

WALKING OF THE BULLS

Written by

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Address  
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EXT. EAST SONORAN DESERT - EARLY MORNING

Brim of his hat low and cigarette on his lips, BULL MAN (middle aged) trots on his steed, WILLY (around 15) as the sun casts orange and yellow on the early morning sand. Beyond the sound of hooves against the striped down sand, the land's quiet as a cactus mouse. Only the occasional wind gusts break the spell.

And the man's cigarette needs to be relit. He grumbles to himself something indistinguishable. Taking his hands off the reigns and reaching into his coat pocket, he pulls out a lighter. Willy doesn't pay any mind. He knows where he's going.

As Bull Man tries to relit cigarette, another gust of wind picks up. He struggles to get the flame of the lighter to hold. Into view comes a house and a ranch, which Man and Willy approach. A little bit of a ways down the driveway of the ranch, one can make out a road.

After an array of awkward attempts, Bull Man manages to relight the cigarette. He takes an inhale. His smoke disappears into the wind as quick as it leaves the filter and his lips. But now the wind's starting to die down again.

Reaching the property, first Man walks by the pen, which keeps an intimidating number of Spanish fighting bulls, from young to fully grown. He furrows his brow. Stopping in front of a barn, Man nimbly swings down from his horse.

CUT TO:

INT. BULL MAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A lock turns and the front door creaks open. Bull Man puts out his cigarette against his jacket. He's about to take off his boots too but then stops in his tracks to listen for something...

BULL MAN

¡Marti!

Silence.

MAN

Marti, ¿Ya le has dado de comer al ganado? Se ven inquietos. (Marti, have you feed the livestock yet. They look restless)

Man starts to walk up the stairs.

MARTI (O.S.)  
 ¡Todavía no! (Not yet)

BULL MAN  
 ¡No puedes alimentarlos después de las 5:30! ¡Se inquietan! (You can't feed them after 5:30! They get restless!)

MARTI (O.S.)  
 ¡No es para tanto! Literalmente lo haré en un segundo! (It's not that big a deal! I literally will in a second!)

BULL MAN  
 (sighs)  
 Voy a hacerlo. (I'll do it.)

Bull Man turns back around and heads for the door. As he turns the knob, he realizes...

EXT. BULL MAN'S RANCH - CONTINUOUS

The wind's gotten much worse out there. A weary looking latch on the pen keeping the bulls in rattles. Bull Man, meanwhile, enters into the barn to ready their feed.

In another gust, the latch comes undone and the gate swings open. Only a few bulls seems to notice. Meanwhile, Bull Man comes back outside lugging two bags over his shoulder and heads for the troughs at the other end of the pen. He doesn't seem to notice the gate, swinging back and forth in the wind.

But the bull who was closest to the gate does. She lumbers outside the domains of the pen. Another bull notices and follows her direction. And then another.

Now Bull Man notices the unlatched gate. He drops the feed and starts to run back to the barn.

INT. BULL MAN'S BARN - CONTINUOUS

Willy knew something was up. He's already waiting by the door. He rushes to put the saddle over him. Then, Bull Man gathers some rope, a clicker, a tazer and a red blanket. He tucks the blanket into the interior of his jacket, attaches the tazer and clicker to his built and keeps the rope in hand. Quickly, he leads Willy back outside where

EXT. BULL MAN'S RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Half of the cattle have wandered outside the pen. Before Bull Man mounts Willy, he stops again, ears perked for another sound.

Emerging past his house, a entirely red semi-truck whizzes past. The Brand Target reads upon the side of the trailer. And the entire is herd is off.

BULL MAN

Fuck!

It's almost majestic in the early morning sun as the herd speeds after the semi. Pure force, power and determination. The semi, twice the herds speed, leaves them in the dust. Hurriedly, Man swings onto his horse. And he's off -- already in the dust himself.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. TUCSON AIRPORT TSA I.D. CHECKPOINT - MORNING

TIM (late twenties), baggy eyes and baggy jeans, ratty in the way that could be interpreted as artsy but with him you can't quite tell, stands towards the front of the line for the security checkpoint at the airport. He wears nimble black headphones over his ears, but this doesn't keep his eyes and ears from clocking every beat of the outside world. Although he looks exhausted, an air of positivity exudes from his gaze. He carries a backpack and a carry-on duffle bag.

He should almost always wear a baseball hat with a weird logo or other oddity (something that elicits the reaction "where the hell did you get that?")

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD -- Walking of the Bulls

SUPER -- Tucson, Arizona

SOPHIE (late twenties), meanwhile, scans her face at a CLEAR checkpoint (or something similar) which allows her to skip the line. She also look a bit tired. She's dressed colorfully and comfortably. She wears AirPods and can't quite find a good place to look as she puts her face to the camera. Whereas Tim's gaze may wander to every little interesting thing around him, Sophie prefers to stay on whatever's ahead. Looking forward - never sideways or back. In this moment, forward is the passport check. She carries a purse.

CUT TO:

TUCSON AIRPORT I.D. CHECKPOINT COUNTER A - CONTINUOUS

A T.S.A. Officer looks down at Sophie's I.D. Then at Sophie. Then down at the I.D.

MATCH CUT TO:

TUCSON AIRPORT I.D. CHECKPOINT COUNTER B - CONTINUOUS

But now the I.D. Belongs to Tim and the hand belongs to a different T.S.A. Officer. Tim steals a glance at Sophie at the podium across from him. He looks a little too long. As he looks away

CUT TO:

TUCSON AIRPORT I.D. CHECKPOINT COUNTER A

Sophie looks back at him. Both proceed to the screening checkpoint.

CUT TO:

TUCSON AIRPORT TSA SCREENING CHECKPOINT A - CONTINUOUS

Tim's hand unzips his backpack.

TUCSON AIRPORT TSA SCREENING CHECKPOINT B - CONTINUOUS

Sophie's hand opens up a purse and takes a computer out of it.

MATCH CUT TO:

TUCSON AIRPORT TSA SCREENING CHECKPOINT A - CONTINUOUS

Tim's hand takes a computer out of his backpack.

INTERCUT MATCH CUTS

Phones, shoes, a wallet and a belt are placed into trays followed by a purse, backpack and carry-on duffel.

Tim lifts his hands above his head.

Sophie lifts her hands above her head.

Machines swirl around both of them for a few seconds.

Tim watches his belongings file out of the carry-on screening machine.

Sophie watches her belongings file out of the carry-on screening machine.

Tim gathers his belongings with some efficiency.

Sophie gathers his belongings with some efficiency.

Sophie slides her shoes back on and places her phone and laptop back in her purse.

Tim, in the same amount of time, ties his shoes, puts on his belt, slide his computer into his backpack and pocket his phone and wallet.

Sophie's on her way, towards the gates.

INT. TUSCON AIRPORT TSA SCREENING CHECKPOINT A - CONTINUOUS

As Tim walks away, we catch a TSA officer, SHANNON (mid thirties) pulling a large knife out of what look like a hikers backpack. She gives a look of panic. Across from her, FORGETFUL MAN (thirties) face goes pale. Tim waves a Shannon.

FORGETFUL MAN

I forgot that was in there...

Shannon waves with the knife in hand. She looks back at Forgetful Man - and grimaces. She mumbles in her radio and almost immediately, four or five other TSA officers surround the scene.

CUT TO:

TUCSON AIRPORT CHIPOTLE - CONTINUOUS

Shannon and Tim sit across from one another with burritos.

SHANNON

Thank god I had my break and didn't have to deal with that mess. This guy somehow forgot he had an eight inch knife in his backpack. It was fucking huge--

TIM

I know, I saw it.

SHANNON

When?

TIM  
You were holding it in your hand  
when you waved to me.

SHANNON  
Oh yeah, I was dealing with that -  
when you-

TIM  
Yup.

SHANNON  
What's new?

TIM  
I just learned our next set of  
exhibition games will decide who's  
going to the World Cup. He's doing  
the final cuts earlier than we  
initially thought.

SHANNON  
You're not worried, are you?

TIM  
I'm old now. Everyone else is like  
23 or 25.

SHANNON  
You're captain, aren't you?

TIM  
Sure, but that's just the last  
tournament. Every camp is new. I  
don't know. What is up with you?

SHANNON  
That waiter at Adriamo's flirting  
with me -- I don't know how he  
finds me -- in fact you're probably  
keeping him off, right now.

TIM  
Oh. Is he behind me or something?

SHANNON  
(laughs)  
No--

TIM  
Do you like him?

Shannon glances at a ring on her left ring finger.

SHANNON

I don't know. Don't think it matters much anyway, I think I might be leaving soon.

TIM

Shit. Are you fucking with me right now?

SHANNON

We can still get Chipotle. I don't live at the airport.

TIM

I do!

SHANNON

That's true... but your boss wants you to go full time, right?

TIM

That's not true. They're just going to restructure things at the company soon. I don't know what that means yet--

SHANNON

That's not what I remember you saying-- Hey, there's the waiter.

There he is. Standing awkwardly in the midst of the airport traffic, THAT WAITER. Tim starts to turn his head towards him.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Don't look! Dumbass.

TIM

Sorry.

TUCSON AIRPORT TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

A woman accidentally bumps into That Waiter. We see her face. It's Sophie. She holds a cup of iced tea in her right hand and her purse on her shoulder.

SOPHIE

Sorry.

Sophie continues to walk through the terminal. On her earbuds, the last few seconds of Wild Irish Roses by Smino and begins



**So.Incredible By Denzel Curry, Smino (Robert Glasper Version)**

TUCSON AIRPORT GATE - CONTINUOUS

Sophie arrives at her gate. People on computers and other devices fill up the seats, the far majority of them wearing headphones. Sophie finds a seat by a charging station.

There, she plugs in her laptop and begins to sift through emails. It appears assorted brands are reaching out to her about product placement.

Sophie starts to draft a response to one email and then pauses. She closes her laptop. She gathers her bags and gets up to go... somewhere else.

Across from her, a man nods his head to what's on his headphones. We hear the song briefly. Then PAN

The woman next a few seats from him his listening to something radically different. Then PAN

The person sitting a few seats from her is listening to a podcast.

We sift through a few more earbuds and headphones - business trip travelers, kids, parents, students -- until the sounds to layer, becoming indistinguishable.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE BOARDING BRIDGE -- FORTY-FIVE MINUTES LATER

Tim's walking down the airplane boarding bridge and then stops at the end of the line of already admitted passengers. He exhales.

TIM MONTAGE

- An airplane takes off.
- Tim puts his suitcase in the closet of a hotel room.
- Tim types in a cubicle.
- An airplane takes off.
- Tim, inside the airplane, looks out the window.
- Tim, roller suitcase behind him, unlocks a car.
- Tim throws a frisbee and then makes a run.

- Now at Night, Tim drives that car to a secluded spot by an underpass. He waves at somebody.

- With the backseats down, Tim sleeps in his car.

- Tim gets on another plane.

We see these actions and similar repeat themselves faster and faster, almost blurring together until--

HARD CUT:

INT. FLIGHT 2769 TUCSON TO CHICAGO - MINUTES LATER

Tim enters onto the plane.

CUT TO:

INT. FLIGHT 2769 CABIN, TUCSON TO CHICAGO - CONTINUOUS

Sophie sits in the middle seat of some in-between class of seat that's behind first-class but ahead of economy. Headphones still on her ears.

Tim's bag comes into view. He lifts it up and puts it in the overhead bin across parallel to Sophie's aisle. He then looks at Sophie, check his ticket and then looks at Sophie again.

TIM

Hey.

She's looking the other way.

TIM (CONT'D)

Excuse me, hey.

She notices him trying to get his attention. She slides her headphones off her ear closer to him.

TIM (CONT'D)

Sorry, I was just checking my ticket. You're actually in my seat. 14E.

SOPHIE

Oh, sorry, I thought I was here. Lemme check.

Sophie checks her own ticket.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I'm one over.

Sophie gets up and into aisle to let Tim in. It's a bit of an awkward exchange. They brush each other. Tim seats himself in 14E. Sophie seats herself in 14D.

TIM

You almost gave me the aisle seat.

SOPHIE

You should've taken it. I wouldn't have known.

Sophie looks down at her ticket.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

And I just realized I'm actually the window seat. Sorry, I just had a red-eye.

Tim laughs, unintentionally. This causes Sophie to laugh. Both get up again so Sophie can go through first and sit in the window seat.

TIM

You sure you're in the right place now?

SOPHIE

Not really. I guess I'll just have to wait and find out.

TIM

Where was your red-eye coming from?

SOPHIE

Lima.

TIM

Oh, damn. What's in Lima?

SOPHIE

Work. Where you coming from?

TIM

Here.

SOPHIE

Duh. And where are you headed?

TIM

I guess I'll find out when I land...

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

I do this flight three times a week. It does get pretty monotonous.

SOPHIE

What do you do?

TIM

I'm a coder... in Chicago. Part-time in the office. I have practices for the US Men's National Frisbee Team here.

SOPHIE

Woww that's actually impressive. Any reason you don't do coding here? You can do that anywhere, right--

Tim shrugs.

TIM

The start-up I'm with in Chicago will be a lot better for me long-term. But mostly, this way I get to call myself a digital nomad.

SOPHIE

I guess I'm a digital nomad.

TIM

What you do?

The engine of the plane starts up.

HIGH IN THE SKY

Sophie's looking out the window, observing the mountains below.

SOPHIE

It doesn't get old.

Tim leans over to look.

TIM

No, it doesn't.

Sophie looks back at Tim.

SOPHIE

Fast car.

TIM  
Oh. We're doing that again?

SOPHIE  
Yes.

TIM  
(quickly)  
Tracey Chapman.

SOPHIE  
Syd the kid.

TIM  
The-Dream.

SOPHIE  
Luke Coombs.

TIM  
That's a cover. That doesn't count.

SOPHIE  
That totally counts.

Beat. Sophie's looking back at the window.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
I think that might actually be  
where I went skiing growing up.

Tim leans back over quickly.

TIM  
Where?

SOPHIE  
We're past it now.

TIM  
How long you been travel  
influencing?

SOPHIE  
I'm coming up on 5 years soon with  
it soon. Since I was 21. How long  
has it been Tucson to Chicago to  
Tucson to Chicago to--

TIM  
Actually about the same. Since I  
was 23.

Tim twitches his lip, as if he's about say something else, but chooses not to.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO AIRPOT BAGGAGE CLAIM - AN HOUR OR SO LATER

Sophie waits for her bag. Tim waits with her, duffle under his arm. Then, Sophie spots it.

SOPHIE

There she is.

Sophie rushes over to a large black suitcase and lifts it from the conveyor belt. She returns to Tim.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Thanks for waiting with me.

TIM

No problem -- I was wondering, um, if I could get your number? Maybe we'll be in the same city again soon.

SOPHIE

Yeah for sure.

Tim hands his phone over to Sophie. She types her contact info in.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You know, I'm actually in Chicago for the next week -- I don't know how long you're here...

TIM

My schedule's stacked the next few days - We got some deadlines coming up for this new program idea, Boring stuff -- And then I'm flying to Tucson for practice. But I'll be back here Friday in time for dinner.

SOPHIE

So Friday dinner?

TIM

Yeah. Do you like breakfast?

SOPHIE

I love breakfast.

TIM

Do you know Irene's? It's open until 9.

SOPHIE

No! Been meaning to go. But I went to the place that was there before that all the time as a kid. Alps East. In North Center, right?

TIM

Yeah, in North Center. 7:30?

SOPHIE

Sounds good.

Sophie's phone buzzes. She checks it.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

My Ubers here. See you Friday 7:30?

TIM

Friday 7:30.

Sophie turns to leave.

TIM (CONT'D)

Sophie?

She turns, expectantly.

SOPHIE

What?

TIM

You still got my phone.

SOPHIE

Oh, sorry.

She trots back to return the stolen item.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Bye.

TIM

Bye.

Sophie takes one last look at Tim who watches her go.

Tim then walks off another way, under an arrow that says, "Chicago Public Transit".

CUT TO:

INT. THE L - LATER

SUPER: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Tim stands on the L. It's moderately packed, but not overwhelmingly so. He eats a fast-food sandwich as the train whizzes along.

CUT TO:

INT. UBER CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Sophie sits in the backseat of her Uber. She looks out the window.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO AIRPOT BAGGAGE CLAIM - FLASHBACK

Sophie hands Tim's phone back to him.

SOPHIE

Bye.

TIM

Bye.

Sophie walks away and, again, looks back at Tim as he watches her go.

To her right, she sees the baggage shoot (that releases suitcases onto the conveyor belt) begin to bulge, shake and steam. She furrows her brow at it as she keeps walking.

Then out of the shoot, LEAPS an ADULT SPANISH FIGHTING BULL. Sophie makes eye contact with the beast. For a moment too long.

The bull charges Sophie. She can't seem to move, her feet rooted to the ground.

As the bull's horn is about to make impact, Sophie opens her mouth to scream.

CUT TO:

INT. SOPHIE'S CHICAGO APT., BEDROOM - MORNING

Sophie wakes mildly, but not overly, startled. A perplexed look on her face fades as the dream fades away.



She rolls over, a little slow to adapt to the day.

We widen out to see a well-kept and well-maintained, if not a little small, studio. Sophie rolls over a second time.

She reaches for her phone and holds it up to look at it.

SOPHIE'S PHONE SCREEN

We see a text from an unknown number which reads

*"Hey! This is Tim. From the plane. Was really nice meeting you today"*

As well as a few other notifications.

Then, a new text comes in from TIFFANY.

*"Are we still on for brunch today?"*

Sophie looks at the time. 12:27 PM. She quite literally jumps out of bed and rushes to

SOPHIE MONTAGE

- Change
- Organize-ish her hair
- Brush her teeth

At the sound of her spitting out her toothpaste...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. TRENDY CHICAGO LUNCHSPOT - HALF HOUR LATER

Sophie pulls a chair back at a table across from TIFFANY (late twenties, female), Sophie's older sister by two years, and the chair squeaks loudly as it does -- with the same sharpness as the toothpaste spit.

SOPHIE

I'm so sorry I kept you waiting.

TIFFANY

No, you're fine. It's gorgeous today. Any excuse I can have to be outside.

(MORE)

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

They just moved about half of the sciences to some crusty windowless lecture halls in the basement of admissions because they're renovating and I feel like a bat.

SOPHIE

Oh, I'm sorry.

TIFFANY

So you being late was a favor to me.

SOPHIE

Glad that worked out. I overslept.

TIFFANY

And all these years Mom called you 6AM Sophie.

SOPHIE

I know. It was strange. Something in the weather maybe?

TIFFANY

I have some news. Something I didn't want to relate over the phone.

(off Sophie's look)

... I'm pregnant.

SOPHIE

Oh my god!! How long?

TIFFANY

8 weeks.

SOPHIE

Two months and you didn't tell me??

TIFFANY

I wanted to see your face!

SOPHIE

There's facetime!

TIFFANY

I'm sorry--

SOPHIE

(teary)

No! I'm so happy. You're having a baby. Is Mare excited?

TIFFANY  
She keeps telling me I've started  
eating like a horse.

CUT TO:

LATER

The two begin to eat.

TIFFANY  
Anything new for you?

SOPHIE  
Just back from Peru.

TIFFANY  
I know. I follow your instagram.

SOPHIE  
Right. I got addicted to Inca Kola.  
They have such good sodas down  
there. Nothing like here. Just  
generally American sodas...

TIFFANY  
Are worse, yeah, that's what I  
hear.

Silence.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
... You haven't been... texting as  
much...

SOPHIE  
I've just been so busy. Sorry, it  
has nothing to do with you. I'm the  
problem. Im the bad one.

TIFFANY  
Well, don't say that...

SOPHIE  
Sorry.

TIFFANY  
I just want to know what you're up  
to. And that you're ok.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALKWAY ON CHICAGO RIVER - LATER

Tiffany and Sophie walk along the Chicago River and continue their conversation. An attractive man runs by.

TIFFANY  
Meet anybody?

SOPHIE  
I don't know.

Beat.

TIFFANY  
Dad may be getting out of prison soon.

Sophie stops walking.

SOPHIE  
You said *that* casually. How?

TIFFANY  
Good behavior.

Sophie nods.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
He still needs to appear in front of a judge-- but just so it's on your radar.

SOPHIE  
... Ok. Good to know.

TIFFANY  
Do you want to see him while you're here?

SOPHIE  
No, no, I'm fine. Don't think I have time.

Tiffany tries to hide her disappointment, not entirely successfully.

CUT TO:

INT. SOPHIE'S CHICAGO APT., KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Sophie's on the phone and has a calendar up on her computer.

SOPHIE

Listen, if the data say Spain, then i'm cool with Spain. I just want to fly nice this time, because it'll be a long haul from Asia.

Sophie paces while she listens.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Yeah I guess I can stop in the U.S. in between.

INTERCTUT WITH:

GABBI'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Gabbi, Sophie's travel agent, is on the phone with Sophie.

SOPHIE (V.O) (CONT'D)

And what are the dates gonna be for that?

GABBI

July 2nd to the 23rd. That'll be 3 weeks.

SOPHIE

Oh. That long?

GABBI

Yeah, because--

SOPHIE

Right. Right. Yup. I'm with ya.

GABBI

And have you reached out to Zara?

SOPHIE

Yeah, haven't heard back. But did get a DM from Natura Bissé.

GABBI

Oh great. Is that lotion?

SOPHIE

Cosmetics.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO HOTEL ROOM - THE SAME DAY

Tim's on the phone with his friend, DECLAN (26-ish) who's the closest to his age on the frisbee team.

TIM  
I met somebody.

INT. ALBUQUERQUE HOTEL ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Declan sits on a bed on the other end.

DECLAN  
You what?

TIM (V.O.)  
I met somebody.

DECLAN  
When? Where? **You** met someone.

INT. CHICAGO HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tim rolls his eyes.

TIM  
Yeah, I guess.

CUT TO:

NEXT MORNING

An alarm clock blares. The date is Monday, Late March. Tim shuts it off, rolls out of bed and begins readying himself for work.

TIM (V.O.)  
It was on the plane to Chicago.  
She's a travel influencer--

DECLAN (V.O.)  
So she's rich.

TIM (V.O.)  
So we both know planes.

DECLAN (V.O.)  
So she's rich.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERPID TECHNOLOGY - LATER IN THE MORNING

Tim types on his computer. At some point, his manager knocks on the wall of cubicle. He turns towards him.

DECLAN (V.O.)  
You seeing her again?

TIM (V.O.)  
Yeah, I think so.

DECLAN (V.O.)  
You think so?

TIM (V.O.)  
I mean, yeah, we got a date.

DECLAN (V.O.)  
Whatch y'all doing?

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO HOTEL ROOM - WEDNESDAY MORNING

Tim slaps the alarm clock again. He gets up.

TIM (V.O.)  
I'm taking her to a diner.

DECLAN (V.O.)  
Breakfast??

MOMENTS LATER

Tim's eating breakfast. Cornflakes or something else bland.

TIM (V.O.)  
No, dinner.

MOMENTS LATER

Tim's packing his duffle.

DECLAN (V.O.)  
Wow, wow, back up, bud. You're not gonna see this girl beyond that night.

TIM (V.O.)  
I don't necessarily know that.

INT. THE L - A FEW HOURS LATER

Tim's got a seat on the train this time.

DECLAN (V.O.)  
Yes, you do know that.

TIM (V.O.)  
Why do you say that?

INT. CHICAGO AIRPORT SECURITY CHECKPOINT LINE - AN HOUR LATER

Tim's waiting in line.

INT. I-25 S - SIMULTANEOUS

Declan's driving in a somewhat beat-up sedan, sunglasses on, hand hanging out the window, looking cool.

DECLAN (V.O.)  
Cus I have a head on my shoulders.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO HOTEL ROOM - A FEW DAYS AGO

Tim's on the phone with Declan and his gaze finds his duffle bag in the corner.

INT. CHICAGO AIRPORT SECURITY CHECKPOINT LINE - SIMULTANEOUS

Tim, in the process of setting his bag down, accidentally swings into the person behind him.

TIM (V.O.)  
You know, I really got to get a new roller bag - my old one broke. You got any suggestions?

INT. NEW MEXICO GAS STATION - A FEW HOURS LATER

Declan fills up his car with gas. He nods and smiles at a woman filling up her car across from him. She probably doesn't give back the same energy.



DECLAN (V.O.)  
I don't need one. You see, you  
spend all the time in the clouds, I  
think you lose your touch with  
reality.

INT. CHICAGO AIRPORT TERMINAL GATE - SIMULTANEOUS

Tim sits at the gate, headphones on. He eats a similar  
sandwich to the one he ate on the L earlier.

TIM (V.O.)  
Ok. Sure. Let's go with that.

EXT. TUCSON MOTEL - A FEW HOURS LATER

DECLAN (V.O.)  
Don't tell me I didn't try to tell  
you.

EXT./INT. TUCSON AIRPORT PARKING GARAGE - SIMULTANEOUS

TIM (V.O.)  
You told me. I don't know. I do  
things how I do them.

CUT TO:

EXT. ULTIMATE FRISBEE SPORTING FIELD, TUCSON - LATER THAT DAY

Declan hits Tim on the back while he's stretching.

DECLAN  
Hey, "do things how I do them."

TIM  
Hey "I don't need a roller bag."

DECLAN  
Is this what Tim in love looks  
like? You're practically glowing.

TIM  
Well, I wouldn't say "in love".

DECLAN  
Finally, some sense came into you.

Tim frowns.

CUT TO:

EXT. ULTIMATE FRISBEE SPORTING FIELD - AFTER WARM-UPS

The sun shines blindingly in the sky. TILT down to a scrimmage as COACH LARRY sternly watches on.

Tim's look of concentration suggests he's in his element. He's feinting this and that with the frisbee in hand. Before he makes a delicious looking side-arm throw.

But Declan intercepts it.

TIM

Fuck!

Declan takes three huge steps before lobbing the frisbee long. Another teammate catches it for a point.

Declan approaches Tim.

DECLAN

You're getting predictable.

TIM

Ok then. I see how it is.

Declan's throw the frisbee across the field for an equivalent of a 'kick-off'. One of Tim's teammates catches it. Tim starts weaving back and forth up the right side of the field.

The frisbee is passed to one teammate and then passed to another. Then to another. Tim's not moving quick enough to get open.

But then, very suddenly he darts to the left, overloading the field on the left side. His marker is slow to his change in pace.

Tim looks behind him and realizes the frisbee is already heading his way. But the throw was clumsy. Tim has to backtrack.

A dive and the frisbee fits snugly into Tim's left hand. Easily, he rolls over. From the ground, he sends a low pass a teammate up ahead who looks like he's about catch the disc in the endzone for a point.

But before we find out if he does--

CUT TO:

EXT. TUCSON UNDERPASS - LATER THAT EVENING

Tim's car pulls up to an underpass. He slows to a stop on the side of the road.

And then gets out from the car. He's still sweaty from practice.

TIM  
Michael!!

From behind Tim, a man appears.

MICHAEL  
Hey! How's practice?

TIM  
It was good. It's a little bit smaller group now that a few cuts have been made from the camp, but that's always more intense, which is nice.

MICHAEL  
Gets you sweating.

TIM  
That's it.

MICHAEL  
Do you have...

Tim takes out a grinder, a bag of weed and rolling paper from his pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT. ON TOP OF TIM'S CAR - NIGHT

Tim and Michael look up at the stars sprawled across the sky, passing the joint.

MICHAEL  
Each one of those stars. You know, I know the constellations. I told you this?

TIM  
You told me this.

MICHAEL

Alright, but see those three in a line up to the left -- that's Orion's belt. And then we have Orion's body around him. But it's his belt that's the brightest.

TIM

Yeah...

MICHAEL

They're all together up there.

TIM

They're millions of miles away from one another.

Silence.

TIM (CONT'D)

I'm so fucking afraid.

MICHAEL

What's this now?

Tim searches for his words as he exhales.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You're hogging the joint.

Tim passes the joint. Michael takes an inhale.

TIM

I just wanna play ultimate, bro. I fucking don't want to do anything fucking else.

MICHAEL

You support the Cubs, right?

TIM

No, the Twins. I'm from Minnesota. They always fall short. I hate that. All the Minnesota teams do. But it's part of being a fan.

MICHAEL

That's dumb.

Silence.

TIM  
I could die right now--

Michael tries to pass Tim the joint. He doesn't notice.

TIM (CONT'D)  
(noticing)  
Oh.

MICHAEL  
No you don't.

TIM  
I'm looking at it. I'm seeing it up  
there.

MICHAEL  
I like being a spec in the stars,  
you know?

CUT TO:

INT. IRENE'S DINER - EVENING

Sophie rushes into Irene's Finer Diner. She shows herself a seat. She checks her watch. She waits. She looks around. She checks her watch again.

No one's coming.

CUT TO:

INT. SOPHIE'S CHICAGO APT., BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sophie sits on the floor in an oversized t-shirt with no pants on. She holds a paintbrush and is painting her thigh. She's already adorned her arms with doodles of different objects as well as broad brushstrokes of landscapes, the ocean.

A pallet of paints lay next to her. She dips her paintbrush in blue.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Now with legs and arms covered in paint, Sophie has put up a canvas. She's putting the rough edges on something.

A suitcase lays on her bed, half-packed.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. TIM'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

Tim's own duffle is half-packed. He lays asleep in a mattress pad put down across the trunk and backseats of his car.

CUT TO:

A LITTLE LATER

Tim's awake now. From his bed, he finishes packing his duffle and zips it up.

CUT TO:

INT. TUCSON AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Tim strides towards his gate. He's on the phone.

TIM

I don't know. How did you and Dad meet?

CUT TO:

INT. JANINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Janine has a moment of pause.

JANINE

Why do you ask?

TIM

I've just been thinking lately about shit. I don't know.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TUCSON AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Tim listens in the midst of the bustling terminal.

JANINE

It was nothing overly romantic. Me and my friends liked going to this one dive bar that use to be in Duluth, called the Tam.

(MORE)

JANINE (CONT'D)

They had a bunch of pool tables there, which I think I saw your father hanging out around a few times - before we actually met - but me and my friends liked playing darts.

One night he came up to me. I didn't take him too seriously at first. He was truly so wasted.

TIM

Makes sense.

JANINE

Yeah it sure does. But you know other guys would've tried to take me home, but he wanted to get dinner the next night. That's what tipped things in his direction. But he was so drunk that night - I half expected him to stand me up at the restaurant - that he would've forgotten all about me. Geez, I wasn't that desperate was I? I thought -- what does your generation say -- YOLO? It's YOLO, right? You only live once. But what is this all about, Timmy? What brings up the question?

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO AIRPORT TERMINAL GATE - DAY

Filing out of the gate, with headphones over his ears. We hear him listen to

**"Slug" by Matt Champion.**

INT. DIFFERENT PART OF CHICAGO AIRPORT TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Sophie's walking quickly standing on a descending escalator. We hear listen to

**"Road Head" by Japanese Breakfast.**

INT. CHIAGO AIRPORT TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Tim strides down the terminal to the beat of the song he's listening to.

INT. DIFFERENT PART OF CHICAGO AIRPORT TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Sophie walks in a suspiciously similar looking section of the airport to the beat of the song she's listening.

INT. CHICAGO AIRPORT TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Tim turns the corner. And bumps into Sophie. She yelps. Tim grunts.

They take a moment to observe one another. Almost on top of each other, neither has pulled away.

SOPHIE

You again... You stood me up.

TIM

I know, I'm so sorry. I somehow messed up my schedule. I was about to text you--

SOPHIE

Sure.

Sophie begins to walk away. Tim rushes to get in front of her.

TIM

Listen, we're nomads, right? Finding the time for anything is crazy. I didn't mean to, ok? You're really cool. I spent all morning drafting the text in my head so you wouldn't hate me--

SOPHIE

Ok, I get it. What are you going to do about it?

TIM

When's your flight?

Sophie checks the time on her phone.

SOPHIE

Well, I guess I have a bit of time.

TIM

Have you had lunch?

SOPHIE

Ok.



TIM  
Ok?

SOPHIE  
Where are we eating?

CUT TO:

INT. CICADA RESTAURANT - DAY

Tim and Sophie stand in line at the counter of a Southeast restaurant.

SOPHIE  
You chose a nice place by the way.

TIM  
Oh, thanks. I've actually never  
been--

SOPHIE  
No, I mean the place where you  
stood me up.

Tim bits his lip.

TIM  
Oh, yeah - got it.

SOPHIE  
I got you so flustered right now.  
But I love Cicada. Never thought  
the best Viet food I'd have be in  
the airport.

They reach the front of the line, meeting SAM (middle age,  
southeast Asian

SAM  
Hey! How you been? Where you headed  
today?

SOPHIE  
I'm good. Olympic Mountains...  
Washington State. And I brought a  
friend.

SAM  
You know Tim!

Sophie turns Tim.

SOPHIE

I thought you never been here?

TIM

Yeah, but I go to the Qdoba and Sam does too on his breaks.

SAM

You know, he's an absolute wimp about spice. Way too much guac in his burrito. We don't have any non-spicy food here.

SOPHIE

Oh, we don't have to go here--

TIM

No, I think I'm up to it. I have to try your food at some point.

SAM

I'll tell the cook to go easy on you.

CUT TO:

A LITTLE LATER

Tim and Sophie sit down with their food. Tim's sweating as he tries to down his ramen.

TIM

So you're not that mad?

SOPHIE

No, I don't know you yet. You just disappointed.

TIM

Well, I'm trying to make it up.

SOPHIE

Good.

Silence. Tim

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You ok there?

TIM

I'm great.

TIM (CONT'D)

Good to see your sister?

SOPHIE

Mostly. She's got a lot of life changes right now - I'm feeling a little behind.

TIM

How so?

SOPHIE

I never cared hitting certain landmarks in life. But my sister's fucking married, pregnant, has a PhD and is about to get on a tenured track with her dream university--

TIM

How many countries have you been to?

SOPHIE

73.

TIM

That's not impressive?

SOPHIE

To everyone else.

TIM

Is that not what objective means?

SOPHIE

Yeah.

TIM

I still don't understand how you make money doing this.

SOPHIE

Wait, you haven't seen my channel?

TIM

I didn't think to look it up.

SOPHIE

Weird.

TIM

How's that weird?

SOPHIE

Everyone's a stalker these days.  
It's weird that you're not.

TIM

Is that refreshing?

SOPHIE

I don't know. Haven't decided.

TIM

You're too indecisive.

SOPHIE

You're mean.

TIM

I think I'm funny... What would I  
find if I looked up your channel?

SOPHIE

(with hesitation)

I have 20 million followers.

TIM

Oh! So you're famous?

SOPHIE

Maybe a little. I feel popular more  
than famous. I don't get much in  
the way of paparazzi or fans asking  
for a photo or anything -- I just  
have a popular channel.

TIM

How do you get that many followers?

SOPHIE

I had some help. My family has a  
few friends in entertainment. Once  
I got big enough, I started getting  
brand deals. And that boosts your  
content, so then you get more  
followers. As long as people like  
seeing pretty places, they keep  
watching. And I keep getting brands  
- which actually is most my income.

Tim nods. Sophie reaches for her glass.

TIM

What's that on your arm?

SOPHIE

Oh. I was painting the other day.  
Got a little bit of it on me.

TIM

What do you paint?

SOPHIE

I don't think I have one thing I  
paint. Do you do anything artistic?

TIM

Not really. I played cello until  
the end of my freshman year of  
college. I was actually kinda shit  
at it.

SOPHIE

I'm sure that's not true. How long  
did you play?

TIM

Since fourth grade. I also love  
music. Always got me headphones on  
me. I bought Sennheisers recently,  
type of brand producers wear  
(on Sophie's look of  
confusion)  
The headphones I had on earlier. I  
geek out over sound design.

SOPHIE

What do you actually listen to?

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Tim and Sophie exchange listening devices, Tim's headphones  
and Sophie's earbuds. They listen to each other's music.

JUST OUTSIDE AIRPORT RESTAURANT

Tim smiles at Sophie.

TIM

Um, so I don't mess up again, can  
we plan now we both can next see  
each other?

SOPHIE  
You want to see me again already?

CUT TO:

EXT. VANCOUVER ULTIMATE FRISBEE FIELD - DAY

Tim out-jumps two opponents and catches the frisbee in the end zone, scoring a point for the United States.

In a small row of bleachers, which looks to be mostly filled with family and friends, Sophie cheers.

AFTER THE GAME

Sophie gives Tim a quick hug on the sidelines.

SOPHIE  
You're fun to watch... I wasn't entirely sure what was going on.

TIM  
Did it look like I was doing good at it?

SOPHIE  
Yes.

TIM  
Well, that's what's important. We have our post-game talk now, but I'll meet you at your hotel?

SOPHIE  
I'm probably going to be about exploring, but I'll text you where I am?

EXT. ALONG THE WATER IN VANCOUVER - LATER

Tim approaches Sophie with Declan as she takes pictures. Declan still has wet hair from a shower.

Sophie notices them, stops what she's doing, and goes to greet.

DECLAN  
Oh, so you're the girl that's making me worried my homeboy's gone batshit crazy.

Sophie laughs. Tim's not amused.

TIM

Dude.

SOPHIE

You're Declan?

DECLAN

How did you know? Tim, you've been telling people how handsome I am again? - I told you to stop doing that.

SOPHIE

More just your vibe.

Declan nods, realizing he's been lightly burned by Sophie's tone. The trio begin walking.

DECLAN

Well it's a pleasure to finely meet you.

SOPHIE

You as well.

TIM

We actually played together in high school. I knew this guy when he had more acne than skin.

SOPHIE

I had every type of acne cream that ever came into existence. Nothing worked.

DECLAN

His face stayed entirely smooth. I hated him for it for years.

TIM

Did you really?

DECLAN

Girls actually looked your way. And worse you had no idea what to do with it.

SOPHIE

(jokingly)  
He's charmless, isn't he?

TIM

Hey-

DECLAN

He's gotten better.

SOPHIE

When he's not in his head, he  
certainly can be.

DECLAN

He thinks too much.

EXT. A BENCH LOOKING OUT TOWARDS THE WATER - SUNSET

Tim and Sophie sit. Not too close and not too far.

SOPHIE

And that's how I almost became a  
hooker.

TIM

Ok... that's a bit of an  
exaggeration.

SOPHIE

It's a good tagline.

TIM

You're strange. But I'm not sure  
about hooker.

SOPHIE

No I'm literally being so for real.

TIM

So you befriend a bunch of women in  
Hungary - you don't realize that  
they're escorts - a man keeps  
asking about you and -- wait, did  
you go home with him?

SOPHIE

... No. He wasn't my type. But  
everyone got really confused when I  
said "no" because like--

TIM

The expectations is you'd have a  
rate.



SOPHIE

Apparently. This was all when I was first starting out. I wasn't as good at picking up on certain social cues and being with a bunch of girls, I let myself get drunk and--

TIM

If you actually went home with him and he tried to pay you, that'd actually be hilarious.

SOPHIE

... Ok I did go home with him.

TIM

What?! Why did you lie?

SOPHIE

I didn't want you to think badly of me. I'm not the type of person that gets that drunk and hooks up a lot - not that there's anything wrong with that -- But I just didn't want you to think I'm some international whor--

TIM

Oh, so it matters what I think of you.

SOPHIE

First impressions are important.

TIM

So you tell me about how you almost became a hooker? Not that there's anything wrong--

SOPHIE

I don't know. I thought it made me interesting.

TIM

So did he try to pay you?

Sophie slowly nods.

TIM (CONT'D)

Did you accept it??

SOPHIE

He put it on the dresser and told me I could count it.

TIM

What did you say?

SOPHIE

I was so embarrassed -- I said I needed the bathroom and when I came back, we did it. He left early that morning. And I was checking out of the hotel that day, I just left the money on the dresser. I couldn't even touch it. I guess it went to the cleaning staff.

TIM

When you put it like that... you did almost become a hooker.

SOPHIE

Ok -- I can say that about myself. You can't say that about me.

TIM

I totally can. I'm a full time prostitute myself.

SOPHIE

Ultimate frisbee's just a front?

TIM

Definitely.

SOPHIE

Though if I'm to be serious, I think traveling so much, it's aged me ten years.

TIM

Yeah, I can tell.

SOPHIE

Shut up. I mean, like, you see enough. You learn enough. Especially when you really immerse yourself somewhere -- which I love when I get to do. Sometimes I'm bouncing place to place. But when you immerse yourself somewhere over and over and over again. There's so much breadth to being human. And we're all the same. I don't know.

TIM

That's weird to me because  
traveling for me seems so immature.  
And it works for me. But I think  
I'm a responsible man-child.

SOPHIE

I don't get that at all.

Both look out onto the water, contemplating this.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. SOMEPLACE IN MEXICO CITY - DAY

Sophie's on FaceTime with Tim on the streets of Mexico City.

SOPHIE'S PHONE SCREEN

TIM

Really and how's that?

SOPHIE

Just I think of a man-child like  
Will Ferrell. I don't get Will  
Ferrell--

EXT. THE JUNGLE - DAY

Sophie's walking through a rainforest.

TIM

Ok, but Adam Sandler?

SOPHIE

Maybe. But him now that he's a Dad.

INT. SOPHIE'S CHICAGO APT., BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tim rolls off of Sophie. Both tired and refreshed.

SOPHIE

I think I read somewhere that Adam  
Sandler has a huge dick.

TIM

Good for me I guess.

Tim checks the time on his watch, laying on the nightstand.  
Looking around the room, about 1/3 of it has been filled with  
'Tim' items. He's moved in.

TIM (CONT'D)

I have to get ready for work. You want to get up?

SOPHIE

Not really.

TIM

Alright-

Tim starts to roll out of bed, but then Sophie pulls him back.

SOPHIE

I don't want you to get up either.

Sophie smiles. Tim smirks. He kisses Sophie on the forehead and then rolls out of bed. He heads for the bathroom.

TIM

I'll leave breakfast for you in the microwave.

SOPHIE

Actually, no need today.

TIM

Oh?

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - LATER THAT MORNING

Sophie, once again, finds herself at a diner waiting on somebody. But this time she just stares with boredom into her phone.

Tiffany rushes through the door, with a very noticeable baby bump. Spots Sophie. Sophie spots Tiffany. Sophie gets up to greet her.

SOPHIE

Hey!

TIFFANY

Hey! Sorry I'm late.

They hug.

LATER

Sophie and Tiffany with their meals.

SOPHIE  
He's really getting out?

TIFFANY  
Yup.

SOPHIE  
Wow.

TIFFANY  
Still don't want to see him?

SOPHIE  
Not really.

TIFFANY  
He asks about you.

SOPHIE  
He messed everything up for me.

TIFFANY  
It was hard on all of us. But he obviously hasn't gambled in years--

SOPHIE  
You don't know that. You don't know what he does in there.

TIFFANY  
But I see him. He's different. It'd mean a lot to him.

SOPHIE  
Why would I be there for him now?  
When was he there for me?

TIFFANY  
We all sacrificed a lot--

SOPHIE  
I sacrificed a lot more.

Silence.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
You got to have exactly the life you wanted. You got to finish your degree. You weren't affected at all.

TIFFANY

You think my life's perfect? For a college dropout, you landed pretty good on your feet, didn't you?

Sophie glares at her sister like we've never seen her glare. Then she sighs.

SOPHIE

All the time I think about how we kept it together while you were being put through school, probably some unconscious thing because he likes you more. You're the manageable one.

TIFFANY

Sophie...

SOPHIE

I mean, it's true.

A waiter stops by with plates, cutting their conversation short.

TIFFANY

How are things going with Tim?

SOPHIE

Oh, you think it's about that now.

TIFFANY

No, that's not what I meant.

SOPHIE

I've never been happier... How's the baby? How's UCSD? - What do you mean your life's not perfect?

TIFFANY

They found out I was expecting. Coincidentally, they rescinded their offer.

SOPHIE

Is that legal?

TIFFANY

No. But I also didn't mention it in my application. And it'd just be too much of a mess to fight--

SOPHIE

No, you have to fight it.

TIFFANY

I spend too much of the day  
sleeping to do that.

SOPHIE

Then what if I fight it?

TIFFANY

Sophie... you don't have time for  
that.

We TILT up to the overhead light above Sophie's and Tiffany's  
table.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. TUCSON, RICO'S SALOON - NIGHT

A different overhead in a bar.

TILT down as Tim's signing a check at the bar. Two Modelo's  
by his arm. After signing the check, he grabs both beer.  
Declan, who comes up behind Tim, pats his back. Tim turns and  
gives one to Declan.

DECLAN

You know you play best when you're  
angry.

TIM

I know.

DECLAN

So what you angry about?

TIM

You, dumbass.

DECLAN

I'm the only one keeping you on the  
team.

Tim shrugs.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

You still seeing that girl? You  
haven't mentioned her in a minute.

TIM

Yeah. There's just... not really  
any news.

DECLAN

Because I got two birds, one of them that'd like to meet ya.

TIM

I'm in a relationship.

DECLAN

You have to schedule in when you can have sex with her. That's not a relationship.

TIM

It's working great for me.

DECLAN

Alright, well, at least entertain her while I work the other. They're they are.

(Declan points)

They're coming over right now.

Two attractive-looking women walk over to Declan and Tim. One looks more enthused than the other.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICO'S SALOON - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tim exits out of the bar door, takes a deep breath of fresh air and rubs his temples. In the background, Declan's sharing a cigarette with one of the women from earlier.

DECLAN

See ya!

Declan doesn't even turn to check if its him.

TIM

Night.

Tim keeps walking, until he's spotted his car in the

RICO'S SALOON PARKING LOT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tim unlocks his car, stops for a second -- listening. He looks around. Nothing.

He opens the car door and crouches to get into the driver's seat. In front of him all sees his the darkness of the desert.



He squints. Thinking he see something. Maybe an animal. Then shakes his head as he turns the ignition.

The car whines. But doesn't start.

A second try. A third. A fourth. On the fourth, the car's lights turn on, illuminating in the desert a SPANISH FIGHTING BULL. Tim startles at the sight.

And the bull appears startled by the light. It turns and starts to charge the car.

Tim desperately turns and returns the keys, the rest of the car still now turning on. The bull gets closer. Closer. Closer.

As the beast is about to hit the hood head on, it instead leaps up onto it and then onto the roof of the car. Then it leaps again, leaving hoof dents on the roof.

Tim looks in his rearview mirror. He looks behind him. He can't see the creature anywhere.

He tries the ignition again. This time, the car starts. He pulls out of his spot and then drives off.

EXT. TUCSON HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Tim drives. It's quiet.

CUT TO:

INT. TOKYO HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Sophie's on the phone.

SOPHIE  
Thanks Gabbi. Bye.

Sophie hangs up. She throws her phone on the bed.

She looks out the window, observing the movements of the city. It's very 'Lost in Translation'.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUCSON UNDERPASS - LATER

Tim pulls up to the underpass. Michael pops his head out of his shack.

ON TOP OF TIM'S CAR

Tim and Michael share another joint. A hoof print is visible under Tim's leg.

TIM

We're running the bulls, dude.  
We're running the bulls.

MICHAEL

The Chicago bulls? Boy you're  
smacked.

TIM

No, just the bulls, dude.

MICHAEL

"Just the bulls. What's gotten into  
you? You in love?"

TIM

Duh.

MICHAEL

Hm... I got an interview with the  
Subway down the street. I met the  
manager. He liked me.

TIM

Oh fuck, that's really good. When's  
your interview?"

MICHAEL

Two weeks. If I can make myself  
look nice--

TIM

I can help with that shit if you  
want me to--

MICHAEL

No. I can do it.

TIM

It's the fucking bulls.

MICHAEL

Boy, you crazy.

TIM

No, I'm crazy in love.

MICHAEL

That's the best type of crazy.

Tim's phone buzzes. He checks it.

TIM'S PHONE SCREEN

*Facetime call: Sophie*

TIM  
Oh, dude, she's facetimeing me.

BACK TO TOP OF TIM'S CAR

Tim accepts the call.

SOPHIE  
Hey, what are you up to right now?

TIM  
Smoking with Michael.

SOPHIE  
Hi Michael!

MICHAEL  
Hi Sophie, pleasure to meet you --  
(looking at the screen)  
Oh, man, Tim, you landed one, you--

TIM  
(to Sophie)  
What's up?

SOPHIE  
I got a question... I'm kinda  
scared to ask it though. I couldn't  
do anything else without asking,  
since I realized it might be a  
thing we can-

TIM  
What is it? Just you know I'm high  
as shit.

SOPHIE  
Ok... I'm going to ask you and then  
we'll talk about it more tomorrow  
morning. Sound good?

TIM  
Yeah, that sounds good.

SOPHIE  
Listen, I know the team is going on  
break at the beginning of July.

(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I happen to have four weeks in Spain booked then--

TIM

You asking me to go with you?

SOPHIE

Yeah...

TIM

Of course I'm going.

Sophie smiles through the phone.

SOPHIE

Are you sure?

TIM

I only got two weeks off. But it's cool though cus I got a lot of days I can take from in-person work. Like I can literally do that.

SOPHIE

Ok... we're going to Spain, baby. Let's talk more about it tomorrow?

TIM

Yeah I can't really manage details right now.

SOPHIE

I love you.

TIM

I love you too.

Sophie hangs up.

MICHAEL

Was I hearing that right?

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO AIRPORT BAGGAGE CHECK-IN - NIGHT

Tim and Sophie lug a few heavy bags onto the scale, as they check in their luggage.

CHIAGO AIRPORT TERMINAL

Tim and Sophie sit with their carry-ons. Each with earbuds/headphones. Holding hands.

CHICAGO TO MADRID FLIGHT 3969

Tim and Sophie in their seats. Sophie with a head pillow.

SOPHIE  
I just realized something.

Tim takes off his headphones.

TIM  
Sorry, what?

SOPHIE  
Have we ever, like... intentionally  
taken a flight together?

TIM  
No...

SOPHIE  
Or even intentionally been in an  
airport together?

TIM  
No... yes. Montreal.

Sophie nods.

LATER

Sophie with her headphones on. Over the next few scenes, we hear

***Only If by Steve Lacy***

MONTAGE - TIM AND SOPHIE'S TIME IN MADRID.

A.) EXT. MADRID AIRPORT - MORNING. The plane comes into the runway.

B.) EXT. PARQUE DEL EMIR MOHAMMAD I - LATER.

SUPERIMPOSE: MADRID, SPAIN.

Tim and Sophie enter through the gate to the Emir Mohammad I Gardens.

C.) EXT. PARQUE DEL EMIR MOHAMMAD I - A FEW HOURS LATER. Tim and Sophie exit from the same gate with a tour guide pamphlet in hand.

D.) EXT. LAVAPÉS, MADRID - LATER. Tim and Sophie wander through and observe outdoor murals.

E.) INT. DUCK CHURCH - LATER. Tim and Sophie walk into 'Duck Church' and survey a steeple dedicated to... ducks. It's quirky, quaint and beautiful.

Sophie takes a lot of pictures.

CUT TO:

INT. MADRID HOTEL - AFTERNOON

Tim snoozes on the bed. Sophie, in a chair, types away on her laptop while nursing a glass of wine. Tim's left an abundance of personal items clothes strung out everywhere.

SOPHIE'S LAPTOP

We watch as she uploads content from the day to her instagram as stories and posts.

LATER

Sophie cleans up Tim's messes around the hotel room.

LATER

Sophie sleeps. Tim sits in the chair Sophie sat in earlier while he types away on his laptop.

TIM'S COMPUTER

He's coding.

CUT TO:

EXT. MADRID TRAIN STATION - NEXT MORNING

Tim and Sophie, with all their bags, wait for a train to come in to the station.

Silence. Then a whooshing sound.

They watch the train come into the station. Sophie takes her phone out to film it. This goes on for a little bit.

Tim gives Sophie and her phone and odd look. Sophie puts her phone away.

TIM  
Why did you film the train coming  
in?

SOPHIE  
I like to show people I'm actually  
traveling. Not just teleporting  
place to place.

TIM  
That interests them?

INT. TRAIN COACH, MADRID TO BILBAO - LATER

Tim and Sophie continue their conversation.

SOPHIE  
It helps tell the story.

Tim stares out the window, watching rolling green fields,  
probably mostly filled with sheep, if nothing else, whiz by.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
They're not gonna know English as  
consistently in San Sebastian. Also  
don't call them Spanish--

TIM  
They're Basque, I know.

SOPHIE  
I think you can order drinks on  
here somewhere. Do you want  
anything?

TIM  
No, I'm good.

SOPHIE  
I'll be right back.

Sophie gets up from her seat.

CUT TO:

TRAIN MINI-BAR, MADRID TO BILBAO

It's more of a stand than a proper bar. But still - it's  
kinda cool.

Sophie's at the front of the line.

SOPHIE  
 Mi español es malo, pero puedo  
 pedir un mojito.

The BARTENDER begins to prepare the order. As Sophie waits, CARLI (middle-aged) and BOBBY (middle-aged) enter into the train car with the bar.

Carli approaches the bar, followed by Bobby. Maybe the gleam of their new wedding rings reflect the light.

The bartender sets Sophie's drink on the counter.

CARLI  
 Hola... ¿hablas inglés?

BARTENDER  
 Un poco.

CARLI  
 (gesturing to Bobby)  
 A jack rose.  
 (then to herself)  
 And a sherry.

BARTENDER  
 Ok, coming up.

Sophie smiles at the couple.

SOPHIE  
 Where are you guys from?

CARLI  
 Oh, an American!

BOBBY  
 I fully thought you were some  
 mysterious Spanish woman just  
 standing there -- how do you do  
 that?

SOPHIE  
 Uhh I travel a lot.

BOBBY  
 You see, this whole trip, I've been  
 trying to get at least one person  
 to think I'm Spanish -- it's been  
 my obsession-

The bartender rolls his eyes.



CARLI  
I've had some success.

BOBBY  
You say that but-

CARLI  
Only when he's not around.

SOPHIE  
What brings you guys to Spain?

TRAIN COACH, MADRID TO BILBAO

Sophie is looking at Carli's wedding ring.

SOPHIE  
Oh, that's beautiful.

BOBBY  
(to Tim)  
How long you've been together?

TIM  
3 months.  
(off Bobby's surprise)  
We both had this opportunity to  
travel. It kinda lined up perfectly  
- so we took it.

BOBBY  
Been having fun?

CUT TO:

EXT. BILBAGO TRAIN STATION

SUPERIMPOSE: BILBAO, BASQUE COUNTRY, SPAIN

Tim, Sophie, Carli and Bobby exit the train with their  
various items.

TIM  
Only been here two days - I think I  
just adapted to the time change.

BOBBY  
Oh yeah. Makes me wish I could  
sleep on planes.

TIM  
That actually is a skill I possess.

BOBBY  
Then you have no excuses!

CUT TO:

EXT. CULTURAL DISTRICT, STREETS OF BILBAO - NIGHT

And the quartet are meandering towards a restaurant.

TIM  
How did you know?

BOBBY  
How did I know what?

TIM  
Getting married.

BOBBY  
I got divorced. It was a bad marriage. It was a bad divorce - I didn't know what I was doing - Carli and I are nothing like that. Why do you ask? Are you thinking of...

Bobby gestures to Sophie up ahead, talking with Carli.

TIM  
No, not necessarily. I mean, also yes, cus I'm dating her, but...

BOBBY  
It's on your mind.

Tim nods.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
Take it off your mind. You're still young. Enjoy the moment.

Tim slowly nods again.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
We can talk more on this later.  
(gesturing to Sophie and Carli)  
I want to get ahead of them so I can use my best accent on the host.

CUT TO:

EXT. BILBAO RESTAURANT HOST STAND - A LITTLE LATER

Bobby leans over the host stand.

BOBBY  
Cuatro, por favor.

HOST/HOSTESS  
Right this way, sir.

BOBBY  
(under his breath)  
Damn't.

CUT TO:

EXT. BILBAO RESTAURANT TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

Tim, Sophie, Carli and Bobby sit at a table under an awning.

SOPHIE  
Have you done any research on the  
museums here?

CARLI  
Literally half the reason I  
insisted we include Bilbao for our  
honeymoon.  
(gesturing to Bobby)  
He'll hardly be interested.

SOPHIE  
Oh my god, same with Tim. But  
that's always my favorite day trip  
on all my excursions-

CARLI  
We should go together.

SOPHIE  
Are you sure? I mean, it's your  
honeymoon.

CARLI  
We did all the romantic stuff in  
Barcelona. I want to see some  
Spanish modernism.

SOPHIE  
There's a lot of that in Barcelona,  
no?

CARLI

And I didn't get enough of it.  
 (gesturing to Bobby)  
 He got too much of it. I'm sure  
 they'll find something to do  
 together.  
 I actually do a little painting  
 myself.

SOPHIE

Wait, me too! What do you focus on?

CARLI

Abstractions of the human form.

SOPHIE

(sheepishly)  
 I just do landscapes. I can show  
 you some photos.

Sophie pulls out her phone and begins searching through her camera roll for her works.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Ok, this is the most recent one.  
 Not my best. Based off when I was  
 in Lima.

SOPHIE'S PHONE

The canvas fills with a mixture of a bustling city scape with nature rounding out all the edges, mountains towering in the background.

BACK TO BILBAO RESTAURANT TABLE.

CARLI

That's very good. Not what I was  
 picturing when you said 'just  
 landscapes'. Have you ever done any  
 exhibits?

SOPHIE

(embarrassed)  
 No.

CARLI

I could totally help you get  
 connections. I might even know  
 someone in Chicago - it's Chicago,  
 right?

SOPHIE

Yeah, here's one of my favorites.

SOPHIE'S PHONE

Another landscape. This time from the water. A chain of islands transfigure into a human body.

BACK TO BILBAO RESTAURANT TABLE

CARLI

I wonder if Arnold would be interested in these. He might.

Carli pauses a moment to consider.

CARLI (CONT'D)

I'm going to give you his contact info. You can say I recommended you.

SOPHIE

That'd be... wow. Yeah, thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. TIM AND SOPHIE'S HOTEL ROOM, BILBAO - NIGHT

Sophie's standing. Tim's laying on the bed.

SOPHIE

And she actually texted me his email right then. Like literally right then.

TIM

You are going to email him, right?

SOPHIE

Yeah, of course.

TIM

It's just that before you said that you didn't want to submit your stuff anywhere.

SOPHIE

This is different.

Tim smiles.

TIM

Glad it's different.

SOPHIE

What did you and Bobby talk about? -  
oh, also, me and Carli we're going  
to go the Guggenheim tomorrow.  
We're hoping, cus Bobby really  
wouldn't want to go, that you guys  
would also make plans-

TIM

Not a problem.

SOPHIE

You guys get along?

TIM

He's a little strange. So yes.

SOPHIE

What'd y'all talk about?

TIM

Nothing much. The Yankees.

SOPHIE

(imitating Tim's tone)  
"The Yankees."

TIM

(imitating Sophie's tone)  
"What'd y'all talk about?"

Sophie approaches Tim, laying on the bed, then lays on top of  
him. Tim starts rubbing her butt.

They just inhale each other's air for a moment, staring at  
each other, glass eyed.

Sophie kisses Tim. Them, Sophie rises.

SOPHIE

I'm going to change into something  
a bit more comfortable.

Sophie heads for her suitcase. Tim rises as well and heads  
for his.

Sophie reveals lingerie from her bag and starts to make way  
for the bathroom. Tim throws a pair of handcuffs onto the  
bed.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Oh! Where'd you get those?

TIM

Madrid.

SOPHIE

Permission to change occifer -- I  
mean, officer -- fuck.

Sophie holds up the piece and maybe a little awkwardly  
smiles.

TIM

Have I made your nervous?

SOPHIE

No!

TIM

(in a low tone)  
I'm anxiously waiting.

Sophie closes the door of the bathroom. Tim starts undressing  
himself. Quicker than would be realistic, Sophie reappears  
changed.

Tim, half-naked, pauses to think.

TIM (CONT'D)

You know, you took like almost no  
photos or videos today. Why is  
that?

SOPHIE

Aren't you going to tell me how I  
look?

Tim approaches Sophie and pushes her against the wall. They  
both smile, teeth almost touching.

TIM

My mind's melting from the meer  
attempt to comprehend your beauty.

Tim raises Sophie's hands above her head.

TIM (CONT'D)

(conversationally, non-  
sexily)  
But also I'm really curious. Why no  
content today?

SOPHIE

We just met some new people. I like  
them. I didn't want to be annoying.

TIM  
But it's ok when I'm around?

SOPHIE  
Yes, sir. Can you just shut up and  
kiss me?

Tim starts kissing Sophie's neck. Then their lips meet.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARQUE CASILDA ITURRIZAR - DAY

Tim and Bobby sit on a bench. Both on their phones.

TIM  
We really should've planned this  
last night.

BOBBY  
We're figuring it out now. It's  
fine.

The two sit in silence. Typing and scrolling.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
(Bobby showing his phone  
to Tim.)  
Oo, what about this? Chapel on an  
island. Used as Dragonstone in Game  
of Thrones?

TIM  
What's it called?

BOBBY  
San Juan de Gaztelugatxe.

TIM  
It's a bit of a hike. It'll be  
tight meeting the girls for dinner.

BOBBY  
How far is it?

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN JAUN DE GAZTELUGATXE - AN HOUR LATER

Tim and Bobby take in the scenery as they approach the foot  
bridge to the island



TIM

Holy fuck.

BOBBY

Carli's going to be mad I went here without her.

TIM

You can't think like that.

BOBBY

You haven't been married. You *must* think like that.

INT. INSIDE THE CHAPEL - A BIT LATER

It's very Game of Thrones.

BOBBY

Can I be honest with you?

TIM

Shoot.

BOBBY

I wouldn't have taken my two weeks on a girl I just met.

TIM

I was thinking of taking my two weeks around now anyway - and we didn't just just meet.

BOBBY

And don't get me wrong. She's great.

TIM

I know.

BOBBY

It's just not what I would've done. But maybe it's the right decision. In fact, I got a feeling it is.

TIM

How's that?

BOBBY

I actually have no clue. I don't even know for sure about my own. We're all just guessing.

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I won't bore you with getting into it, but I guessed so wrong the first time.

Tim can't stifle a laugh.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Ok, when I put it like that, it's pretty funny... But not just guessing wrong on her. Guessing wrong on us.

TIM

It takes two to flamenco.

BOBBY

Flamenco?

TIM

We're in Spain.

BOBBY

Ah, clever.

CUT TO:

EXT. OVERLOOKING THE OCEAN

Tim and Bobby look over the ocean from an edge of a cliff on the island. While other tourists do bustle about, maybe even snapping photos of the same view Tim and Bobby are surveying, they still seem entirely alone looking out over the water

The wind whistles as it does up high and by the ocean. The men squint. They say nothing, maybe stunned into silence.

After a bit of that...

BOBBY

You know, I saw some of the highlights this morning. The Yankees played like absolute dogshit last night.

CUT TO:

INT. MENARD CORRECTIONAL CENTER, CHICAGO - DAY

SAMUEL (60s) a tired, intimidating, but handsome looking man, with a slick silver hairline, raises his head as the doors to his cell slam open.

MEANARD CORRECTIONAL CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Police accompany SAMUEL down the hallway.

INT. CHICAGO COURTROOM - DAY

SAMUEL sits at a table towards the front of a courtroom.

An unassuming door opens in the corner of the courtroom and the judge walks through. Everybody, including Samuel, as well as Tiffany and Mare, watching on, stand up.

CUT TO:

INT. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - DAY

Sophie contemplates some particular room/painting in the museum.

She takes a photo of it and then a photo of herself. Then she puts her phone away.

She contemplates what she's looking at a little longer.

Carli walks into that room, notices Sophie, and approaches.

SOPHIE

(without turning)

On days like this, I could do this forever... Go around the world and admire art.

CARLI

Sounds pretty sweet to me.

SOPHIE

It's why I want to keep doing it.

Carli laughs.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Which is crazy cus lately... I've hated traveling the world. I feel like I can't tell anyone that. No one would get it.

CARLI

It gets tiring. Some people don't like going anywhere at all.

SOPHIE

I guess what I mean is no one would get why *I* want to stop.

CARLI

I wouldn't mind it if I could keep traveling. Bobby wouldn't want to, but-

SOPHIE

Would you? If you could?

CARLI

I mean, I don't think I could be a 'travel influencer'. I have work. I have children. But I don't know, if there was some way where we could not strictly settle down again - at least not in the traditional way... see more art.

(gesturing to the painting)

What do you like about this one?

SOPHIE

The pinks of the body. I don't think I've ever seen skin color pop like this. It almost looks cartoonish.

CARLI

I hate most Miró. So was curious.

Lingering on said painting by Joan Miró...

SOPHIE

I actually really love my job. I think it's just this perception I have that I'm not suppose to just keep doing this... but why shouldn't I?

CARLI

If that's what makes you happiest. Who am I - who's anyone to tell you you shouldn't? Maybe you're never meant to land-

Carli's phone buzzes.

CARLI (CONT'D)

The boys said they're gonna be late for dinner...

Carli's phone buzzes again.

CARLI (CONT'D)

He also sent a link to something going on San Sebastián.

SOPHIE

That's close by. I'm actually supposed to go up there in two days.

CARLI

It's...

CUT TO:

EXT. FILM FESTIVAL, SAN SEBASTIÁN - NIGHT

A bright electronic poster across a building says as such...

**Donostia Zinemaldia Festival de San Sebastián Interional Film Festival**

INT. FILM FESTIVAL THEATER, SAN SEBASTIÁN - NIGHT

The quartet watches some incredibly disturbing movie. Bobby and Sophie are eating it up. Tim and Carli seem some in equal measure, bored and disgusted.

Tim's phone vibrates as someone calls. He checks it.

He leans over to Sophie.

TIM

I need to step out a moment.

Sophie looks at Tim a little bit confused.

SOPHIE

Ok.

JUST OUTSIDE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Tim picks up the phone.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JANINE'S CAR - DAY

Janine sighs. She's in traffic.

JANINE  
Hey, how you doing?

TIM  
I'm good. What's up?

JANINE  
Not to be curt, but when your mother calls you several times, you pick up.

TIM  
Yeah, I'm sorry. I've been busy.

JANINE  
Busy with what? Aren't you on break? I actually was wondering if you wanted to come home for a few days.

TIM  
About that--

JANINE  
I don't always have too much excitement up here. Can get kinda lonely.

TIM  
I'm actually in Spain right now.

JANINE  
What the heck are you doing in Spain??

TIM  
I'm with Sophie. We took a trip together.

JANINE  
When was this decided??

TIM  
A few weeks ago.

Tim looks out the window onto the harbor.

JANINE  
You decided a few weeks ago to just pick up a go to Spain and you didn't even tell me?? How are you paying for it?

TIM

She's actually paid or had covered the, uh, air fare and hotels and all that.

JANINE

(curtly)

Right. Because she's a social media star.

TIM

Yeah... I think you'd like the town I'm in right now. It's called San Sebastián. It's on this really inland harbor so it kinda feels like being on the lake. But you can go surfing.

JANINE

Well that sounds great. Great enough to not pick up my calls evidently. You know, Syversen's down the street? They're finally moving, which means they can now put in that big development--

TIM

I'm sorry... I'm actually missing a movie right now.

JANINE

(hurt)

Oh, I don't want to hold ya.

TIM

Mom...

JANINE

What, Timmy?

TIM

I wasn't not thinking of you. I was going to bring stuff back.

JANINE

I appreciate that... Look, it's just around the time of year of our anniversary - you know how I get.

Tim sighs.

TIM

I know.

CUT TO:

INT. FILM FESTIVAL THEATER, SAN SEBASTIÁN - A FEW MOMENTS  
LATER

Tim re-finds his seat in the dark. Someone's getting murdered  
gruesomely on screen.

Once sat, Sophie leans.

SOPHIE

(whispers)

What was that about?

TIM

Nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. TIM AND SOPHIE'S HOTEL ROOM, BILBAO - LATE NIGHT

It's late late. Sophie unlocks the hotel room door and we  
watch the couple enter.

Tim's left some pizza on the hotel room desk.

SOPHIE

Tim, you can't keep leaving food  
out. It smells like pizza in here.

(looking around)

Where'd you put the Febreze?

TIM

I forgot to buy it.

Sophie stops in her tracks.

SOPHIE

I haven't asked for too much, have  
I?

TIM

I just forgot with the other  
groceries - that's all.



SOPHIE

And you haven't packed yet?? You know we're leaving for Pamplona tomorrow. Running of the Bulls Festival--

TIM

I was gonna pack in the morning.

SOPHIE

We're leaving at 6:30.

TIM

I'm a quick packer. I can pack now if it's so important to you. I don't know wht everything needs to be a part of an itinerary, but--

SOPHIE

Tim...

Silence.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

This is a job. The itinerary is part of a job. It's what's funding this trip.

TIM

No it's not.

SOPHIE

How's that?

TIM

You--

Silence.

SOPHIE

What were you going to say? Say it!

TIM

It's not important.

SOPHIE

No, I want to know.

TIM

Travel vlogging isn't a job. You being rich funds this trip.

SOPHIE

I can pull up my reimbursements. I can pull up my checks.

TIM

I'm not saying you don't make some money off this lifestyle. I'm saying your mom and dad are the reason you can do it. That's just how it is.

SOPHIE

Wow. You don't know how I got to where I am. You don't know me-

TIM

That's exactly what it is. Some days, most days, I have no clue who you are. You're just off in your Sophie-world--

SOPHIE

If that's not projecting--

TIM

And I'm just some fuckable luggage that you take with you.

SOPHIE

Have you met yourself?

TIM

Ok, you're trying to reverse this thing right now, because I have you read. You know I'm good at reading you.

SOPHIE

Oh, you think you can read me so well.

TIM

I mean, yes. It's part of what makes us work.

SOPHIE

My Dad's in prison, did you know that? A white collar criminal coordinating fraud schemes with a gambling addiction, that's who my Dad is. And I don't get one cent from him. In fact, he had a hearing about an early release a few days ago.

(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Could you detect that with your  
psychic reading me superpowers?

TIM  
No... I didn't know that.

SOPHIE  
(sardonically)  
Weird.

Tim's expression pains. This hurt him.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
This works because we both get what  
we want out of it. You can't fully  
commit to a real relationship and  
neither can I, whether we spend  
every day together or whether we  
facetime.

Silence. Tim's in his own world.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
You know that, right?

TIM  
(beat)  
So am I your boyfriend or your  
prostitute?

Sophie's expression hardens. Tim takes a breath.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Sorry, let's not go to bed angry.

SOPHIE  
I'm not angry.

TIM  
Really.

Sophie's holding back tears.

TIM (CONT'D)  
I'll clean this shit up. Then I'll  
pack tomorrow morning.

Tim starts tidying up the apartment. Sophie just sits on the  
bed.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN COACH, BILBAO TO PAMPLONA - SUNRISE

Tim and Sophie each look out the window. Sophie's still teary. Tim is as well.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAMPLONA INN - EVENING

Tim's on the porch of his and Sophie's room. He's rolling a joint.

He looks up to the sky. A few stars peak out beyond the sunset.

INT. PAMPLONA INN - SAME TIME

Sophie, inside their room, is gulping wine while updating her instagram page and youtube channel.

Tim pokes his head in. He waves the joint.

TIM

Do you want any of this?

SOPHIE

(slightly intoxicatedly)  
Nor right now.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAMPLONA TOWN SQUARE

The level of activity can not be described. A town square crowded beyond its capacity with people wearing white. Traditional Basque music blares from drums, tambourines, txistus and xirulas.

Tim's searching and weaving through the crowd. Behind him, Sophie's holding Tim's hand. But his may be more so for convenience than much else.

Tim sees someone and waves.

It's Bobby and Carli. Each couples weaves around a few more people. Meeting in the middle, all hug.

TIM

I'm so glad y'all could make it.

CARLI

We were in the neighborhood. It's such an event. Couldn't miss it!

(realizing)

Oh and you guys, of course!

TIM

Oh, I'm sure we're secondary.

CARLI

Bobby wants to run.

SOPHIE

I'm running too!

TIM

(to Sophie)

Well that's news.

(to Bobby and Sophie)

You're both crazy. I'd rather go hanggliding before doing this shit.

CARLI

Did you see how many ambulances they have on standby??

The drums start making a different sound.

BOBBY

That means we have to get to the starting line.

(giving his hand to

Sophie)

Sophie?

Sophie smiles and takes Bobby's hand as she and Bobby start pushing through the crowd.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(looking back at Carli)

Get to the front for me!

EXT. BULL RUNNING TRACK - MORNING

Sophie and Bobby finds themselves in the crowd of runners.

FURTHER DOWN THE TRACK

Tim and Carli have pushed themselves to the front of the fence containing the track. The crowd is so dense each has to hold their ground to keep themselves from being pushed over.

## BULL RUNNING TRACK

Sophie looks at Bobby nervously. She's one of the shortest statures of the crowd of runners.

## FENCED CROWD FURTHER DOWN THE TRACK

A horn sounds and everybody around Tim and Carli begins waving flags, jumping and pushing in the way of a mosh pit.

## BULL RUNNING TRACK - SIMULTANEOUS

The horn sounds. Everyone around Bobby and Sophie start running. Sophie's being pushed around a bit, but she's holding stron.

Within a few seconds, different runner speeds begin to space out the crowd of runners a bit more. Sophie's in the front pack.

Bobby's in a second pack falling quickly behind.

Then a second horn sounds.

## THE BULLPEN

A bullpen's opened and six SPANISH FIGHTING BULLS rush through.

## FENCED CROWD FURTHER DOWN THE TRACK

Tim leans over the fence, watching for the runners as the first pack comes through.

Is Sophie in there? He can't tell.

He's pushed around by the crowd around him.

## BULL RUNNING TRACK

Bobby looks behind him and notes the bulls gaining on his pack of runners.

A bull approaching, at once the man running behind Bobby dives.

He follows suit, leaping into the fence and grabbing hold.

## FENCED CROWD

The bulls turning the corner, the metaphorical roof on the mass of people around Tim shoots off to the moon.

Flailing half-way over the fence, im's struggling to keep balance in the tussle of those around him. Carli pushes through the crowd to him.

CARLI

I saw Sophie in the first pack --  
Did you see Bobby??

TIM

I didn't see either--

Someone with a large regional musical instrument, seemingly knocked by someone else, knocks into Tim.

Tim flips over the fence and onto the

## BULL RUNNING TRACK

And 6 **Spanish Fighting Bulls** are only 20 yards away, almost right on top of him.

Tim scrambles to his feet. He catches a desperate look from Carli out of the corner of his eye.

Before realizing he needs to run.

He runs but he's not fast enough. The front bull clips Tim's shoes. It cocks its head to strike him with its horn.

Tim jumps backwards and sideways acrobatically, similarly to how he does when catching a frisbee. Instead of being impaled, he grabs the bulls horn with his hands -- before using the bulls head movements to throw himself off to the side.

He tumbles to the ground. The crows cheers. And the bulls are past him.

He notes a gash on his right arm. From the bull. And he groans from a few other bad licks, bruises and scrapes from throwing himself to the ground.

He's slow to get up, but seems fine.

## FURTHER DOWN THE TRACK

Sophie also slow to get up, towards the end of the course. The event seems to have finished.

A man, another runner, comes over to her. He helps her.

PAMPLONAN RUNNER  
¿Estás bien?

SOPHIE  
Yeah, just someone stepped on my shoe while running and I fell. But we beat the pack by then-

Sophie notes the man's confused expression.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Pisoteado por los corredores, pero nada grave.

PAMPLONAN RUNNER  
Bueno. ¿Quieres un médico?

SOPHIE  
No. Estoy bien.

Tim, now at the end of the track, spots Sophie and runs over to her, now alone. Sophie catches his eye and notes he's a bit beaten up.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
What happened to you?

TIM  
I'd ask you the same thing.

SOPHIE  
Crowd ran over me.

TIM  
I got pushed in by them.

SOPHIE  
People here are nuts.

INT. PAMPLONA INN - NIGHT

Sophie's working on her laptop at the desk. Tim's on his own laptop in a large chair.

TIM  
Do you want to do something?

SOPHIE  
Like what?

Tim shrugs.



SOPHIE (CONT'D)

We're going to Seville tomorrow.  
Then Algeciras. That's a bit of a  
hike.

TIM

I know,  
(gesturing to outside)  
but we should be out there, not in  
here.

SOPHIE

I'm not stopping you.

TIM

You're right.

Tim closes his laptop, set it down and walks out the door.

CUT TO:

STREETS OF PAMPLONA - NIGHT

Tim's walking about, taking in the city. Its distinctions.  
The city walls, which he walks along.

TACONERA PARK

Tim walks through the greenery of a romantic looking park -  
alone.

He spots Bobby and Carli ahead of him. He stops, considering  
whether or not to say hi... Tim turns a different way to  
avoid them.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCK OF GIBRALTAR, ALGECIRAS, SPAIN - DAY

Tim and Sophie stand at a cliffs edge, looking across the  
Mediterranean.

TIM

So that's Africa.

SUPER: ALGECIRAS, ANDALUSIA, SPAIN

SOPHIE

That's what they say.

TIM

Why do people divide places up like they do? Like why isn't where we standing Africa too? Or why isn't that over there Europe?

SOPHIE

I'm pretty sure tectonic plates.

TIM

Sure, but I don't think anyone decided to make this division because of tectonic plates.

SOPHIE

It's closer than I thought it'd be.

TIM

Exactly. That's what I'm trying to get at--

SOPHIE

But what if they did make the division because of tectonic plates? What if the ground feels different over here than over there. And someone over there came here once and thought "the ground is weird over here."

TIM

You're really strange.

SOPHIE

Entertaining at least?

TIM

Not really.

Sophie looks a bit lost, trying to figure out whether Tim's being very dry or genuinely insulting her.

Tim looks out onto the sea, expressionless.

CUT TO:

INT. ALGECIRAS AIRBNB - EVENING

Tim stares at his computer and pulls on his hair.

TIM

Fuck, Fuck, Fuck, FUCK.

Tim slams his laptop shut. Sophie, in the other room, rushes to him.

SOPHIE  
What is it?

But Tim's on his feet. He's grabbing a light jacket.

TIM  
I should've never fucking come here.

He brushes past Sophie, who we linger on and doesn't follow. Rather, she's still as a statue from the moment Tim says "here".

We hear the shuffling of Tim putting on shoes.

TIM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I'm charging you if you still want fuckable luggage!

Then, Tim slams the front door.

SOPHIE  
(under her breath)  
What the fuck...

Sophie spots Tim's laptop and walks over. She opens it up only to be confronted by the need of a login password.

Sophie types something in. The computer rejects it.

Sophie tries again. This time the computer accepts it.

Open, on Tim's computer, is an email notification from Interpid Technology.

It begins "We regret to inform you..."

Then a sentence later reading "we're terminating your contract with Interpid at this time..."

And further down the second paragraph it reads "requirement that team members consistently commit to the project in all capacities."

"Best,

Interpid Technologies"

Sophie shuts the laptop.

She finds her suitcase. She takes out a mini-set of paints.

She dips the brush in the palette. She starts painting on her left arm.

But it's not enough. Sophie throw the brush aside, marches into the bathroom, takes a knitting needle sitting on top of the toilet with another knitting needle and fabric and strikes her right arm.

And it starts bleeding.

Sophie's eyes, blurry and misty, start to come back into focus. She sees the blood.

And starts hyperventilating.

CUT TO:

INT. ALGECIRAS AIRBNB - A FEW HOURS LATER

Tim unlocks the front door. He doesn't take off his shoes.

TIM

Sophie...

No response. He starts searching for her.

TIM (CONT'D)

Sophie... we need to talk. Sorry I stormed out so suddenly--

Tim finds Sophie in the bedroom. She's huddled on the bed, in all long sleeves. Tim's laptop, open on the bed, next to her.

TIM (CONT'D)

Oh, no... Sophie.

SOPHIE

You got fired.

TIM

How did you-

SOPHIE

I shouldn't have brought you along. It was dumb. You're right.

TIM

No this is my fault. I overreact to everything.

SOPHIE

I messed up your life. I mess up everyone's lives.

(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

That's why I stopped staying in them long and I got lonely. I got selfish.

TIM

I said yes to coming along... I really sat with my thoughts while walking, um- I'm making your life significantly harder. And you know, sunk cost fallacy, if I keep staying in it, it'll just be worse.

Tim strides across the room to his suitcase. He begins *packing*. Sophie lifts her head up.

SOPHIE

What are you doing?

TIM

Not being so fucking selfish for once.

SOPHIE

Are you leaving??

TIM

I really love you. I mean that.

SOPHIE

Then why are you leaving me?

TIM

It'll be better this way.

SOPHIE

But now? Don't leave now.

TIM

If not now, when?

SOPHIE

Huh?!

TIM

Cus right now I have the strength to do it.

Most of his belongings are together. He zips up a roller suitcase and a duffel bag. He turns towards for the house's entrance.

SOPHIE

Where are you going?

Tim doesn't answer, his voice caught as he swallows back tears.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Wait! The snow globe for your Mom!

TIM

Ship it!

(turning back briefly)

And I don't want you huddled up on a bed.

Tim turns again. He shuts the door behind him. Sophie's mouth is agape, unsure if what happened really just happened.

She heads for the front door, is about to open it, then turns away.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF ALGECIRAS - NIGHT

Sophie goes for a walk. It's very late.

Somebody we don't see whistles. Sophie just keeps walking.

EXT. ALGECIRAS OCEAN LEDGE - NIGHT

Sophie stands at the ledge. The ocean crashes against it below her. Her breath shallows.

From a WS, we watch her body drop towards the ocean. But before she hits the water.

CU on Sophie's face. Still on the ledge.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALGECIRAS AIRBNB - NIGHT

Sophie, with dry hair, clearly exhausted, walks back to the Airbnb. A police car and an ambulance parked in the street in front.

Before she can even go in, a woman, VICTORIA FERNANDEZ, a social worker, rushes up to Sophie. You get the sense **both** have had this exact interaction before.

VICTORIA

Mrs. Twydsen?

SOPHIE

Yeah?

VICTORIA

My name's Victoria. I'm a social worker with the police. I was wondering if I could talk to you for a second. Tim called saying you needed need some support.

SOPHIE

Where is he?

VICTORIA

I don't know. Do you have any injuries we should know about?

SOPHIE

Yeah.

VICTORIA

We can help treat them over this way, by the ambulance, is you come with me.

SOPHIE

Ok.

Victoria guides Sophie to the ambulance.

A medic stands by her with gauze and bandages. Slowly, she rolls up her sleeves.

It's a mess of blood and messily applied bandages of Sophie's own.

CUT TO:

INT. ALGECIRAS MENTAL HOSPITAL - LATER THAT NIGHT

Sophie lays in a bed in a hospital gown. Bandages on her arms and legs. She stares at the ceiling.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALGECIRAS TRAIN STATION,

Tim stands on the platform, alone. Waiting for the next train. A roller suitcase and a duffel bag by his side.

INT. TRAIN COACH, ALGECIRAS TO GRANADA

Tim looks out the window from the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALGECIRAS MENTAL HOSPITAL - EARLY MORNING

Sophie's on the phone with Gabbi.

GABBI (V.O.)

Oh. And the car I ordered you - the driver's name is Paco. He'll take you back to the AirBnb and then to the airport, ok? And I already let Tiffany know to pick you up later today. I'm so sorry it's tough right now. Please take care of yourself. You're your first priority.

CUT TO:

INT. ALGECIRAS AIRBNB - A LITTLE LATER

Sophie packs her things. Tim has left a lot of items behind, which Sophie figures to leave behind as well.

She stares at the gift Tim got for his mother(need to figure out what this is), as if contemplating whether to take it with her.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALHAMBRA, GRANADA - EARLY MORNING

Tim, with his roller suitcase and duffel bag wanders up the steps of the palace entrance. The door is open.

He walks through.

INT. ALHAMBRA, GRANADA - CONTINUOUS

Inside, Tim wanders about, taking in the daunting and beautiful stucco designs gracing arches and ceilings. He's incredibly small.

Only the sound of his roller suitcase and his light footsteps seems to disturb the space.



In one room, the ceiling resembles stars which reflect down to the floor in the early morning light.

In another, paintings of Nasrid kings fill up the room.

In a third, a giant pool extends through the middle of a hall.

In a fourth, the largest room yet, Tim spots, on the other side, a **Spanish Fighting Bull**. He stops in his tracks. The creature, turned away, doesn't seem to see him.

Then it walks to the next room. Tim follows. We meditate on human's and bull's slow footsteps through the halls.

INT. ALHAMBRA, GRANADA - A LITTLE LATER

Tim, looking about, seems to have lost the bull.

He walks into the very long hall with the very long pool. At first he doesn't notice him, but a man sits by the pool, looking at his reflection.

Tim starts to walk by the man when the man, hearing Tim's footsteps, turns.

The man is **Bull Man**.

BULL MAN

Have you seen a Spanish fighting bull anywhere around here?

TIM

Um, yeah, actually. I lost it though.

BULL MAN

My herd escaped from their pen a few months ago... I've been tracking them since. Do you know what they chased after?

TIM

No-

BULL MAN

Cus a bull is a very lazy creature. It can move like a bullet, but not unless it thinks there's something worth their time. But what they were chasing after, was a Target Semi Truck. Big and red. With a target symbol on it.

(MORE)

BULL MAN (CONT'D)

Most fitting thing I ever seen. If it wasn't my whole livelihood, I wouldn't even be that mad, but- I digress.

Tim stares into the pool. He's not quite sure what to say or not in the mood to speak.

BULL MAN (CONT'D)

No one comes this way unless there's something picking at them.

Tim grimaces. He catches his own eye in the water.

BULL MAN (CONT'D)

Take your time. The big fucker is going to need some water so he's probably going to come through here anyway.

TIM

... I don't know how to do the right thing.

BULL MAN

They usually say that.

TIM

(half-laugh)  
So I'm not special then?

BULL MAN

Fuck no.

Tim nods, bites back a smile. Then, his expression turns more somber.

TIM

I left this girl-

He's cut off by the clack of hooves. Slowly, the **Spanish Fighting Bull** lumbers into the hall. It heads for the water.

CU on Tim.

TIM (CONT'D)

I left this girl at Gibraltar. She's fragile - I don't really know why - I just liked her. And I never like anyone. Maybe because she's fragile. I be like that. I must be some type of freak. I love the wounded. Then I hurt them. I hurt myself.

(MORE)

## TIM (CONT'D)

Internally. She hurt her wrists and her legs. And she drew flowers all around her cuts. Because of me. You know the same thing happened with my Mom and Dad. He killed himself when I was 13. I always forget how old I was.

Tim's kind of rocking on the pool edge with emotion. Then he leans a little too much and falls into the pool.

It's shallow. He land on his cheek, sits up quickly.

Looking around himself, Tim notice the Bull Man and bull are both gone.

Just then, Bull Man reenters into the hall wearing a security guard uniform and pointing a flashlight in Tim's face.

## BULL MAN

No estamos abiertos. ¿¿Qué haces aquí??

(into a radio)

Intruso en el Palacio Partal.  
Necesita asistencia.

CUT TO:

## EXT. GRANADAN CAFE - MORNING

Tim sits at a table at a small cafe, drying in the morning sun, bags by his side.

He looks a bit lost and very dazed.

Then, he picks up his phone.

## TIM'S PHONE.

Tim opens up his texts to Sophie. He begins to type "Are you ok?" then deletes it.

## BACK TO CAFE

Tim sets his phone down.

CUT TO:

## EXT. CHICAGO AIRPORT PICK-UP - LATE AFTERNOON

Sophie, with a pile of bags, spots Tiffany's car as Tiffany gets out of the passenger seat (Mare's in the driver's seat).

She rushes over to Sophie and embraces her in a hug, which is literally awkward due to the amount of stuff Sophie is carrying. But this doesn't shorten the length of the embrace.

After Sophie lets go, Tiffany takes a little over half of Sophie's things. They walk to the car.

INT. TIFFANY'S APT. - AFTERNOON

Sophie's putting her bags in the corner. Tiffany's taking pillows off the couch, in the process of converting the couch into its pull-out bed.

CUT TO:

INT. GRANADAN BAR - LATE NIGHT

Tim's drinking alone, a few young men, most of which in red soccer jerseys close by. Tim's typing on his phone.

TIM'S PHONE

We see the same text written out. "Are you ok?"

He hesitates for a second, then presses send.

CUT TO:

INT. TIFFANT'S APT. - SIMULTANEOUS

Sophie hears her phone buzz. She checks it. A text from Tim.

"Are you ok?"

She exhales loudly, then puts her phone back in her pocket.

Tiffany looks over at Sophie, catching her unsettlement.

TIFFANY

Was that him?

SOPHIE

Yeah.

CUT TO:

EXT. NUEVO ESTADIO DE LOS CÁRMENES - NIGHT

Tim's at a soccer game. The crowd buzzes. He looks on intently and mournfully. One of the guys from the bar, DIEGO, taps his shoulder.

DIEGO  
Hey, dude, why you looking like that?

TIM  
Nothing.

DIEGO  
Nothing? If we don't score, we're about to get relegated.

Tim laughs.

TIM  
Well, there's that.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRANADA AIRPORT - MORNING

Diego, in a midsize sedan, pulls up the airport drop-off. Tim's in the passenger.

Both of open their car doors. Diego takes Tim's bags out of the trunk of the car for him.

CUT TO:

INT. TIFFANY'S CAR - DAY

Tiffany's in the driver's seat. Sophie in the passenger.

The silence between them is palpable. They pull up to

EXT. MENARD CORRECTIONAL CENTER - DAY

Tiffany pulls into a parking lot. She finds a a spot and parks.

TIFFANY  
We're a little early.

SOPHIE  
I know that.

Silence. Tiffany opens the car door.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Don't tell him about me.

TIFFANY  
I wasn't going to.

SOPHIE  
Thanks.

Now Sophie opens her car door. Both get out.

EXT. MENARD CORRECTIONAL CENTER ENTRANCE - A LITTLE LATER

Sophie and Tiffany watch as an emotional Samuel is escorted out of the facility in street clothes, with a backpack over his shoulder.

He's lead out of the final gate into the outside world. The guard then that locks that gate behind him.

Samuel's lip trembles. Tiffany approaches him for a hug. They embrace.

Then Samuel turns to Sophie. They embrace.

INT. TIFFANY'S CAR - A LITTLE LATER

Tiffany's in the driver's seat. Sophie in the passenger seat. Samuel's in the back.

SAMUEL  
I'm really grateful for this opportunity to make it up with both of you. I really mean that.

Brief silence.

SOPHIE  
I know that.

SAMUEL  
The man you guys knew when you were teenagers. He's gone. I won't fail either of you again. I can't.

TIFFANY  
Dad, Sophie's actually staying at mine right now-

SAMUEL  
(slightly surprised)  
Oh really?

TIFFANY  
Which means her place is open. We  
were ok with you staying there for  
a bit, if you're ok.

SAMUEL  
Yeah. I'm grateful for you guys  
giving me a place to crash.

TIFFANY  
We didn't want to be complete  
assholes.

Samuel laughs. Sophie smiles/half-laughs.

SAMUEL  
I love you both so much.

Silence. Samuel nods his head, understanding.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)  
Sophie, how's the travel blogging  
going?

SOPHIE  
I'm actually quitting it.

SAMUEL  
Oh really?

SOPHIE  
I'm going to be around here a lot  
more now.

SAMUEL  
What are you doing now?

SOPHIE  
I don't know yet. But a woman in  
Spain gave me contact info of a  
gallerist who she thinks would be  
interested in my art.

SAMUEL  
That's great! We'll get to see each  
other a lot more then?

SOPHIE  
Yeah. I also got an interview for a  
desk job at the AIC.

(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Just until I find something else-  
maybe in marketing. Just cus I got  
a resume for it through the  
channel.

SAMUEL

That's good. That's sensible. I  
think I've lost most my connections  
around here at this pint, but I can  
see if I can get in contact with  
anyone.

SOPHIE

I'd really appreciate that.

SAMUEL

Of course.

CUT TO:

INT. TUSCON AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

Tim and Shannon munch on their Chipotle burrito with That  
Waiter next to them. He also has his own order.

SHANNON

Do you want to talk about it?

Tim shakes his head. That Waiter puts his hand on Shannon's  
leg.

THAT WAITER

Let that man enjoy his meal.

TIM

I don't even know what to say.

We linger on Tim's expression for a moment.

INT./EXT. - TUCSON AIRPORT PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Tim walks lazily to his parking space, bags with him.

Only to find his car gone...

TIM

FUCK.

His voice echoes through the garage.

CUT TO:



EXT. TUCSON CENTRAL TOWING - MORNING

Declan's car pulls up to the lot. Tim hops out of the passenger, still with his bags. Declan rolls down the window.

DECLAN  
You good from here?

TIM  
Yeah, I should be fine.

DECLAN  
Alright, let me know if that changes.

Tim approaches a small building with a sign "Tucson Central Towing Office".

EXT. ULTIMATE FRISBEE SPORTING FIELD PARKING LOT, TUCSON - AFTERNOON

Tim pulls up in his own car to practice.

EXT. ULTIMATE FRISBEE SPORTING FIELD, TUCSON - AFTERNOON

Tim tosses the disk long. Declan makes an incredible catch, scoring a point.

Declan cheers. Tim looks dissatisfied.

EXT. ULTIMATE FRISBEE SPORTING FIELD, TUCSON - AFTER PRACTICE

Declan jogs up to Tim, packing up his things.

DECLAN  
Bro, you were on some shit today.

TIM  
I think I'm quitting.

DECLAN  
What?

TIM  
It's time.

DECLAN  
Tourney's in two weeks.

TIM

I'm telling coach after this. I'm just done with it.

Tim walks off. Declan chases after him.

DECLAN

Bro...

CUT TO:

EXT. ULTIMATE FRISBEE SPORTING FIELD PARKING LOT, TUCSON - 30 MINUTES LATER

Tim, in his car, dials Sophie's number. The phone rings, then rings a bit longer. He goes to voicemail.

TIM

Hey, it's me. I've been doing a lot of thinking this past week. I was wrong in Algeciras. Loving someone sometimes means making sacrifices. I want to make those sacrifices for you. I can take a fully remote coding job. I actually quit the frisbee team. I'm too old for it now anyway.

I want to be there for you and make this work. When we decided to leap onto this trip together, I think it's because we knew what we have is special. Just then we forgot we're also human and... we have to build it organically.

I want to do that cus you're amazing and in terms of what you mean to me, I really don't think I'll find anyone else that comes close. No one's eyes look through me like yours do and that's terrifying. We face those fears head on. I'm facing my shit cus I can't lose you.

So if you're in the Chi this weekend -- I don't know where you are, but... Meet me Irene's this Friday at 7.

Tim takes a breath, contemplating if he's got more to say.

TIM (CONT'D)

Um, I think that's it. I hope I see you there.

EXT. TUCSON UNDERPASS - EARLY EVENING

Red is just creeping into the sky. Tim's car pulls up to Michael's underpass.

Tim parks and gets out. He strides over to Michale's shack... only to find it destroyed.

INT. SUBWAY - 30 MINUTES LATER

Tim's wolfing down a sandwich.

INT. TIM'S CAR - FRIDAY MORNING

Tim's alarm sounds. He gets up quickly and begins packing up his bags.

INT. TUSCON AIRPORT TSA SCREENING CHECKPOINT - MORNING

Tim goes through security. Shannon, working, smiles at Tim. Headphones tight over his ears, he doesn't notice her.

Placing his phone into the tray, Tim observes a missed call from his mother.

INT. FLIGHT 4545, TUCSON TO CHICAGO - MORNING

Tim finds his seat on the plane, in the aisle.

INT. CHICAGO AIRPOT BAGGAGE CLAIM - AFTERNOON

Tim picks up his suitcase from the baggage claim. He's got both the duffel and the roller on him.

INT. IRENE'S DINER - EVENING

Tim enters into the diner, still with both bags. He finds a seat.

INT. IRENE'S DINER - LATER

Tim waits, his leg shaking. He checks his phone, then puts it on the table. He checks it again.

Nothing.

INT. CHICAGO AIRPORT SECURITY CHECKPOINT LINE - NIGHT

Tim's in line again, off in his own world. Sophie's a few places in line behind him...

At the front of the line, Tim hands his ID over to the TSA agent. Behind him, Sophie hands her ID to another TSA agent.

Tim goes into one security line and Sophie goes to another. Neither seem to notice each other. In Tim's line, a **Spanish Fighting Bull** is stuck in the metal detector. A crowd of TSA agents surround the metal detector, trying to find a way to amend the issue.

INT. FLIGHT 3967, CHICAGO TO TUCSON - NIGHT

Tim finds his seat on the flight... next to Sophie...

Each is stiff as a board. The engine of the plane starts up.

As the plane starts to speed into flight, each steals looks at each other.

INT. FLIGHT 3769, CHICAGO TO TUCSON - LATER

Tim's hands is in Sophie's. Sophie opens the plane window. The sky's all red, like blood.

EXT. TUCSON AIRPORT - LATE NIGHT

The plane comes in for a landing.

Int./EXT. TUCSON AIRPORT PARKING GARAGE - 30 MINUTES LATER

Tim and Sophie walk to Tim's car. Tim unlocks it.

INT. TIM'S CAR, ARIZONA HIGHWAY - LATE NIGHT

Tim drives into the night, high beams on.

Sophie takes out a notebook. She's sketching a vase.

**FIN.**