CONVERSATION 1:

**Day 1: Conversation with his girlfriend as he head out for work in the morning.** He is grabbing breakfast from the kitchen, grabs his suitcase and some drawing papers from his office. Girlfriend is in the kitchen leaning against the counter chowing down some toast. She just took the pregnancy test in the morning and is waiting the results. She had spoken to her boyfriend the night before about suspecting she may be pregnant and the conversation is rolling over into the next day, but the boyfriend is dismissive and doesn't want to continue the conversation.

**Man**

Are we *still* talking about this?

**Woman:**

I guess we are, aren’t we? Every time I bring this up, you shrug me off and act like this doesn't matter!

**Man:**

I said we can try, in few years. Just not now! What more do you want from me?

**Woman:**

You're always talking about the future and about what could and couldn't happen…I don't wanna wait

**Man:**

I don't need this right now, Elise! It’s just the same thing over and over.

**Woman:**

Yeah, well, what do you expect? We never seem to get passed this!

**Man:**

Maybe it’s because you don’t really try!

**Woman:**

Or maybe it’s just how *you* are.

**Man:**

Me? \*scoffs\* ME!

**Woman:**

Selfish, and work-obsessed!

**Man:**

What! That's enough! I can't talk about this with you anymore.

**Woman:**

Every time you shut me down!

[turn of conversation, softer]

**Woman**

You think we’ll ever stop? [arguing about this]

**Man:**

Not if we keep going like this.

**Woman**

At least consider what I want for a change!

**Man:**

what if we do just… stop?

**Woman:**

What would that solve? \*frustrated at the fact that they argue\* We’d probably just start this shit again.

**Woman:**

Stop acting like this doesn't matter to me

**Man:**

Are we still talking about this?

**Woman:**

\*scoffs\* I guess we are, aren’t we?

\*slams the door shut\*

CONVERSATION 2:

**Day 1: Old Man heading to a train station talking about leaving town and the difficult of leaving his wife behind, he has the same conversation that he had with his wife with her. Dean doesn't know the old man but indulges the conversation, guessing the man's a little senile. He starts to have his first déjà vu. The old man is discussing his wife Charlene who is sick. He is faithfully taking care of her in his last days.**

\*rolling out of his house with his bicycle\*

**Old Man:**

Charlene's been crying again. It was hard getting her out the house this time. I hate leaving her in such distress.

\*continues to talk about why he hates leaving hear she's ill and he has to take the train in New York to visit his family and ask them for more money to support her medical bills.\* She can't stand to face them herself and they don't know how bad she's doing lately

**Designer:**

\*startled by the stranger talking to him in detail about his life, but tried to play along\*

Sorry to hear? Tell me about it. The things we do for our women. I just left my girl at home a bit fussy.

**Old Man:**

Oh yea? Must be hard to leave her in morning when she just wants a little more of your attention

**Designer:**

Actually, I can't wait to get out of there in the mornings sometimes. She's always nagging me about something as soon as I wake up. You know how they can get

**Old Man:**

I miss those day, when Charlene would chew me out over something silly. Now she hardly talks, just lays in bed all evening and tries to hold herself together.

**Designer:**

Oh, I'm sorry. \*sincere\*

**Old Man:**

Don't be, we've had our moments.

**Designer:**

Elise and I have good times too, its just...lately we just argue all the time. \*surprised he's opening up to the stranger, but felt relief from saying it outloud.\* It's just balancing my work and her demands…

\*bumps into someone on the walk\*

**Old Man:**

**Maybe it’s because you don’t really try!**

**Designer:**

**\*startled by the line he had just heard before from his girlfriend\***

I try with her everyday. I try to go to work and be what she needs. I cover the bills, the mortgage, the food, the nights out and all she can think about is badgering me about the same things everyday

**Old Man:**

**Or… maybe it’s just how you are. Selfish and [fucking] work-obsessed.**

You young men act like you already have dementia, acting like your wife's forcing you to simply pay attention to them. The mistake I made with Charlene was thinking my big fancy co-operate job was the best thing to happen to us.

**Designer:**

Excuse you! First off, she's not my…

**Old Man:**

\*Turns off to go down the stairs to train station, pulls him back but old man looks at him like he had never seen him before, shrugged his shoulder back and continued walking down\* hey! Get your hands off me! I don't have any money!

**Designer:**

I'm not trying to…\*release the man\* Sorry, Sir. \*walks away down the street confused\*

CONVERSATION 3:

**Day 1: Neighbor who likes to bike ride with him to work discussing the difficulty of leaving the city, how much he likes the hustle and bustle but misses his friends down south. After walking a couple blocks with his bike, he meets up with his friend, Greg, who works in the building nearby as a courier. Greg is considering leaving the city to move in with his cousin in California to help with his weed farm.**

**Designer:**

Are you sure leaving the city is the best thing right now?

**Friend:**

Of course! I'm getting so tired of it here. Need a change of scene.

**Designer:**

But how long you think you're gonna stay in Cali?

**Friend:**

I don't know yet. Couple years maybe

**Designer:**

Are you sure? How quickly do you think your cousin's gonna get the farm going? Doesn't it take a few years just to get permits to grow weed?

\*swerves out the way of a scooter rider, two of them part, then come back together in the bicycle lane\*

**Friend:**

**You're always talking about the future and about what could and couldn't happen…**

**Designer:**

I don't need this right now, Elise! It’s… just…. the… same \*confused, recognizing a little more the repeat of the conversation\*

**Friend:**

What'd you say about Elise? How are things with you two?

**Designer:**

You know, the usual bullshit.

**Friend:**

**Yeah, well, what do you expect? We never seem to get past this!**

**Designer:**

What did you just say to me?

**Friend:**

I said, yea, what do you expect? We're just starting up the business.

\*they slow down to the front of the building\*

**Designer:**

\*wondering if he heard correctly\* Well, I'm sure gonna miss you around here. \*hops off the bike\* Be sure to send me some of that grade -A medicine

**Friend**:

\*ties his bike up\*First thing in mail! \*daps him up, hugs\* Yea. well, if we can get this baby up on her feet, you guys should definitely come visit.

**Designer:**

It won't be the same.

**Friend:**

Yea, well, change is good, Dean.

\*walks up the stairs of separate buildings\*

BRIDGE:

* Dean went home and slept in the couch. His girlfriend hadn't spoken to him all night.
* thinking about change being good. How can change be good?
* He grabbed microwavable leftover potato salad from the fridge and fell asleep watching a baseball game
* He headed out early the next morning before she woke up to avoid any confrontation
* The girlfriend knew by now she was pregnant (how do I say this?)

CONVERSATION 4:

**Day 2: Dean had another long night at work. His bike tire was flat and asked his boss to bring him home. Boss took him home. While in the car boss starts discussing the work project with him: building a art museum in the city square, redesigning the ceiling. "It just the same thing over and over" (with a client) the constant negotiation with the art director's choice and pricing.**

**Boss:**

Your tire needs a patch up?

**Designer:**

No, Sir. The battery died.

**Boss:**

Throw it in the back there. Should fit. \*quickly pulls his coat over his head and gets in the drivers seat\*

**Designer:**

Appreciate it, Mr. Samuels.

**Boss:**

Don't mention it… I remember my starting years at the firm. I had to walk, no matter what the sky looked like.

I didn't have a bicycle or scooter or any of those fancy hovercraft things you kids have now-a-days. What'd you call 'em?

**Designer:**

Ah…hoverboard?

**Boss:**

Yea, those things. \*scoffs\* Nonsense

[some time elapses, boss gets a phone call]

[phone call]Yes, Bridget. Well tell him we're not taking that deal. We only ordered the porcelain tiles for the atrium.

[phone call]I know, but they wouldn't budge on a order…

[phone call] What do you mean they want to find another engineer? In such short notice!

[breaks real hard at a pedestrian crossing]

**Boss**:

[phone call] let me call you back, Bridget….\*hangs up, grumbles to himself\* before I run these fucking people off the road.

It’s just the same thing over and over!

**Designer:**

Yeah, well, what do you expect? [boss turns and looks puzzled] We never seem to get past this! \*feels like he's in a déjà vu\*

**Boss:**

No, you're right! This client's been blowing us off for weeks, and now wants to turn around and make demands of us?

**Designer:**

Maybe it’s because you don’t really try!

**Boss:**

Excuse me?

**Designer:**

You think we’ll ever stop…\*boss steps on the break suddenly\*

the car, sir?

**Man:**

Oh! Almost missed your stop. \*backs up to the parking lot entrance\*

[boss isn't really one who listens to the ideas of others, he's pushy and selfish, and Dean knows the only reason the client's still onboard is because Bridget's been making compromises behind his back. Makes him wonder if he is like that, reflect on his character, selfish and work-obsessed]

**Boss:**

All I'm asking is they just consider what the team want for a change, our vision for the museum's infrastructure?

This is a partnership after all. \*thinks deeply on this idea, ruminating\*

**Boss:**

Keep up the good work kid! Might throwing that company car, if you keep it up!

\*drives off\*

BRIDGE: Dean doesn't want to go home to his girlfriend. He sees the TV and lights on and suspects she's probably still awake. It's 10PM. He calls his friend, Greg, and ask him if he wants to go out for drinks tonight. Tell him how he wants to tell him about this weird thing that keeps happening to him. Greg says he'll pick him up in 5-10. He stands out in the rain and gets his shoes soaked. He goes to the bar, gets incredibly drunk on a Thursday night, then heads home after 1AM. Elise is gone to bed, and he decided to crash on the couch again.

BRIDGE: The following morning, the headache was splitting. Elise had already left the house, which meant he was late for work. Smells burnt toast. He grabbed an expensive cab and made it to work. He kept ruminating on the conversation with Elise. How could she call me selfish? How could she not see that I was doing all this for her? Why would she want to get in way of my career. Work wasn't very productive. He had a hard time focusing and now he was beginning to get paranoid about who might says something just the way she did. Still unwilling to confront her and talk about the prospect of having a child. He worries about being a father, feeling unready. Feeling like it doesn't align with how he envisioned his life. Wondering if he is even that invested in the relationship to have a child. The relationship feels comfortable, but does he really want to start a family with her?

CONVERSATION 5:

**Day 3: Dean is on his way home in a taxi that stops at a bar he was at the night before. He wonders if he should go out again, but remembered Greg had gone out of town. Woman stumbles out of a bar at night, and into his arms. He helps her get in a taxi. She begins "You think we'll ever stop? (the taxi). She invites him to leave his girlfriend and have a fun night with him, we could take the city by storm. He tells the drive to stop at her house and let's her out. Starts to think to choose his family**

**Drunk Girl:**

\*holding her hand out stumbling into the road to get a cab\*

**Dean:**

\*signals to cab driver to pull over\*

**Drunk Girl:**

\*slides in beside Dean\* 78 Avenue \*places her legs into Dean's lap\*

**Dean:**

\*clears his throat, noticing her clothes, skin, curves\*

**Drunk Girl:**

Looks like I picked the right ride home…\*strokes his face\*

**Dean:**

Uhh…\*slowly pushes her legs off his crotch\* what makes you say that?

**Drunk Girl:**

\*leans in, whispers in his ear\* Every time… you shut me down…why?

\*driver looking through the rear view mirror

**Dean:**

I don't even…

\*she pulls him for a kiss, he starts to aggressively kiss her back\*

…know…\*she licks his lips\* you…

**Drunk Girl:**

You think we’ll ever stop? \*rubs her hands across his chest, unaware that it was happening\*

**Dean**

\*compulsive response\* Not if we keep going like this... \*realizing the loop\*

**Drunk Girl:**

\*whispers\* we don't have to stop…

**Dean**

At least consider…\*kisses her again, start groping her body\* what I want…

\*pulls away, irritated\* for a change! \*recognized its still happening\*

**Drunk Girl:**

What? \*off-put by the sudden tone change\* What's the matter?

**Man:**

\*softly whispering to himself\* what if we JUST…

\*her hands start rubbing up his thigh\* Stop…

\*cab comes to a sudden and halt, cab driver pipes up\* 78 Avenue, Miss.

\*reaches in her bag for money, realizes she has no cash on her\*

It's okay, I got you. \*reaches across her, opens the cab door for her, she starts to slide out, one foot out the door\*

\* leans over and kisses his lips again\*This night doesn't have to stop here… what do **you** want for a change…?

--scene change--cliff

CONVERSATION 6:

**Day 4: Next day, after sleeping on the couch again and leaving early avoid his girlfriend. He grabs a cab to the office. Steps out of the taxi a block away from work, he start walking around the corner, he starts falling out of sync with real time, all of this happening in slow motion, he is walking to work, sees his boss drive by, sees the old man reading the paper outside the window of a café shop, he sees the girl from the taxi ride walking out the café with coffee in her hand looking a bit hung over, he lock eyes with each of them, and they begin to sync.**

Recurring Line: Stop acting like this doesn't matter to me… [old man]

Stop acting like this doesn't matter to me… [boss]

Stop acting like this doesn't matter to me… [drunk girl]

* He hears their voices in his head. He and them are in slow motion, everything else is normal speed. Only for what feels like a long minute…He arrives at his work building and the day seems to accelerate really quickly while his mind lingered on the line: Stop acting like this doesn't matter to me [her, him, us]. Dean becomes deeply contemplative about what matters in his relationship with his girlfriend. He also feels a bit paranoid about why this conversation keeps recurring the way it does, start to theorize reasons why. He realizes there is no escaping this conversation. He begins to empathize with his girlfriend and consider the possibility of a child.
* The work day ends and he decided to leave early. As he is going home, more objects start to slow down around him. Then he gets closer to his house, walking down the street, and everything is in slow motion, except him. Each line of conversation painfully runs through his mind. He rehashes the conversation with her in his head. This time he feels it from her perspective. Then walking up his steps, he is walking in slow motion. Like walking through jello. Dragging through time.
* He grabs the door knob to his apartment and time sync. He opens the door and his girlfriend is sitting at the table with her head down, looking at an object on the table. conversation restarts,

**Dean**

Look \*sigh\* Elise, we need to talk about the other night…

**Woman**

She looks up from the table…"I'm pregnant…"

CONVERSATION 7:

Day 6: Next morning, they're sitting at the breakfast table together. Awkwardly, she prompts him to talk, he's just staring silently at the food. He is in disbelief. He is also right where he started.

**Dean:**

"Are we still talking about this?"