

INT. SHARED STUDIO SPACE - DAY

Carlos and Dahlia paint together. Laughter, stolen kisses, creative sparks fly. Love blooms on canvas.

INT. GALLERY - NIGHT

Carlos stands beside a familiar landscape. Dahlia with a piercing portrait. The press flocks—to DAHLIA.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dahlia recounts praise. Carlos forces a smile.

MONTAGE - DAHLIA RISES, CARLOS FALTERS

—Carlos reads reviews calling his work “redundant.”

—Dahlia appears on talk shows.

—She buys them a house.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

CARLOS

You wouldn't even have a career if  
I hadn't pulled you in.

DAHLIA

You mean until my painting silenced  
the room?

A glass shatters.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Carlos flirts. Pulls away. Miserable.

INT. GALLERY - NIGHT

Dahlia laughs with other artists. Carlos watches, seething.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Screams. Dahlia storms out.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Carlos, drunk, crying.

INT. DREAM - NIGHT

Dahlia marries someone else. Carlos alone in a crumbling home.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY

Carlos accepts a six-month AA chip.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Carlos sees Dahlia's car.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CARLOS

I've hated you for being better.  
This is all I've painted.

He unveils the PAINTING FROM ACT 1.

DAHLIA

I still love you. But promise me—no  
more painting until your ego's  
gone.

They embrace.

INT. TALK SHOW - NIGHT

INTERVIEWER

Carlos, are you painting again?

CARLOS

Not yet.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Carlos slides over a napkin. A sketch of Dahlia at the table,  
Carlos down on one knee.

She looks up—REALITY MATCHES.

DAHLIA  
Yes! Yes!

MONTAGE - WEDDING

Surrounded by artists. Joyful. Vows: "Family First."

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carlos stares at a blank canvas. He tries to paint. Nothing comes.

MONTAGE

-Carlos supports Dahlia.

-He stares at blank canvases.

-She encourages him.

-Still nothing.

CARLOS (V.O.)  
I only ever painted longing. And  
now I have everything.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Dahlia throws up. Coughs.

INT. GALLERY - LATER

She collapses.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

DOCTOR  
You're pregnant.

INT. STUDIO - NIGHT

Carlos paints. Dahlia pretends to sleep.

INT. HOSPITAL - DELIVERY

Dahlia kisses the baby. Flatline.

Carlos holds his daughter. Grief and joy, side by side.

FOUR YEARS LATER

INT. PRESCHOOL - DAY

BAILEY  
I made you something!

She hands Carlos a drawing—"My Daddy."

CARLOS  
Mommy and I used to draw like this.

BAILEY  
You did? Can you show me?

INT. HOUSE - LATER

Bailey sees Carlos's paintings.

BAILEY  
Why no pictures of me?

CARLOS  
I stopped painting.

BAILEY  
Why?

CARLOS  
I can only paint Mommy. And that hurts.

BAILEY  
I wanna see Mommy.

CARLOS  
Then I'll paint the three of us.

TWO YEARS LATER

INT. GALLERY - DAY

BAILEY  
Me and my daddy painted this. This is my family.

The painting: a shared canvas. Dahlia, glowing. Bailey's half shines.

Carlos, in the back, teary-eyed. Not sad. Full.

We push in on Dahlia's face. She smiles.

FADE OUT.

**THE END**