

You.
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v19

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1 INT. COUNTRY DRUG STORE - DUSK - PRESENT

Twee mary-janes and frilly socks containing the chubby feet of five-year-old MIRIAM shuffle into a gas station.

Chubby hands pull candy off of the shelf.

A sign on the counter reads "be back in 5 minutes".

Chubby hands leave money on the counter.

Waiting with the car running, 80 year old CLARK opens the door of his car from the inside for her.

He has a large, deep cut on his left temple that although fresh, is not bleeding.

She gets in without hesitation and the car speeds away.

2 INT. CAR - DUSK - PRESENT

He slides his hand into hers and strokes his thumb up her wrist and tiny little arm.

CLARK

You are so beautiful, it's
distracting.

MIRIAM

Why do you say that?

CLARK

Because you are.

3 INT. ELDERLY CARE FACILITY - DUSK - PRESENT

It is a quaint elderly couple's two room nursing care apartment.

A partial breakfast is laid out on the table. Several dishes are broken on the floor, with one chair turned over.

Smoke billows from one burner on the stove, still turned on.

The front door swings open in the breeze.

The rest of the house is unspoiled.

Several photos of Clark and Miriam, a charming couple of roughly the same age, sit nestled on shelves of knickknacks and books.

(CONTINUED)

In one photo Clark and Miriam, roughly 30, are in the hospital with a newborn infant.

There is one adorable photo of Miriam as a happy five-year-old girl.

The main window has another window pane propped in it with a crude stained glass mosaic made out of broken depression glass dishes.

Large breathing machines and other life support contraptions sit on one side of the bed.

4 EXT. CAR - DUSK - PRESENT

Clark (80) speeds down the road in a loved gold Oldsmobile. Miriam (18) is in the passenger's seat.

Above, a large safety sign flashes: MISSING ELDERLY MALE AND FEMALE, GOLD, 1987 OLDSMOBILE, NUMBER H92QW1A.

5 EXT. COBBLESTONE STREET - DUSK - 1938

Miriam (18) picks up a thrashing worm off of the wet cobblestone street and drops it lovingly into the soft dirt at the edge of the road. In her other hand is a single book and folded, mussed up apron.

As she does this Clark (20) swings out the back door of the bustling kitchen of a restaurant with a crate full of garbage.

He catches her worm rescue and is charmed.

He throws the crate into the dumpster next to him and calls out:

CLARK

Hey!

Miriam turns around startled.

Clark stands in the doorway awkwardly. He didn't think this through.

CLARK (cont'd)

Sorry. Ha. Yeah.

He starts to walk toward her wiping his hands clean on his apron.

(CONTINUED)

MIRIAM

Hi. Sorry, do I know you?

CLARK

Jeez, I'm an ass. I'll go away. Do you want me to go away?

She smiles.

MIRIAM

No.

CLARK

You new?

He points to the apron.

MIRIAM

Yeah.

Smiling a little, she starts to take baby steps backward.

CLARK

How come I haven't seen you before?

MIRIAM

New on the day shift.

Smiling bigger now, she still walks backward.

CLARK

Bummer. I guess we'll never see each other.

She trips over the uneven street and falls to the ground. She laughs, not embarrassed at all. She still has one book and her apron in her hand.

She raises her empty hand up for help.

6 EXT. GOLDEN HILLSIDE - NIGHT - 1938

They lay out and look at the stars on a small hill with a distinctive tree.

Clark stares at Miriam. Wisps of her hair float delicately in the breeze. He brushes a few strands tenderly away from her face.

Miriam smiles mischievously up at Clark.

(CONTINUED)

MIRIAM
I'm Sleeping Beauty.

She lays down on her back, closes her eyes and folds her hands over her chest.

CLARK
Yeah?

MIRIAM
And you have to wake me with a kiss. Give me the best kiss you've got to wake me up.

Clark smiles. This girl. Where did she come from?

He's got it in the bag.

He leans into her, wraps his hand firmly around the back of her neck, thumb pressed against her cheek and strokes it down from her cheekbone to just above her lip.

He deliberately hesitates and then pushes all of himself into her.

CUT TO:

The sun is beginning to rise, Miriam wakes up on Clark's chest, her head in the crook of his neck, stroking the bridge of his nose.

CLARK
There is something magical about that. It hypnotizes me.

MIRIAM
(Hypnotist warbling voice)
When I snap my fingers your mind will be transported to another dimension of space and time!

CLARK
I'll always remember--

She snaps playfully.

7 INT. CAR - DUSK - PRESENT

CLARK
--this place.

(CONTINUED)

Clark (80) pulls a golden hair off of his shirt sleeve and lets it go in the breeze. He looks down at Miriam (18) in the crook of his neck.

Miriam smiles at her husband and then looks toward the open road.

MIRIAM

We are close now... You really should let me drive.

CLARK

When can I see you--

8 EXT. GOLDEN HILLSIDE - MORNING - 1938

CLARK

--again?

MIRIAM

I've got to get to work.

CLARK

I'll leave this book behind the bar every night for you. That way we can talk all the time.

He opens it to the first page. In the margin it reads: "*See, we are talking right now. Get to work before you get fired!*"

He smiles, proud of himself.

9 INT. CAR - DUSK - PRESENT

The book flaps in the breeze in the back seat. There are months of communications back and fourth.

An ALARM faintly can be heard in the distance.

Clark's face goes gray. In a manic whisper:

CLARK

I wish, I wish, I wish it had been me. I wish I could have taken away all of your pain. I wish it had been me who died.

10 INT. APARTMENT, KITCHEN - 1950

Clark (30) walks in the front door of their modest apartment. The smoke ALARM is BLARING. The air is thick with smoke.

Miriam (28) stands over grease burning in the pan. Eyes red with grief, in a fog. She may not even notice the scene around her.

She collapses into him.

MIRIAM

I was just trying to make
breakfast.

One drawer is open and tiny baby cutlery sits atop the adult silverware.

He holds her and kisses the top of her head.

CUT TO:

Clark scrubs the charred pan. In the background there are sympathy cards and stuffed animals with sentiments like: "*We are sorry for your loss*" and "*Innocence in Heaven*" etc.

Clark glances through the door to Miriam who sits in the bathtub.

CUT TO:

11 IN. APARTMENT, BATHROOM - 1950

Miriam's hair twists in the spiraling, sudzy film.

She closes her eyes and her head sinks below the surface of the water.

She stays under for far too long.

The current of the water gently swirls the soap trails across her face like marbled clouds seen from space.

She is under the water for over a minute before letting her nose gently and without emotion pierce the surface.

- 12 INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1950
30 year-old Clark wakes up. Miriam is not in bed.
He hears the sink running in the bathroom.
A puddle of urine has leached into the mattress in her place.
- CUT TO:
- 13 INT. APARTMENT, BATHROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT - 1950
Clark takes the sheets off the bed and walks by the bathroom door. He pauses.
- 14 INT. ELDERLY CARE FACILITY, BATHROOM - 1998
80 year old Miriam stands in front of her bathroom mirror.
She reaches for her toothbrush but her arthritic hands cannot grasp it easily.
Marks of an old, healed over burn scar on her left arm mar her skin.
82 year-old Clark knocks at the door.
- CLARK
Darling?
- MIRIAM
I'll be right out.
- 15 INT. CAR - DUSK - PRESENT
Miriam (28) still in the passenger's seat, reaches for the radio dial and exposes a large fresh burn on her left arm.
Clark (80) glances down and sees the burn. Distracted he swerves into the oncoming lane.
A car coming in the other direction honks jarring him to the road ahead.
He swerves, over corrects and runs several yards into the dirt field flanking the road and skids to a stop.
Clark is in a panic, confused and hysterical.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK

Your arm!

She slides across the seat to him and puts her hands on his face.

MIRIAM

No. See me. See me. Clark. I'm here. You are eighty-two. I am eighty.

Clark stares back at her but cannot understand or take in Miriam's words.

MIRIAM (cont'd)

Don't look at my arm. Look at me.

She strokes his face with her thumbs.

MIRIAM (cont'd)

I am fine. We are taking a drive.

His breathing slows.

She transforms into her 18 year old self.

CLARK

You are so beautiful it is distracting.

Tears stream down Miriam's face.

MIRIAM

Clark. I am 80. You are 82. We are going to our hill. We live in the Shady Point Adult Care Facility at-

CLARK

M, why are you crying?

Long pause.

MIRIAM

I miss you.

He kisses her tenderly on the top of the head the way he always does, though in that moment he genuinely believes it is the first time he is doing it.

Miriam pulls back and admires her husband.

MIRIAM (cont'd)
How old are you?

CLARK
Twenty.

MIRIAM
And how old am I?

CLARK
Eighteen, I think. Maybe nineteen.

Miriam laughs out loud as tears soak the collar of her dress.

MIRIAM
What do you want to do right now?

CLARK
Let's do-it until the sun comes up.

Miriam laughs out loud.

MIRIAM
Okay. But we have to get to the hill first. I'm driving.

CLARK
Deal.

She wipes her wet cheeks with her hands.

MIRIAM
Will you get the tissues in the suitcase before we go?

16 INT. APARTMENT - 1953

A suitcase lays open, half packed. Clark is packing his bags robotically. Clark and Miriam are in their mid thirties.

MIRIAM
SO THAT IS IT THEN?

Clark says nothing. Miriam gets in his face.

MIRIAM
TALK TO ME!

Clark looks at her for a half second and then turns and walks in the other direction.

(CONTINUED)

This is gasoline on the fire. She tries to provoke even harder.

MIRIAM (cont'd)

You aren't going to say anything?
ANYTHING? Where are you going to
go? Huh, Clark? Where? When you
don't say anything, how am I
supposed to respond!

She shakes with anger.

Clark is the eye in the storm.

CLARK

I can't do this anymore.

For a beat they look at each other, silent.

He breaks their gaze and goes back to packing.

MIRIAM

Fine! Go!

She pulls a book off the shelf and throws it at him. Then another.

He ducks and the books miss, but knocks over and breaks a stack of multicolored depression glass plates.

CLARK

Jesus Miriam!

He walks across the room toward her. The rainbow of broken glass crunches under his feet. He looks down to one of the thrown books on the floor.

It is the book they used to communicate with. Its presence sucks the oxygen out of him.

He picks it up and hands it to her.

Miriam's hardness breaks.

MIRIAM

Please. Please don't leave. Please
don't leave--

17 INT. CAR - DUSK - PRESENT

MIRIAM
--me. Clark, please don't leave.

He is 82. 80 year old Miriam stares back at him.

CLARK
Hi.

MIRIAM
Hi... Welcome to the car.

CLARK
(playfully)
Well you are a fine young lady if I
have ever seen one.

MIRIAM
STOPIT CLARK!!! We are almost
there. Just a few more minutes.

CLARK
Can't wait... It's not too often
that people get this.

MIRIAM
Get what?

CLARK
Get to say goodbye.

MIRIAM
Stopit.

CLARK
I'm not afraid.

There are so many things she wants to say.

MIRIAM
Good.

CLARK
I remember so many things so
clearly.

Flash to: Miriam's soft hand in his as he helps her up from
her fall.

Flash to: 1953, Clark cries as he unpacks a suit case and
puts his clothes back in each drawer. He can't leave.

(CONTINUED)

Flash to: PRESENT, Clark's POV looking down at the breakfast table at the elderly care facility. The plate is fuzzy and out of focus.

CLARK (cont'd)
But... What did we have for
breakfast?

He starts to slip.

Flash to: PRESENT, POV of Clark at his breakfast table, Miriam comes running to him. He falls to the ground HARD. A water glass and silverware are knocked on the ground as he falls, shattering around him.

Flash to: Glass glistens under his feet in his apartment in 1953.

Flash to: 1953, Miriam sits mournfully looking at him, then gives the saddest of smiles.

MIRIAM
Stay with me. God, please Clark,
stay with me. For breakfast I was
frying eggs. You like your eggs
runny with burnt edges.

CLARK
You don't cook breakfast anymore.

MIRIAM
I do. I do. I'm okay now. I cook
your breakfast. Stay with me. We
are going to our tree, see it is
right there. Just hold on for a few
more minutes.

Out the window the tree and hill from their first night together comes into vision.

CLARK
You haven't cooked breakfast since-

18 INT. APARTMENT - 1950

Miriam stands over a frying pan of hot bacon grease on the stove as her small child runs wildly around the kitchen.

19 EXT. GOLDEN HILLSIDE - DUSK - PRESENT

Miriam struggles to get Clark up the hill.

MIRIAM
Clark, look, there are the
fireflies.

20 EXT. GOLDEN HILLSIDE - SUNSET - 1938

Miriam runs after Clark laughing. Fireflies dance around them.

CLARK
(speak-singing)
Iiiis it tiiiiimmmmeee to siiinnng
our thoooooughts?

MIRIAM
No!

21 INT. APARTMENT - 1949

Clark and Miriam chase a scrambling little boy through their apartment on all fours.

CLARK
I'm going to eat your toes!... nom.
nom. nom. Mommas going to eat your
belly!

He laughs with pure joy.

22 INT. APARTMENT - 1950

Clark runs through the apartment, the smoke detector is blaring. Smoke is thick through the air.

Their son is **WAILING**.

Clark stops dead in his tracks when he reaches the kitchen.

Everything **goes soft** in his mind except for Miriam's face frozen in terror.

Stoic. She is so stoic.

She holds the flailing, blistered body of their son on the floor. A turned over pan leaches grease that spreads across the textured linoleum.

23 INT. APARTMENT, BATHROOM - 1950

Urine spreads through the fibers of the white sheets.

24 INT - KITCHEN - 1951

Miriam stands in the kitchen, grief cards strewn in the background. She holds a pot of boiling liquid over her hand and the sink.

She holds it there.

And holds it here.

She slowly and decisively pours it over her arm.

25 INT. APARTMENT - 1953

Clark (35) steps on the broken dishes from Miriam's tantrum.

The open book is on the floor next to his feet.

CUT TO:

Clark glues the broken dish glass, collected in a dust pan, into a window making a stained glass mosaic.

His suit case sits packed by the front door in the background.

As he glues, he looks over to Miriam who is sitting stoically in a chair. She looks over to him.

CLARK

Iiiiiis iiiit tiiiiimmeee to singggg
our thooouuuughts?

Miriam smiles for the first time in years.

26 INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1955

Miriam is asleep in bed. Clark lies awake looking at her. The moonlight shines through their stained glass window onto his shirtless body.

He goes to touch the bridge of her of her nose, but keeping his fingertips a half inch away from touching her he traces the area of her body.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK
(in a whisper)
I'll always remember--

27 EXT. RESTAURANT - 1970

50-60 year old Clark and Miriam sit at dinner and laugh and talk. The table is full of the dirty dishes of a long, well enjoyed meal.

CLARK
I will always remember--

28 EXT. GOLDEN HILLSIDE - DUSK - PRESENT

Clark (82) trains in on Miriam (80).

CLARK
--this place. I will. I will try.

29 INT. ELDERLY CARE FACILITY - PRESENT

Broken glass glitters on the floor with a faint smear of blood from where Clark passed out.

CUT TO:

Miriam sits in her living room with several doctors silhouetted around her.

DOCTOR
Mrs. Jones, it isn't long now. We are available to help you plan for your husband's transfer to hospice care. We need to confirm that you understand the situation as it stands.

MIRIAM
Thank you, gentlemen---

CUT TO:

Miriam packs a suitcase while Clark sleeps, hooked up to machines.

MIRIAM (V.O)(CONTINUED)
I will ensure that my husband is taken care of in his last days.

30 EXT. GOLDEN HILLSIDE - DUSK - PRESENT

CLARK

Keeping the day straight is like
trying to hold onto air anymore. I
just float from dream to dream.

31 EXT. GOLDEN HILLSIDE - SUNSET - 1938

Clark is kissing Miriam to "wake her up" from her Sleeping Beauty kiss.

MIRIAM (V.O.)

Wake me up from a deep sleep.

Her eyes stay closed as Clark pulls back from her face.

32 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - 1938

Clark looks down at Miriam who has just fallen backward.

CLARK

Do you need some help?

She puts her hand, still clutching a book in the air as well as her empty hand.

MIRIAM

Could you get my book?

He takes her by the hand instead.

33 EXT. GOLDEN HILLSIDE - DUSK - PRESENT

82 and 80 year old Clark and Miriam lay on the grassy hill, staring at each other.

MIRIAM

I knew you liked me because you
took my hand and not the book.

34 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - 1938

Clark has just helped Miriam up. He looks at the book that is in her hands.

MIRIAM

You've read it?

(CONTINUED)

CLARK

I have.

MIRIAM

Don't tell me what happens. I haven't finished yet.

35 EXT. GOLDEN HILLSIDE - DUSK - PRESENT

CLARK

The story ends with you.

36 IN. APARTMENT - 1949

Miriam is asleep in bed with their son in her arms. Her hair delicately intertwines with his. The shade matches so perfectly you cannot tell where one begins and the other ends.

37 EXT. GOLDEN HILLSIDE - SUNSET - 1938

18 year old Miriam's eyes flutter open and she looks up at 20 year old Clark above her.

Clark smiles down at her, pulls long golden hair from his sleeve and lets it go in the breeze. It floats away.