

Input:

Start Text

Kevin walked down the road after a hard day at work. Being a librarian was more than people gave the profession credit for. He reached his apartment when he realised he'd left his keys back at the library, 25 blocks away.

Arc

joy, anger, sadness, fear

Kevin walked down the road after a hard day at work. Being a librarian was more than people gave the profession credit for. He reached his apartment when he realised he'd left his keys back at the library, 25 blocks away. He was approached by a beautiful young woman, who was talking to him in a friendly voice. He was wearing a smart, stylish suit. The dawn light gleamed off the turquoise, and by the time we saw them he was in high-heeled shoes and a shimmering golden necklace. He was dressed in a "20's" style, with an elegant gossamer necklace. The two of them were having lunch. He was wearing a dark suit, and he had a sparkling, gold-plated watch. The two of them were having lunch. He was dressed in a "20's" style, with an elegant gossamer necklace. The two of them were having lunch. He was wearing a dark suit, and he had a sparkling, gold-plated watch. The two of them were having lunch. MARCUS, dressed in a brown suit, and a beautiful white gown, passed her by. CAMERA MOVES forward to reveal the tableau. The two of them are having lunch. They are having lunch. They are having lunch.

The music is OK but it's loud. The cameras keep rolling and the woman starts to sob. She starts to sob again. The manager stands at the door, a little frustrated. The woman screams. The man is standing in the middle of the room, holding a cardboard box full of pills. She screams. She screams. He's screaming. The woman screams. He's screaming at the top of his lungs. He's screaming. The man is bloody, his head smashed flat against the wall. He throws the pills on to the floor. She's screaming. He smashes the phone. He slams the phone down. He starts to bang on the door. He slams the phone down. They are having lunch. He is in a rage. He's screaming. He's screaming. He's screaming. They are having lunch. He's in a rage. He is screaming. She's screaming. He has the gun on him. She hides and collapses. And that's when the war ended.

(beat) I'm sorry, but I'm not going to do this anymore. That's the last we hear.
 (beat) I'm sorry. She looks at him with pity. He's tired. (beat) I'm sorry. That's the last we hear.
 (beat and groans) I'm sorry. I'm sorry. We're leaving. I'm sorry. We'll leave tomorrow. (beat and sighs)
 And I'm sorry. (beat and sighs) I'm sorry. (beat and sighs) I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
 I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. (beat and sighs) I'm sorry. Nothing. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
 I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm
 sorry for what I said. Well, it's hard. I'm such a wreck. I'm a wreck. He's dead. I'm in a panic. (a beat)
 And I'm afraid of death. I was in a big panic. I was afraid of it. (in a big panic) No. I'm afraid
 of death. (beat) What? (suddenly) It's ok, we're going to the moon. So, what are you, crazy?
 (shakes it) No. (beat) That's when you have to be afraid. (suddenly) I'm afraid. (pause) I'm afraid
 of death. (a beat) You're worried and you think you can control everyone else. (a beat) And
 they're all afraid of you. And they all fear you. (a beat) I think I should. You're worried about him.

I'm worried about you. (another beat) You worry about him? You worry about him? I worry about you. (a beat) No.