quickly hugs Teagan, constantly saying "I'm so sorry" "please don't cry" "it's all my fault". He hugs her too tight that she grabs her neck because it hurts.

LUKE
And I'm sorry for hugging you the
wrong way last night!

They keep hugging and Teagan finally hugs him back. He consoles her, says something that makes her finally smile. Successful reconciliation. They sit down at the couch together and watch the TV.

INT. TEAGAN AND LUKE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

BACK TO REALITY

Teagan turns on the light of the apartment. Still that messy scenario. She sighs heavily. She's too tired for all the cleaning. Exhaustedly, she goes straight to the bedroom.

INT. TEAGAN AND LUKE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

She lies on the ground. Turns her head to the left, she sees Luke's socks, underpants and clothes laying on the ground, right where they were taken off. She inhales deeply, then stands up, gathers all his clothes.

TEAGAN
(grunt, mutters)
How many times I have said..

She opens the window, uses all her energy to throw the pile out of the window.

TEAGAN (CONT'D)
(screams)
I AM NOT YOUR FUCKING MOM

Shuts the window, she lies back to the ground. Closing her eyes, she takes a quick nap. Her energy bar has reached the bottom.

A NOTIFICATION from her phone. "BIG MOMMA" - Teagan's mom.

She opens the TEXT:

"My daughter, I went to your house this morning. Your neighbor told me about your arguments with Luke last night. I notice that you have been so stressful for a few weeks recently. I would do everything for you to have a sufficient life, maybe not as financially much as others, but emotionally, I want my daughter to have a happy life. But I have never been that frustrated in my life, and I will never let anyone, even your dad, breaks me down like that. I'm really worried about you."

Big Momma is not someone who often sends such things like that to her daughter. A strong, strict, tough, Asian mother.

INTERRUPTED FLASHBACK OF TEAGAN'S CHILDHOOD DURING READING MESSAGE.

Teagan's parents arguments.

BIG MOMMA

(shouts from distant)

I make ends meet for this entire family. What do you want more from me?

(pause)

Look me in the eyes! Does your "effort for this marriage" pay for Teagan's school?

Big Momma calls someone on the phone in the bedroom. Teagan stands outside the door, eavesdropping.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)

(cracked voice, trying not to cry)

No, I cannot get a divorce. How will people see me? How will my mom see me?

BACK TO REALITY

Teagan holds herself together at the room corner, picks up the phone, heart-reacts Big Momma's messages. "I'm okay mom, talk to you later!"

Puts the phone down, she slowly bursts into tears. The street is quiet. The apartment is messy. Soulless and solitary. She hiccups in tears, louder. She breaks down.

- LATER

While dropping her head on the knees, She receives another text.

DAVIS: "Hey, It's Davis. Are you free for dinner?"

She puts the phone down, ignores the text, uninterested. Then slowly looks up, she sees herself in the mirror, an "epiphanic" look, emotionless powerful, strong: This girl is not built for this fragility.

A quick flashback with the same look, in the mirror:

- INT. BEDROOM -

10 year-old teagan sitting on the ground in the living room, behind are her fighting in their bedroom.

- INT. ROOM

24 year-old teagan trying ON WEDDING DRESS.

She stands up, wipes the tears on her face. Gently takes clothes out of the closet, she enters the bathroom.

INT. TEAGAN AND LUKE'S BATHROOM

She takes off her clothes, then looks at herself in the mirror. Everything is quiet and calm to a scary point. She fixes her posture in the mirror. She touches the wrinkles on her forehead and the heavy eyebags under her eyes - the results of the crying. She squeezes the red pimples on her face until it bleeds. A serial killer's moment. She lights up the scent candles, turns on the music, old teenage pop song.

INT. TEAGAN AND LUKE'S BEDROOM

Coming out of a refreshing shower in the robe, she puts on body lotion, sprays body mists, does the skincare routines. Her face is emotionless. She picks up the phone to order food from a fancy restaurant. She comes out the balcony, lights another cigarette. She looks at her hand, without the wedding ring. The street. The vacant apartment. She closes her eyes, leans her head back on the balcony. Inhales, and exhales. Silence, she's savoring the solitary.

She comes inside, looks at the old wedding banner, then the photos - everything seems as if it was yesterday, yet so strange. She holds the first picture, then looks at the most recent one - a year ago. She drops it and immediately turns away.

She quietly, calmly dries her hairs.

INT. TEAGAN AND LUKE'S LIVING ROOM.

The DOOR BELL rings, she steps out of the bedroom in her robes, comes to the door to get the food delivered. Closing the door, she sniffs the food. a satisfying smile finally appears on her face - good smell of the food.

One step ahead, she accidentally steps on a small debris of the broken dish she must have missed the other day. She stares at her bleeding toe for a few seconds, then walks to the kitchen, gets the aid kit and puts the bandage on. Her face shows no pain at all.

She grabs a bottle of wine and a glass from the kitchens to the couch. Opens the food on the couch, she turns on the TV. Pouring herself a glass of wine, she turns to the left to see the night city outside. But the only thing she sees is herself reflected on the glass door, in her comfortable robes, holding a glass of wine, relaxing. She cheers to herself, smiles, in a fully satisfied, a bit psychopath, way.

She sips the wine, keeps watching the movie. Nothing can bother her tonight.

INT. A HOTEL'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

A guy (likely to be Davis, but can be taken as Luke - do not show face) takes off his jacket, then shirt, showing his bare shoulder. A girl is lying in bed, probably naked. He crawls in bed with the girl.

THE GIRL
How's marriage?

THE GUY
Not enough.

INT. TEAGAN AND LUKE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

BEGIN MONTAGE

Teagan stands in front of a mirror, adjusting her teaching outfit. A bright color one. She puts on lipstick, smiles at herself in the mirror. She leaves the mirror, then returns, opens a button of her shirt, then leaves.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Teagan rides by the old spot (the wooden board behind the shelter), takes the last glance at it, then rides off.

The street seems to be less chaotic than the other day. The sun is shining bright. She hears the birds. An old woman jogs with her dog on the pavement. A mother rides her son to school while the son is sleeping on her back. The trees. The beautiful Hanoi. She also rides by the Silent City. It closes in the morning. She does not even notice it.

Her attitude is good. A fresh way to start a day.

END MONTAGE

I/E. TEAGAN'S SCHOOL -- DAY

Teagan finishes her lecture in class. Then she feels something abnormal.

Teagan goes to the bathroom. She takes a pad out of her pocket, she's having menstruation. Finishing washing her hands, she suddenly stops. She opens the phone to check the period tracker. She has been having this period for a month but doesn't even notice. This is not a normal sign.

She looks up something in her phone.

"Cervical Cancer symptoms". Teagan's face changes.

She picks up the phone and calls to the hospital to book an appointment that afternoon. She seems worried.

INT. HOSPITAL -- DAY

Teagan is sitting in the waiting hallway. A crowded day. Everything seems urgent, chaotic and dizzy.

A groups of nurses push the wheelchairs of a pregnant woman to a room while she is screaming in pain, following by a terrified, worried husband who is still in his office suits.

A mother with 3 children sitting besides her and 1 infant is crying in her arms.

A young teenage girl sits alone far from the rest of the crowd. One hand holds her belly, one hand holds a paper, frustrated, anxious and impatient. She is waiting for someone.

A middle-age couple sits together next to the mother with 4 children, closing their eyes praying. The husband holds his wife's shoulders.

Teagan has a weird unsettlement. Something is burning inside her. Afraid? Terror? Not ready for the truth she does not want to hear? She bites her lips unconsciously. She opens the calendar on her phone, counts the day, starts gasping and turns the phone off.

She stands up and comes to the coffee booth, self-assures. While waiting for the coffee machine, she accidentally hears the conversations of two nurses passing by

NURSE 1

... Oh god, miscarriage? That poor woman was inseminated just a couple of weeks ago.

NURSE 2

... She has been having period for quite a while but thought it was perimenopause...

Teagan freezes. She feels nauseous and dizzy. Hot coffee burns her hand. She's startled. Everything is darkened. Impossible. She gasps, trying to calm herself down. Tears are up in her eyes.

A nurse's voice calls her name, but she doesn't know.

NURSE

(waves in front of
Teagan)

"Ms. Teagan Hopes. It's your turn"

She invites Teagan to the doctor's room. Teagan looks around, terrified. She says Hi to the doctor and slowly sits down.

DOCTOR

Hi Ms. Teagan. Are you coming with anyone? Your husband?

TEAGAN

(hesitant, sweating) N-No. I'm on my own.

DOCTOR

Alright, we have run some tests and nothing came out severely abnormal. However, hormone and ovulation changes can lead to prolonged menstrual cycles . This may be caused by many factors, including the thyroid, stress, eating disorders, sleep disruption. Your body is debilitated, Ms. Hopes. I'm going to prescribe you some ---

Teagan sighs a relief, but still tightens her lips.

EXT. HOSPITAL -- DAY

She walks out of the hospital as if in a trance. She has not recovered from the previous incident. She keeps staring at the ground, accidentally hits another woman. She apologizes. She is not pregnant nor miscarriage. Why doesn't she feel relieved? She holds her chest, it's still burning in there. She's still gasping. Inhales and exhales heavily.

EXT. STREET -- LATER

Teagan rides her motorbike on the street, tears start running down her cheeks. She doesn't understand why she is crying, constantly wiping her face. But she can't stop.

She stops the motorbike at one point. She opens the phone, calls Luke. Voice mail. She dials again. Voice mail. She grunts, keeps dialing. Same response.

EXT. BUS STOP -- NIGHT.

VOICE MAIL (PRE-LAP).

It is raining cats and dogs. Teagan is standing alone at a bus stop. Here and there some vehicles flash before her eyes. Her motorbike crashed down, she fell off, her knees is bleeding. She is waiting for Luke, but what takes him so long? She keeps dialing the phone, anxiously, but no one picks up. She carefully sits down. Her knees hurt that it's hard for her to sit down. She then stands up again, trying to look around to find Luke.

Finally, Luke arrives. He frantically jumps off his motorbike, runs in front of Teagan.

LUKE

I'm so so sorry, I had a meeting so
I muted the phone, I didn't know
you were calling. I'm so so so
sorry. I asked the boss to come out
earlier to pickup the phone but he
kept saying NO then I had to --

TEAGAN

(stares at Luke)

Luke, my knees are bleeding. It
hurts.

LUKE

(panic)

Oh my god your knees are bleeding.
Don't worry I'm here with you. I
think I have some bandages in my
bag. Okay let me find it for
you.(turns around to reach his bag)
Are you hurt anywhere else. Wait,
did you fall off the motorbike..
How did you fall --

Teagan snatches the bandage from Luke's hands. She limps to the bench, sits down and does it herself.

Irritated, exhausted and disappointed.

Luke knees down, quickly takes the bandages and covers the wounds for Teagan. Teagan looks away, stays silent.

LUKE (CONT'D)

All done!

TEAGAN

Wait, how did you get here?

LUKE

My motorbike

TEAGAN

And how am I supposed to go home now? We have two motorbikes? Mine is even broken. Why didn't you grab a taxi? What if I had to go to the hospital or something, you are going to leave both of them here?

She goes through the roof.

TEAGAN (CONT'D)

Why cannot you think before you do something? Use your head! Use your fucking head to think, Luke, Think! Think about something other than yourself!

Luke stands in front of Teagan, rubbing his hairs in confusion and regret, listening to Teagan scolding him.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Back to reality.

CRASHED. She throws the phone on the pavement. Fortunately, she has a phone case, but the screen is cracked. Inhales and exhales, she comes and picks up the phone. She tries to unlock the phone, then dials a number.

TEAGAN

Hey Davis, it's me, Teagan. We met yesterday. Sorry, I forgot my phone at work last night so I could not reply to your message. I wonder if you are free tonight?

INT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Teagan arrives at the restaurant first in a split dress, gorgeous. She finds a place to sit. The restaurant is decorated very artistically, but elegantly. The second floor is an art exhibition itself. A new place, lots of young people. She goes around, tries to find a place which is a bit hidden from the rest, but every table is almost full. She chooses a table out in the garden, near the entrance, under the fairy light. She looks at the clock. Davis comes late.

NOTIFICATION from phone. A text from Davis:

"I'll be 5 min late. I'm sorry".

Teagan is slightly annoyed. Coming late in the "first date" is a red flag, under any circumstance.

A few moments later, Davis arrives.

DAVIS
Teagan, right?

TEAGAN
Hi, you are late!

DAVIS
My bad, sorry for letting you wait!
I'll buy you drinks.
(notice Teagan's outfit)
By the way, you look gorgeous
today, Teagan.

He chooses the seat next to Teagan instead of the opposite.

TEAGAN
So I was not the other day?

DAVIS
Not really, beautiful but
exhausted.

TEAGAN
Sure, try handling 30 kids at a
time.. Shall we order? I'm
starving.

DAVIS
Sure!

He waves to a waiter, and watches Teagan read the menu,
enjoyingly.

They order the food, then turns to each other.

TEAGAN
Nice place, do you often come here?

DAVIS
Not really, this is my first time,
too. I heard about it a long time
ago but haven't visited.
(look around)
It seems a bit too young for me,
don't you think?

TEAGAN
Yes it does, but it's great to be
young again sometimes. I bet you
that those people over there would
still think I'm 20 (winks).

DAVIS
(shrugs)
I believe you, too. How old are you really?

TEAGAN
29.

DAVIS
Seriously?

TEAGAN
Just kidding. I'm 18.

A waiter comes and pours the wine for them.

DAVIS
(laughs)
Haha You're right!
(cheers)
For one night, You and I, we are only 20.

Teagan cheers, and drinks the wine. She swirls the wine in her glass.

TEAGAN
It's weird, don't you think..

DAVIS
What's weird?

TEAGAN
When we were kids, we always wanted to go to adults' places, but it doesn't work vice versa. Why are we afraid of going to youths' place?

DAVIS
Because we don't feel like we belong?

TEAGAN
Wrong. (a beat)
We are afraid of finding the self we have lost.

DAVIS
Well, i feel rejuvenated when I'm surrounded by young people.

TEAGAN

(sips)

Yeah right we all know you are a man, don't have to say it out loud.

(shrugs)

But truths must be spoken, once you lose it, you lost it.

DAVIS

What if you never actually lost it, it's just something that hinders your view. You'll find it at the right place and a right time.

Davis raises his glass. Teagan smiles, nods as she agrees.

Time passes by. Teagan is laughing, Davis is having a great time. The food is half finished. They are both fully engaged in each other. They continue in the mid-conversation.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

... then the woman comes up to me and says, "Do you know what will happen if equality reaches its ultimate goal?"

(a beat)

He waits for Teagan to answer..

TEAGAN

Hmmm... a pregnant dad?

Davis leans towards Teagan as he's about to reveal a super-secret.

DAVIS

To be honest with you, I forgot what she said. (bursts out laughing)

It was something very intelligent, with climates and human kinds, and education, and humans' endurability and impossibility...

Teagan laughs.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

I swear, I was so mind-blown by her words that I thought it would be something I remember forever and only pass to my favorite grandchild to keep the family secret. But then here I am, 2 days later, I don't even remember one single theory.

TEAGAN

Is the woman pretty?

DAVIS

Well yes, you may say that, as a 70 year old woman, she's pretty gorgeous, even without half of her teeth!

Teagan finds him really funny. She likes this man - a joy she has long forgotten.

Time passes by. Both the food and the wine was finished long ago. Waiters start cleaning the restaurant. Almost everyone has left but them. It's getting late.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Hey, I want to take a walk, do you want to go with me?

TEAGAN

As long as you don't try to kidnap me!

DAVIS

We'll see about that!

Davis stands up, holds the jacket for Teagan.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

They are walking down the street, Davis gave Teagan his coat.

TEAGAN

This sounds like a stupid question but... do you believe in successful marriage?

DAVIS

I know a couple of people who do have a happy marriage. My parents is an example. They fight sometimes, but overall a great model, at least in front of my eyes. But I myself, doubt it.

TEAGAN

Why?

DAVIS

I don't really know. I think they have to lie to each other to do that.

(MORE)

DAVIS (CONT'D)

I mean, in that case maybe lies are not really a bad thing.

TEAGAN

Yeah, people can live their whole life as a lie. My parents have a 38 year marriage, but the number of days they are really married to each other barely reaches 38 ... weeks, the rest of it is just commitment. Did they love each other? Maybe, but marriage is something else. I saw a strange look in their eyes once when we were on our vacation, a long time ago - and I thought that was love. But then all the arguments later told me otherwise.

DAVIS

Are you close to your mother?

TEAGAN

Not really, but she's the most important person in my life. She's the kind of woman who was built from steels, loving words are nonsense to her. But she has taken care of our family since she was 25, all her and only her. I don't share with her much but I always try to make up for what she had to endure her entire life. That sacrifice reminds me about who I should be today.

They walked in silence for a few minutes. Davis looks at Teagan, Teagan watches her steps. He knows she has something else to tell him, so he waits.

TEAGAN (CONT'D)

I have been thinking about it ... that even if we have been waiting our entire life for someone to say something nice to us, when they do, we are still not ready for it. Like "maybe I don't deserve this, this is not for me".

DAVIS

Well, as they said, "we accept the love we think we deserve."

TEAGAN

That's a tricky thing.

DAVIS

Which part?

TEAGAN

Both, it doesn't seem that easy even so.

Teagan turns to the street, recognizes something. She points to the small alley on the right, pulls Davis along with her.

TEAGAN (CONT'D)

Let's go this way, I know a cool place.

EXT. OUTSIDE AN ART EXHIBITION -- NIGHT

They stand in front of a huge painting showroom. It's closed. Davis looks at Teagan questionably, Teagan glances at Luke - a mysterious, exciting "wait for it" glance. She takes out a key from her purse, unlocks the huge lock on the door handlers, presses the electronic lock codes. she opens the door, gestures Davis to come in with an assertive smile. Davis comes in. Teagan turns the light on. It's a lacquer painting exhibition.

DAVIS

You own this place?

TEAGAN

Can you believe?

DAVIS

No.

TEAGAN

Yeah you are right. I thought I pulled off that cocky opening quite well.

(wanders around)

This is my friend's. I keep a spare key for her until the gallery ends.

DAVIS

Is she a painter?

TEAGAN

A collector. She is 5 years older than me, divorced, but is now happier than ever with her new 10 years-younger boy friend.

DAVIS

Powerful.

TEAGAN

Indeed. I'm really jealous with her, but happy for her too. Not because of this entire thing or her young boyfriend, but because she's always live as if she's forever in her twenties. That youthful energy, always living her fullest life - insane.

DAVIS

See? You admit it!

TEAGAN

(turns to Davis)

Admit what?

Davis keeps wandering around and staring at the paintings.

DAVIS

You think she has stayed the same since day one. Clearly she didn't. She married once, not the right person nor the right place. She left it and found another one, it's either recovering her old youth or she has just created a new one. You are jealous because you don't have that courage to admit you had made a wrong decision. You decided to give up the kid in you, not losing her.

TEAGAN

(walking towards Davis)

Do you think it's pathetic?

DAVIS

(shrugs)

I'm no one to say. The story is always great when you are irrelevant, remember?

Teagan nods, says nothing. She stands next to Davis, staring at an abstract painting with lots of shapes, red, yellow and black.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

What do you see in this painting?

TEAGAN

I don't know. I can never
understand what's behind this kind
of art.

DAVIS

Just make a guess, in your own
view,
(gestures like he's
drawing a vision
What can it be?

TEAGAN

A person struggling with her ego,
breaking into pieces
(a beat)
But the curves can tell she is
trying to gather things together.

DAVIS

(silence for a while)
Hey, let's play a game.

TEAGAN

(smiles)
What kind of game?

DAVIS

(enthusiastically)
Organizing the house. Let's say we
are rich enough to afford any
painting in this gallery. Each
person is going to say a place in a
house, and we will guess which
painting the other one would pick
to put there.

TEAGAN

Deal.

DAVIS

Bathroom.

They walk around the room, carefully examine the paintings,
then turn around to glance at the other, making a squint as
if they are investigating.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Okay are you ready?

TEAGAN

It would be.... either this one ...
(MORE)

TEAGAN (CONT'D)
(points towards a green,
dark painting of a
forest)
Or this one.
(stands in front of a
huge painting of sunset
on the sea)

DAVIS
Close enough.
(he points to a stripe
black and white painting
right next to the forest
painting)
This one.

TEAGAN
(facepalm)
I was considering that, too. But
then I think it may be a bit too
monochrome for you.

DAVIS
Okay my turn.
(wanders around to create
tension, then abruptly
stops in front of a
small painting with
vibrant blue pastel
shades)
This.

TEAGAN
That's right! How can you know?

DAVIS
I read your mind!
(he gives Teagan a wink)
Another round?

EXT. THE STREET UNDER THE RAILROAD -- NIGHT

They stop at a street vendor to buy roasted chestnuts and hot sweet potatoes. Teagan takes a bite and gets burnt. Davis takes the potato from her hand, blows on her mouth so it's less hot, then breaks the potato into pieces and gives them to Teagan.

Teagan points towards the steps lead to the old railroad track.

TEAGAN

Let's go this way. There's no train here.

They climb up to the railroad track. Teagan walks on the rails, trying to balance. Davis watches Teagan, then does the same thing.

DAVIS

Want a race?

TEAGAN

I'm wearing boots.

DAVIS

I'll let you start 10 seconds before me

TEAGAN

Deal.

Davis starts counting, Teagan runs. Finishes counting, Davis catches up with Teagan. Davis overtakes Teagan. They laughs.

They follow the track, keep talking. Their Silhouettes are printed on the street under the yellow street lamp.

EXT. SPEAKEASY BAR -- NIGHT

They stop in front of a tailor, next to a phone booth. Davis pulls Teagan in the phonebooth. It's a tiny booth. When he closes the door, their eyes meet in an extended time. Davis dials the rotary phone twice. The wall next to them is suddenly opened. They are welcomed by a waiter. They step in a hidden, cozy speakeasy. Davis knows the place. He confidently walks towards a small table at the back of the room. Teagan follows him. Davis pulls the stool for Teagan and helps her hop on the tall stool compared to her. Like previously, he chooses to sit next to her instead of opposite.

DAVIS

So, how do you think of the place?

TEAGAN

Impressive. I have never been to a place like this.

DAVIS

(winks)

Just for you to know, I don't bring many people here.

TEAGAN

(sips her cocktail glass)
So what makes me an exception?

DAVIS

You are cool.

TEAGAN

Cool? Just that?

Teagan leans closer towards Davis, looks straight to his eyes. Davis smiles, stares back at Teagan's eyes.

DAVIS

What do you want to hear?

Teagan thinks for a second, then shakes her head and gets rid of the thought.

TEAGAN

Nah, I have heard enough already.

Their legs keep touching each other's. They sit in silence for a while, looking around, then glance at the other, mostly when they don't notice. At the back, jazz music is playing. They continue talking.

TEAGAN (CONT'D)

Do you know that octopus has three hearts?

DAVIS

Lucky guy.

TEAGAN

But it has nine brains.

DAVIS

Shit! Now I change my mind. The guy must be paranoid.

TEAGAN

I know right, we only have 1 hear and 1 brain and it drives people nuts everyday already. Imagine when you ask for relationship advice and people say "listen to your heart", but then you'll be like "which one?"

DAVIS

Then your entire organs will have a civil war to vote which heart to listen to and which brain will make the final decision.

(long pause)

But it also means we'll be able to love someone 9 times more, or 9 people people at a time?

TEAGAN

And be hurt 3 times worse.

Davis contemplates a bit, then nods in silent agreement.

TEAGAN (CONT'D)

Why did you choose the nine for love? You think love is fully cerebral?

DAVIS

I mean, biologically saying, heart has nothing to do with emotions.

(shrugs)

But to put it in this way, everyone loves with intuition, or heart, at the beginning. But then if it's not transferred to some kind of logical sense, --

TEAGAN

(continues Davis)

You will grow out of it.

DAVIS

Exactly, it doesn't make sense anymore.

TEAGAN

But then it's not love anymore. It's justifying to fit it in something else.

DAVIS

What's love for eventually? . Everything must start with something like, unconditional love, as they said. Then, the longer you live with it, the more ... calculation, and planning, and dealing, coping, etc. you need - it transforms.

(MORE)

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Similar to clay, if you don't turn it into a pot or a bowl for a common good, it's purposeless and would eventually be thrown away.

Teagan drinks the last drop of her cocktail, then looks up to Davis's face. She teases him because of what he has just said.

TEAGAN

Marriage professional, please tell me you are not a songwriter, or poet, or musician sort of things.

DAVIS

No, I'm not.

TEAGAN

I read a short story in an old newspaper that, if a woman sleeps with a man, it means she sleeps with a man, but if she sleeps with an artist...

DAVIS

the story becomes something else.

TEAGAN

Right. Cringe.

Teagan says nothing, keeps staring her the cocktail glass. She sees Davis through the glass, leans her head to the left.

INT/EXT. DAVIS'S CAR -- LATER

Davis is driving Teagan home. Teagan sits at the front seat. She is closing her eyes.

DAVIS

Can I ask you something?

(a pause)

What's the thing between you and artist?

TEAGAN

(stills closes her eyes)

What do you mean?

DAVIS

You keep referring to it.

TEAGAN
(a pause)
Ex-boyfriend.

DAVIS
Must be a hard one, wasn't it?

TEAGAN
(opens her eyes)
There's never an easy goodbye. The
easy one is the hardest one to
accept.

DAVIS
Which one is yours?

TEAGAN
I don't know. Doesn't matter.

Davis makes the left turn. Then stops in front of a
building.

DAVIS
Is this the right place?

TEAGAN
(looks outside, nods)
Yeah. This is the place.

She turns to Davis, looks in his eyes, then leans closer to
him.

TEAGAN (CONT'D)
Tonight was fun. Thank you for
listening to all my bullshits.

DAVIS
It's not. You are...
(a beat)
A very cool, intelligent,
attractive woman.

Teagan changes her look to Davis's lips, leans closer.

TEAGAN
(voice dies down)
There you go.

They lean closer to each other that they are about to kiss.

TEAGAN (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Do you wanna go upstairs?

Davis pauses, then stops. He looks at Teagan. He likes her, but something seems wrong. Something in her eyes.

He withdraws to his seat, then looks at Teagan, who is still waiting for the answer. He smiles.

DAVIS
(shakes his head)
I can't.

TEAGAN
What's wrong?

DAVIS
I have to go to the airport.

TEAGAN
Now? You are going somewhere?

DAVIS
Not right now, but later, to pick
up my wife.

No one says anything in an extended time. Teagan doesn't move for a while, then back to her seat. She smiles.

TEAGAN
We didn't even touch that subject
tonight. It's not that we forgot.
Why does it matter now?

DAVIS
You are different.

TEAGAN
From who?

DAVIS
The rest.
(a pause)
I cannot do this to you. You
deserve, more. It would be a harder
goodbye, I suppose.

TEAGAN
Are you sure? You think I'm some
sort of a, good girl that needs to
be protected?

Teagan takes off her earring, then takes out the ring. She wears the ring on her finger, and shows it to Davis. Davis looks at the ring, speechless.

TEAGAN (CONT'D)

We are all bad adults, Davis. We are pathetic just the same amount, that's why we were so compatible this entire night. But well, if you say so, good night Davis.

Teagan grabs her purse, opens the door, intends to leave the car. Davis immediately grabs her arm.

DAVIS

Don't.
(a beat)
Stay, just for a little bit more.

Teagan looks back at Davis. Davis still holds her arms. He seems pathetic. His eyes seem like begging, then drops her arm, embarrassed.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

I mean if you want to. I'm sorry for not letting you know earlier.

Teagan thinks, then closes the car door.

TEAGAN

Don't ever say sorry in front of me again. I hate that word.

They stay in silence for a while. She looks up to the car's ceiling, has a deep breath, then smiles, still staring at the ceiling.

TEAGAN (CONT'D)

Alright, what's the big deal? How's your marriage?

DAVIS

(a pause)
Not enough.

TEAGAN

Will it ever be though?

DAVIS

As far as I'm still trying to be an octopus, I guess.

TEAGAN

As in loving 9 people at once?

DAVIS

(laughs)

As in being paranoid about which part of my... mind, to listen to.

TEAGAN

(teasing)

Wow! I thought men use their penis all the time for that. But yeah, you are different. You don't do it tonight. I should have given you an applause.

DAVIS

Hey hey hey! I'm hurt 3 times.

TEAGAN

As you should.

They laugh, bitterly. The laugh dies down. Then another long pause.

TEAGAN (CONT'D)

Do you love your wife?

DAVIS

(instantly, but then
hesitant)

Yes. Yeh, yes.

(a beat)

You?

TEAGAN

(interrupting)

Me? Hm, good question. At least I used to, a lot.

Right now, I'm not sure. I can hear it, but I cannot see it or feel it, no longer.

(a beat)

When we were at the railroad track, I told myself that if there was a train coming my way, it will be a sign for me to leave everything behind and run away. I was so ready, more than ever. But it didn't happen, and now all of my courage has disappeared as well.

Davis turns to her, but she doesn't. Teagan keeps looking straightforward.

TEAGAN (CONT'D)

I don't know why, and since when, it has been like that between us. They are the core memories, and we were so sure about it. You have been fighting just to be with them for such a long time, but then one day you wake up and you don't recognize them anymore. Maybe it's me that changes. Maybe it's both of us.

DAVIS

Did he treat you differently from before?

TEAGAN

It's either that or it has always been like that, and it's my perspective that changes. Every attempt seems so inadequate and insipid. Everything he does irritates me now. I think he did realize that, but now I think you're right. We were afraid of admitting that we had made a wrong choice.

(a pause)

The night before I met you we had a fight. It's not something new anymore but that's the first time he shouted back at me. He asked what I wanted from him, and how could he know if I didn't tell him how to do things the way I want.

Teagan raises her voice as justifying. Her voice shakes as if she is about to cry. Her shoulders shake as she's more angry, self-pitying.

TEAGAN (CONT'D)

But who the fuck am I? His mom? It's those little things that you have to think about someone else before yourself to know to do and what not. I don't marry him to teach him. I'm a teacher 10 hours a day, and that's enough. I need a shoulder to cry on, but I never have it. Words of comfort, that's what I always get, but now they are nothing but claptrap.

Davis closely listens to Teagan's talking. His eyes seems to show regret. He tempts to reach out to touch Teagan's face and wipes her tears, but doesn't.

DAVIS

So why are you still here? I think that's the most important thing.

TEAGAN

Well, remaining affection, i guess. I'm still giving him chances to chances, and he says he's trying, too. But things keeps spinning like that: fight - sorry - fight - sorry. Endless and restless. I'm ashamed of myself, mostly, of my cowardice. I haven't had the courage to start everything again.

Davis thinks for a bit. Then he smiles, decides to cheer Teagan up.

DAVIS

You know what, there's something I didn't tell you, about the octopus.

TEAGAN

(wipes the tears, laughs)
You are really into it, aren't you?

DAVIS

Here's one more biological fact. It doesn't use all the brains at the same time. A central brain controls the nervous system, and then a small brain in each of their eight arms to control movement. This allows the arms to work independently of each other, yet together toward the same goal. I don't know if you can work the same way or not, but try to shut down the central brain. Don't think much. Then let your action-brains tell you what to do. If you want to run away, run.

TEAGAN

What if I killed him?

DAVIS

Call me, I'd help you hide the body.

Both of them laugh, then look at each other in silence for a long time. Davis gradually leans closer to Teagan. Davis changed his mind, he wants to kiss her. They are about to kiss, then Teagan stops. She looks down, pauses, then raises her eyes up to Davis.

TEAGAN

Do you have a children?

DAVIS

(interrupting)

Yes, yes I do. I have a daughter.
She's beautiful.

Davis takes his wallet out of his pants pocket, shows Teagan the picture of his daughter - It's Summer.

Teagan shocks, in silence. Then she smiles, quickly grab her purses, and turns to Davis.

TEAGAN

Goodnight Davis. Save the marriage,
if you still can, for your daughter
and for your wife. Or at least, do
something before you leave..

(a pause)

You don't want your daughter end up
like me.

EXT. IN FRONT OF LUKE AND TEAGAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING --
NIGHT

She opens the car door and gets out. She gives him the last wave before opening the door. She comes inside.

INT. DAVIS'S CAR

Davis sighs. He grabs the wallet, looks at Summer's picture again. He contemplates for an extended time, then drives off.

INT. OUTSIDE LUKE AND TEAGAN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Teagan seems really tired. She stops in front of the door, looks at the lock, hesitant. She releases a heavy sigh, then opens the door.

INT. TEAGAN AND LUKE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Luke's shoes are right under her feet, one upside down as it must be taken off carelessly. His socks are scattered on the side. He's home, but the house is silent.

She looks around, then sees a bouquet of flowers on the TV table. She comes to pick it up, a small letter falls out.

Opens the letter, she reads it. "I'm sorry. I love you" at the end of the letter. She exhales, carelessly throws it back on the table, next to the bouquet, emotionless.

SOUND: Door opens.

She turns around, Luke steps out of the bedroom, yawning, without his glasses. He must have taken a nap.

LUKE

Is that you Teagan? My conference finished earlier than expected.

Luke looks at Teagan standing next to the TV table, realizing she has read the letter with the bouquet. He walks to her, slowly hugs her. Teagan says nothing.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I miss you.

He hugs her tighter. Teagan, who is still standing still, closes her eyes, then slowly raises her arms and hugs him back. They hold each other for an extended time, then Luke starts kissing Teagan. The sexual tension rises.

They intend to go to the bedroom, while still kissing. Suddenly, Teagan feels like she steps on something - another debris from the broken dishes. She takes the debris out of her shoe, pauses at it for a second, then looks around the apartment. Things are still messy exactly the same as when she left this morning.

INT. AIRPORT -- NIGHT

Davis drives to the airport to pick up his wife, TRACY. Davis waits in the greeting hall. He sits on the bench, scrolling through his phone. Tracy, 30s - an elegant, powerful woman, walks out, looks around, sees Davis and call his name.

TRACY

DAVIS!

Davis looks up, sees his wife, smiles. He stands up and walks to her. She runs to him and hugs him on the neck. Davis laughs, slightly uncomfortable, slowly puts Tracy down while shyly looking around.

DAVIS

What are you doing? People are looking..

TRACY

What's wrong with me missing my husband! It's a month. Don't you miss me?

DAVIS

(takes the luggages from Tracy's hand)

Of course I miss you. Let's go home.

INT. INT/EXT. DAVIS'S CAR

Davis is driving while Tracy is watching the night city. Suddenly Luke's song - *Lunatics* - is played on the radio. Davis immediately reaches out to change the channel. Tracy turns around, questions Davis.

TRACY

Why did you change the channel? I thought you like that song.

Tracy changes back to that channel.

DAVIS

(stuttering)

Oh yeah, it's just, I have listened to this song too many times recently.

They sit and listen to the rest of the song. Tracy sings along to it. Davis concentrates on driving, showing no emotion. The song finishes, Tracy turns to Davis but he seems contemplating.

TRACY

What are you thinking?

DAVIS

Me? Nothing, just a few things at work.

TRACY

Oh, how is it?

DAVIS

Just like normal. How's your trip? Is the flight soft? Comfortable?

TRACY

Yeah, I slept through the whole flight.

(a beat)

Is everything at home okay?

DAVIS

Yes, of course. Just lacking you.
(winks to Tracy)

Tracy pouts her lips, pretends to be sulking.

TRACY

You never call me. It's always me that initiated the call.

DAVIS

I did! Though I was a bit busy these days indeed.

TRACY

(mutters)

Clearly not that busy..

DAVIS

Huh?

TRACY

No, nothing.

Davis makes a left turn. He gives Tracy a glance to watch her reaction before changing the topic.

DAVIS

How's the new office?

TRACY

It's great. Big, well equipped, nice view, central location. I think dad will be satisfied with this one.

DAVIS

Nice. (a pause)
Did you tell him about my decision?

TRACY

Not really, I haven't got a chance, and I don't think this is the right time, Davis --

DAVIS

When then?

TRACY

He's not feeling well, you know that.

Davis doesn't say anything. He intends to, but stops himself. He slightly shakes the head, showing he's jaded, disregarding Tracy's justification. They says silence for a short time, both have something to say, about to say it but stop themselves. Eventually, Tracy cannot hold it anymore.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I'm not saying that you HAVE TO work here, but...

DAVIS

But what?

TRACY

(shakes head)

Nevermind.

DAVIS

Say it.

TRACY

That's not even the real reason, isn't it? This is a good opportunity, and I know you have been wanting to do something like this for a long time..

DAVIS

(voice down)

We have talked about this before, Tracy. I have my choices --

TRACY

(disregard Davis)

... And you know my dad appreciate you because of your real talent, not out of pity. He's not that kind of person. I have to work hard, too.

Davis slightly shakes his head, bites her lips. But he cannot hold it anymore, either. He starts raising his voice. The tension increases

DAVIS

You are saying I'm a coward because I'm afraid of my wife's fortune and I'm jealous of you?

TRACY

I'm saying you are dismissing a great opportunity because of something that's not worth.

DAVIS

What's not worth? My dignity?

TRACY

Your misogynistic ego.

DAVIS

I'm misogynistic? What's wrong with my ego if I just want to be financially independent and not called "tied to my wife's apron strings" by YOUR cousins?

TRACY

You ARE financially independent, and since when you start thinking about what others think of you? How many times have I told you, they are just gossiping about everyone, including me.

DAVIS

Doesn't matter.

TRACY

It does, Davis, it does. It makes you don't even have the courage to tell me the truth about your feeling.

DAVIS

There's no such things called truth or feeling here, I like what I'm doing and that's it.

(shrug)

TRACY

(looks out the window)

Don't be so ridiculous, I respect you and your effort so I didn't say a thing before, but let's face the reality that not only that it didn't bring you any profit, you have been struggling for months just to pay for the loss.

DAVIS

Why are you always talking about money?

TRACY

I'm not talking about money, I'm talking about you. You're just denying your own problems.

Davis intends to say something, but makes the right turn and arrives home. He stops the car, then looks down on the wheels for a moment. He's irritated, his ego's hurt. He turns to Tracy and gets serious.

DAVIS

Definitely, of course the problem is mine. It always seems so easy when you say it, which makes me feel like i'm a stupid loser, and all the "opportunities" you have "given" me are like my honors that I don't deserve it AT.ALL. Yes, it's about my ego, my "MISOGYNISTIC" validation. But it's because I feel pressure, Tracy, have you every thought of it? I'm stressful because I'm your husband.

Finishes saying, Davis gets off the car and slams the door.

EXT. IN FRONT DAVIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

He opens the trunk, takes out Tracy's luggages and comes insides.

INT. INT/EXT. DAVIS'S CAR -- NIGHT

Tracy still sits inside, speechless. Her lips purse tightly. She shakes her head, rubs her forehead and looks up to the car ceiling, exhaustedly. Then she gets off the car.

INT. DAVIS'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Davis closes the bedroom door. He goes out to the balcony, takes out a cigarettes. He lights it up, then takes a long, heavy toke. He looks at the city lights far away, seems contemplating, and lets out a heavy sigh. He shakes off the ashes. He's about to take another toke, but A NOTIFICATION on his phone. He takes out the phone from the pocket.

UNSAVED NUMBER: "Are you still coming over tonight?"

Davis swipe the top menu of his phone to read the message without letting the other know he has seen it. He doesn't reply, puts the phone back to the pocket. He takes a toke, continues contemplating.

Suddenly, a hug from behind. He turns his head around, Tracy, in her pajama, sleepy, hugs him from behind.

TRACY

I'm sorry. I should not have said that. I will call dad tomorrow.

Davis still stands still, but turns his head aside. Stacy tightens her hug, takes a deep sniff of Davis's back, closing her eyes.

TRACY (CONT'D)

(soft voice)

I miss you. I cannot sleep well without you, for a month! Are you going to let me sleep alone tonight?

Davis slowly turns around, hold Tracy's shoulders. Tracy opens her eyes, look at Davis. He pulls her to his arms. Tracy gets comfortably in Davis' warm arms. They keep hugging holding each other for an extended time. Tracy is calm, but Travis still has something in his mind. Hesitant.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry

DAVIS

Don't, it's both of us losing temper. It's my fault, too.

TRACY

No, for making you stressful to be husband.

(pause)

I don't want that. I don't want you have to BE something or someone else when you are near me. Don't push me away from your feelings.

Tracy starts crying. Davis pulls her out, looks at Tracy in the eyes, wipes her tears.

DAVIS

No no no don't cry..

TRACY

(continues, interrupting by the sobbing)

One of my co-workers quit talking to her husband when they have conflict and one thing leads to another.

(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

Then now they never talk to each other again. They got a divorce, Davis.

DAVIS

(consoling)

No, baby, we are never like that. Don't cry.

TRACY

When you shouted at me in the car, I was so scared. That scenario of us signing the divorce paper flashed before my eyes... I cannot handle that thought...

Tracy burst into tears. Davis pulls her back in his arms, tightly.

DAVIS

I--I'm so sorry I shouldn't have done that. It's all my fault. I will never do that again.

Davis lays a kiss on her forehead.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

I love you.

Tracy looks up at Davis's face, smiles. Then Tracy lays her head back on Davis's chest.

TRACY

I miss you, too.

They kiss.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Do you want to go back to bed?

DAVIS

Yes. You know how uncomfortable it is to sleep on the couch

(laughs)

You go in first. I'll come right in after I finish this cigarette.

Tracy lets him go.

TRACY

Okay, but smoke less. It's not healthy.

DAVIS
Yes, wifey!
(smiles)

Tracy goes inside. Davis turns around to take another long toke.

Tracy stops before going to the bedroom, glances at Davis the last time. She wipes all the tears on her cheeks and eyes. Her face shifts from the soft smiling face to a eyebrows-raised smirk.

TRACY
(mutters)
Works everytime.

Davis turns around to see if Tracy has disappeared behind the bedroom door, then takes the phone out of his pocket. He swipes to delete the previous message and blocks the number, then turns off the phone, puts it back to the pocket. He takes another long toke.

He puts off his cigarette and goes inside.

DAVIS
Let's go to sleep.

They go inside the bed room.

INT. DAVIS AND TRACY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Davis sits on the bed in his pajama, reading a book. Tracy walks out of the bathroom in the robe, rubbing her hairs with a towel. Davis looks up. He stands up and grabs the hair dryer in the drawer. He calls Tracy and pats on the bed.

DAVIS
Come here, I'll dry the hairs for you.

Tracy smiles, sits on the bed. Davis starts drying her hairs.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
It's so late, why don't you wait until tomorrow? Washing your hair at this time is very dangeroud.
(keeps rubbing her hairs, softly)
Tell me if it's too hot.

TRACY
Just getting things off my head.
(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

(a beat) (smiles
satisfiedly)

It has been a long time since you
last dried my hair. I miss it.

DAVIS

Any time ma'am!
(laughs)

Davis keeps drying Tracy's hair for a while, then suddenly
he remembers something.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Oh, my mom told us to come to her
house tomorrow to have lunch
because she invites the cousins.

TRACY

Tomorrow lunch? I had a date with
my old friends from high school. We
have been planning for weeks to
meet but I'm always away.

DAVIS

(sighs)

You know how she feels about her
appearance in front of the cousins,
and she needs someone who prepares
the meal with her, too.

TRACY

(checks her phone)

Don't worry, I'll call the
traditional food restaurant my
company went to last week. It's a
really good one and they will
deliver the hot food instantly to
your house. So mom won't have to
cook anyway.

DAVIS

But she doesn't like the outside
food.

TRACY

Oh please, the last time with your
sister's birthday and your mother
went out the entire day with her
friends, I also did the same thing.
Just displayed it nicely on the
dishes and no one knew anything.

(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

How could I handle that giant table on my own in an afternoon? I had things to do, too.

DAVIS

But she's home tomorrow. You have been away for a month, Tracy.

Tracy turns around, frowns. Davis stops the hair dryer. She looks at Davis, "seriously?".

TRACY

(keeps her voice down)

What are you trying to say, Davis?
What do you want me to do?

DAVIS

(shrugs) (interrupting)

I don't know, maybe spare a little time for ... family stuff...

TRACY

Family stuff? So now in order to be a good wife, I would have to quit my personal life...

DAVIS

I didn't say you had to quit --

TRACY (CONT'D)

... and stay in the kitchen all day, for your mother to brag in front of the cousins...

DAVIS

Hey that's rude.

TRACY

What's rude? You are rude. You are telling me how to be a wife.

DAVIS

(grabs the book)

What's a big deal of prioritizing your family for once? You can always go with your friends in the evening or some time else...

TRACY

You are doing it again!
(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

(stands up)

I prioritize what's necessary.
Look, I didn't say your mother
should cancel her lunch. I suggest
a solution that pleases both sides,
and costs no trouble. My friends,
we have been planning for weeks, if
things are that easy like you said,
I would not even be hesitant.

Davis pauses. He looks outside the window to consider to
say things out or keeps them for himself. He chooses the
former, turns to Tracy.

DAVIS

She hasn't seen you for months,
Tracy. We have not eaten together
for a month.

TRACY

We will! Tomorrow dinner!

Davis rolls his eyes. Tracy notices it. She goes around the
bed, stands next to Davis who pretends to open the book and
read.

TRACY (CONT'D)

What does that attitude even mean?

Davis says nothing. Tracy waits, he still pretends to read.
Tracy smirks, nods and walks around the room.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Ah I get it. Nothing about this is
even about the lunch.

(looks at Davis)

It's about my work. About work.

DAVIS

(still doesn't look up)

Don't start it again.

TRACY

Let's, shall we? Let me guess, the
man of the family is supposed to be
busier and more successful than his
wife. He's the one who always goes
away for work and should be warmly
welcomed by his loving wife and
children when he got home.

(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

His wife should stay at home for the entire day to prepare a fantastic meal and invite all of his pretentious relatives over so that they can have a proper family gathering. But in this household, a little bit role-switching is making you feel uncomfortable, isn't it?

Davis stills pretends to read the book and hears nothing from Tracy.

TRACY (CONT'D)

It makes you feel "not manly enough" isn't it?

DAVIS

(puts the book down)

Tracy, you are not respecting me.

TRACY

Oh, am I? (laughs)
But were you? Or anyone in your family?

Davis rubbes his forehead. Tracy waits for the answers, and goes through the roof.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Your mother told the cousins I'm a princess, that if it was not because your dad and my dad were best friends and he liked me, she would never want a daughter-in-law like me. You hear that? I heard that with my own ears WHILE I was STANDING in the kitchen preparing the pudding to bring to them. What were you doing at that time, Davis?

(a beat, pretends to think)

Oh right, you were out playing golf with friends. See? You have your friend time, too, during the gathering, leaving your wife alone in a household that no one even likes her!

Davis looks down on the bed mat, says nothing, frustrated.

TRACY (CONT'D)

But have I ever complaint about that, Davis? No.

(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

I know I was clumsy when I first married you, BUT THAT WAS 17 YEARS ago. But everytime she's not satisfied with any tiny things I do, she tells that again to everyone she knows, behind my back, of course, because she doesn't want me to tell my dad. You thought I didn't know?

DAVIS

Don't bring my mom in here.

TRACY

You want my reasons, so I'm giving you my reasons.

(a long pause)

You know what, Davis. You are exactly like your mom. And your EGO is the biggest inheritance.

Davis throws the book aside. He storms out and slams the door behind him. Tracy stares at the door, bites her lips furiously.

TRACY (CONT'D)

(lowers her voice, only
for herself to hear)

Yeah right, find your little bimbos for comfort then come back to me when you are a man.

INT. SUMMER'S ROOM -- AT THE SAME TIME

Summer is woken up by Davis and Stacy's arguments. She lays still in bed, looking up at the ceiling. She hears the sound of THE ENTRANCE DOOR slam. Tears running down her cheeks, she pulls the blanket up to her head.

INT. TEAGAN AND LUKE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Teagan's dipping her head in the water in the bathtub. Then suddenly sits up, gasping for air. She stokes her hairs, wipes water off her face. She leans back to the bathtub, lays her head on the edge and faces up to the ceiling for a while, then turns aside to watch the burning candle.

The candle is twitching, flickering, vulnerably.

She inhales and exhales deeply, then reaches for her phone on the floor. She opens a document, stares and it then starts typing in.

The document:

"PETITION FOR DIVORCE

My name is: Teagan Hopes....

....

My spouse's name is: ... Luke Davis..."

INT. TEAGAN AND LUKE'S BEDROOM (THE OTHER SIDE OF THE
BATHROOM DOOR)- SAME TIME

Luke is sitting on the bed, giggles with something on his
phone.

A SEQUENCE OF PLACES GETTING BRIGHTER AS SUNRISE- NO MUSIC:

EXT. THE LAKE - SUNRISE (STILL DARK):

Breezes make the slight waves.

EXT. THE DINNER RESTAURANT - SUNRISE (DARK BUT BRIGHTER)

Closed.

EXT. THE ART GALLERY -- SUNRISE

Closed. A homeless person is sleeping in front of the
entrance.

EXT. THE RAILTRACK -- SUNRISE

A sanitation worker sweeps the street, then loads the
trashbags near the closed street vendor onto the gabbage
truck.

EXT. THE BAR - SUNRISE/MORNING

Closed. The last waiter hops on his motorbike, yawns and
rides off.

EXT. THE AIRPORT - SUNRISE/MORNING

Not crowded. A mother with 3 little children get off the
taxi, seem to be in a rush. Two kids are arguing while the
mother is taking the luggages off the trunk, holding one
little toddle on her hand.

A couple is kissing goodbye. The girl walks backward to the
gate, still waving to the boy. The boy stands there, waving
to her after she disappears behind the door.

EXT. STREET - SUNRISE/MORNING

Davis walks on the street, then turns right to enter his apartment building.

INT. DAVIS'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Davis opens the door to his apartment, exhausted. His clothes are messy. He intends to go to the couch, but glances at Summer's room.

He quietly opens the room. Summer is sleeping soundly inside. He comes inside, sits at her desk beside the bed. He adjusts her blanket, then watches her sleep in silence. He calmly smiles, picks her baby hairs aside.

He looks around but suddenly realizes the room is really vacant. There's nothing on the wall. The bookshelf is in the middle of a cleaning. There're folded clothes sorted in different piles on the floor. One drawer of the closet was pulled out, inside is her jewelry. A small box is put right under the drawer - she is moving things from the drawer to the box.

He kneels down to pick up the jewelry box, then sees two other boxes hidden under the bed. He glances at her, slowly and quietly pulls the boxes out.

On the side of each box there are handwritten text:

"IF DAD" "IF MOM".

In each box are her old room decorations, memory albums, and a few souvenirs.

He looks at the boxes, then at Summer - worried and guilty.

INT. DAVIS'S APARTMENT - MORNING.

He exits Summer's room, still contemplating. He slightly opens his bedroom and sees Tracy is sleeping on one side of the bed, sleeping soundly. His look is soft, sad and guilty.

He slowly comes in, slips under her blanket to lie beside her. Tracy stirs, but is not awake. Davis stares at her face for a while, then touches her cheeks. Tracy slowly opens her eyes. Seeing Davis, she flips over to the other side.

Davis moves closer to her, and hugs her from behind. He kisses her on the neck.

TRACY

Why did you come back?

DAVIS

Of course I must come back, just walking around to free my mind. I returned last night but I slept outside.

Tracy says nothing, keeps her eyes closed. Davis hugs her tighter, closes his eyes.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

I'm here. Don't be mad at me.

INT. DAVIS'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Davis is preparing breakfast. Summer walks out of her room, sleepy, sits in the table.

SUMMER

Where's mom, dad?

DAVIS

She's getting dressed.

SUMMER

She's going somewhere again?

Tracy walks out of the room to the table, kisses on Summer's head. Summer smiles, hugs and sniffs her mom. Tracy strokes Summer's hairs.

TRACY

Hi silly, you were asleep when I came home yesterday. Is everything at home okay?

SUMMER

(shrug)

As usual.

TRACY

Are you coming to grandma's today with Dad?

SUMMER

Yeh, you are not?

TRACY

I'll go over hers right now to brings some fruits i bought from Saigon. I have a date with my old friends today so I cannot go, but I'll order food from the Ngon restaurant.

SUMMER

(enthusiastic)

YES! Can you order my favourite
roasted duck like the one you
ordered the last time?

TRACY

Already did! I know what you like!
(highfives at Teagan)

Tracy looks at Davis. Davis listens to the entire conversation, looks at Summer then at Tracy, doesn't say anything.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Okay, I'd better go now. I'll catch
up later with my daughter tonight,
okay? I miss you so much!

Tracy picks up her bags and rubs Summer's head.

DAVIS

Do you want to eat before you go? I
bought the ribs congee you like.

SUMMER

Yes mom, your favorite! Grandma can
wait.

Tracy looks at her watch, then shrugs and sits down.

TRACY

Yeah, this smells so good and I'm
starving.

Davis smiles, turns around and quickly brings a bowl of hot congee for Tracy. They start talking to each other happily.

INT. TEAGAN AND LUKE'S APARTMENT - MORNING.

Luke walks out of the bedroom, yawning. Teagan is busy preparing breakfast. Luke creeps closer, then hugs her from behind. Teagan is startled while holding a hot mug of soups. She burns herself, "ouch".

LUKE

I'm sorry! I'm sorry.

TEAGAN

(blows her finger)

It's fine.

She puts the salt on her burnt finger, then turns around and brings a bowl of hot noodle out. Luke is a little surprised.

TEAGAN (CONT'D)

Why are you standing there? Come
and it or it will get cold fast.

Luke quickly sits at the table, still looking at Teagan.
Teagan realizes Luke is starrng at her. She touches her
face.

TEAGAN (CONT'D)

Is there anything on my face?

Luke holds Teagan's other hand.

LUKE

No. It's just, you are so beautiful
today

TEAGAN

(teasing)

Today? So normally I'm ugly?

LUKE

No no, you are beautiful everyday,
but you are even more today!

Teagan turns around and brings her own bowl of noodles out
and sits with Luke. They start eating.

TEAGAN

(while eating)

Are you still practicing with the
band at Minh's studio today?

LUKE

Yeah, I'll go after breakfast. The
plan is to finish the EP today so I
don't think I could come back for
lunch, but I'll definitely come
back before dinner.

TEAGAN

Sounds good.

They continue eating. Teagan secretly glances at Luke while
he's eating. Tearing up, then immediately go back to eating.

INT. DAVIS'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Tracy has left. Summer is helping Davis cleaning up the
kitchen. She doesn't say anything for quite a while. Davis
remembers something, turns to his daughter.

DAVIS
(hesitant)
Hey, Summer..

SUMMER
Yeah?

DAVIS
(interrupting)
I um, I didn't mean to search
through your room but..

Summer suddenly slower her wiping the table. She knows what he's talking about but doesn't look at him.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Why are you cleaning everything in
your room?

SUMMER
(justifying,
interrupting)
Nothing! It's just... I wanna give
it a makeover. You know, I'm intend
to buy new decorations and --

DAVIS
I saw the two boxes under your bed.

Summer stops.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
What are those boxes for?

Summer doesn't turn around, so Davis comes in front of her. She's tightening her lips. Davis holds her shoulders

DAVIS (CONT'D)
Wait what's wrong? Tell me baby

Summer starts tearing up.

SUMMER
(interrupting)
I know you are having an affair,
Dad. I saw the lipstick mark on
your shirt the other day. And mom's
always out. Every night you guys
fight, it always woke me up. Not
just last night but even before Mom
went to Saigon.
(a pause)
So I thought... you guys are going
to separate..

DAVIS

So you are preparing for the life
with either of us?

Summer says nothing, keeps biting her lips. Davis pulls her
to his arms, doesn't know what to say.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I know I'm a terrible
person, and I'm really sorry i did
that. But I SWEAR, I will never do
it again, and I will never let it
happen again--

SUMMER

If you don't love mom anymore, you
can tell her. She would get mad of
you. But don't lie to her. I cannot
respect you if you do so.
(starts sobbing)

Summer still drops her hand down. She turns away from Davis.
She doesn't seem to believe.

DAVIS

Listen. I - I made a mistake. I'm a
terrible husband, I was a coward. I
did not know how to respect your
mother and I, I was just stupid,
afraid and... It's all my fault.
And I'm so sorry that you have to
know this... But I swear everything
is just a mistake, nothing has
changed. I love your mom, I love
you and this family is all I got.

Summer finally looks at Davis.

SUMMER

Really? You still love mom?

Davis pauses, then looks in Summer's eyes.

DAVIS

I do.

She raises her "pinky swear" finger.

SUMMER

You promise?

DAVIS

I promise.

He pinky swears with Summer and quickly hugs her again. He bites her lips, puts his chin on Summer's head.

Summer intends to walk back to her room. Davis calls her back.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
(hesitant)
Can you... Can you not tell mom
about this?

SUMMER
(shrug)
I will not, but I think she has
already known, Dad. Mom understands
you, but do you?

Summer goes inside her room, leaving Davis behind, confused. He sits down at the table, rubbing and hitting his own head.

DAVIS
What are you doing, Davis?

INT. TEAGAN AND LUKE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Luke has left. Teagan finishes washing the dishes in the sink. She turns around, looks around the apartment.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE

(PRELAP) Luke's song made for his wedding "With You"

LUKE'S SONG (V.O)
*With you, I fear nothing
With you, I need nothing
For you, I do everything
For us...*

INT. TEAGAN AND LUKE'S APARTMENT - MORNING (CURRENT TEAGAN'S POV)

Luke and Teagan is moving households in their new apartment.

Luke opens the door. They are younger, have just married. They are pulling the couch inside the apartment, each on one side of the couch. Teagan stops at the entrance, wipes her sweats. Luke lukes at her, both of them burst out laughing. She looks around and points to the spot near the window "let's put it there", then continues pushing.

Luke is adjusting the wedding banner while Teagan is taping the photo strings on the wall. She excitedly glances at Luke and runs to his place to adjusts it with him.

Luke puts books on the bookshelf, from left to right. Teagan follows him, adjusting the order of the books he has put on.

Luke carries a huge box in, puts it in the middle of the room and goes back outside for another one. Teagan goes out of the bedroom, sees the boxes in the way and push it away to the living room.

Everything starts fast reversing, to the point where the young Teagan wipes her sweat and pulls the couch out of the entrance.

END MONTAGE. BACK TO REALITY

INT. OUTSIDE LUKE AND TEAGAN'S APARTMENT, IN THE CORRIDOR.

Teagan stands at the door, look at the apartment for the last time. She locks the door and puts the key under the plant pot next to the door.

Teagan pulls her luggages to the elevator.

INT. CAFE - AFTERNOON

Luke walks in a cafe with his guitar on the back. He's talking to his band member on the phone.

LUKE (OVER THE PHONE)
Yeah still at usual place. Don't be too late I have to go back before dinner. Alright.

EXT. CAFE'S PATIO - SAME TIME

Davis is sitting at the front patio, sipping his cup of coffee while reading the newspaper and smoking. Luke orders his drink and goes outside. He sits down at the table near Davis's.

Davis looks up and sees Luke. He tries to remember something, and eventually recognizes Luke. He stands up walks to him.

DAVIS
(shy)
Sorry for bothering you but, I really like your music. I'm your super fan, to be honest.

Luke smiles, offers his hand to Davis.

LUKE
Thank you! Nice to meet you, ..?

DAVIS

Davis, Davis.

LUKE

Right. Nice to meet you, Davis.

DAVIS

Nice to meet you, too!

They shake hands, then a brief awkward silence.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Um Y-you should release more music.
They are all very good! I heard a
few demos you performed quite ago
and I cannot wait for the official
version.

LUKE

(laughs)

I'll try to. Thank you for your
patience! Next time if you came to
my performance, please say hi.

DAVIS

Definitely.

(a moment of silence)

Well I should not bother you any
longer. Good luck and nice to meet
you.

They shake hands again. Then Davis goes back to his seat.
Before going back to his newspaper, Davis glances at Luke
the last time.

DAVIS

He's a nice guy, Teagan.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

Teagan pulls her luggages on the street. She looks around as
if this is the last time she can look at it - the city she
has grown up with.

She passes by the cafe where Davis and Luke are there, on
the opposite side of the road.

EXT. CAFE'S PATIO

Davis puts down his newspaper to lit another cigarette.
Suddenly, he sees a familiar figure walking on the opposite
side of the road - Teagan. A huge container passes by. She
disappears from his eyesight.

Davis contemplates, then gets rid of the thought, supposing he mistook her with someone else.

A LOUD CRASH NOISE. Both Luke and Davis look up to the direction of the noise. A homeless man runs out from the alley opposite the Cafe, screaming for help

THE MAN

Help! Help! There's an accident
here! Help! Call an ambulance!

Davis is flabbergasted. he doesn't wait for the second thought, immediately stands up and runs across the street, shouting "TEAGAN".

Luke doesn't understand anything, but is startled by Davis saying Teagan's name. He runs after Davis.

EXT. THE ALLEY

Davis runs to the messy crowd surrounding someone is fainting on the ground. He squeezes others to get to the front.

An old woman was hit by a car at the end of the alley. She doesn't bleed but may have been too scared that she fainted.

Davis sighs of relief. Lukes arrives later, also squeezes others to get to the front, then looks at Davis, confused but relieved, too.

The two men turn around to walk back to the cafe. Behind their back, a girl with her luggage crosses by.

LUKE

Whose name were you calling back
then?

DAVIS

(still gasping from the
shock)

Nothing, just a.. friend... of
mine. I thought I saw her but I
didn't.

LUKE

Fortunately.

DAVIS

Yeah. My heart was scattered for a
second.

Luke contemplates for second, then takes his phone out. He dials Teagan's phone number. No one responds.

He dials it again. Still the same result. Luke quickly pays the bills and rushes away, leaving Davis in confusion.

Luke hops on his motorbike and rides off, one hand still dialing the phone constantly. No one answers.

EXT. THE LAKE -- SAME TIME

Teagan looks at her old spot, then decides to climb over the fence, leaving the luggages behind. She walks to the end of the board and sits down. She takes a deep breath, then checks her pockets and purse for her package of cigarettes. She cannot find it. She pauses for a second, then smiles to herself, resignedly.

TEAGAN

New habit right away, huh?

She looks around, and forward. The lake is not foggy today. It's completely clear. Perhaps for the first time in her life - that she's pretty surprised by this realization - that she can see the opposite side of the lake. It's not the skyscrapers, it's a huge park with a lot of trees. A family are walking happily together. The little son is on his father's shoulder.

A plane flies across, leaving a long white streak in the sky. Teagan follows the plane's trail until it disappears from her eyesight. She looks at herself in the water, then reaches her hand and stirs it up. She waves goodbye to the lake, stands up and leaves.

INT. IN FRONT OF TEAGAN AND LUKE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Luke runs upstairs instead of taking the elevator. He quickly finds the key in his pocket to put it in the lock.

INT. TEAGAN AND LUKE'S APARTMENT.

He opens the door, takes off his shoes (more like kicking them out of his feed). He sees a note sticking on the shoes rack:

NOTE: "Don't forget to put your shoes up here, remember how many times you have tripped over your own shoes because it's in the middle of the way!"

He looks around the house, full of notes.

LUKE

Teagan? Are you home? Teagan?

No response. Luke starts running around the house, doesn't want to believe Teagan has left him. He runs to the bedroom.

A NOTE on the nightstand: "Pick up your clothes from work and put it in the laundry bag, otherwise you'll run out of clothes"

He opens the bathroom door, calling her name.

An NOTE on the toothbrush rack: "Don't put the toothpaste on the dirty cloth".

He passes by the storage door. Another NOTE: "The fabric conditioner is on the 2nd level of the shelf next to the washer, the softener is on the 4th. Other cleaning liquids is in the box next to the light switch behind the door."

He walks to the kitchen, a long note of instruction about where Teagan puts the silverwares, the hotpot, pans, apron and cloths, baking materials and ingredients, spices, etc.

IMAGINARY TEAGAN checks things if they are all at the right place, takes note in the instruction. She opens the fridge, puts piles of boxes with food she prepared inside, ticking the bullet points in another note stick on the fridge door.

Luke picks up the pink note stick beside the instruction one:

"If you came home late after practicing, eat some proper hot food. Your stomachache doesn't like instant noodles.
P/s: Your favourite fried cheesestick is on the freezer. I made some new this morning but it cannot last longer than a month. Deep fry it in oil - second rack on the right, leftover oil is not to put in the sink"

Luke looks around the house.

IMAGINARY TEAGAN is re-organizing the piles of music sheets and beer cans he puts on the TV table the previous night, lifts them up and wipes the table. She picks up Luke's shoes and socks scattered at the front door, brings his work clothes to do laundry, cooks the meal, snaps her neck while sitting on the couch doing online teaching with her laptop.

Suddenly, he sees her standing outside the balcony, smoking cigarette.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Teagan?

He walks to the balcony

LUKE (CONT'D)

You scare me so bad, I thought you
were gone--

He slides the slide door, a strong wind strikes his face. No one's there.

Luke picks up the phone.

LUKE (OVER THE PHONE)

Hi mom, did Teagan come over your
house? No? Ah no nothing, she
forgets her phone home so I'm just
asking if.. Yes alright. Goodbye
mom.

Luke continues dialing while walking around impatiently in the living room. He's dazed.

LUKE (OVER THE PHONE) (CONT'D)

Hi Maya, is Teagan with you today?
Oh okay, thank you. No, nothing
much, thank you!

...

Hi Lisa, I wonder if .. Oh you are
not in Hanoi, alright. Talk to you
later. Right. Bye.

He intends to keep dialing the next number. Suddenly, he looks up at the photo string. The first picture at the Silent City is missing, but there's a folded paper hung there instead. He runs to the the paper, quickly takes it off and opens.

He reads the first paper - the divorce petition, then the second one - a letter. His hands are shaking. He drops the papers down, and runs outside. As he slams the door, the wedding banner falls down to the ground.

EXT. SILENT CITY - SUNSET.

Teagan stands in front of Silent City in the old familiar alley.

SUPER: "Silent City. Cafe, Bar and Live Music - 6pm-2am"

She looks at her watch, 5:45pm. She just stands in front of the closed gate in silence. Then she takes a small old polaroid out of his purse - it's their first picture on the lightstring. She raises it up in front of her eyes as if to imagine the scene again. Teagan smiles, a sad, regretful, nostalgic smile. She puts the picture back to the purse.

A waiter opens the gate, brings out a table and a couple of chairs to put at the outside area. He seems to be clumsy - perhaps a new staff. He sets up the table while Teagan is looking at him. Their eyes meet. Teagan smiles.

THE WAITER

Oh we haven't opened yet, we are setting up. Can you wait, hm, 15 minutes maybe? I'm sorry --

TEAGAN

(laughs)

Don't worry! I'm just waiting for a cab. Don't mind me.

(a beat)

Oh, do you still have an Open Mic tonight?

THE WAITER

Yes! Yes, we do! Are you coming?

TEAGAN

(smiles, shrugs)

Maybe, maybe not.

THE WAITER

Alright, we'll open until very late so no worries if you changed your mind!

Teagan smiles. The waiter gets back inside. She looks at it one last time, then catches a taxi and leaves.

A few minutes later, Luke arrives at the Silent City, gasping. He jumps out of his motorbike, which makes it fall down on one of his feet. He hops to the waiter, who is setting up other tables.

THE WAITER (CONT'D)

(confused)

Are-Are you okay? --

LUKE

Do you see any woman, around my ages, like end 20s, this tall, black medium hair, wear glasses. Oh wait, I have pictures of her.

Luke shows the waiter Teagan's picture while looking at his face hopefully.

THE WAITER

Oh yes! She was here. I have just talked to her, but when I went out again she must have left. It was not two long, like 10 minutes ago?

Luke's eyes suddenly spark hopes. He thanks the waiter and quickly gets on his motorbike, regardless of his hurt feet. He rides off, even forgetting to put his helmet on.

THE WAITER (CONT'D)

(screams behind Luke)

Hey! Put on your helmet!

INT. THE CAB - EVENING

Teagan sits in the taxi, looking out at the city which has turned to the night shift. Lights on, traffic jam.

People are driving home. A motorbike of a man in suit, behind are his two little daughters that he must have just picked up from school. A high school girl is riding her electric bike, sitting behind is a boy whose arms are binding. The girl is talking about something passionately, while the boy is in full concentration to her story.

Teagan stares blankly at the crowd surrounding the taxi.

She takes her phone out, restarts it. 16 missed calls from Luke. She stops her finger before clicking on it, pauses for a second, then swipes down the menu and click "CLEAR".

She ponders something, then dials "BIG MOMMA"'s number.

BIG MOMMA (OVER THE PHONE)

Teagan? Where were you? I think Luke's finding you...

TEAGAN

Mom, Mom. I'm fine. Can I ask you something?

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Luke rides everywhere searching for Teagan. He stops at shops people along the street to show Teagan's pictures.

INT. BIG MOMMA'S HOUSE

Teagan is sipping the last drop of her bowl of noodles. She sits back, rubbing her belly as shes so full. She stands up, looks at her mom busy preparing the meal. She lifts the hot bowl from Big Momma's hands, then quickly hugs her from behind.

TEAGAN

Mom, I have to go now.

Big Momma turns her head around, holds Teagan hands which are still around her belly, softly asks.

BIG MOMMA

Are you sure? He would be so desperate. Luke is not a bad guy, he's not like your father --

TEAGAN

Mom, I need this. This is about me.

BIG MOMMA

(nods)

Right, you're right.

She turns around, facing her daughter. Her voice shakes as if she's about to cry. She gently strokes her hairs. Her eyes are laden with love, and sadness, and compassionate. She understands this situation more than anyone.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)

Oh my little girl

(tearing up)

Do whatever makes you happy. That's all you need. I don't care about what people say, we don't have to. Just do what you feel like it's best for you.

Tears running on her cheeks.

BIG MOMMA (CONT'D)

But I'm going to miss you dearly, so don't go away for too long. I'm always here for you to go home. I'm always your home, you hear me? You don't have to hide, get yourself together, and come back to me, you got it?

Teagan hugs Big Momma tighter, she's tearing up but trying hard not to cry.

TEAGAN

I'm your daughter. I'm the strongest. Don't worry.

BIG MOMMA

Don't stress yourself too much. Remember if anything happens --

TEAGAN

I'd come home to you.

They hug each other for a long time.

INT. AIRPORT -- NIGHT

Teagan stands at the counter, waiting for the staff.

AIRPORT STAFF

Where do you want to go, miss?

TEAGAN

Which is the earliest domestic flight?

AIRPORT STAFF

Let's see... Da Lat, miss. Gates will open in 45 minutes.

TEAGAN

Perfect. One ticket with checked luggage, please.

AIRPORT STAFF

Sure, miss. One-way or return?

TEAGAN

One-way, please.

The staff finishes her job with all the documents, then hands the ticket to Teagan.

AIRPORT STAFF

... your gate is G13. And you're all set! Have a safe hideaway, miss!

(gently smiles)

TEAGAN

How do you know?

AIRPORT STAFF

(shrugs)

You are not the only one today, miss. If a man books a one-way, hes trying to escape from his life. If a woman books a one-way, she's trying to escape from her man.

Teagan does say anything, just smiles. She leaves, but then turns back after a few minutes.

TEAGAN

Can you do me a favor? If there's a
guy coming up to you and asks if I
was here, can you not --

AIRPORT STAFF

Of course, miss. It's our privacy
regulation.

(a beat)

I mean, even if it's not. It's
still my rule
(winks)

TEAGAN

Thank you.

She looks around to make sure she's not blocking any other
passengers behind, then lowers her voice to the staff.

TEAGAN (CONT'D)

I look really pathetic right now,
don't I?

AIRPORT STAFF

(shakes her head)

You do what you have to do. Maybe a
pathetic courage?

Teagan waves goodbye to the staff, and enters the security
check.

EXT. A STREET GRILLED VENDOR - NIGHT

Luke is sitting alone in front of many bottles of liquor.
He's drunk. He keeps pouring and drinking constantly with
one hand, the other hand dials the phone in unconsciousness.

LUKE

"Why, Teagan, why? I'm trying. I am
trying. I'm sorry, but I am
trying..."

A waitress comes to his table to collect the bottles.

THE WAITRESS

Hi. I think you have drank enough.
Go home.

LUKE

No! I have no home now.

THE WAITRESS

You don't have a home?

LUKE

I do. I used to, yeah, I used to.
But you know what. I screwed it up.

The waitress crosses her arms, smirks.

THE WAITRESS

Let me guess, your wife kicks you
out now?

Luke says nothing. He laughs, then rubs his forehead, and shakes his head. His eyes are closed. His smile begins to disappear. He starts to cry.

LUKE

I wish. I wish she kicked me out
instead of... instead of kicking
herself out..

The waitress rolls her eyes, intends to leave. Then luke turns to her.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Can I ask you something?

THE WAITRESS

(annoyed)

And then you'll go home?

LUKE

Why... Why do women never say what
they want? Why they have to be
sooooo hard to predict? Why can we
never understand them?

THE WAITRESS

Maybe the question you should ask
is How, not Why.

The waitress leaves and brings out the bill to Luke. Luke gives her the money, but doesn't stand up. He looks at the phone for another minute, then puts his head down and starts sobbing.

A FEMALE VOICE ECHO FROM DISTANT

Luke!

Luke lifts his head up immediately. He stands up, and gets dizzy. He tries to look around.

Luke's POV: Everything is blurry and moving fast.

He sees a female figure on the opposite side of the street. She's about to turn right in the corner.

Luke shouts "Teagan", but she doesn't turn around. He staggers, trying to run after her. He's about to cross the street.

THE WAITRESS

HEY!

A car runs to him from the left. Luke turns to the light source. The car stops in front of him, but Luke faints. He lies on the ground. People run from the pavements over him. The driver gets of the car to check, constantly asking if Luke is okay. But he cannot hear anything else.

LUKE

Teagan ... Teagan ... Teagan...

He keeps muttering her name, then burst into tears. He lies in the middle of the street, sobbing like a kid losing his mom. Then he blacks out.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Teagan is sitting by the window.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)

(over speaker, unclear)

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm Isabelle
and I'm your chief flight
attendant. On behalf of Captain
John and the entire crew, welcome
aboard..

She reaches for her phone in the purse. She takes the old SIM card out, replaces it with a new one and carefully puts the old one to a small pocket in her purse.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(over speaker)

Now, sit back, relax, and enjoy the
flight. Thank you.

The plane starts running. It speeds up, then gradually takes off. The city becomes smaller and smaller, then turns into small light dots.

Teagan tries to stay to the very last minute that she could still see the city. She inhales, and exhales heavily.

Teagan puts her earbuds on, closes her eyes for a while. After a few minutes, suddenly something freezes her. Teagan gradually turns to her right, staring at the dark outside the plane window so that the person sitting next to her cannot see her face. A hot tear runs down her cheek. Her phone shuffled to "With You".

One tear by another, Teagan seems to still keep the emotionless facial expression, staring blankly at the dark void, though tears keep running down her face. Her lips start shaking. She tightens them. Her body freezes like a statue.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
(over speaker)
It's 11pm. In a moment we will be
turning off the cabin lights...

Teagan tightens her fist on the handle.

Right the moment the light is turned off, Teagan breaks down. She drops her head down to her chest, giving up the breath she had to suffocate to hold onto her pride previously. She holds herself, and burst into tears. She clenches her lips so no one could hear her.

INT. TEAGAN AND LUKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

Luke opens the door, staggers inside with a bandage on his head. He goes straight to his room, and lies down to the ground. He stares at the ceiling.

Teagan's face is right in front of him. That night, the night they had a fight. Her face gets red. Her eyes bloodshot and tearing up. She is angry, but the eyes have a desperation as if she is begging him. She frowns, mostly to keep the tears inside. Her eyelids are puffy. Her voice is cracked and hoarse. She's about to say something, but cannot speak it up. Just stares at him, full of hatred and melancholy.

He instantly closes his eyes. Black.

TEAGAN (V.O.)
(screams)
The LAST thing i want is to have
YOUR children. I already have one
right here, what's the point?

Luke opens his eyes, widely. He slowly turns to his right, huddles up to fall asleep, but he catches sight of the wedding banner on the ground. He stares at it, then gradually sits up. He looks at him in the mirror, then at the wedding banner, and the mirror, and stops at the banner.

He stands up, goes to the storage to find the toolbox. He remembers the last time he used it he puts it somewhere on the top shelf of the rack, but cannot find it there. He searches through the storage. Suddenly, he turns his head to the kitchen

FLASHBACK

INT. TEAGAN AND LUKE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Luke walks in, sees Teagan lying under the kitchen sink fixing the pipes. She slides out to say hello, as she has just finished fixing the thing.

END FLASHBACK.

Luke goes to the kitchen, opens the drawer under the sink. The toolbox is still there.

He sighs.

He brings the tool box to the wedding banner place. He takes out nails and hammer. He lifts the banner up, adjusts its position on the wall and start fixing it.

YEARS LATER.

INT. ART EXHIBITION - DAY

Teagan, in her mid 30s, wandering around in the exhibition.

DAVIS
(from behind)
Teagan?

Teagan's startled. She turns around, surprise.

TEAGAN
Davis?

Davis intends to say something, but words cannot slip off his mouth. He laughs it off. Teagan smiles. They just stands in front of each other for a while before Davis finally can say a word.

DAVIS
Hi.

TEAGAN
Hi.

DAVIS
How are you? Um, why are you here,
i mean, anything?

TEAGAN
Well, do you believe me if I say I
own this place now?

DAVIS

No way!

TEAGAN

(laughs, nods)

Yes, I do now.

DAVIS

Look at you!

TEAGAN

Powerful and cool, am I right?

DAVIS

Definitely, definitely.

Both of them stands in silence, smile.

TEAGAN

What about you?

DAVIS

I'm good. Great.

TEAGAN

I'm almost done here. Do you wanna

--

Summer runs in, following is Tracy, holding a baby.

SUMMER

Dad!

DAVIS

Oh yeah. Teagan, this is my
daughters and my wife. Tracy, this
is Summer, my old friend.

Tracy smiles with Teagan. They shake hands. Summer
recognizes something.

SUMMER

Wait a minute. We have met before.
Hmm. Wait, I remember, we met at
the Lake. The smoking one!

TEAGAN

I remember you, "bro". But i quit
smoking. It's harmful, remember?

DAVIS

Teagan owns this exhibition.

TRACY

Oh that's awesome. I'll have a look around.

TEAGAN

Sure! Be my guest. If you had any question, just ask me!

Tracy and the kids go around. Davis stays to talk to Teagan.

TEAGAN (CONT'D)

So you did make it work, huh?

DAVIS

Well, gotta use all my 9 brains for it. But it worths, you know. All the coping, dealing, planning - transformation. It just happens as it's supposed to.

Davis looks at the kids.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Wait, what about you? Do you ..?

TEAGAN

Oh yeah of course, we work things out, too. Everything's good.

DAVIS

Oh, I'm glad. I'm glad for you.

Summer resignedly smiles. She needs to go out.

TEAGAN

Well, keep exploring things! My assistant over there can help you with whatever questions. I have some work to do so I'd better head off.

(a beat)

It's really nice meeting you again.

DAVIS

Definitely. It's really nice meeting you again. We should --

Teagan smiles, shakes her head.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Yeah, you're right. We shouldn't. Well, good luck with everything!

Teagan smiles, then turns around to leave.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Hey.

Teagan stops, turns back.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

You are still cool.

TEAGAN

Maybe.

(smiles)

EXT. STREET - DAY

Teagan goes out of the door. She stops outside, sighs heavily. She looks back at Davis' family. Davis is holding the baby, patting on her back. She smiles, and turns around and walks away.

On the opposite side of the road, Luke walks out of a cafe. He intends to turn left, but then suddenly stops as he realizes something. He looks across the street - a familiar figure stands in front of the art exhibition, getting herself together before disappearing in the crowd.

FLASHBACK

A girl in her secondary uniform wipes her tear before entering her class.

END FLASHBACK.

MUSIC (V.O.)

*Me and you, we are strangers,
finding each other in this chaos*

THE END.

