

LEARNING WHEELS

Written by

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EXT. THEATRE BUILDING - EVENING

Many people rush to show their tickets to the security that stands in front. People talk, laugh, and enjoy each other's presence. The camera seemingly flies between these scenes until it stops in front of a little girl and her grandmother.

CLOSE-UP ON THE LITTLE GIRLS EYES, **KIRA PARK**

KIRA (V.O.)

I never knew my place in the world.  
I was born as the only child to  
young parents who broke up way  
before I can remember. In school- I  
was the odd kid that carried a huge  
suitcase to school every two weeks.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CLASSROOM

Young Kira sits alone in the middle of the classroom, around her her classmates fix their eyes on her. Even though she seemingly is the middle of attention she sticks out as the odd one.

EXT. SCHOOL

Kira walks home alone from school, in pouring rain.

KIRA (V.O.)

I never belonged anywhere. I didn't  
feel like I belonged. I never  
fought back, too tired and scared  
to stand up for myself.  
It wasn't until Nana surprised me  
with tickets to see a play. Miss  
Saigon.

INT. THEATRE HALL

Young Kira sits in her seat with sparkles in her eyes as the scenes between the Vietnamese woman and the American man unfold. Young Kira tried to take everything in. On her left side, Nana sits with a content smile as she feels her granddaughter glowing.

KIRA (CONT'D)

My Nana opened a new world that  
didn't exist before. She brought  
the life that was missing before.  
Ever since that day, I knew what I  
wanted my life to be: I wanted to  
act.

FADE OUT.

BLACK SCREEN - TITLE SCENE

**LEARNING WHEELS**

EXT. LOS ANGELES- DAY

25 years have passed,

INT. APARTMENT

THE CAMERA AGAIN SEEMINGLY FLIES THROUGH THE SCENE.

The apartment we are located in is classified by its wooden walls, wooden floors, wooden everything. It is what a 70s dream may have looked like. The floors are covered in papers, magazines but mostly scripts.

(CLOSE UP) A SCRIPT FOR A CHILDREN'S TV SHOW "*HALEY'S MAGIC KITCHEN*", A SCRIPT FOR A WORKSHOP MUSICAL "*THE LIGHTNING STRIKE*", AN ADVERTISEMENT, A PLAY, MORE ADVERTISEMENTS.

KIRA (V.O.)

Ever since that day, I have dedicated my life to it. My biggest supporter, my Nana. After she passed away my ambitions to achieve something have only deepened. I need to achieve something, I told myself I need to achieve something for her.

THE CAMERA PANS TO A CLOSED WOODEN DOOR

We cannot see what is going on behind the door but we can hear the hair blower and someone getting ready behind a closed door.

CUT TO: LOWER PART OF DOOR

Kira steps out of the bathroom but we can only see her tippy toe to the next room. She comes back into the room and grabs one of the screenplays

INT. CAR

Kira puts the music in her car on high volume, she dances to it and sings along to the lyrics. The streets are surprisingly empty for a big city like Los Angeles.

While screaming the lyrics she turns into the next street and immediately finds the perfect parking spot. She gets out of the car and pays the parking meter

KIRA  
50...1 dollar...1.50..

INT. AUDITION ROOM- LATER

Kira enters the audition room, 5 people sit in front of her at her table, 3 men and 2 women.

KIRA  
(voice slightly shaking)  
Good Morning, my name is Kira Park.  
I am 30 years old. I will be  
auditioning for the role of Zoe.

PRODUCER #1  
Please, when you're ready.

The producers nods her head and Kira starts her audition

KIRA  
This is everything I have worked  
for, how dare you diminish  
everything. All you do is sit on  
that goddamn chair and complain  
while **I do everything**.

She is the character. She can feel each and every emotion.

KIRA (CONT'D)  
(teary eyed)  
When you told me you would help me,  
I wanted to thank you. I wanted to  
give you everything I own. But now,  
I want you to go to hell. I want  
you to burn.

PRODUCER #1  
Clarence. You don't mean that.

KIRA  
Yes. Yes, I do. Do you know how  
long it took to established this?  
It took me years, heck decades.  
(MORE)

KIRA (CONT'D)

This has been my dream since the day I step foot in this place. I saw the potential this place holds, the people here, they deserved this. But you... you must be control of everything you must do things your way.

Kira raises her voice and her face changes color, if one didn't know better this could have been her real emotions

KIRA (CONT'D)

I want you to burn, James Geiger.  
You ruin everything  
(back to herself)  
Thank you.

After an energetic performance, Kira finishes and steps back into her original position.

A woman, that sits on the left-hand side of the table, looks up from the stack of notes in front of her. She is the executive producer, Janine Horgan as it stands on the name tag in front of her. The woman looks like she has been losing sleep and is hanging by threats, eyebags carrying the weight of a thousand nights.

JANINE HORGAN

(cough)

Kira, was it? I can tell you have passion for this practice.

CLOSE UP ON KIRA SMILING AND NODDING

JANINE HORGAN (CONT'D)

**But**, While I am sure you performed with passion, I believe you should also be aware of your limits. You didn't convey what the role is about at all, and usually, creativity enlightens me, but Today? Today it shocked me. Your little performances shocked me. I give you this advice for free because I believe we all need to succeed in one way or another **BUT KIRA**, this career is not for you. You do not have the talent. Please leave.

By the loss of sparkle in Kira's Eyes it is easy to tell that her whole world crashed in front of her. She doesn't move for a second

CLOSE UP ON HER FACE, IT TAKES UP MOST OF THE SCREEN

Tears begin to form and her breathing becomes heavier.

INT. CAR - MINUTES LATER

Kira slams her head on the steering wheel causing it to honk multiple time.

KIRA  
(screams)  
FUUUUUCKKKK

**MULTIPLE TIMES** She hits her forehead with the palm of her hand. Everything she had ever worked for crumbled within seconds. Her breathing is still being controlled by the horrifying cries that leave her eyes and throat.

She reaches for the phone which of course is on the bottom of the purse irritating her even more.

KIRA (CONT'D)  
(on the phone)  
Pick up please... Pick up!!!

No one picks up, frustrated she throws the phone on the car seat next to her. Turning the car key, she starts the car.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT

The turning of the car key is cut to the turning sound of Kira opening the door to her apartment. She falls into a lump as soon as she enters her home. Like a baby, she wails loudly.

INT. APARTMENT- BEDROOM

Covered under a mountain of pillows and blankets we can see Kira crushing under the pressure of her sadness.

INT. APARTMENT- NIGHT

Like a lifeless body she sits on her bed staring into nothingness.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NEXT DAY

At the Michelin Restaurant she waits to the costumers wearing a friendly smile.

KIRA  
My name is Kira, I will be your  
waitress for today.

We see her working at her job looking like the happiest person. No one would have been able to tell that she is breaking into thousand pieces on the inside.

EXT. RESTAURANT LOADING ZONE - LATER

WIDE SHOT - KIRA SITS ON LEFT SIDE BARELY VISIBLE

Desperately she takes long drags on her cigarette as if the smoke creeping into her lungs can ease the pain she is feeling. She is shaking all over but trying to control her breathing.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

A cleaned-up Kira takes orders, smiling as if the world depended on it. Plates in one hand, the other reaching for the money that has been left on the table.

KIRA  
Jen, I am off.

Kira leaves the plates vacant on the counter and clocks out.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

WIDE SHOT OF THE STREET

Everything is dark only a few dim street lights light the way to the bus stop. Kicking stones Kira makes her way to the bus stop.

EXT. BUS STOP

A bright white light highlights Kiras face. As she sits and waits for the bus to arrive.

A face full of sorrow. The bus arrives, we see through the reflection of the glass. She gets on the bus.

Kira gets really immersed in her own sorrow and begins to *disorientate*. She sits down, feeling as if she might faint as the Bus starts driving off. Her mascara is now completely melted off and only black residue on her cheeks is left.

KIRA  
 (whispering to herself)  
 Why does this hurt so much? She was  
 right, this career is a wasteland.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT- LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Light changes from the bright cool toned LEDs to the soft warm tones from the light fixture in Kira's Living Room. Lifelessly she sits on the couch staring into nothingness.

The phone that lies next to her starts vibrating. She ignores it.

**Silence.**

Again, the phone starts buzzing again, this time she doesn't care to give it any attention.

**Silence.**

Phone vibrates, for 1, for 2, for 3 more minutes.

KIRA  
 WHAT?

**Silence**

KIRA (CONT'D)  
 ( half sarcastically)  
 really?

Instead of looking who was it who called her not once but five time, she lays back on the sofa and closes her eyes.

**Knocking.**

KIRA (CONT'D)  
 (slightly annoyed)  
 WHAT NOW?

She gets up irritated and opens the door. She gets greeted by two women her age. They are her friends: KARINA DOHERTY and SOPHIA CASEY



SOPHIA

Why wouldn't you pick up our calls?  
We thought something bad has  
happened

Sophia steps into Kira's apartment

KARINA

**Has** something happened? I saw you  
called me yesterday but no follow  
through.

Karina steps into Kiras place and take a grant look at her  
friends face.

KARINA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Oh god you look awful.

Kira breaks down in tears.

KIRA

Just...Just yesterday I had the  
audition I told you about.

SOPHIA

It didn't go well? From your  
reaction, you could think that they  
banned you from Hollywood

KIRA

It's not that, but one of the  
producers said I am not made for  
this career I already make enough  
money at work. I should be  
satisfied with this.

KARINA

Are you stupid? Are you really just  
going to leave everything you ever  
worked for in the dust? Just  
because ONE person said so?

SOPHIA

What kind of bullshit are you on  
about? You really let one random  
person ruin your goals just like  
that? Kira, you have lost auditions  
before but you also have got  
through multiple other times. How  
is it any different?

Kira waves with her hands as if it will chase the thoughts  
out of her head.

KIRA

Can I just get my mind off it for one second? Can we do something together? Go out, eat out I don't care just help me forget it. I am done with the topic for today, my head is already spinning.

EXT. STREET- NIGHT

The three girls dance down the street. The street lights make the street feel like they are part of a club, some flicker to the beat of the trio dances and some are so bright that the 3-meter radius around it seems like the night has ended already.

The three girls stop their dancing and stand in front of the closed doors of the bar. A big red sign writes "closed on wednesdays"

KARINA

Well, I guess this is a sign.

Karina starts laughing.

KARINA (CONT'D)

And now?

KIRA

I don't want to go back home, I wanna drink tonight. Are you sure there isn't any other bar that is open around here?

SOPHIA

Nah, The next place with alcohol is the 7/11 three blocks away.

The trio looks at each other and start running frantically down the streets again.

CLOSE UP ON KIRA AS SHE SMILES A REAL SMILE

Street lights start to flicker again, the mood is high and everyone is enjoying themselves. The lights dance on the girl's faces as they dance down the street. They get hit by the sudden bright sterile white lights of the 7/11. Mesmiresed they stand in front of it and look up at the lights.

CUT TO:

EXT. 7/11 PARKING LOT

The lights of the 7/11 brighten the background as Kira, Karina and Sophia sit on the curb sharing the wine they hid in a paper bag.

KIRA

(stretches)

This is the life, I could live like this forever. Maybe I throw everything down the sewer and start fresh and live on a whim.

SOPHIA

(laughs)

No, you better keep working and following your dreams. You can keep romanticizing this as much as you want but this will never give you any satisfaction.

KIRA

Hey, at this point the success I have so desperately been searching for has been running away from me. Heck, who knows, maybe it doesn't even exist for me. I don't think that waiting tables is what the universe has envisioned for me.

Kira stretches her legs out and reaches for the disguised bottle, inspecting it as if it is from a distant world she then takes a large sip and smiles. Karina on the other hand looks into the distance as cars pass and their faces get lit of by the passing carlights.

KARINA

But not every waitress gets to wait for fancy people, three years ago you worked at a fast food chain and now you are working at the hottest restaurant in the city.

KIRA

Don't glamorize it that much, it sucks ass, it really does. Every second customer treats you like shit just because they have the money but I still have to act the part of the helpful and always cheerful waitress, do you know how exhausting and uncomfortable that is?

Kira takes a big sip of the wine in her hand and looks up to the sky. She is shaking her head as she remembers all the uncomfortable encounters she had to endure at work.

KIRA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

The last few days were hell for me,  
but I had to continue smiling when  
I felt like ripping my hair out.

Pause. She thinks and tears start forming in the corners of her eyes.

KIRA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

It doesn't help that the people are  
absolutely disgusting.  
I had to tend to assholes, who were  
on their 6th wife, hitting on me in  
front of their children who go to  
Harvard and use the status of their  
dad, who works in the most  
prominent company to achieve their  
dreams. I can't even count how many  
times I have heard a teenager  
begging their dad to talk to their  
friend who owns a magazine so they  
can start modeling,

Another sip. She makes grant gestures as she continues to tell her friends what her work is really like.

KIRA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

(coughs)

This job is hell, I would prefer  
waiting tables at a rest stop than  
working here.

Sophia stands up and shakes her head intensely.

SOPHIA

You can't live without a job in  
this city, it may not be there for  
the long haul but I **strongly** advise  
you not to quit.

KIRA

(takes a large sip)

No worries, they do pay too well.

INT. RESTAURANT- THE NEXT DAY

Kira wears a friendly smile as she takes the orders of a man in a suit.

KIRA  
Good Evening Sir, what would you like to order?

COSTUMER #1  
Not quite sure, my friend recommended this place to me because the ambiance is supposed to be very appealing.

KIRA  
In that case, do you want me to recommend you something? The sea bass salmoriglio is one of our finest dishes. The sea bass is freshly caught and brought immediately to the restaurant. It's served alongside olives, cucumber, tomato, preserved lemon, and dill labneh.

COSTUMER #1  
Oh, you are a smart woman you know your stuff. I love beautiful and smart women, yes I would like what you recommened.

Kira's pupils slightly shake as she taps in the order of the man onto the device she holds in her hand. The man must not recognize that Kira is uncomfortable or he just doesn't care, he continues to suggestively smile at Kira.

KIRA  
Awesome, thank you.

Kira, who is now visibly shaken by this conversation, steps back and leaves.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN- MOMENTS LATER

Kira and another waitress wait in the kitchen to catch a breather, in the background you can see chefs working their magic. The air is filled with sounds of metal colliding and chefs yelling for their ingredients.

KIRA  
Could you take Table 6 for me? I really don't want to go back.

WAITRESS #1

Got It! Is it one of those?

(mocks old mans voice)

"The food is as delicious as you my dear. It is always nice enjoying lunch when the candy walks around."

DING.

CHEF #1

Table 2

KIRA

Got it.

Kira grabs the hot plate and walks to the table to deliver the food. At the table, she is greeted by an elderly woman. Her white hair up in a loose bun, and diamond earrings hanging from her ears.

KIRA (CONT'D)

Here you go, Lemon Spaghetti with a side of mushrrooms, enjoy your meal.

ELDERLY LADY

Thank you my dear, may I ask what is your name? You have a dashingly beautiful smile.

KIRA

(smiles fondly)

Oh no, thank you. I am Kira.

ELDERLY LADY

Kira. Wonderful name, I knew a girl once with that name. Beautiful woman, sadly to scared to conquer the world on her own. I hope you are not like that my dear. Take your life into your own hands.

KIRA

Thank you, I will. Enjoy your meal

The lady smiles at Kira and nods.

INT. RESTAURANT BAR

Kira stands behind the bar mindlessly drying scotch glasses and looking at the lady she had waited.

In the same second, she sees that the elderly lady has finished her. Kira makes her way over to collect the empty dishes.

KIRA

Was it to your liking?

ELDERLY LADY

Yes, wonderful. Thank you, you, darling. I don't want to bomb you with questions but what is your dream, my dear? I can tell that THIS isn't it.

KIRA

My dream? I don't know

ELDERLY LADY

A wonderful young lady like you must have a dream. When I was your age my grandfather inspired me to start my own watch business and look at me now. It was a long and hard road but here I am. Please, if tell me yours.

KIRA

(shyly smiles)

Acting. Acting is my dream. My Nana inspired me to act, she was my biggest supporter, a confident woman. Actually, you look a lot like her. I wanted to pursue acting for her, and seeing you here kind of makes me feel as if she has sent you here. - I am sorry if that makes you uncomfortable

ELDERLY LADY

No, not in the slightest. Darling, please chase your dream, and when they inevitably ask you one day who brought you here tell them about your Nana.

KIRA

(teary eyed)

Yes, yes I will.

INT. APARTMENT- NIGHT

WIDE SHOT - BIRDS EYE VIEW

Kira is wide awake, she lays on her back on her bed. Her eyes are fixed on the ceiling.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT- NIGHT- FEW MOMENTS LATER

Kira is in the kitchen of her apartment, only the dim light of the fridge lights up the room. As she takes a sip of water.

KIRA  
(whispers)  
What to i do?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET- MOMENTS LATER

She takes a walk and takes in the scenery of the quiet street. Only a few birds and far away cars can be heard, other than that nothingness. The streetlights still flicker as if they were creating a club for the animals that come out at night.

Kira stops in her tracks. She is thinking. Until it hits her.

THE CAMERA SPINS AROUND KIRA FULL CIRCLE

KIRA  
Fuck it.

She runs back up the streets. A huge smile is painted onto her face.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT- DAY

CUT TO: LOWER PART OF DOOR

Kira steps out of the bathroom but we can only see her tippy toe to the next room.

INT. CAR- MOMENTS LATER

Kira turns the key of the car and drives off. The phone that is connected to the car is playing the tunes of an oh-so-familiar album: Miss Saigon



KIRA

(sings)

I'll give you a million things I'll  
never own  
I'll give you a world to conquer  
when you're grown You will be who  
you want to be You can choose  
whatever heaven grants As long as  
you can have your chance I swear  
I'll give my life for you

As she arrives at her destination she parks her car and pays the parking meter. She is standing in front a huge building, as she takes a few breathes and gets ready to enter.

INT. RECEPTION

KIRA

Hello, my name is Kira Park. I am  
here to audtion for the role of  
Kim.

The receptionist leads Kira to another room, in which many are waiting. On the far left a chair is still unoccupied, Kira sits down. Now and then, the receptionist comes into the room and calls out names. The room begins to empty as everyone else is called to enter a separate room. This is her chance for a rebirth, a rebirth to gain the confidence back she was supposed to inherit from her grandmother, she is finally taking the step to a brighter future.

The receptionist comes out into the room again.

RECEPTIONIST

Kira Park

Kira smiles as she gets up and leaves the room

FADE TO BLACK.

WHISPERS OF THE HEART  
(most ambitious character)

Marie Ostermann

final assignment

ACT I

INSIDE MAGGIE'S ART STUDIO. DAYTIME.

The art studio, consisting of one big room, is flooded with natural light. All around the place are empty, half and fully finished canvases in various sizes. Some of the finished art works are hanging on the walls.

MAGGIE is standing in front of a nearly finished art work. All around her are multiple brushes and tubes filled with paint. She looks at the canvas in front of her. Her painting palette and a brush in hand. She looks unsatisfied, now positioning herself in different angles around the canvas. After a few minutes she takes her brush and starts painting something entirely different onto the canvas that looked almost finished.

INSIDE MAGGIE'S ART STUDIO. IT IS NOW ALMOST NIGHTTIME.

MAGGIE is still standing in front of the canvas which is now showing a completely different art work. She looks satisfied with her work. Her face and clothes are full of paint.

The doorbell rings.

MAGGIE opens the door. Her friend Sally enters the Art Studio.

SALLY

I knew I'd find you here. Didn't even bother showing up at your apartment because i knew you wouldn't be there.

(laughs)

I can't believe you are still working. Other people would quit their job if they had to work this late every goddamn day, you know? Except you're doing this VOLUNTARILY!

MAGGIE

Good to see you too, Sally.

(smiles)

Why don't you come inside first before complaining about me still working this late.

SALLY steps inside and they both hug.

SALLY sees the painting that MAGGIE just finished and with an excited expression runs over to go look at the finished art

piece.

SALLY

Wow. Really, wow. I didn't know you could still out do yourself!

(excited)

This is amazing!

MAGGIE

(laughs)

Thank you, thank you. But don't over do it, or it'll get to my head.

SALLY

Oh don't worry! And even if it did, you definitely wouldn't have to be ashamed about it. But fine, I'll stop now.

(pause)

Different subject: Have you eaten today? I know how you like to forget your basic humanly needs when you're working.

SALLY raises an eyebrow, giving MAGGIE a reproachful look.

MAGGIE

Umm..

(pauses)

Actually, no, I didn't really eat. I kind of... forgot?

SALLY

Well, I am not proud but also not surprised. Wanna grab dinner?

MAGGIE

(relieved)

Yes, please!

SALLY and MAGGIE both leave the art studio. MAGGIE locks the door behind her.

A SMALL ITALIAN RESTAURANT. OUTSIDE. NIGHTTIME.

MAGGIE and SALLY are sitting together at a small table. An old candle lights up the table aside from the fairy lights hanging from the marquise. Both of them a cigarette in hand.

SALLY

Do you remember that art Galerist guy

I told you about? The really good looking one?

MAGGIE

(groans)

Ugh. Yes. You couldn't shut up about him for DAYS!

SALLY

(excited)

Yes, I know but that's not the point! So, I was at this party a few days ago, and guess who was there?

SALLY looks at MAGGIE with big eyes.

MAGGIE

(sarcastically)

Hmmm. Let me guess. The Galerist guy??

SALLY

(slightly annoyed)

Ugh. Stop it. But yes!

(gushing)

He was wearing a really handsome suit by the way.

MAGGIE

Get to the point!

SALLY

Okay, so, I talked to him about art and about a really great artist that I know really well. (smiling)

MAGGIE

Uh-Hu, I'm listening.

SALLY

And I showed him a few of that artists artworks and you won't believe it!

MAGGIE

(impatiently)

What?? What is it?

SALLY

And he told me that he would be interested in meeting that artist. And also maybe displaying some of that artists work in his gallery.

BOTH shriek in excitement

MAGGIE

Oh my god! I can't believe you really did that!!

SALLY

Of course I did. I had to! You're my best friend and seriously one of the best painters I know. And I'm not saying that because I am your best friend.

MAGGIE

Promise?

SALLY

Of course I promise!! I'm not a liar and I recommended you to him because you're seriously gifted!

MAGGIE blushes as she puts out her cigarette in the ashtray.

SALLY

Alsoooo, I told him that you would be attending his next Vernissage together with me. This Thursday.

MAGGIE

What?? Are you kidding?!

SALLY

(taking the last drag of her cigarette and smiling to herself)  
I am so definitely not kidding. You better should start thinking about what to wear.

**INSIDE FREDERICS ART GALLERY. THURSDAY EVENING.**

Loads of different important looking people are roaming the place. Everyone is really nicely dressed. Between a few people you can see FREDERIC talking to another man holding a glass of champagne.

SALLY and MAGGIE have now arrived at the Vernissage. They are both wearing really pretty flattering but elegant dresses. They step foot inside.

MAGGIE is looking around while SALLY just saw people she knows.

SALLY  
(to people off screen)  
Ahh! Oh my god, long time no see!  
(towards Maggie)  
Excuse me for a second I have to say  
hello real quick.

MAGGIE nods as SALLY touches Maggie's shoulder and runs off screen to greet some people that she knows.

MAGGIE starts roaming around the gallery looking at all the different people trying to find familiar faces around the place such as of colleagues, art investors and art critics. She stops looking around as she sees Frederic inside the crowd of people. Her eyes are almost locked in on him. She tries to take her eyes off of him but can't.

FREDERIC feels that someone is looking at him. He looks towards Maggie and for a brief second their eyes meet.

MAGGIE looks away and blushes and starts mingling into the crowd as FREDERIC tries to look after her but loses sight of her.

CUT TO

MAGGIE finds SALLY again and joins the group of people Sally is talking to.

SALLY finishes her conversation and turns back to Maggie. The people she had been talking to leave the screen.

SALLY  
There you are! Let me go introduce you  
to Frederic. We should get that behind  
us so there's as much time to talk art  
as possible.

SALLY turns towards the crowd and looks over all the people. She's standing on her toes. After looking around for a bit she sees him and drags Maggie towards where she saw him standing.

MAGGIE almost trips over her own feet. Just after they stop and SALLY who was standing in front of Maggie now pulls her next to her.

SALLY  
This is Maggie. The wonderful artist I  
was telling you about.

MAGGIE looks up from the floor after just catching her step. She looks directly into Frederic's eyes as her body seems to freeze and her eyes widen a bit.

FREDERIC smiles and looks as if he's relieved that he's seeing her again after losing her in the crowd just moments before. He reaches his hand towards her to shake her hand.

SALLY elbows Maggie as she seems to not be reacting to Frederic's hand positioned towards her.

MAGGIE shakes Frederic's hand. She smiles at him. Their eyes lock so deeply that there seems to be an instant kind of connection.

FREDERIC

Nice to meet you! Frederic Kain.

MAGGIE

Pleasure is all mine. I'm Maggie.

(pauses)

Maggie Oswald.

There's a short pause.

SALLY

I'm just going to grab a drink. Why don't you guys talk a bit about art. Maggie finished a BEAUTIFUL piece just this week.

SALLY walks out of the frame leaving the two alone standing in front of each other.

FREDERIC

I've heard a lot about you already. Sally has been talking really highly about your art ever since she mentioned you. I hope your art can live up to the standard she's set for me.

(there's a kind of flirtatious undertone)

Why don't we have a seat so you can show me some of your work in peace.

They both walk towards a corner inside the gallery where a few couches and armchairs are standing around a coffee table.

CUT TO



SALLY is standing with a few people a little afar from Maggie and Frederic. She sees them talking and Maggie showing Frederic a few pictures on her phone. Frederic has a pleasant look on his face. Sally turns away again.

CUT TO

MAGGIE

Yeah, so that should've given you an insight on what kind of art I make. I hope it fulfilled your expectations.  
(smiles)

FREDERIC

Yes, definitely! I think I won't be exaggerating when I say they even surpassed my expectations.

MAGGIE

Oh stop! You're going to make me blush.  
(she giggles)

FREDERIC

No, really! I mean I have seen a lot of work from a lot of different artist, obviously. But yours is special. Its different. I feel like you can see so many feelings and thoughts looking at your paintings, which I really enjoy.

(pause)

Art needs to have something to say. To make you feel something. That's what makes an artwork good. What makes it stand out from other paintings.

MAGGIE

You're totally right.

(pauses to think)

I mean I'd consider myself kind of a newcomer, but that's exactly what I try to do. I process all my thoughts, feelings, inner conflicts and even my most difficult problems through my art. It helps me feel better and gives me a clear head so I can start everyday as new. And to have a blank canvas as I start into my everyday

life so that I can fill it throughout  
the day.  
(laughs)

FREDERIC

That's exactly how it should be!

The camera slowly zooms out as the conversation fades. You can see them deepening their connection by every word they say. Before the scene ends you can see Frederic laying his hand on Maggie's knee. She reacts positively and turns her crossed legs more towards him while she's talking. He smiles.

ACT II**INSIDE MAGGIE'S ART STUDIO. DAYTIME.**

Music is playing. Maggie is running around her studio. She seems to be in a really good mood. She's smiling. She makes herself a coffee in the small kitchen niche then walks towards the big empty canvas in the middle of the room. She takes a sip from her coffee then puts it down on the floor next to her. She picks up a brush and her palette with paint on it then starts painting. She seems to be full of energy. Her brush strokes glide so easily across the canvas. She's only using bright and happy colours. Her phone laying next to her coffee mug vibrates and the screen lights up. It's a text message from Frederic.

CUT TO

MAGGIE has her phone in hand. The camera is zoomed in on her phone screen. The message reads "I had a lot of fun last night. I really enjoyed talking to you." Then the phone vibrates again and another message from Frederic appears. This time reading: "When can I see you again?"

CUT TO

MAGGIE has a big smile on her face. She immediately writes a message back.

MAGGIE

I am free-  
(she pauses)  
tomorrow night. Dinner?

She puts her phone back down and continues painting.

**INSIDE MAGGIE'S ART STUDIO. LATE AT NIGHT.**

MAGGIE has finished her art work. She takes a few steps back to look at it from afar and then nods to herself with a satisfied look on her face.

She walks towards her empty coffee mug and phone on the floor then picks it up. As she brings her mug to the kitchen sink she looks at her phone. She has a few notifications but none from Frederic. She stops in her step and looks a bit worried. After putting down the mug she grabs her coat and purse and leaves.

**MAGGIE'S APARTMENT. EVEN LATER THAT NIGHT.**

MAGGIE is already laying I bed and reading a book. She keeps checking her phone for a notification from Frederic. After repeatedly looking at her phone again and again she shrugs it off and puts her phone and book onto her night stand. She turns off the light and slips under the covers.

**MAGGIE'S ART STUDIO. THE NEXT DAY. AT NOON.**

Yesterdays painting is set aside. A new blank canvas is sitting on her easel. She stands in front of it but can't seem to start painting. Something on her mind is keeping her from concentrating on starting her new canvas. Her eyes keep wandering off to her phone laying on the floor. It seems like she tries to concentrate on painting but can't keep a straight thought.

CUT TO

Time has passed and it is now dark outside. Maggie looks at her phone once again. She still hasn't received an answer from Frederic. She takes her belongings and leaves the studio.

**MAGGIE'S ART STUDIO. DAYTIME.**

MULTIPLE SEQUENCES CUT TOGETHER. THE CAMERA REVOLVES AROUND MAGGIE IN A SLOW CIRCULAR MOTION. EVERY TIME IT PASSES BEHIND HER IT CUTS TO A DIFFERENT DAY. WITH EVERY SEQUENCE SHE LOOKS MORE AND MORE DISTRESSED. IN THE BACKGROUND INTENSE MUSIC IS PLAYING.

FIRST SEQUENCE

MAGGIE keeps looking at her phone on the floor then raising her paint brush again but always putting it back down before touching the canvas. She picks up her phone then turning it off.

SECOND SEQUENCE

Loud upbeat Music seems Ito be playing. Maggie is singing along really loudly. She dances a bit.

THIRD SEQUENCE

MAGGIE is sitting on the floor meditating. She breathes deeply in and out. Multiple Times. She then gets up and tries to start painting but can't.

## FOURTH SEQUENCE

MAGGIE screams into a pillow. Twice. She then puts the pillow away and tries to gather her thoughts but is unsuccessful. You can see by the look on her face that she doesn't know what to do anymore.

## FIFTH SEQUENCE

The art studio seems to be empty. As the camera turns around you see Maggie on the other side looking outside the window seemingly trying to gather inspiration and the ability to paint from looking outside the window onto a landscape-is view.

**MAGGIE'S ART STUDIO. A FEW DAYS LATER. EVENING.**

Maggie is still standing in front of an empty canvas. It is the same as in the last scene. She is still staring at it. She seems to be confused, sad and angry all at once. She seems really irritated and restless.

MAGGIE then abruptly takes her all things and her coat which had been hanging over a chair and calls someone on her phone.

MAGGIE

Hey! Are you free?

(pause)

Great. Dinner as usual? I need to talk to you.

(paus)

Okay. See you in ten!

MAGGIE hangs up and leaves her studio, loudly shutting the door behind her.

**A SMALL ITALIAN RESTAURANT. OUTSIDE. TEN MINUTES LATER.**

MAGGIE sees Sally already sitting at a table. She goes towards her.

SALLY gets up to give Maggie a hug. They both sit down.

SALLY

What's wrong? What did you want to talk about??

MAGGIE

Look.

MAGGIE hands Sally her phone. Sally reads something on the

screen.

MAGGIE

Why is he doing this? I've never felt like this. I mean- I mean you saw us at the Vernissage! When I left that evening I saw in his eyes that he most likely wanted to give me a kiss when we said goodbye. I felt it. And my gut's never wrong, you know that! And- and he even texted first.

(her voice cracks a little)

Ive never felt this confused in my life!

SALLY

Okay, that's weird. He didn't seem like that type of guy. He should've texted you back. At least saying he doesn't have time or something. And then insinuating a different day or something. But now that's just disrespectful.

MAGGIE

Exactly!

(pause)

Instead I get this- this Bullshit!

MAGGIE slightly slams her phone on the table.

MAGGIE

You know, him not texting back isn't actually what's making me so frustrated. It's that I can't paint.

SALLY

What??

SALLY seems shocked.

MAGGIE

Yes! I was at the studio ALL day. Today. Yesterday. Everyday since the Vernissage. And I couldn't even make one, not ONE, single brush stroke. I feel like I could cry.

(pause)

You know me. Feelings, emotions, thoughts. That's what gives me the inspiration to paint. I have NEVER in

my LIFE had a blockage regarding painting.

MAGGIE burries her head inside her hands.

SALLY

Okay, stop. That's what we're not gonna do. We're not gonna cry over some guy.

SALLY puts her hand on Maggies back. Maggie wipes away one small tear.

SALLY

You know what I think you should do?

SALLY pauses. Maggie looks at her with a hopeful stare.

SALLY

You should delete his number.

MAGGIE

R-really? You think so?

SALLY

Yes. Definitely. I also think you should take some time off. I know that's not what you usually do. But if the thing you usually do - painting - isn't helping... maybe you need to try something else.

MAGGIE

You're right. Maybe I should try something else. I mean I tried so many things to get rid of my blockage but nothing has been working so far. I think I'm gonna take some time of in my parents cabin. I mean it's just an hour away so I can easily just take the train back when I feel like my blockage has gone away. Also I still have some painting supplies there so I'll always have the opportunity to start again when my creative flow has come back.

SALLY

That's the spirit!

ACT III

**MAGGIE'S APARTMENT. THE NEXT DAY. EVENING.**

MAGGIE is running around her apartment gathering clothes and other essentials someone might need for a trip away and puts them into a weekend bag.

Her phone is laying next to her bag on top of her bed. As she comes back from her bathroom with her make-up bag it lights up. An unsaved number is calling. Maggie stops in her track and stares at her phone. She seems shocked, her eyes wide open. You can almost hear her heartbeat get faster and faster. She steps towards the phone and picks up the call.

MAGGIE

Hello?

UNKNOWN VOICE

Hey.

(long pause)

It's me. Frederic. I- I'm sorry for only just now calling you but-

MAGGIE quickly interrupts him.

MAGGIE

You know what? It's okay. Wasn't expecting to hear from you again, even though I was really hoping so after our last exchange but oh well.

(there is a slight angry undertone in her voice)

I've gotten over you ghosting me.

(from her tone of voice you can make out that she is definitely not over it)

Now, why are you calling me?

FREDERIC

I- First of all I'd like to say I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. It's just-

(pause)

The gallery got broken into and-

MAGGIE

Wait WHAT. Oh my god!! I am SO so sorry. I-

(pauses in shock)

I didn't know I-

(pauses again)



If I had only known! I wouldn't have reacted that way. I am so genuinely sorry. I don't even know what to say. I feel so embarrassed.

CUT TO FREDERIC INSIDE HIS GALLERY

FREDERIC

It's okay don't worry. I mean how were you supposed to know. I mean I obviously didn't tell you. I really wanted to go to dinner with you. On the evening of the Vernissage I felt such a deep positive connection towards you. I hope you did too and I'm not embarrassing myself right now but minutes after I received your text I got the message someone had broken into the gallery. Luckily the police were able to catch the thief. But just only yesterday.

MAGGIE

W-wait. Thief?? Did something get stolen?

FREDERIC

Sadly, yes. Multiple Paintings and two sculptures.

MAGGIE

Oh god... Were they able to get the stolen things back?

FREDERIC

Sadly not. The person whose responsible for this already sold them all. It was one of the guests from the Vernissage. They must've attended to check out our security system. Or lack thereof I suppose. But I'll be fine.

(pause)

That's not why I wanted to call you though. I wanted to apologise. So, will you accept my apology?

MAGGIE

Yes, yes I will!  
(you can hear her smile in her voice)

FREDERIC

Now that that's out of the way: I wanted to ask you out for dinner. So, would you like to have dinner with me?

MAGGIE

I would love to, Frederic.

The camera turns slightly to the side revealing a table with two chairs behind Frederic in the middle of his gallery. On top of the table sitting two candle holders and two plates with cutlery next to them.

FREDERIC

What about tonight?

CUT TO MAGGIES APARTMENT BEDROOM

MAGGIE

Yes, sure!

Maggie begins frantically pulling her clothes back out of her bag taking her makeup bag in hand and running towards her closet to look for a dress appropriate for dinner.

CUT BACK TO FREDERIC

FREDERIC

Wonderful! I mean I have to make some things right again between us.

Frederic looks down towards his other hand which seems to be holding something which the viewer can't see as the camera keeps facing Frederics face and upper body.

FREDERIC

About in an hour? At my gallery? I'll send someone to pick you up.

MAGGIE

Yes! I'll be ready!

They hang up.

**FREDERICS GALLERY. AN HOUR LATER.**

A black limousine stops in front of Frederics gallery. Maggie gets out of the car and pulls down her dress a bit. She walks towards the entrance of the gallery as Frederic opens the door for her from inside. He holds it open for her to get inside as well.

FREDERIC

Lovely to see you!

He gives her a kiss on the cheek and she blushes. They both head inside.

MAGGIE is visibly surprised as she sees the table set up. Romantic and slow music is playing in the background. Frederic goes from the door over towards her. She's standing by the table. As he gets closer to her she turns around towards him.

MAGGIE

Wow. This is- just wow. It's so romantic and beautiful. I'm speechless.

FREDERIC

I still have a little gift for you.

FREDERIC pulls out a bouquet of beautiful wildflowers from behind his back. Maggie's mouth opens in a surprised but still positive shock. Without taking the flowers out of his hand she flings her arms around his neck and hugs him very tightly. Frederic has a slight surprised look on his face then hugs her back tightly while closing his eyes. You can see that their connection is way deeper than two people who have only met once before. They seem like they've known each other for much longer.

ROMANTIC MUSIC STARTS PLAYING AS THEY BOTH TAKE A SEAT. THEY TALK AND LAUGH BOTH WITH A HEAVY SPARKLE IN THEIR EYES. THEY SEEM AS IF THEY HAVE KNOWN EACH OTHER FOR A WHOLE LIFETIME. THEY EAT AND DRINK WINE TOGETHER. THEY LAUGH A LOT. THEY TALK A LOT.

After their finished with their dinner Frederic gets up from his chair and walks towards Maggie who is still sitting. Romantic slow music is still playing in the background. Frederic gives Maggie a hand.

FREDERIC

May I ask you for a dance?

MAGGIE

I'd love nothing more.

MAGGIE takes his hand and gets up from her chair. They take a few steps towards the middle of the gallery. They begin to slow dance. There is a very romantic feeling inside the room.

FREDERIC

I wanted to ask you two things.

MAGGIE

Go ahead, ask.

FREDERIC

First of all: business. Please don't take this as a mood killer.

(he shortly laughs)

I wanted to ask you, if you would like to have your own little exhibition. Here.

MAGGIE

Oh my god. Of course! But please don't tell me it's just because you like me or because you want to come up for ghosting me.

FREDERIC

No, no. That's not it.

(laughs)

I really enjoy your art. It's so fascinating and says so much. Also I need to fill some empty places in here.

MAGGIE

Well, then I'd really enjoy having my own little exhibition in here.

(grins)

But I do have to tell you, that I've had a painting blockage, which has never happened before... but I don't think that blockage will continue after tonight to be honest.

(smiles at Frederic)

FREDERIC

Great. But also not so great. But all in all: Great, that you said yes.

(grins then pauses)

You know... The night that we met... Gosh, I really hope I'm not making a fool of myself here, but that night when I got to know you... It felt like I had known you forever. Like for my whole lifetime. I- I can't explain but it just felt- It just felt right, you

know?

MAGGIE looks deep into Frederic's eyes smiling from ear to ear.

FREDERIC

So, what I wanted to ask you is-  
(pauses)  
Would you like to go out with me?

MAGGIE kisses Frederic passionately but gently. As she pulls back she looks him deep in the eyes again.

FREDERIC

Sooo.. Is that a yes?

MAGGIE

Yes! Yes, it is a yes. I do want to go out with you!

FREDERIC'S ART GALLERY. A FEW MONTHS LATER. NOON.

MANY GUESTS ARE ALREADY INSIDE THE GALLERY AND MANY MORE ARRIVING. SECURITY GUARDS ARE STANDING AT THE DOOR. IT IS THE DAY OF THE VERNISSAGE OF MAGGIE'S EXHIBITION. FREDERIC AND MAGGIE ARE STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GALLERY. FREDERIC HAS LAID AN ARM AROUND HER. ALL AROUND THEM ON THE WALLS ARE MAGGIE'S PAINTINGS. THEY RADIATE A REALLY POSITIVE ENERGY. MANY PEOPLE ARE LOOKING AT THE ART, TALKING ABOUT IT, TAKING PICTURES AND WANDERING AROUND. FREDDY AND MAGGIE ARE TALKING TO SOME IMPORTANT LOOKING PEOPLE. SALLY ENTERS THE GALLERY AND RUNS TOWARDS MAGGIE. THEY GIVE EACH OTHER A HEARTFELT HUG.

MAGGIE

Sally! I'm so glad you could come!

SALLY

Of course I'm attending your very first exhibition!! No questions asked!  
(whispering)  
And even more so when I'm a little bit of the reason making the exhibition possible.  
(laughs)

Maggie gives her a little nudge with her elbow and laughs. They both go and look at some of the paintings. Sally looks at the art while Maggie looks at Sally.

MAGGIE

So, what do you think?

SALLY

I'm speechless. You really outdid yourself. I am so so so proud of you!

MAGGIE

Oh stop it! You're gonna make me cry.  
In front of all the people!

Maggie is holding back a few tears. Sally sees this and runs towards her, giving her a big hug. They hug for a few seconds then they both pull back.

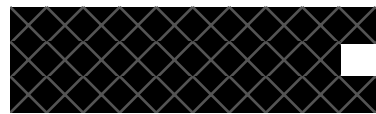
THE CAMERA ZOOMS OUT AND THEY BOTH WALK BACK TOWARDS FREDERIC. MAGGIE AND FREDERIC KISS AS THE CAMERA KEEPS ZOOMING OUT GOING THROUGH THE ENTRANCE DOOR AND LIFTING A BIT UP TOWARDS THE SKY. YOU CAN SEE MANY PEOPLE STILL COMING TO SEE THE EXHIBITION. OVER THE DOOR IS A SIGN HANGING READING "WHISPERS OF THE HEART - MAGGIE OSWALD" BETWEEN ALL THE TALKING OF THE PEOPLE MUSIC STARTS PLAYING AND THE CREDITS START ROLLING.

THE END

X the Ex

by

Piet Himstedt



INT. OPEN-PLAN OFFICE

Mila enters the office at exactly 8:00 am. She's wearing a dark-blue suit with a white shirt underneath, that desperately needs to be ironed. In her hand she carries a cup of coffee which is on the verge of spilling over, as she hurries to her desk. Her computer starts up and reveals an open window showing that 123 e-mails are unanswered. Next to the screen is a large stack of paper with countless contracts and other stuff. Mila sighs when she sees the workload in front of her. Her gaze is empty. A colleague walks by.

COLLEAGUE:  
(casually)  
Mornin'. How is it going?

Before Mila can answer the colleague has already passed her. She rolls her eyes.

MILA:  
(to herself)  
Don't ask me if you don't even wanna  
know the answer.

She lifts up a piece of paper but puts it right back on the stack. She sighs again. Turning to her screen, she googles "how to forget your ex". Hectically she closes the tab again as her boss approaches her and sits down on her desk.

BOSS:  
(mockingly)  
Well, tired, sweetheart? Or is that  
even allowed to say these days?

He laughs loudly.

MILA:  
(shy)  
I... just got much to do, that's all.

BOSS:  
Yes, as if you were the only one who  
got much to do in here.

MILA:  
I didn't even say th...

BOSS:  
Little Mila Dopfner, always  
complaining, but you're cute looking.  
Maybe that's what you are good for.



Mila stares at an open space. She takes deep breaths and seems to be on the verge of exploding, but instead, she does nothing. Then her gaze wanders to her boss until their eyes meet.

BOSS:

I'm just joking. Can't you take a joke, sil..

But before he can finish his sentence he disappears with a plopping sound. Completely stunned, Mila stares at the spot where her boss had just been sitting. But in fact, he was simply no longer there. Hectically, she turns to the left and right to see if any of her colleagues had noticed the incident. But this does not seem to be the case. She takes a deep breath, shakes her head, tries to dismiss it as a hallucination or delusion, and reluctantly gets back to work. But when she sees that pile of papers in front of her, an idea comes to her. She focuses her gaze and doesn't take long to get angry at that stack of paper and - plop - it vanishes into thin air. Mila can't believe it, she freezes. The colleague from before walks by again.

COLLEAGUE:

Have you seen Mr. Discipline by any chance?

MILA:

No. Haven't seen him yet. Must be late.

COLLEAGUE:

As if. How are you today by the way?

MILA:

(smiling)  
Splendid!

And with that, Mila turns off her computer, grabs her jacket and leaves the office in a hurry.

EXT. STREET

Mila dials a number and waits for a reply.

EX (VOICE):

(annoyed)  
How many times have I told you to not call me anymore. I got things to do.

MILA:  
As if you had... All right, sorry, I know I should not have called you, but I just needed to tell someone.

EX (VOICE):  
Tell someone about what?

MILA:  
About what I've just witnessed. You won't believe me. At one moment my boss sits on my table and the next second he's just gone.

EX (VOICE):  
Hold on? What?

MILA:  
He just disappeared. Plop and he was gone.

EX (VOICE):  
What are you talking about? Are you talking in metaphors again? You want to tell me that you're fired?

MILA:  
No! He literally disappeared. I even think I was the one who let him disappear.

EX (VOICE):  
... Mila, I... I just can't put up with this anymore.

MILA:  
Meet me! Right now. I'll show you.

EX (VOICE):  
I can't I'm in the middle of... something, okay, we can meet.

INT. COFFEE PLACE

Mila waits at a table with a cup of coffee in front of her. She takes a sip, then her Ex arrives. He goes directly towards Mila without ordering and sits down at the seat across from her.

MILA:  
(trying to be friendly)  
Hey. How is it goin'?

EX:  
Mila, what is this? Is this some super  
weird way to try to get back with me?

MILA:  
No! Absolutely not! I've just  
discovered that I, that I have an  
ability and I needed someone to share  
it with.

EX:  
Why me?

MILA:  
I don't know! It was my first impulse.

EX:  
You're stuck. You're not able to move  
on.

MILA:  
Now you're telling me, that I can't  
move on?

EX:  
Yep.

MILA:  
"Yep"? That's what you have to say to  
that?

EX:  
Come on now, I don't got all day. You  
wanted to show me something?

MILA:  
Actually, no. I don't think you're  
worth showing it to.

EX:  
(angry)  
I knew it! There wasn't even anything  
you could have shown me to begin with!

MILA:  
There is, but I won't show you  
anymore.

EX:  
 (serious)  
 That is so typical of you. You've got too much fantasy. I think you need help, Mila. I think you need someone to help you.

Now Mila gets angry. She concentrates and stares at her Ex with all the hate that had built up not only during this conversation but during the last couple of months. She stares at him and doesn't say anything. But nothing happens. No disappearing. Her Ex stands up.

EX:  
 You're crazy. Please don't call me anymore.

MILA:  
 But..!

The Ex leaves the coffee place. Mila just sits there. There is one tear dropping from her chin as she stands up. She lays down a 5 Euro bill on the table and walks out of the coffee place.

EXT. STREET

MILA:  
 (whispering to herself)  
 I will show you.

She walks down the street and passes a police officer who talks to a guy he has given a parking ticket to.

PARKING TICKET GUY:  
 (apologetic)  
 I was just away for a minute.

POLICE OFFICER:  
 That's what they all say...

Plop. The Police Officer is gone and the guy with the parking ticket is left stunned. Mila continues walking. A Biker is driving past her only missing her by centimeters.

BIKER:  
 Get out of the way, this is the Fahrradweg!

Plop and the Biker is gone. On her way Mila lets street signs and traffic lights disappear as they annoy her. She does all

of this with a big smile on her face. She looks at her watch, turns around and enters a supermarket.

INT. SUPERMARKET

She walks down the aisle and just out of fun she lets things disappear out of peoples shopping ventures. Every time she does that she giggles at the people's reaction. As she is on her way to pay (she only has one rubber in her shopping bag) there is a kid arguing with his mother in the queue to the cash register.

KID:  
(weeping)  
But I want an Ü-Ei!

MOTHER:  
I said no.

KID:  
W... Why not?

MOTHER:  
I've already told you! We got Ü-Eis at home.

KID:  
That's not true!

The kid starts to cry.

KID:  
You're a liar! A Liar!

MOTHER:  
(embarased)  
Please Friedrich, not here.

KID:  
LIAR!!!

MOTHER:  
I said please Friedrich.

The kid sits down on the floor and screams.

KID:  
LIAR LIAR LIAR!!!

Mila steps in front of the kid, stares at it and with a plopping sound it disappears. Satisfied Mila steps back to

her place in the queue. The Mother looks around, completely flabbergasted.

MOTHER:  
Where is my child?! Where is my  
Friedrich???

The Mother starts to scream and sinks down to her knees. Mila moves back a few steps. She can't stand it and let's the mother disappear as well. The other people in the aisle are completely confused. Mila drops her rubber and runs out of the supermarket.

EXT. STREET

Out on the streets again, chaos awaits Mila. There are traffic accidents everywhere. Smoke comes from one vehicle and one car is on fire. Many people are running around screaming. Many honking horns can be heard. Mila stands there with her mouth open.

MILA:  
(stunned)  
Oh wow. What did I do?

Mila walks away. There are two people arguing because of an traffic accident.

GUY 1:  
(yelling)  
How could you not have seen me?!

GUY 2:  
Don't you dare act like this whole  
mess was my fault!

GUY 1:  
That's it! You are gonna hear from my  
lawyer!

A car explodes a few meters away from Mila. She starts running and keeps running until she sees a small alley. She walks through it and enters the first building which appears to be a laundromat.

INT. LAUNDROMAT

There is only one woman in there. She seems the same age as Mila. She sits there, a book in her hand, staring at the washing-machine. As Mila enters she looks at her with a slight smile.

LAUNDROMAT STRANGER:  
(friendly)  
Hey.

MILA:  
Hey.

LAUNDROMAT STRANGER:  
Your hair looks so pretty.

MILA:  
(surprised)  
Oh wow, thank you.

LAUNDROMAT STRANGER:  
(observing)  
You don't have any laundry. And there is no other washing machine on except for mine, so what is it you came here for?

MILA:  
(confused)  
Oh, ehm, crazy story...

LAUNDROMAT STRANGER:  
Oh, I've got time.

MILA:  
Hehe, ehm, I'm not sure, if...

LAUNDROMAT STRANGER:  
Oh you don't have to tell me of course! I didn't mean to pressure you. I just thought you seemed like you could use someone to talk to.

MILA:  
You're so kind.

LAUNDROMAT STRANGER:  
So, what's up?

The Laundromat Stranger indicates Mila to sit beside her.  
Mila sits down.

MILA:  
I can't get over my Ex. I want him to be gone. I don't wanna see him, any of his friends or anything that reminds me of him or our past relationship. I

really just want him to disappear.

LAUNDROMAT STRANGER:

Mhm.

MILA:

And it's crazy because I seem to be able to let nearly anything disappear except for him.

LAUNDROMAT STRANGER:

...

MILA:

I don't know what to do anymore. Because I mean, it's not like my job is great enough as to function as a good distraction for that whole situation.

LAUNDROMAT STRANGER:

I think you need some time for yourself. Have you tried meditation?

MILA:

Nah, I think I'm not the right person for that.

LAUNDROMAT STRANGER:

That's okay. What is your favourite colour?

MILA:

(confused)  
My favorite...

LAUNDROMAT STRANGER:

...colour, yes.

MILA:

Ehm, I think some kind of turquoise. I guess I like that.

LAUNDROMAT STRANGER:

That's so nice.

MILA:

What is your favourite colour?

LAUNDROMAT STRANGER:

It's the colour of your eyes. Just



kidding. I like grey. Seems boring in the beginning but I heard there are fifty shades of it.

MILA (GIGGLING):

Funny.

LAUNDROMAT STRANGER:

(honest)

I think I like you.

MILA:

Oh wow, thank you. You seem nice too.

LAUNDROMAT STRANGER:

Haha, thank you. You think I could help you?

MILA:

Hm?

LAUNDROMAT STRANGER:

I mean with getting rid of your Ex.

MILA:

That sounds like killing him.

LAUNDROMAT STRANGER:

You know what I mean.

MILA:

Yeah, I don't know whether you can help me. I mean, we've known each other for like two minutes...

LAUNDROMAT STRANGER:

You're right. But it's just that it feels like there is something you would want to tell your Ex but you've never been able to.

MILA:

(finding it a little suspicious)

That's an oddly specific guess.

LAUNDROMAT STRANGER:

Hehe. But is there?

MILA:

I don't know.

LAUNDROMAT STRANGER:

Who broke up with whom?

MILA:

He did... break up with me.

LAUNDROMAT STRANGER:

And why?

MILA:

He said that... I don't know why I am even telling you this. I don't even know your name.

LAUNDROMAT STRANGER:

It's Tabetha, please go on.

MILA:

You're so odd. Okay. He said that I was a freakish controlling maniac. He said that I was living in my own reality which would have nothing to do with the "real world". He said that I was a weird whore with trust issues.

TABETHA:

He called you a whore?

MILA:

Okay, I might have exaggerated there.

TABETHA:

How did that make you feel?

MILA:

For real?

TABETHA:

For real.

MILA:

Obviously, it felt horrible.

TABETHA:

Did you tell him that?

MILA:

... No.

TABETHA:  
Did you think that he was right in  
calling you all those things?

MILA:  
No!

TABETHA:  
You should tell him.

MILA:  
How could I? He won't agree to meet  
with me for a long time. I met him  
today and it was awful.

TABETHA:  
Do you know where he is right now?

MILA:  
I guess so.

TABETHA:  
Then go right now and tell him!

MILA:  
I don't know. I mean what would I even  
say?

Tabetha leans over to Mila and whispers something in her ear.  
Mila's face goes from confused to a smiling face.

MILA:  
And that works?

TABETHA:  
Every time!

MILA:  
So you did this a few times already?

TABETHA:  
Yes lol.

Mila takes a deep breath and hugs Tabetha.

MILA:  
Thank you so much.

TABETHA:  
(with a broad smile)  
It was a pleasure.

Mila smiles at Tabettha and leaves the laundromat. There is a burning man running past her, screaming. Mila looks startled at first but then seems to focus with a determined look on her face. She starts to walk the sidewalk. The camera follows her from the side. Around her is still chaos. As she walks faster and faster the surrounding gets quieter and quieter and when she's running, suddenly the sun comes out. Empowering music plays.

INT. OFFICE FROM EX

Mila enters a lobby and approaches a reception desk.

RECEPTION GUY:

Good day, how can I help you, madam?

MILA:

I am looking for my Ex!

RECEPTION GUY:

Oh, he is on the third floor in the open-plan-office at the sixth desk to your left.

MILA:

Thank you very much, Sir!

RECEPTION GUY:

Any time.

Mila walks to the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR

Mila is standing next to a man in a suit.

MAN IN THE SUIT:

(observing and friendly)

I have never seen you around here. Are you new? What are you up to?

MILA:

(determined)

I am about to destroy my Ex.

INT OPEN-PLAN-OFFICE

Camera is on the elevator-doors. The doors open and Mila rushes out. As she passes the first five desks, people are turning to her with a mix of confusion and anticipation. Mila doesn't seem to care. She focuses on the sixth desk on the

left where she stops. There is her Ex sitting at the desk having a private conversation on his phone. Mila is standing behind him and is listening to the call. Her Ex has not noticed her yet.

EX (ON PHONE):  
 (playful)  
 No you are hanging up.

...

EX (ON PHONE):  
 (still playful)  
 No you!

...

EX (ON PHONE):  
 (suddenly angry)  
 No seriously I'm hanging up now!

He hangs up, sighs and shakes his head.

EX:  
 (to himself)  
 What is wrong with her...?

Mila clears her throat, but her Ex is not facing her.

EX:  
 (annoyed)  
 Yes yes, I'm almost ready. Just give me five minutes. You can already go and I don't know, do some Instagram-stories or whatever it is you're doing.

MILA:  
 (angry but focused)  
 Turn around.

The Ex turns around.

EX:  
 (surprised)  
 Oh, Mila. What is it now? You wanna show me your little magic trick now?

MILA:  
 I...

Mila stands still. She breathes heavily. After a few moments pass, she turns around and goes back to the elevator. It's like a walk of shame. Everybody is watching, some are whispering.

OFFICE WORKER 1:

Ouch, that must have hurt.

OFFICE WORKER 2:

This way she won't ever get over him...

Hearing this comment from one office worker, Mila freezes. Now she is really angry. She turns around once more. Determined she marches back towards her EX. Once she's at his desk, she does not scream. She almost whispers, but it's so quiet in the office that everybody hears her.

MILA:

Why are you such a prick?

EX:

A prick? Now that's original!

MILA:

(desperate)

Why can't I get you out of my head? I mean a guy like you. It should be so so easy, but still...

EX:

Come on now. We both know, when there is one partner who dates above their league, they can't get over it. Never. I mean, you are the perfect example. But I mean I get it. I am really self-aware, so I know I should never say or even think things like that, because that makes me seem so "arrogant", but seriously, take a look at me and then take a look at you. That may seem harsh, but at some point someone gotta tell you the truth. You gotta face the facts. That's just a part of growing up. And I'm sure you can find someone, like, more in your league. So please please just don't come to my office or anywhere near me and call me names and such. It's just not appreciated, you know?

Mila just looks at him astonished. She shakes her head. Her

Ex smiles arrogantly. Mila looks him in the eyes.

MILA:

You know what? You are so small. So, so small, it's fascinating how a grown man can be so small.

And with that \*plop\* her Ex disappears.

EXT. STREET

Mila leaves the working place of her EX. There is no chaos whatsoever. The sun is up. Mila sees the guys who were in the car-accident before.

GUY 1:

We could just split the costs of the damage.

GUY 2:

I think that would be the best solution. Would you... I mean, I hope it's not weird that I ask that, but would you want to go out for a coffee sometime?

GUY 1:

Oh absolutely, I would love that!

They hug each other. Mila smiles. Suddenly there are people, street signs and traffic lights reappearing everywhere around Mila. All this is happening with plopping sounds. The people seem confused but happy. Mila's Boss appears right over a tree and lands in it. Friedrich and his mother are hugging each other. The Biker reappears as well and the Police Officer with the Parking-Ticket-Guy too. He is so confused, that he needs to sit down. Then Mila can see Tabetha from afar. She's wearing a turquoise dress and subtly shows it so that Mila can see. Mila is smiling, she waves at Tabetha, then they walk towards each other.