

Onegai.

NARRATOR: "In the beginning God created heaven, and earth. (...) and there was evening and morning one day. (...) And God made a firmament (...) called the firmament, Heaven; and the evening and morning were the second day. (...) God called the dry land, Earth; and the gathering together of the waves, he called Seas (...). And the evening and the morning were the third day. (...) And God made two great lights: a greater light to rule the day; and a lesser light to rule the night: and the Stars. (...) And the evening and the morning where the fourth day. (...) And God (...) created (...). And he blessed them, saying: Increase and multiply, and fill the waters of the sea: and let the birds be multiplied upon the earth. And the evening and morning were the fifth day. (...) And God made the beasts of the earth according to their kinds (...) he said: Let us make man to our image and likeness (...) And God saw all the things that he had made, and they were very good. And the evening and morning were the sixth day."

ACT I

Scene I/DAY I

*(Current times. Unknown city. There is an impaired old man in his 70s on one side of an avenue's sidewalk.)*

OLD MAN: I'm getting a little bit long in the tooth to get back here every day.

OLD MAN: *(looks to the wristwatch)* I used to take 20 minutes to arrive from home, now it has passed an hour. But I need this. I need to keep going.

OLD MAN: I require help now to cross over the street. Let me ask someone.

*(The old man approaches to a group of 3 young triplets.)*

OLD MAN: Hey, children, may you.... Oh, you look so young, how old a...

TRIPLET 1: Oh, it's the old man that ate her wife at breakfast!

OLD MAN: Wait a second, what?

TRIPLET 2: No way! The one from the story Papa told us last night?

TRIPLET 3: Unbelievable! Soooooo creepy. May I ask you an autograph?

OLD MAN: Oh God, please help me in this hour of need...

TRIPLET 2: Shhhh, Papa does not let us talk to strangers. He could devour us for dinner.

TRIPLET 1: Eow, that sounds disgusting.

TRIPLET 3: Soooooo cool. Let me be the first one, onegai!

OLD MAN: Can you stop pretending to ignore me?

TRIPLET 2: We cannot talk to strangers, sir. It's not our fault. It's Papa's.

OLD MAN: But I'm not a stranger, after all, I was introduced to you last night, if I remember correctly...

TRIPLET 3: Soooooo genius, my ultimate idol!

OLD MAN: You are so young, it's dangerous to go around alone today when you are such a child like you. It's been a long time since I was your age, probably five years old, when I passed by here every day, it was still a narrow street, to go to school. But those were other times, there weren't many cars, and the streets were less dangerous.

TRIPLET 1: Papa had to work, so we're going to school all by ourselves.

TRIPLET 2: Don't underestimate the power of the triplets!

TRIPLET 3: Although I'm the coolest one, don't tell them about this, ok?

OLD MAN: I wanted some help to cross the street but you're in a hurry, I'll try to catch someone else...

TRIPLET 2: That's true, we must not talk to strangers anyway.

OLD MAN: Oh God, I forgot to bring a flower! What am I gonna do?

TRIPLET 3: *(takes a crumpled-cold flower from his coat pocket)* Take it, please kind sir! I picked it on the way till here for my girlfriend, but it's ok.

OLD MAN: Thank you! Are you sure about this?

TRIPLET: Soooooo sure. Chicks... There are plenty. But you sir – the coolest serial killer still alive – I am your greatest fan!

OLD MAN: I do not know what to say about this, I'll just quit. Please, take care!

*(The old man approaches a lady passing by.)*

OLD MAN: Good morning, lass!

LASS: ...

OLD MAN: Hmm, could you stand a hand to help an old man? I need to go to the other side...

LASS: ...

OLD MAN: Oh, you don't speak English... También puedo hablar un poco de español.

LASS: ...

OLD MAN: Hmm... Ok...

*(The old man approaches a young man.)*

OLD MAN: Hi, boy, I'm an old man that can hardly walk and I needed to cross the street, could you please help me? Onegai.

POLICEMAN: Oh, so now you complain! But last time I checked you were yelling to leave you alone, that your legs could run a marathon.

OLD MAN: Excuse me, do I know you?

POLICEMAN: The uniform makes all the difference, don't you think? I'm the policeman that visited you last week.

OLD MAN: Oh. How lucky I am.

POLICEMAN: Please, sir, you should really think about what I said.

OLD MAN: May I kindly ask what was it? My schedule's being so stirring lately...

POLICEMAN: Let me move you to a senior center. Onegai.

OLD MAN: I already said no.

POLICEMAN: Onegai.

OLD MAN: No. I can't even afford it.

POLICEMAN: Your family will help. I'm sure of it.

OLD MAN: There is no one left. The only person I had is gone a long time ago.

POLICEMAN: Oh, I'm sorry. But we'll find a way.

OLD MAN: No.

POLICEMAN: Onegai.

OLD MAN: No!

POLICEMAN: You know I won't give up so easily, sir. You live in an apartment on the last floor. It's alarming for you to use them in your condition.

OLD MAN: I have the lift.

POLICEMAN: C'mon, stop sa...

OLD MAN: Leave me alone, now! I won't ever quit my home! Never! There until I die! It's the only thing left. The only thing left that remembers me of her.

OLD MAN: LEAVE ME ALONE! I SAID LEAVE ME ALONE! LEAVE ME ALONE OR I'LL CALL THE POLICE!

POLICEMAN: I am the police.

OLD MAN: LEAVE ME ALONE NOW!

*(The old man approaches an old lady.)*

OLD LADY: Such a wonderful good-looking gentleman...

OLD MAN: I'm sorry but, do I know you?

OLD LADY: No, but you could...

OLD MAN: It might be some kind of mistake.

OLD LADY: It's been a while since I don't touch man's flesh. And my body lacks on masculine chair too!

OLD MAN: My heart is already taken. Excuse me.

OLD LADY: Who cares about that? I just wanna take on a ride!

OLD MAN: It all started with a woman. It all will end with a woman. Have a good day.

*(The man approaches a boy in his late teens.)*

TEEN: What do you want, dumbass?

OLD MAN: Hey, kid, show some respect. I could be your grandfather.

TEEN: You could. That's right. Although you're not. I have no family since my first memory.

OLD MAN: My sympathies. I have no family too. I did not have time to make one of my own. No one will ever call me Papa. It's all my fault. All my fault!

TEEN: I don't look like a psychologist, big ball. Get the fuck outta here.

OLD MAN: Language, child!

*(The old man approaches a mysterious man using a hood.)*

*(If the old man does not have a flower.)*

OLD MAN: I have the feeling that I should check on someone else first.

*(If the old man has the flower.)*

OLD MAN: Please. Onegai. Listen to me. I should go to the other side. Help me.

MAN: How much?

OLD MAN: How much what?

MAN: Bucks.

OLD MAN: Wait a second, so... It means I need to give you money so you could succour me?

MAN: Bucks control everything.

OLD MAN: Sorry but I did not bring my wallet.

MAN: No pain, no gain.

OLD MAN: Okay... Take it. It's all I have right now.

*(The man starts running away.)*

OLD MAN: Hey, where are you going? Come back! Please! Come back... I need to see her again... Come back. Onegai.

*(Suddenly, another old man hears the yelling and comes close to him.)*

???: Sir, are you feeling alright? Should I call 911?

OLD MAN: Oh, my apologies for making you worry about me. I'm fine, or I'll be, at least. I just wanted to get to the other side... My legs... They're making me shiver. I'm no longer the man that I used to be.

???: No one is the same as they used to be. People change. And that's okay. Don't think about it as a negative thing. It's just, you know... Life in its essence.

OLD MAN: I'm not living for so long... I'm just surviving.

???: Aren't we all?

*(The man who had arrived realizes that the old man is not paying attention to their conversation. He is fixedly looking towards a traffic signal, in the middle of the avenue where they are.)*

???: Oh, I talk too much! You know, retirement is turning me into a useless haughty old man! I never imagined I would be like this...

OLD MAN: As you said. People change.

???: Oh, right, right! I almost forgot. Let's keep going then?

OLD MAN: Yes, please. My legs are tired.

*(Both men start traversing.)*

???: So, what brings you here today?

OLD MAN: ...

*(There is a small pavement at the center, around the traffic signal. The unknown individual pulls the old man by the arm, helping him cross faster. As they prepare to pass through the second route, the old man continually pulls his arm back until the other releases him.)*

OLD MAN: Wait, sir! I wish to accomplish something else first.

*(The old man takes the flower out of his pocket and then tries to place it near the signal.)*

OLD MAN: Oh God, my legs! I might not be able to bend down ever again.

???: No worries, sir. Let me do it for you!

*(The other old man places the moribund flower.)*

???: Poor thing, it's almost dead!

OLD MAN: It could be worse – it could have died a long time ago. Because of me and my recklessness.

???: Even so, this is such a beautiful lily! One day I heard that they symbolize lust.

OLD MAN: The lust of being by her side. I'm almost there, honey. It's getting closer and closer.

???: Where did you find it?

OLD MAN: A kid gave it to me earlier. Such an energetic lively boy, with all his life beyond him! I wish him the best of luck. The luck that I never had.

FLOURIST: Flowers, my passion all my life! I used to have a flower shop nearby. I gave it to my son. It's a lot of responsibility for someone my age.

OLD MAN: How old are you?

FLOURIST: 80.

OLD MAN: You seemed younger than me. I guess life wasn't wicked for you.

FLOURIST: Such a compliment!

*(A bell starts ringing. 4 times in total.)*

OLD MAN: It's time.

FLOURIST: Oh, time flies! I also need to go. Let me help you cross the rest.

*(The flourist helps the old man reach the other side of the avenue.)*

OLD MAN: Thank you. How much is it?

FLOURIST: Kidding at this time of the day? I prefer other kind of playtesting...

OLD MAN: I did not ask anything.

FLOURIST: It was such a pleasure to meet you! I usually have a coffee before 4 pm at the cafeteria. If you ever need my help again, just stop by. Oh, and if you need a flower, go to my puppy's flower shop, I'll let you know it's for an old friend.

OLD MAN: Thank you for your kindness. It felt so good to chat with someone.

FLOURIST: Oh, so silly of me, my apologies, I did not even ask you for who was the flower that you deposited earlier.

OLD MAN: Just an old friend.

FLOURIST: Oh, I see! Well, see you... Tomorrow, maybe?

OLD MAN: Yes, I came by every day at the same hours.

FLOURIST: Why?

OLD MAN: She deserves it for what she could not do. And I deserve it for what I've done.

Scene II/DAY II

*(Next day. Same time. Same place.)*

OLD MAN: Good afternoon, my lady.

*(The old lady from day I hears and replies.)*

OLD LADY: My lady? Oh, so this is what they call character development...

OLD MAN: Pardon me, I was not talking to you.

OLD LADY: But you could! So, who are you talking to?

OLD MAN: Her.

OLD LADY: I see no one besides me. Well, I'm using these glasses for so long...

OLD MAN: She is always here.

OLD LADY: Where?

OLD MAN: With me. Even when I tried to escape.

*(No one is around.)*

OLD MAN: Something's odd. There is no one. I'm gonna ask for help to the man from yesterday.

*(The old man enters the coffee shop but again, no one is there. He then asks for him to the servant.)*

OLD MAN: Hmm, hello, young man. There is an old man, you know, that comes here every day, about this time.

SERVANT: Not anymore.

OLD MAN: May I kindly ask you what does that mean?

SERVANT: He died.

SERVANT: During his sleep.

SERVANT: I'm sorry for bringing such tragic news.

OLD MAN: He has been such a lucky man, even in dying times.

OLD MAN: Only God knows that I wished you the same fate. You did not deserve it. You did not deserve me. I failed. Completely.

*(The old man comes back outside.)*

OLD MAN: That can't be true. We were probably not talking about the same guy. There might be tens of olden people that pass by here, every day.

OLD MAN: I need to look for his son.

*(The old man reaches the flower shop's entrance.)*

OLD MAN: There's a message on the storefront.

OLD MAN: "Because of familiar circumstances, the store will be closed today. We apologize for the inconvenience. The management".

OLD MAN: Shift. Shift. Shift. Shift. Shift.

OLD MAN: It's not your fault.

OLD MAN: Shift. Shift. Shift. Shift. Shift.

OLD MAN: It's not your fault!

OLD MAN: This time, it is not your fault. You need to focus and think about something else. You have a task to accomplish.

OLD MAN: I'm going to wait a little bit for someone to go by.

OLD MAN: Onegai. I'm begging you.

OLD MAN: I need someone to help me.

OLD MAN: She deserves the best.

*(The old man approaches a teenager girl.)*

OLD MAN: Oh, finally someone! I was so worried. Please, could you lend me a hand to cross this street? I need to reach the traffic signal.

GIRL: I wanna die.

OLD MAN: Nothing works the way it should. I know, right?

GIRL: I wanna die.

OLD MAN: It's the title of a song that I wrote the other day.

GIRL: ...

GIRL: ...

GIRL: I wanna die.

OLD MAN: You are in your salad days, child! Why are you thinking about *that*?

GIRL: ...

GIRL: Because...

OLD MAN: Because?

GIRL: ...

GIRL: ... I wanna die.

OLD MAN: I got it already.

GIRL: I'm sorry, sir. It's just that...

GIRL: I wanna die.

OLD MAN: May you help me traverse the avenue? I promise you I will give you a special hint to make you die.

GIRL: Oh, thank you sir. You are one of a kind.

OLD MAN: My wife had the habit to tell me that.



GIRL: Where is she now?

OLD MAN: She is always here.

GIRL: Where?

OLD MAN: With me.

OLD MAN: Oh, I almost forgot again! I need a flower... I really need one! Just wait, wait for me!

GIRL: I will, tender sir. You promised me you would help me... Because...

GIRL: I wanna die.

OLD MAN: Not you!

OLD MAN: I'm so sorry, honey! I'll be back real quick!

*(The old man observes the surroundings.)*

OLD MAN: What a filthy city you have become. Not even a garden, a park for the children... All the plants, it's all gone!

OLD MAN: Where am I supposed to find a flower?

OLD MAN: I am so done.

OLD MAN: With myself.

*(The old man approaches a man in his 40s.)*

OLD MAN: Excuse me...

???: I'm in a hurry.

OLD MAN: I truly demand...

???: Not today, please.

OLD MAN: Onegai.

???: Do I look like a bank for you, beggar? I can boast of having some possessions. But I worked for it. I fought for it.

OLD MAN: What are you insinuating? I worked all my life! Watch your tongue you miserab...

???: Just take this money. I just want some peace today.

*(The man resumes his walk with an extended and accelerated step.)*

OLD MAN: I lost mine a long time ago, despite this feeling having been numb for so long and only waking up when I retired.

OLD MAN: That young girl is waiting for me. I must hurry up and find a solution before she does something. Maybe the servant from the coffee shop can clear up my mind.

*(The old man reenters the coffee shop.)*

SERVANT: Are you lost, sir? You already came here. Do you have some sort of Alzheimer?

OLD MAN: I'm just a depressed man.

SERVANT: Should I call someone?

OLD MAN: No! Just listen to me. Where can I buy flowers?

SERVANT: The flower shop is closed. His father died, as I previously told you.

OLD MAN: I know. I walked past the store.

SERVANT: There are no other flower shops nearby.

OLD MAN: There should be a way out!

SERVANT: Does it need to be a flower, in literal terms?

OLD MAN: What do you mean?

SERVANT: There. The cigarette machine, in front of the WC's. It also has lighters. *Hippie* ones.

OLD MAN: I don't get it.

SERVANT: Those lighters are adorned in flower motifs.

OLD MAN: Oh, I see. What a good idea. I appreciate it.

SERVANT: I can borrow you some money.

*(If the old man talked to the man in his 40s.)*

OLD MAN: Don't worry. A man passing by already gave me some.

*(If the old man did not talk to the man.)*

OLD MAN: Onegai. I don't have much time left. A girl is waiting for me to cross the street. And it's almost 4 o'clock. She is waiting for me too.

SERVANT: This should be enough.

OLD MAN: Thank you. Tomorrow, I'll come back and return it.

SERVANT: No rush.

*(The old man quits the coffee shop.)*

OLD MAN: I'm coming, girl!

*(The old man reaches the suicidal teen.)*

OLD MAN: Thank you for waiting for so long. Let's go, before it's too late.

GIRL: It is not too late for me to die. Because...

GIRL: ...

GIRL: I just wanna die.

*(Both start crossing the first traffic lane.)*

OLD MAN: Wait, it's here. Bring me next to the traffic signal. Onegai.

GIRL: Anything for you, sir... But please, answer my prayers.

GIRL: Tell me how.

GIRL: How could I attain it.

*(The girl starts crying.)*

OLD MAN: Oh, my dear, cease your tears...

GIRL: I can't. I feel so weak.

OLD MAN: Everyone feels low at some point of their lives.

GIRL: I can't take it anymore!

OLD MAN: Dear, you must be hydrated! *(sings)* No woman, no cry!

*(The girl laughs a little bit for the first time.)*

GIRL: I am so sorry. You must think that I'm such a snowflake, so young and I already want to take off my life! It's just that... I feel so...

OLD MAN: ... Alone. I know.

GIRL: Is it even gonna stop?

GIRL: There is no hope for me.

OLD MAN: You're only a tiny come into bloom. The storm will pass for you. You have plenty of time left.

GIRL: But, but...

GIRL: I wanna die!

GIRL: This burning inside my throat and my chest...

GIRL: This dizziness that makes me wanna puke all the time but the evil never quits my body!

*(The girl stares at the old man, waiting for an answer.)*

GIRL: Help me!

OLD MAN: I am here for you, lass.

OLD MAN: I understand your pain. The same's happening to me as well.

GIRL: So why are you still living?

OLD MAN: I'm not. Trust me. I'm just pretending to be.

GIRL: So why-

OLD MAN: *(interrupts)* as everyone else does.

*(The girl remains silent for a moment.)*

GIRL: Let's finish the road. I really need to know your answer.

GIRL: How might I die.

GIRL: Peacefully.

GIRL: Suffering is for the living... Not for a dying breath.

OLD MAN: That reminded me of those romantic films that are shown on television these days... Awful! You should try watching one of them.

OLD MAN: You're gonna puke instantly! Ahahahahahah!

GIRL: You're making fun of me. Just like the others.

GIRL: I should have predicted this.

GIRL: You're such as everyone else.

OLD MAN: Your smile.

GIRL: My what?

OLD MAN: Your smile. I wanted to make you smile once more before I leave.

*(Both realise they are on the other side of the avenue.)*

OLD MAN: Thank you for waiting for me.

GIRL: Onegai.

OLD MAN: You know Japanese too?

GIRL: Just give me already!

OLD MAN: Oh, I almost forgot.

OLD MAN: If you wanna die...

OLD MAN: ...

OLD MAN: Just live.

OLD MAN: Everyone will die. Eventually.

GIRL: But I am done about living!

OLD MAN: Sometimes, when we suppose that our life's worthless, helping the ones around you can greater the meanings of life.

GIRL: What do you mean?

OLD MAN: Reach out to those around you.

GIRL: Thank you for reaching to me today.

OLD MAN: No. You were the one that helped me.

GIRL: It felt great to get this off my chest, for once! I feel so relieved!

OLD MAN: Glad to hear it. Now, take care of yourself.

GIRL: I will. Oh my God, sorry, I'm late for my Japanese classes!

GIRL: Jaa, mata ne!

OLD MAN: Doozo yoroshiku onegaishimasu. It was undoubtedly nice to meet you.

OLD MAN: And remember. You are never alone.

*(The girl goes away.)*

OLD MAN: She could be my daughter. She resembles you. A lot.

*(The background changes to black and white.)*

*(A boy and a girl meet each other in class. There is a brown table in the middle of the screen, the only coloured object. Their names are censored.)*

TEACHER: Introduce yourselves to your respective tablemates. They'll be the same throughout this school year.

BOY: Ohayoo!

BOY: Watashi wa \*\*\*\*\* desu.

GIRL: Watashi wa \*\*\*\*\* desu.

GIRL: Doozo yoroshiku onegaishimasu!

BOY: Nice to meet you too! Look, I picked this flower for you.

GIRL: Oh!

GIRL: How did you know I was going to be next to you?

BOY: I asked permission to sensei.

GIRL: Clever.

BOY: I know.

GIRL: I love.

BOY: Me? I know.

GIRL: The flower, you silly! Ahahahahah!

BOY: Oh, my bad!

BOY: Watashi wa baka desu.

GIRL: I will keep it with me.

GIRL: Forever.

BOY: You don't need to.

BOY: I will offer you flowers, every day, from now on.

BOY: Forever.

BOY: And you don't need to beg for them.

*(The bell rings four times.)*

TEACHER: See you tomorrow class!

GIRL: Jaa, mata ne!

BOY: See you soon!

BOY: Oh, my dear Lord, don't make her go away from my life. Never again. Onegai.

DAY III

*(Next day. Again, the same time and same place.)*

OLD MAN: Another day reached out the surface.

OLD MAN: Even though my life's being frozen since four years ago.

OLD MAN: I'm terribly sorry, my love.

OLD MAN: For trying to lose you.

OLD MAN: For not giving you flowers.

OLD MAN: Every.

OLD MAN: Goddamn.

OLD MAN: Day.

OLD MAN: You deserved better.

OLD MAN: I'm coming, just wait a little more! Firstly, let me pass by the flower shop. I want to give respect to him and talk to his son.

*(The old man enters the flower shop.)*

*(If the old man did not talk to the son the day before.)*

OLD MAN: Morning.

???: Morning. How may I help you today?

OLD MAN: Don't worry, son. Your family has already helped me. Now it's my turn.

OLD MAN: I'm sending my love for you...

OLD MAN: And your family.

???: Excuse me and my discourtesy, but... Do I know you?

OLD MAN: No, we have not met before.

OLD MAN: But I've met your father.

*(Common part for both choices.)*

FLOURIST's SON: Oh, I see then. Thank you for your kind words.

OLD MAN: He was a great human-being.

FLOURIST's SON: That proves you did not know him enough.

OLD MAN: He aided me yesterday. That is enough for me.

FLOURIST's SON: We did not get along that well. But...

FLOURIST's SON: He was my Papa.

FLOURIST's SON: Blood of my blood.

FLOURIST's SON: And this ardour increasing inside...

FLOURIST's SON: I can't stop thinking that I could have done better.

OLD MAN: Don't say that.

FLOURIST's SON: No, the truth blinds the unforgiven. And I hope he will forgive me.

FLOURIST's SON: It was my fault.

FLOURIST's SON: I could have made it easy on him.

FLOURIST's SON: I blamed him for Mama's death.

FLOURIST's SON: For so long.

FLOURIST's SON: He gave me the flower shop.

FLOURIST's SON: He was hoping I would take care of him, until his final days.

OLD MAN: Nothing happens as we expect.

FLOURIST's SON: Oh, the truth. It hurts. I was so obsessed with work and my own family...

FLOURIST's SON: My daughter. She's being suicidal for some time. And I don't know what to do... I hope the Japanese classes will help her.

OLD MAN: I'm sure they will. She needs to hang out and talk with others. Experiment. Try everything. She must...

OLD MAN: Live.

FLOURIST's SON: I'm afraid of losing her. Of not paying enough attention and then, she is gone. The way it happened with my father.

OLD MAN: It was not your fault.

OLD MAN: Remember this.

OLD MAN: Retain this.

FLOURIST's SON: It looks easy at first glance.

OLD MAN: But it isn't. I know it.

OLD MAN: I'm being at the right side of Sorrow himself. Almost all my life.

OLD MAN: But remember.

OLD MAN: There are things we cannot control.

FLOURIST's SON: You're lying! I could be by his side if it was not for my stubbornness! He could be here now!

FLOURIST's SON: However, he is gone. He is dead. Cold. Colourless. Emotionless.

FLOURIST's SON: In two months there will be nothing except his bones!

OLD MAN: Where did you heard about that? Some sources might be misleading...

FLOURIST's SON: Nothing.

FLOURIST's SON: Reduced to nothing.

FLOURIST's SON: We are nothing.

OLD MAN: Now you're the one lying, son. Don't be so hard on yourself.

OLD MAN: Your folk.

OLD MAN: You are someone to them.

OLD MAN: And, in the end of the day...

OLD MAN: That's what truly matters.

OLD MAN: And this truth does not hurt. It keeps you warm. It makes you fight for what is meant to come.

FLOURIST's SON: I cannot handle all this alone.

OLD MAN: Even if they are no longer with you.

OLD MAN: You are never alone.

OLD MAN: And please.

OLD MAN: Please.

OLD MAN: Onegai.

OLD MAN: Don't you dare lose hope. She needs you more than anything.

FLOURIST's SON: I'll keep trying, but I don't know if I can.

OLD MAN: You will. Fake it till you make it.

FLOURIST's SON: Thank you for listening. I really wanted it.

FLOURIST's SON: I'm terribly sorry, but I should come back to work, I have a lot to do, all by myself... Have a nice day, sir.



OLD MAN: Wait...

FLOURIST'S SON: Something's wrong?

OLD MAN: I would like to buy a flower, the most special that you have today.

FLOURIST'S SON: Oh, I should order new ones... Because of yesterday, that the shop was closed, they are all almost dying...

OLD MAN: Forget it. The act of giving it is what matters the most.

FLOURIST'S SON: And you're offering it to whom?

OLD MAN: My wife.

FLOURIST'S SON: Oh, she has such a luck in having a gentleman like you.

OLD MAN: She had. Although it is not relevant.

FLOURIST'S SON: Take this one.

OLD MAN: Thank you. How much is it?

FLOURIST'S SON: You already paid for it.

OLD MAN: Are you sure? I don't remember on taking off my wallet...

FLOURIST'S SON: You did. Goodbye, sir.

OLD MAN: Goodbye.

*(The old man quits the flower shop.)*

*(The flourist's son talks alone.)*

FLOURIST'S SON: Someone like him, that's rare these days. I'm grateful that Papa had a nice chat with him. And I needed someone with whom I could talk to, without them going away.

FLOURIST'S SON: Thank you.

FLOURIST'S SON: A lot.

*(If the old man did not talk to the son the day before.)*

OLD MAN: Morning.

???: Morning. How can I help you?

???: Oh, that's you!

???: Get out of my store!

OLD MAN: Language, child!

???: I don't have time for this!

???: I already gave you money yesterday.

*(The old man realizes the man is the one in his 40s that he met the day before.)*

OLD MAN: Oh, it's you! The man on such a hurry...

OLD MAN: You're his son, are you?

???: Did you know him?

???: Excuse me and my discourtesy, but... I am so confused right now. Who are you?

OLD MAN: I'm not a beggar.

OLD MAN: Don't worry, son. Your family has already helped me. Now it's my turn.

OLD MAN: I'm sending my love for you...

OLD MAN: And your family.

OLD MAN: I've met your father.

*(After the common part.)*

*(The old man reenters the flower shop.)*

OLD MAN: I almost forgot – take it. Just wanted to give it back.

FLOURIST'S SON: I can't accept it back.

OLD MAN: I insist.

OLD MAN: The sky is getting cloudy.

OLD MAN: I should hurry up.

OLD MAN: Wait a little more, my love! Take care if it starts raining, I don't want you to catch a cold.

*(The old man approaches to an athletic man.)*

OLD MAN: Excuse me... May you help me cross the avenue? I need to offer this flower to someone.

OLD MAN: My poor legs...

ATHLETIC MAN: No worries! C'mon, climb onto my back!

OLD MAN: That escalated quickly... I think...

OLD MAN: Hum...

OLD MAN: Can you hold me and follow along?

ATHLETIC MAN: Sure!

ATHLETIC MAN: At your service, sir!

*(Both start traversing the first road.)*

OLD MAN: Easy. You're dragging me.

ATHLETIC MAN: Oh, my apologies! Haha!

ATHLETIC MAN: This fast-pacing rhythm is so intricate in my body that I did not pay attention to you.

OLD MAN: You're welcome.

ATHLETIC MAN: Is it bad?

OLD MAN: What?

ATHLETIC MAN: What your legs have.

OLD MAN: It is called aging.

ATHLETIC MAN: Oh, so nothing concrete to worry about?

ATHLETIC MAN: I see...

ATHLETIC MAN: What do you-

*(The old man slows down the other.)*

OLD MAN: Hold on!

OLD MAN: It's here.

OLD MAN: She's here.

ATHLETIC MAN: The traffic signal is a "she"?

ATHLETIC MAN: Oh my.

OLD MAN: *(ignores)* Place the flower next to it.

ATHLETIC MAN: Is she naked?

ATHLETIC MAN: She must feel embarrassed with all this exposure.

OLD MAN: What are you talking about?

ATHLETIC MAN: Never mind.

OLD MAN: Let's keep going.

ATHLETIC MAN: At your service!

*(Both arrive to the other side.)*

OLD MAN: Thank you for the help.

OLD MAN: I very much appreciated it.

ATHLETIC MAN: Ah, that was nothing, really!

ATHLETIC MAN: You know, people think that I'm dumb because of taking care of my body...  
But what no one knows...

ATHLETIC MAN: Well, until now...

ATHLETIC MAN: (Keep it a secret, ok?)

OLD MAN: I will.

ATHLETIC MAN: I'm trying to get better while looking after my mental health.

OLD MAN: Is that so?

ATHLETIC MAN: Yeah! Physical activities are so good for the brain!

ATHLETIC MAN: I was an introvert when I was younger, you know, the fat young dude that gets bullied all the time by everyone.

ATHLETIC MAN: It felt terrible.

ATHLETIC MAN: But now... I'm healthy.

OLD MAN: So, let me go straight to the point – you changed because of them? So that you could be loved?

ATHLETIC MAN: No.

ATHLETIC MAN: I changed.

ATHLETIC MAN: I did it for myself.

ATHLETIC MAN: And you should change as well.

ATHLETIC MAN: You plunged in a state of ultimate sadness.

OLD MAN: It's too late for me to shift. I'm old now.

ATHLETIC MAN: But not confined to bed.

OLD MAN: I'm confined to my past.

ATHLETIC MAN: Who cares about the past? You can't change it.

OLD MAN: And that is why this feeling's consuming me.

ATHLETIC MAN: I work at the gym down the street.

ATHLETIC MAN: Give it a try.

OLD MAN: I don't think that is a good idea.

OLD MAN: I cannot even bring food back home when I go shopping. It's too heavy for me.

OLD MAN: It's dangerous for me to lift weights.

OLD MAN: I could break a bone. And I don't trust surgeons these days.

ATHLETIC MAN: No, I was thinking more about making some cardio. There's even a treadmill there, at the gym.

ATHLETIC MAN: IRONIC, isn't it?

OLD MAN: I will think about it.

ATHLETIC MAN: I'm waiting for you! Ask me anything, it will be a pleasure to help you.

DAY IV

*(Next day. Gym.)*

*(The old man is walking on the treadmill.)*

OLD MAN: I'm almost done.

OLD MAN: Almost attaining the finish line.

ATHLETIC MAN: Oh, here you are, sir! Is everything alright?

OLD MAN: All fine, thank you for your concern.

ATHLETIC MAN: You should lower the speed, I believe it is a little too fast for your capabilities, you might get hurt.

OLD MAN: It's no trouble.

ATHLETIC MAN: Any doubt, just call me!

OLD MAN: I will.

DAY V

*(The gym. Again.)*

*(The old man is running at a high speed on the treadmill.)*

OLD MAN: It keeps getting closer and closer.

OLD MAN: Onegai.

OLD MAN: Please.

OLD MAN: Just wait a little more, my love!

DAY VI

*(The last day at the gym.)*

*(The old man is on the treadmill.)*

OLD MAN: I'm a fraud.

OLD MAN: Thank God he's not working today.

OLD MAN: He would notice.

OLD MAN: Everything.

OLD MAN: I pretended it.

OLD MAN: Everything.

OLD MAN: I was never unable to walk.

OLD MAN: My legs are just fine.

OLD MAN: And I kept forgetting the flower on purpose.

OLD MAN: I needed to talk to someone.

OLD MAN: I could still work! Why did they force me to quit my job?

OLD MAN: I never noticed before, how much I missed her.

OLD MAN: I never noticed this darkness inside me.

OLD MAN: This demand on getting attention.

OLD MAN: Until I retired.

*(The old man's living room. He is sitting in the armchair, on the opposite side of the room, in the center.)*

OLD MAN: I was always at home, with nothing to do.

OLD MAN: And it was killing me.

OLD MAN: Not because I did not love you.

OLD MAN: But because I lost you.

OLD MAN: I did this to you.

OLD MAN: And I tried to forget it. To forget you.

OLD MAN: I sold everything.

OLD MAN: There was a small table on the left side, close to the window.

OLD MAN: Yes. It was there. You used to sit on the floor and write.

OLD MAN: Your smile when you were writing.

OLD MAN: It was all I ever wanted.

OLD MAN: To see you.

OLD MAN: Happy.

OLD MAN: Every day.

OLD MAN: And the bookcase, on the right.

OLD MAN: That's correct. It was huge. With plenty of books. Some of them – the ones that you wrote – during your short life.

OLD MAN: Oh, and the big sofa, where it was? I think on the left, next to the small table...

OLD MAN: There it is. Where we used to cuddle often and watch movies together. But not enough.

OLD MAN: And, sometimes, it was also our war zone. Our love zone.

OLD MAN: We did not have time to make a family of our own.

OLD MAN: Even in a playground we called couch.

OLD MAN: And finally – you.

OLD MAN: I sold you.

OLD MAN: Your armchair.

OLD MAN: On the right side of mine.

OLD MAN: That's right. Just like our Messiah, sitting on the right of his father.

OLD MAN: You were my Messiah.

OLD MAN: Recently, I acknowledged my mistake.

OLD MAN: And that is why I was giving this tribute to you.

OLD MAN: Every day.

OLD MAN: In the same place where I killed you.

*(Change of space. We are at the avenue, focusing on the area near the traffic signal.)*

WOMAN: You should have let me drive.

MAN: Everything's fine, woman! Just relax and enjoy this ride! Yahuuuuuuuuu!

WOMAN: You drank too much.

WOMAN: I'm scared.

MAN: You don't trust me?

WOMAN: I do.

WOMAN: But you're not sober.

WOMAN: Slow down! Or we're going to have an accident!

MAN: Look at me!

MAN: I know you think I'm weak, but I'm not!

MAN: I'm not weak, I'm a man!

WOMAN: I never saw you like that.

MAN: I'll do everything for you!

MAN: I'll become stronger.

MAN: For you!

WOMAN: Look down the road!

WOMAN: We're gonna crash!

*(They crash.)*

*(Back to the living room.)*

OLD MAN: I still remember hearing the bell ringing.

OLD MAN: Four times.

OLD MAN: Before the crash.

OLD MAN: You died instantly.

OLD MAN: While I got out of the car by my own foot.

OLD MAN: Ironical, isn't it?

OLD MAN: Even Fate did not want us to be together.

OLD MAN: Or it was me?

OLD MAN: I'm the guilty.

OLD MAN: And I will finally have my punishment.

*(End of the day. The avenue.)*

*(The old man runs towards the avenue's treadmill and throws himself to the street.)*

DAY VII

*(Unknown place. Everything is dark.)*

*(There are some people nearby.)*

???: He woke up!

NARRATOR: "... And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made: and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had done" – *Genesis, 1 1:331, 2 2*