“TO INSERT TITLE”

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURB ROADSIDE - DAY

Establishing shot. A road, empty. The sky is vast and clear. A pavement is on the right. A figure appears from the horizon on the pavement, carrying a bag, walking towards a bus-stop, quite a distance away.

At the same time, a bus arrived at the bus-stop.

A MOTHER and CHILD alighted. The child playing with a toy plane, waving his plane around in the air, making sounds (tentative).

CHILD

Weeeh...weeeh!

Mommy, look!

MOTHER smiles at the child and continued down the pavement.

The figure is revealed to be JASPER, now older. As the duo walked past, he looks at the child intently, he is reminded of his own past. He gave a light smirk.

CUT TO:

JASPER (V.O.)

Oh hello. Yep, that’s me.

Who am I? No one, really.

As JASPER continues walking, he tilt his torso backwards such that he can see the child as they become further away.

JASPER (V.O.)

(cont’d)

I’m just like any of you, was a child, was a teenager.

I mean, who wasn’t, right?

Oh right, Jasper here.

JASPER turns back front, smiling. He looks down as he walks.

CHILD’s toy plane flew out of his hand and hit JASPER. He walks over to retrieve his plane, looking at JASPER, guilty.

JASPER

(hands CHILD back his toy)

It’s okay.

(V.O.)

Looking at that child, I can’t help but be reminded of myself, myself when I was younger.

(cont’d)

When we were younger, we were innocent.

When I was younger, I was enclosed in my own world, naive.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JASPER’S HOUSE - DAY (MONTHS AGO)

Younger JASPER is lying down, holding a Instagram For Dummies book over his face, covered.

ABIGAIL, a close friend of JASPER, is also lying down beside him, being on her phone.

JASPER (V.O.)

(cont’d from NOW)

Oh, and that. That’s Abigail.

She’s a friend of mine,

someone -- special.

JASPER puts down his book.

JASPER

Ehh Abi, have you ever wondered why people want to get so many followers on Insta?

ABIGAIL

Huh? Uh, not really. I guess they are just popular maybe, and people like them. Or appear to like them. Ha-ha.

JASPER

Hmm ... fair point.

But isn’t it weird if you have a lot of followers, like, people that you don’t really know have access to your lives. I’d imagine that to be quite stressful. To even maintain that facade, you know.

ABIGAIL

(looks at him doubtfully)

Why do I feel that you are referring to a specific someone?

JASPER

(innocently)

Am I?

(pause - followed with laughter)

Damn. You really need to stop exposing me.

ABIGAIL

So, how are things going between the both of you?

JASPER

I - I’m actually meeting her later. But yeah, thought about it for a long time. I just don’t really have the feels anymore, you know?

ABIGAIL

Oh, so you are going to ... ?

JASPER

Yeah--

Ha-ha, don’t worry about it.

ABIGAIL

(hesitant)

... I’m sure it will be okay. But text me if there’s anything yeah?

ABIGAIL looks at the time, JASPER looks slightly distracted, he tried to go back to his book.

ABIGAIL (CONT’D)

It’s getting late.

Time for me to go.