

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SARAH

(beat)

I didn't expect you to be here.

MARK

I wasn't planning on it either.

Sarah walks over to the window. She watches the rain.

SARAH

You know, I used to love this kind of night.

(beat)

MARK

Me too.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

Cars whoosh by. Neon signs flicker.

SARAH

It feels different now.

MARK

Colder.

(beat)

SARAH

No — just emptier.