

Encounters: Separation

written by

Matt Bierner

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Looking through a curtain of transparent plastic at a metal, industrial door. The plastic makes the other side appear slightly hazy and distorted.

The door contrasts against yellow and white wallpaper with a faint floral pattern. Slightly peeling. Like from a bad motel room.

A clock hangs to the right of the door.

The lighting is bright, artificial, sickly.

The PLASTIC RUSTLES subtly.

Waiting.

Finally, FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING.

FOOTSTEPS PAUSE.

The door opens with a metallic CLUNK. Just wide enough to see the hall behind. Concrete. Barren. The light of the hall has a stronger blue/green tint.

The WOMAN peers around the door at us. She glances back, picks up something, then steps in to the room.

MAN (O.S.)  
Um... H... Hello?

The woman is holding a hard-shell mustard colored SUITCASE.

Late 30s. Hair down to midpoint of the neck. Vaguely secretarial. Trying to look her best but the effect is rather drab and her put together appearance starts falling apart if you look too closely.

The woman looks at us.

WOMAN  
Hello.

The door shuts behind her with a metallic CLUNK.

We track the woman as she walks to the right side of the room. There is a double bed against the back wall with a cheap wooden night stand and lamp.

She sets the suitcase down on the bed and looks down at it. Taking her time.

The plastic RUSTLES.

Pause.

MAN (O.S.)  
You, uh, you look different than  
your picture.

She doesn't react immediately. Then she turns around to look at us.

WOMAN  
(expressionlessly)  
So do you.

HER POV — The MAN is sitting on a bed on the other side of the room. The layout mirrors what we already saw on her side.

Early 40s. Gaunt. Short hair. Office worker look. In his underwear and a white sleeveless shirt. Clothing neatly folded on the bed besides him. Not exactly sexy sitting there.

We can tell now that the plastic curtain runs down the center of the room, dividing his side from hers.

MAN  
I didn't mean it *that* way, it's  
just, you know...

Awkward pause.

WOMAN  
The hair probably. I used to keep  
it longer.

MAN  
Yeah! That's it... I like it  
though.

Beat.

WOMAN  
(insincerely)  
Thanks.

The CREAK of bedsprings as the man shifts uncomfortably.

MAN  
Sorry. It's just been a while, you  
know?

She sits down on her bed next to the suitcase with a CREAK. She looks at him.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Not many people are into it  
anymore. Which is strange, isn't  
it? I mean I guess some of them  
don't even know what it's like...

The man looks down at his feet without finishing the thought.  
He knows he was rambling.

No reply.

He looks up at her again.

MAN  
I guess what I'm trying to say:  
I'm glad you agreed to meet me.

WOMAN  
I'm glad you're here too.

MAN  
Thanks.

Long pause. It feels like something more should be said.

HIS POV - The woman starts taking off her shoes, then her outer  
layer of clothing. She does so casually, as if at home. We  
watch her closely through the plastic, lingering on hints of  
her figure and her motions. She doesn't seem to notice or care  
that we're watching.

MAN  
(nervously clears throat)  
So how do you want this to work?  
Should we maybe talk a little  
first?

WOMAN  
What would you like to talk about?

MAN  
Oh. Uh, you know, whatever?  
(beat)  
Sorry, I'm, uh, a little nervous.

WOMAN  
It's ok. Me too.

MAN  
Thanks. You don't look it.

Awkward pause.

MAN (CONT'D)  
So do you, uh, do this often?

WOMAN  
Not really. Like you said, no one  
seems interested.

MAN  
Crazy right?

WOMAN  
Yeah. Crazy...  
(beat)  
Remember what it was like when  
they first opened?

MAN  
(wistfully)  
Oh yeah... Took a month before I  
could even get in.

WOMAN  
Yeah...

MAN  
Well at least we don't have to  
worry about *that*!

WOMAN  
Hmm...

He tries to force a smile. She is staring to the side,  
thinking.

He looks at the floor.

Pause.

She looks back at the man.

WOMAN  
Sorry, it's been a while for me  
too.  
(beat)  
Are you into anything in  
particular?

MAN  
(nervous)  
Me? Oh nothing, uh, fancy really.  
Just the usual sort of thing I  
guess. You?

She doesn't reply.

HIS POV — She starts undoing her blouse, then her skirt. She  
carefully folds them up and places them next to her on the bed.

We watch closely, voyeuristically. She is wearing black underwear.

The woman stands up with a CREAK of bedsprings and walks to stand about a foot back from the plastic divider. She stands there for a moment, looking at the man.

The man quickly but rather clumsily stands up with a CREAK. He walks to meet her but stands further back. He studies her.

HIS POV – Starting on her face, we slowly work down her body, lingering on the eyes, neck, moving over her breasts, and then downwards... We stop just when the top of her black underwear come into view.

OVER HER SHOULDER – The man is looking over her body, looking down.

WOMAN

Would you like to touch me?

The man's gaze quickly returns to her face. Caught!

She presses her body up against the sheet with a CRINKLING. She has to turn her head slightly so that her face doesn't press into the plastic sheet. She doesn't look directly at him.

She waits expectantly. He is frozen.

WOMAN

(softly)

Here...

She raises one hand to the top of her breast near the neck. Inviting, yet a little rehearsed.

The man steps closer. He reaches up to her face. His motions careful, verging on shaky. He doesn't want to mess this up.

The man's fingers collide with the sheet like he's forgotten it was there. He tries again.

CLOSEUP – Following the tips of his fingers across the plastic. He starts up near her chin before lingering on her lips. His touch creates a slight indent in the plastic and makes slight CRINKLING sound. Then he moves down. Neck. Shoulder. The hand placed above her breast. Top of breast. And back to her hand.

MAN

(softly)

Like that?

He removes his hand after letting it rest on hers a moment longer.

WOMAN  
(softly)  
Yes.

CLOSEUP — The sheet slightly moves as she exhales.

He steps closer. More confident. He places a hand on her upper breast.

WOMAN  
(softly)  
Here.

She takes a small step back and undoes her bra.

She places her body against the sheet. Her bare skin creates patches where it presses against the plastic.

The man comes to and awkwardly takes off his shirt.

He presses his body up against hers. His hands start near her shoulders. It is awkward through the sheet. The constant crinkling of plastic reminds us it is there. They don't find it worth commenting on though.

He tries to nuzzle his head into her neck to kiss her. The sheet gets in the way. He tries anyways.

He works his hands down her body, paying particular attention to the breasts. He becomes less timid as he goes. She moves slightly into his motions but the sheet prevents her from actively participating very well.

He tries to kiss her body but the sheet again makes it awkward.

He reaches down to touch her. It feels nice. She removes her underwear. He removes his.

Their bodies pressed together.

She bends slightly. The CRINKLE OF PLASTIC as they rather awkwardly position the plastic sheet between her thighs (O.S.). The sheet is taught so there's not much give. Again, this is all normal though.

The sex is awkward. The man has to sort of hunch down to get a good angle. He doesn't have a good way to steady his thrusting motions. She tries moving with him but it's difficult so she ends up being mostly passive.

CLOSEUP — The woman's face through the plastic. Eyes closed. Looking to the side. Trying to enjoy it but it's not really working.

The PLASTIC CRINKLES as the man (O.S.) tries thrusting somewhere below. Little grunting sounds too. This goes on for a while. Too long. It's not sexy.

The thrusting stops.

MAN  
(breathlessly)  
Sorry... sorry... give me a  
second.

WOMAN  
You're good.

Pause.

MAN  
Here...

The man repositions himself slightly.

WOMAN  
Should I...?

MAN  
No, it's just...

The man shifts to a different position and starts thrusting again.

MAN  
Good?

WOMAN  
Yes.

More thrusting.

MAN  
(breathing hard)  
You ok?

WOMAN  
Yes.

He stops thrusting again.

MAN  
(breathlessly)  
Uh, sorry.

WOMAN  
It's ok. Take your time.



MAN  
I don't know what's...

Slight pause.

MAN (CONT'D)  
(hopeful)  
Getting close?

WOMAN  
Hmm. Sort of?

MAN  
Um. Ok. Just, uh, give me a  
second.

WOMAN  
We can take a break?

MAN  
(embarrassed)  
Yeah, ok, maybe that'd be good.

The man and woman separate. They don't look at each other.

The man puts on his underwear again. He no longer has an  
erection. He sits down on the floor.

The woman slowly walks back to her bed. RUSTLE as she puts on  
underwear and a t-shirt. (O.S.)

The man studies the floor.

MAN  
Sorry it's usually not like this.

No reply. Silence is worse than anything she could have said.

Long pause.

(O.S.) ZIP sound.

The man looks up. What was that?

HIS POV – Her blurry shape at the bed, standing back to us.

Another ZIP sound.

She is fumbling with the suitcase.

MAN  
Everything alright there?

No reply.

The woman opens the suitcase and stares down into it. We cannot see its contents.

MAN

Maybe we could try a different position?

The woman turns her head slightly at his words. She looks back into the suitcase.

TOP DOWN VIEW OF SUITCASE — The suitcase contains neatly folded blankets, a change of clothing, and some personal care items like a hair brush. All worn and drab looking.

The woman carefully takes out the folded blankets and places them neatly next to the suitcase.

WOMAN

Hmm, I was just thinking... You wouldn't happen to be up for something a little... different?

TOP DOWN VIEW OF SUITCASE — The woman removes the last item to reveal the bottom of the suitcase. She fumbles with something at its edge. A metallic CLICK.

MAN

Eh, different?

LOOKING UP AT WOMAN — She folds open another flap from the suitcase. A HIDDEN COMPARTMENT!

She smiles slightly as she looks down at its unknown contents.

WOMAN

Well, something a little more... interesting.

The woman reaches down into the suitcase to run her hand along something. We still don't know what.

The man cranes his neck to try to see.

MAN

What *kind* of interesting?

We finally see into the hidden compartment. It contains a pair of silver tailors scissors, a single gray nail, and a small set of silver metal strips. They are neatly fastened into place with velcro. Like some weird medical tool kit.

The woman delicately runs her hand across her precious collection.

The man sits up a bit more but still can't see.

WOMAN  
Well, nothing crazy.

She reaches down to unfasten the scissors. The sound of velcro.

The woman walks back to the divider holding the scissors up near her chest.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
You know? Maybe a little edge  
play, that sort of thing...

She examines the scissors more closely.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
If you're up for it that is?

The man sits up more and looks at her.

MAN  
Oh, um, sure. Whatever...

He has no idea what she's talking about.

She is captivated by the scissors glinting in the light.

WOMAN  
I know we're not supposed to  
but...

She opens the scissors and runs her finger along the blade.

The man studies her intently.

MAN  
Umm, yeah... A real beauty.

The woman smiles to herself.

She takes the point of the scissors and gently runs it along her forearm.

CLOSEUP — The point presses slightly into her flesh.

CLOSEUP — Her face. A small taste of ecstasy.

Even after the point is no longer touching her, she savors the feeling a moment longer.

Then she returns.

WOMAN  
You ever try it?

She cavalierly moves the scissors towards him. They come dangerously close to the divider.

The man flinches. He couldn't suppress it. Hope she didn't see.

She saw. She pretends she didn't though. She closes the scissors and moves them back a little from the sheet. All like it was her idea though.

WOMAN  
(more gently than before)  
Here, come over.

The woman places her left hand against the sheet.

The man awkwardly stands up. He looks at her hand. Then approaches. He cautiously puts his right hand against hers.

WOMAN  
It's ok. They won't bite.

She takes the closed scissors and slowly runs the tip down her arm towards her hand. It's pleasurable but not nearly as strong as before.

WOMAN  
(looking down at scissors)  
I've just always loved it. The feeling. Against my skin. In my hand. Knowing that all it takes is one slip and...

The woman makes a sudden stabbing motion towards the sheet a foot to the right of the man's face but pulls back at the last moment.

The man stumbles backwards and almost falls.

He desperately scans for the tear.

There isn't one. Then he see her smiling.

MAN  
(annoyed)  
That wasn't funny.

WOMAN  
(not sorry)  
Sorry.

Her smile slightly fades to regret but it was pretty funny seeing him flinch like that.

The man is midway between his bed and the divider. He looks back at his clothing on the bed. Should he leave?

Long pause.

WOMAN  
So, you want to?

MAN  
I, I don't know.

WOMAN  
It'll be fun. Promise.

MAN  
Hmm. Well maybe a little. But no  
messing around, ok?

WOMAN  
(slightly mischievously)  
Uh-huh.

The man cautiously steps up to the sheet again.

MAN  
So...? How does this work?

WOMAN  
Depends. You want me to start?

She points the closed scissors at him.

The man is clearly still nervous around them.

WOMAN  
(seeing his concern)  
Promise I'll be gentle.

MAN  
Um, maybe a little later?

WOMAN  
Ok.

MAN  
I'm just not sure about...

WOMAN  
It's ok.

Pause.

WOMAN  
You could watch me?

MAN  
Hmm. Eh, I don't know.

WOMAN  
I'd like it.

MAN  
Uh...

WOMAN  
We could take it slow, find what  
you're into?

MAN  
Yeah, I'm just not sure...

WOMAN  
(disappointed)  
Ok.

MAN  
Sorry.

Pause.

WOMAN  
(perking up)  
You got anything on your side?

MAN  
Any what?

WOMAN  
You know, anything... fun.

She holds up the scissors.

MAN  
Me? No... They don't let that sort  
of thing in here.

WOMAN  
(smiling)  
That just takes a little  
creativity.

The man nervously smiles back. She's growing on him.

MAN  
Let me see.

HER POV — He searches the room. There aren't many places to  
look. His clothing. Around the bed. Nothing. He's getting more  
hasty.

WOMAN  
(concerned)  
It's ok...

MAN  
Hold on. Hold on. Gotta be  
something here.

He doesn't want to disappoint her again.

He goes to the nightstand. He moves the lamp aside. CLUNK as he opens its drawer.

MAN  
Ah ha!

The man turns around and returns holding the unknown prize at his side.

MAN  
(triumphantly)  
How's this?

He holds something up to her. A basic black ballpoint pen with the cap on.

She studies it, doubtful.

WOMAN  
That'll do, I guess.

He looks down at the pen. Damn. He thought she would be more excited.

Beat.

He looks up at her.

MAN  
Should I?

WOMAN  
Yeah, break it open.

The man takes a small step backwards as he takes the cap off. He holds it like it may have a mind of its own.

CLOSE UP OF THE TIP

HER POV — The man stares down at the pen. Why isn't he doing anything?

WOMAN  
Well, go on.

MAN  
You mean...?

WOMAN  
Yeah! Bring it over.

She presses her hand against the sheet.

The man steps forward and slowly and shakily pushes the tip of the pen towards her hand.

CLOSE UP — The tip of the pen slowly approaches the plastic sheet until it is just about to make contact.

It connects. He withdraws like he's just been burnt.

WOMAN  
(friendly laughter)  
Takes a lot more than a pen to  
break these. Here...

She places her hand again and looks at him.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
I'll let you know. Trust me.

Again the man slowly pushes the pen forward.

CLOSEUP — It connects to her palm and this time stays. He traces a small wavering circle.

The camera drifts up to her face. She's still looking down. We are at her eye level for a moment before she looks up to us and smiles.

The man traces out more designs on her palm, each one a little bit faster. He's becoming more confident.

WOMAN  
See, not so bad.

MAN  
Yeah, not so bad.  
(beat)  
Not sure I really get it though.

WOMAN  
Which part?

MAN  
I don't know. What do you like  
about it?

Pause.

WOMAN  
Do you remember what it was like?  
You know, before?



MAN

Hmm yeah, I guess so? Why?

WOMAN

The excitement, the trust, the vulnerability...

Pause.

WOMAN

Here.

She removes her shirt and shifts her body against the plastic.

CLOSEUP — The pen starts near her neck and slowly runs up to her lips, then back down her neck and shoulders, over her breasts, before slowly and hesitantly working its way to trace around one of her nipples. As it goes, her breathing slowly becomes more shallow and rapid.

As the man traces her areola, she flinches. It tickled.

He quickly withdraws.

WOMAN

(softly)

No, keep going.

CLOSEUP — The pen again traces down towards her breasts. Around one nipple, then working over to the other breast and around the other one. Leisurely.

MAN

Good?

WOMAN

Yes...

Her breathing is growing deeper.

CLOSEUP — The pen starts working lower, over her stomach, lingering at the navel, then continuing down. A long, circuitous route.

The camera stops around the navel. We slowly pan back up her body to her face.

She breathes quickly. Still holding herself back though. Like she doesn't want to let herself go.

LONG SHOT — Her face. Looking to the side. Eyes closed. Head lulling slightly.

The sensation is growing stronger, becoming overpowering, and yet she still contains herself. Mostly at least. The sound of her breathing mixed with very slight sounds of pleasure. It's like she's fighting to suppress them.

BLACK.

Her breathing continues for a little while before slowly fading out.

INT. ROOM.

The man and woman lay on the floor facing each other through the sheet. It's awkward but they don't mind. They are too focused on each other. There's nowhere else they'd rather be right now.

MAN

You mean...?

He gently strokes the air with the pen. It is pretty silly looking so they can't help but laugh.

WOMAN

(laughing)

Hmm yeah. Or maybe a little more, you know...?

MAN

Ahh, so...

He moves the pen through the air in a zigzag pattern. The woman is amused.

MAN

Or...

The man sits up and makes thrusting motions with the pen. They both crack up again.

She sits up too.

WOMAN

Well maybe not quite that!

MAN

(jokingly)

As you wish, my lady.

Pause.

WOMAN

You want to try?

The man jumps to his feet.

MAN  
(theatrically)  
But my lady! Will you not let your  
brave knight fight for you once  
again?

She sits crosslegged and looks up at him, amused. He's lame but she doesn't care.

The man takes the pen in one hand and holds it like a sword. He fences with an invisible opponent while making silly combat sounds.

The woman is amused by his performance. He's certainly become a lot more fun.

He wins his imaginary fight. He turns to her. Holding the pen at his chest, he bows.

She showers him in mock applause.

MAN  
Here...

The man steps towards the sheet. His foot catches. He falls forward. The woman reflectively jumps to her feet to avoid being hit. The man catches himself but...

HISS of escaping air.

The man is on a knee. He looks down at his hand. Sure enough, the pen is going through to the other side of the sheet. It really doesn't look like much. But it's enough.

OH FUCK...

He comes to. He rapidly withdraws the pen. The hiss becomes lower. Even more air is escaping now.

HIS POV — The woman stares down at the puncture. Too terrified to move. Finally, she looks up at us.

The man dives towards the puncture. He clumsily tries to plug it with his hands.

MAN  
(stammering)  
Oh god, oh god, sorry, sorry.  
Shit. Sorry.

The woman remains frozen.

HER POV — The man crouches on the floor and pathetically tries to plug the hole. He mutters to himself. We know it's hopeless.

WOMAN  
(quiet)  
It's...

She's on the verge of tears.

MAN  
(more to himself than to her)  
... only a tiny little tear, I got  
it, no problem, almost got it!  
almost got it!!!

WOMAN  
(quiet, to herself)  
It's too late.

Beat.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
(quiet, to man)  
It's too late...

MAN  
No! I've got it. Just a tiny  
little tear. Sorry about this.  
Don't worry. Don't worry...

WOMAN  
(voice slowly rising to angry  
exasperation)  
No.  
(beat)  
It's too late. It's too late. Stop  
it. Stop it! STOP IT! IT'S TOO  
FUCKING LATE!!!

The man stops and looks up at her. She looks at him for a moment then crumples to the floor. She hides her face with an arm.

The man stares at her crumpled form. He looks back at the puncture. He still can't process it.

CLOSEUP — The puncture. HISS.

The man stares at it a little longer. Then he retreats back to his bed.

The man sits down on the bed with a CREAK. Legs apart, elbows on knees, looking down at floor.

The man notices that he is still holding the pen.

HIS POV – Looking down at the pen in his hand.

LONG SHOT of room, divider running down middle. Man on the right, woman on the left.

The HISSING CONTINUES.

WOMAN  
(muffled and shaky)  
It wasn't supposed to be like  
this.  
(beat)  
Not today. Not in this room, Not  
with a fucking pen, not with a  
fucking...

The woman glares at the man. She's been crying.

The man keeps looking down. He can't face her.

Her anger softens a little when she sees this. She goes back to looking at the floor.

They both sit in silence for a long time. What is there to say?

Finally.

MAN  
So... How, uh, how long do we  
have?

WOMAN  
(flatly)  
Hour, maybe.

MAN  
And there's nothing...?

WOMAN  
(flatly)  
Nothing.

They don't look at each other while talking.

Pause.

A big METALLIC CLUNK and a heavy locking sound from outside the room. The man looks up. What was that?

WOMAN  
(resigned)  
Right on schedule.

MAN

What?

WOMAN

They've sealed the block.

The man stares back in disbelief

MAN

What?

(beat)

No. No! Not while we're still in here. They, they can't do that!!!

The man springs up and tries the door. It doesn't budge. He pounds on it. Harder and harder. All his fury only produces EMPTY METALLIC BANGS.

He wears himself out. The pounding lets up. He slumps with his forehead pressed up against the door.

LONG SIDE SHOT of the room, divider down the middle. Man standing over by the door on the right.

WOMAN

(ironically)

It doesn't hurt.

MAN

(monotone and muffled)

What was that?

He talks with his forehead still pressed against the door.

WOMAN

(slightly louder)

I said, it doesn't hurt.

The man angrily pushes off the door.

MAN

Oh well that's certainly comforting.

He goes back to sitting on the bed looking at the floor.

LONG SIDE SHOT of room.

The woman glances back at the clock.

WOMAN

50 minutes.

The man looks up at her. We can tell he's been crying but he doesn't want it to show.

MAN

And you're just gonna sit there?

WOMAN

Well! You got a better idea!  
You're the one who got us here  
after all! Maybe you could poke  
some more holes!

They glare at each other then look away, kind of embarrassed at themselves.

The woman studies the floor.

HER POV — Her gaze drifts across the floor onto... THE  
SCISSORS! An idea...

The woman stands up.

HER POV — The man is still looking at the floor.

She stoops down and grabs the scissors. She walks over to the divider. She opens the scissors fully and looks down at them.

Finally the man notices her standing there.

MAN

What are... ?

FROM HIS SIDE — The woman makes a VIOLENT BODY-LENGTH VERTICAL  
GASH IN THE SHEET. The hissing stops.

In a determined, almost robotic motion, she steps through and  
strides over to stand about two feet from the man.

HIS POV — Looking up at her. She suppresses her emotion but her  
heart is racing.

HER POV — Looking down at man. Now he's the one frozen in  
disbelief.

Long pause.

She hesitantly reaches down towards his face. When she first  
touches his cheek, she draws her hand back an inch or so. He  
flinches slightly too. The mans eyes look at her hand hovering  
a few inches from where she touched him. He's still in shock.

She tries again. She very softly caresses his cheek. She tilts  
his face up slightly to look at her. She guides him to stand  
up.

They stand there, clearly seeing each other for the first time.

HIS POV — Her face. Imperfect yet so beautiful. She looks directly at us.

The man reaches to touch her face. He also recoils slightly at the touch before running his hand along her cheek. He brushes her hair back gently. She smiles as he does this.

The woman gently takes his hand and guides it along her body. Over her face, neck, shoulder... She places his hand on her breast and holds her hand over it. They lock eyes.

Still locking eyes with her, the man gingerly places his other hand on her other breast. She places her other hand over his.

Pause.

She takes her right hand and gently runs it along his body.

CLOSEUP — Face, chin neck, shoulders, chest, then downwards towards his navel...

She reaches up behind his head and slowly draws him to her. They kiss awkwardly, like it's their first time. They embrace. Tentatively. Then more passionately. The kissing becomes more passionate too.

The man kisses her neck. He pulls her towards him. He kisses her shoulders, the top of her breasts...

She feels his arms. His shoulders. She reaches down to grab his butt.

The woman reaches down on her body. (O.S.) A slight elastic SNAP as she undoes her underwear. The man also undoes his.

She reaches down to grab his penis and maneuvers it inside her (O.S). The sensation is pleasurable but also unfamiliar.

They continue their embrace as passion overtakes them. The man's butt tighten and relaxes as he moves inside her. The thrusting is very subtle. More like their bodies are becoming one than a pornographic sex scene.

BLUR.

**INT. ROOM.**

FADE FROM BLUR:

The man and the woman lie spooning on his bed. They are very comfortable.

Something has started to slightly disturb the man.



MAN  
(in her ear)  
Are you feeling a little cold too?

WOMAN  
Hmm. A little.

MAN  
Let me see if I can find  
something.

The man tries to sit up but it is more of a struggle than he expected. He is not coordinated. His muscles are starting to fail.

The woman notices his fumbling.

WOMAN  
You ok?

MAN  
I can't feel my hands.

The woman partially sits up.

The man looks down at his hands.

WOMAN  
What did you say?

MAN  
I can't... I can't feel my hands.

The woman knows this is a sign that they don't have long.

WOMAN  
It's ok. I'm fine. Really. Here...

She lays back down in her previous position and gently tries to pull him back down too. He resists.

MAN  
(still down looking at his  
hands)  
Oh god, it's really happening  
isn't it?

WOMAN  
Shh. It's ok. It'll be ok. They  
say it's like falling a sleep.

MAN  
Yeah and how can they know that!

The woman tries to softly caress him. It doesn't work.

MAN

It's just not fair. It's just not fair.

The woman sits up again behind him. She adjusts herself so she is leaning against the wall.

WOMAN

Here...

The woman gently places a hand on the man's shoulder and lays him down so that his head rests on her lap.

She starts to gently run her fingers through his hair. They sit like that in silence for a while.

Time passes.

MAN

Are you still there?

His voice is weak.

WOMAN

Yes.

Her's too.

MAN

Where? I can't...

WOMAN

I'm here.

MAN

I can't...

(beat)

It's all my fault. I'm sorry.

I'm ...

WOMAN

Shhh. It's ok.

MAN

No. If I hadn't... if I hadn't tripped, if I weren't such a...

WOMAN

Yes and if it weren't for you, we wouldn't be here.

MAN

That's just it!

WOMAN

But I can't remember the last time  
I felt so... so... happy. All  
these years, never touching, never  
feeling.

(beat)

I'm glad we're here. I'm glad I'm  
with you.

MAN

You mean that?

WOMAN

I do... I do...

The woman gazes out into space.

Long pause.

The man lies still, eyes closed. He can just barely open his  
mouth for some last words.

MAN

(very faintly)

Me too... Me too...

She continues staring out space. Peaceful. Her hand moves  
slower and slower through his hair.

Life slowly fades from her body. Her breathing, already  
shallow, slows. Blinking slows. Her eyes stop moving. They  
become glassy.

FADE TO WHITE