

# **Sunyata**

Written by

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OPEN ON:

A WHITE SCREEN. A beat. Black spreads across the SCREEN.

TITLE CARD: Sunyata

1 INT. APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DAY 1

A WOMAN, 30s-40s sitting alone, in a black dress (funeral attire), lost in thought.

2 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING 2

A MAN, 30s-40s, sitting on the couch.

3 INT. APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DAY 3

Woman is still staring into space.

4 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING 4

Man is sitting on the couch, faces Woman.

Woman is staring at the Man.

MAN

Hi, there.

Woman starts to tear up.

Man just looks back at her.

Woman eventually smiles, then hesitantly walks over to him.

Woman sits down beside Man, looks over him, then looks into his eyes, caresses his face, smiles.

WOMAN

I miss you. I miss you so much.

MAN

I miss you too.

Woman hesitates, but then wraps her arms around him. Man hugs her back. A beat. She then leans back.

WOMAN

How are you here?

MAN  
I don't know. I don't...

Woman just looks back at Man.

MAN (cont'd)  
...I don't know.

WOMAN  
Am I dreaming? Is this a  
hallucination?

MAN  
Does it matter? I'm here. I'm here,  
with you.

WOMAN  
...I miss you so much.

Woman wraps her arms around him again, holds him close. Man  
hugs her back. They remain in each others arms.

5 INT. APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DAY

5

Woman and Man are sitting at the table, with mugs in front  
of them, as Woman holds his hands.

MAN  
What are you going to do with  
yourself now?

WOMAN  
I haven't given it a moment's  
thought. All I've been thinking about  
is how difficult life is going to be  
without you.

MAN  
Sometimes you thought life was  
difficult with me.

WOMAN  
Sometimes. Sometimes I did. But I  
loved you. Still love you, despite  
how difficult you were, at times.

Man smiles.

Woman smiles back.

Man's smile widens.

WOMAN (cont'd)  
...What is it? What's on your mind?

MAN  
Just memories. Memories of us.

WOMAN  
I tend not to remember things.

MAN  
Really?

WOMAN  
Most of my memories are fuzzy.

Man continues to look at her.

WOMAN (cont'd)  
...Oh, don't worry, it's nothing serious.

Man continues to look at her.

WOMAN (cont'd)  
...I'm fine. I'm fine, I promise.

MAN  
...Okay...Alright.

WOMAN  
...It's sweet how concerned you are for me.

MAN  
I was always concerned for you. I like worrying about you.

A beat.

WOMAN  
...I'm just trying to live in the present.

MAN  
There's nothing wrong with remembering the past though.

WOMAN  
But trying to live in the present, giving your full attention to the now, is everything.

MAN

And how's that going?

WOMAN

It's difficult.

MAN

How so?

WOMAN

I try to focus on what's happening now, but I'm always distracted.

MAN

By what?

WOMAN

By other things, I guess.

MAN

Don't you think that in trying to focus on being present you're getting in your own way?

WOMAN

...Could be.

MAN

By trying to be present, you distract yourself from being present. And the irony is that you can't not be present. You can only ever be present. You can only ever be in the now, much like how you can only ever be here. There are certain things that we can't know, that we can't rationalize, fundamentally, but that we also can't remove. Here, and now. Awareness. Experience. Energy. Ego. And yet, we persist in-in taking a trip to obtain some elusive solution to the problems we give to ourselves. But that's okay. That's okay because the journey we take to cleanse ourselves of our anguish, our affliction, will inevitably lead us to here and now, where you always are. All roads lead to here and now.

WOMAN

Since when did you become so wise?

MAN

It's amazing what thoughts come to you when you stop chasing time.

A beat.

MAN (cont'd)

...What's distracting you?

WOMAN

I told you: Other things.

MAN

But what exactly?

WOMAN

I don't know. Thoughts of you, mainly.

MAN

I thought you hadn't been remembering much.

WOMAN

They're not memories. They're thoughts. Like, I see you, but I know you're not there, that they're not real.

6 INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

6

The hallway is vacant.

7 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

7

Man and Woman standing, facing each other.

MAN

Can you tell the difference?

WOMAN

Between what?

MAN

Your thoughts and your memories?

WOMAN

You can, but I can't tell you how.

MAN

Well, memories must be considered as...events that you have already experienced, that must be in line with your story, otherwise, how can you remember what you didn't experience? Whereas, a thought...a thought must be unrelated to your story. It's just something that pops up in the mind.

WOMAN

Perhaps, but...how-how can you have a thought that is unrelated to your story? Isn't everything that happens to you a part of your story?

MAN

...Correct.

WOMAN

And don't memories also just pop up in the mind, so to speak?

MAN

Correct again.

WOMAN

It's not as if you can't tell the difference between whether or not you have lived through what comes to mind, but it's all part of...your life. That's why it's called 'your life.' It's your life.

MAN

Well said.

A beat.

MAN (cont'd)

...However, it does become difficult to realize whether or not what comes to mind is a memory or a thought if you forget your past.

Woman just looks back at Man.

MAN (cont'd)

...Do you agree?

A beat.

WOMAN

...Yeah. Yeah, I agree.

MAN

Of course, as anyone grows older, they naturally become more forgetful. Could be because they have more memories to forget, but also because the mind gets wearier as we age. Memories become hazier, distorted, altered. And as they change, they change how you see your story, your life, how you see yourself, how you see yourself right now. It's interesting. By reshaping how you see your past, you can reshape how you see yourself in the present, for better or for worse. It's-It's fascinating.

Woman looking back at Man.

MAN (cont'd)

...It's fascinating to me at least.

Woman looks away.

MAN (cont'd)

...What is it?

Woman faces Man.

WOMAN

...Are you -- Are you suggesting that I'm trying to forget my past?

MAN

No.

WOMAN

You're saying it then.

MAN

No. No.

WOMAN

Yes, you are.

MAN

I'm not.

WOMAN

Then what are you saying?



MAN

I'm-I'm just talking.

WOMAN

No one just talks. Everyone... everyone is always out to get something. Even altruists care for others because they like the feeling they get from being benevolent.

MAN

Are you calling me a liar?

WOMAN

No.

MAN

Then what are you accusing me of?

WOMAN

Don't turn this around on me.

MAN

I'm not. I'm just showing you what it feels to be accused of something you didn't intend.

Woman goes silent.

MAN (cont'd)

...It's not great.

WOMAN

I'm not accusing you of being a liar.

MAN

I know.

Woman looking back at Man.

MAN (cont'd)

...There's no need to fight, especially now, now that we're together again.

Woman looking back at Man.

MAN (cont'd)

...It's just...

WOMAN

...It's just what?

MAN

...You're going to hate me for asking this.

WOMAN

No, no, you can't do that.

MAN

What do you mean? I can't give you a heads up?

WOMAN

You can, but for one, you can't know how I'll react. I can't even know how I'll react until you ask the question. That's the thing about the future, no one can know it. And two, you can't start with the phrase "You're going to hate me for [da, da, da]" because now you have to tell me. You've set yourself up for failure.

MAN

Thanks.

Woman smiles. A beat. The smiles fades. Woman continues to look back at Man.

MAN (cont'd)

...What?

WOMAN

Well, tell me.

MAN

You don't expect me to ask you now after your spiel?

WOMAN

Yeah, I do.

MAN

No, forget it.

WOMAN

No, tell me. Tell me, or I'll get upset at you.

MAN

You'll get upset at me if I ask it.

WOMAN

Again, I don't know that. And you don't know that.

MAN

Fine. Fine, I'll ask.

WOMAN

Great.

Man looking back at Woman. Then takes a long inhale. Exhales.

MAN

...It's just...that...um...

WOMAN

...C'mon, out with it.

MAN

It's just that...why would -- why would someone try so desperately to live in the present if not to forget the past?

WOMAN

You do think I'm trying to forget the past.

MAN

I told you you'd hate me.

WOMAN

You really think I'm trying to forget the past, my past...our past.

MAN

I warned you, gave you plenty of notice.

WOMAN

Why do you think I'm trying to forget my past? Really? Why would I be trying to forget my past?

MAN

I don't know, but it's the only reason I could come up with right now for trying to live completely in the present. What other reason could there?--

Woman slams her hand on the bench.

Man looking back at her.

WOMAN

...You persist, and persist, and persist.

MAN

I have to.

WOMAN

Why? Why do you have to?

MAN

Because you don't let me in.

WOMAN

...What...? What are you talking about? I don't let you in?

MAN

You don't tell me anything.

WOMAN

I tell you everything.

MAN

Not how you feel, or what you're thinking about. You never tell me what's going on in your head. You keep everything locked away.

Woman shakes her head.

WOMAN

...I don't need this.

MAN

There you go, doing it again.

WOMAN

I thought you wanted to keep the peace.

MAN

You're still doing it.

WOMAN

Anything I say will come across as avoidance to you.

MAN

Not unless you tell me what's going on with you.

WOMAN

Nothing is going on with me. You keep thinking I'm some problem, some puzzle that needs solving.

MAN

You're not a problem.

WOMAN

Then what are you asking?

MAN

I'm just...I'm trying to understand.

WOMAN

Understand what? What do you want to know?

MAN

I want to know why you'd want to forget the past.

WOMAN

I don't want to forget the past.

MAN

You just don't want to remember it.

Woman shakes her head.

WOMAN

...We're not talking about this.

Woman turns around, starts walking off. But Man stops her.

MAN

Wait. Wait.

Woman stops, faces him.

MAN (cont'd)

...I'm not trying to upset you. I just...

Man falls silent.

WOMAN

...How can I answer you when you can't even ask me what you want to know?

MAN

...I don't know.

Woman looks away. A beat. Woman then faces Man.

WOMAN

...Besides, there are plenty of reasons for why someone would try so hard to live in the present. Maybe, conversely, they're afraid of the future, and they don't want to think about it. Maybe, they're looking for more, to transcend themselves, by being present. I don't know. I can't speak for everyone. But there are other reasons.

MAN

...But what's your reason?

Woman looks back at Man.

Man continues to look at her.

But then Woman steps back, turns away and walks off.

8 INT. APARTMENT - BALCONY - DAY 8

The wind chime is still.

Woman is sitting on a stool, watching life unfold outside.

9 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 9

Woman is putting belongings in a box.

Man standing over her.

MAN

What are you doing?

WOMAN

What does it look like I'm doing?

MAN

I can see you're packing.

WOMAN

That's what I'm doing.

MAN

...I didn't mean to upset you.

WOMAN  
And yet you did.

MAN  
I know.

Woman continues packing.

MAN (cont'd)  
...Can I at least help?

WOMAN  
I don't need your help.

MAN  
I know, but I'm offering.

Woman stops. Faces Man.

WOMAN  
...Thanks, but I'll be alright.

MAN  
Okay.

A beat.

WOMAN  
...I've been thinking of moving.

MAN  
Moving? Moving where?

WOMAN  
I don't know yet. But unless I start moving some stuff, even if it just means to pack a few things, I won't see it through.

MAN  
...Why are you moving?

WOMAN  
I don't know actually.

MAN  
C'mon, there must be a reason.

WOMAN  
...I'd been thinking about what we were talking about before, and it occurred to me that you can't really know the reason behind any decision.  
(MORE)

WOMAN (cont'd)

There must be an infinite number of influences pushing and pulling anyone to make a decision. So, how can I attribute any one reason to any decision I make? How can I know which reason caused me to make this decision? Or that decision? I have no idea. No one does. We can speculate forever and ever, and we will never come to a conclusion. So, I don't know. I can't know.

MAN

That seems like a cop-out answer.

WOMAN

But it's also not incorrect.

Man facing Woman.

Woman turns around and continues to pack.

MAN

...Does that mean I shouldn't know the reason behind why I asked you to marry me?

Woman stops.

MAN (cont'd)

...Because you're implying that it does.

Woman faces Man.

MAN (cont'd)

...I asked you to marry me because I love you. I love you. That's the reason. There was no other reason. I love you. That's it.

Woman just looks back at Man.

MAN (cont'd)

...Neither of us even wanted to get married. We both thought marriage was a scam, that marriage is about trying to institutionalize love so profits could be made. We-We didn't want to do it. But we did. We got married.

(MORE)



MAN (cont'd)

And the idea that we didn't even want to get married is a testament to why I asked you to marry me, that I did it because I love you, not because I was afraid of being alone, or because it was what society expected of me, but because, and only because, I love you.

Woman continues to look back at Man.

MAN (cont'd)

...Why are you moving?

A beat.

WOMAN

...The reason why you asked me to marry you was clear to you, but the reason why I'm moving isn't clear to me.

Man just looks back at Woman.

WOMAN (cont'd)

...Either that, or I'm correct and no one can know the reason behind anything, even why you asked me to marry you.

MAN

I refuse to believe that.

WOMAN

Then don't believe it. You get to decide what to believe in.

MAN

And you've decided to believe that I can't know why I asked you to marry me?

WOMAN

I don't know what to believe in anymore. Now that you're gone, why should I believe in anything?

MAN

'Cause that's what keeps us going.

WOMAN

Is that really it? Or do you just believe that?

MAN

I believe that. I've decided to believe that, because if I don't believe it, then...

WOMAN

...Then what?

Man falls silent.

WOMAN (cont'd)

...You can tell me.

MAN

...Then...Then it must mean that we weren't together because we loved each other. We were just together, and we don't know why. And I choose not to believe that.

Woman falls silent.

MAN (cont'd)

...But...whatever you think, and whatever I think, you're leaving. You've decided to move.

WOMAN

Yeah, I have.

MAN

And you don't know where you'll move.

WOMAN

No, I don't know.

MAN

Do you know what you'll do with yourself?

WOMAN

I have no idea.

MAN

...Can you see why I'm concerned for you?

WOMAN

I get it, but you don't have to be. I'll be fine. I'll figure it out. I always do.

MAN  
And yet, I can't help it.

WOMAN  
...It's your curse.

MAN  
It's my blessing.

Woman stands up, gives Man a hug. Man hugs back. Then Man takes Woman to the middle of the room.

Man and Woman waltz, box-step, together. Then Man twirls Woman around and she falls into his arms. They gradually stop.

Woman rests her head on his chest.

WOMAN  
I forgot the last time you took me dancing.

MAN  
I didn't.

WOMAN  
When was it?

MAN  
It was on my 30th.

WOMAN  
That long ago?

MAN  
Yeah, that long ago.

A beat.

MAN (cont'd)  
...I remember that night like it was yesterday. I was being dragged around the place by old friends and family members, being introduced to their new partners, catching up with them, etc., etc. And then in the midst of being bounced around, I saw you, in that red dress of yours, looking even more beautiful than you normally do. At the time, I didn't think it was possible, but you were.

(MORE)

MAN (cont'd)

Then you looked over, and saw me looking back at you, and you smiled, you wore that gorgeous smile, with that red lipstick, and my heart was taken away. You then came over to me, took my hand and took me to the middle of the dance floor, where everyone else was flailing their arms and legs to the music. But you took my hand and didn't follow the crowd. We danced our dance, against the beat, to our own rhythm. I can picture it now.

WOMAN

...Why did we stop dancing?

MAN

I don't know. We just did.

Woman in Man's arms.

10 INT. APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DAY 10

A lit candle flickers in the dark.

11 INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY 11

The wooden door shuts.

12 INT. APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DAY 12

Woman is leaning against the cupboard, while Man looks over the books.

WOMAN

What else happened that night?

MAN

What night?

WOMAN

Your 30th?

Man looks to Woman.

MAN

Why are you asking?

WOMAN  
It seems like an important night that I should remember, but I don't have any recollection of it.

MAN  
Really?

WOMAN  
None whatsoever.

MAN  
Strange.

Man looking back at Woman. A beat. Man then looks to the books.

Woman is still looking back at Man.

WOMAN  
...So, what else happened?

MAN  
Nothing super-exciting. Nothing worth remembering at least.

WOMAN  
Was there any drama of any kind, or anything else along those lines?

MAN  
No.

WOMAN  
That's it? No?

MAN  
Yeah, there wasn't any drama. It was a fun night. A good night. Nothing else stood out.

Woman looking back at Man.

13 INT. APARTMENT - BALCONY - DAY

13

Woman and Man are standing around.

MAN  
I wish I had taken up a musical instrument, like guitar, anything really.

WOMAN

I didn't know you were interested in music.

MAN

I always was. Ever since I was a kid it was something that I felt like doing. But I couldn't make it work.

WOMAN

Did you dream of becoming famous?

MAN

Of course. Who doesn't when you're that young? The idea of it, it's so enticing.

A beat.

MAN (cont'd)

...Maybe, that was the problem: I preferred the dream of being successful, over doing what it took to become successful.

WOMAN

The dream is always a finer illusion than reality. Dreams only reflect your hopes, whereas, reality reflects both your hopes and your obstacles.

A beat.

WOMAN (cont'd)

...But in saying that, you did live a successful life.

MAN

Did I?

WOMAN

I think you did. You were happy.

MAN

I was.

WOMAN

It-It serves us to define success in this way, because to define success as anything else means to put success outside of our hands.

MAN

And into someone else's hands.

WOMAN

Exactly, and why would you do that to yourself?

MAN

I don't know, why would we do that to ourselves?

WOMAN

...I guess...because we fall for our dreams, much like -- much like how we lust for someone. We trick ourselves into believing that this person will fulfill all our wishes, that all our problems will be solved and we'll live blissfully in happily-ever-and-ever. And even though this illusion never lasts, we prefer it because reality comes with obstacles, problems, obligations, responsibilities. We prefer to live in denial than to be honest with ourselves. This is why we make success about fame, or fortune, or something else that we believe to be outside of us, why we put success into someone else's hand, rather than make it about fulfillment, happiness.

MAN

It's sad really; that we lie to ourselves to chase little moments of satisfaction instead of being honest with ourselves to feel fulfilled.

Woman falls silent.

MAN (cont'd)

...You know what though, I like to think that my dreams were what stopped me, but honestly, it was because I wasn't any good.

WOMAN

I'm sure that's not true.

MAN

No, no, I was terrible. When I got started, I tried to play something for my family with my dad's guitar, but they all cringed when they heard me play. I can still remember their faces. It was horrible. They-They even cut me off, not even half-way through, I was that bad.

WOMAN

And you stopped playing ever since?

MAN

I wasn't any good.

WOMAN

How long had you been practicing for?

MAN

Not long.

WOMAN

How could you expect to be good after not playing for long?

MAN

I don't know, but that's why I say I was more interested in fame and fortune than in music, because if I was more interested in music then I would have persevered. But I didn't. I just...I gave up.

Woman looks back at Man.

MAN (cont'd)

...However, as I grew up, from time to time, I did feel an urge to pick up playing again.

WOMAN

But you never did.

MAN

I never did.

WOMAN

Why?

MAN

I don't know, but I think about it a lot.



WOMAN

What comes to mind?

MAN

I keep thinking about how I could never just play, if you know what I mean.

WOMAN

I don't.

MAN

When...When I tried to play something for my family that one time, how it came about was that my aunt was asking about my interests, hobbies, that sort of thing, and my mum interrupted, telling her that I liked music. My aunt then suggested that I should play something for everyone there. I was such a shy kid, I didn't want to. But my mum thought it was a good idea, so she got my dad's guitar, made an announcement, put the guitar in front of me and asked me to play. Everyone else was looking at me. And I tried to play, but I just couldn't. I froze. Never played again.

WOMAN

How terrible; to be put on the spot like that.

MAN

Yeah, I was upset for a bit, but I got over it.

WOMAN

By telling yourself that you weren't any good?

MAN

Yes, but I wasn't any good because I couldn't just play, I couldn't just play when I was asked to. See, this is what I keep thinking about, how does one just play?

WOMAN

I still don't follow.

MAN

What I'm wondering is...It's like being able to play without deciding to play, if that makes sense. To not get caught up in the decisions that need to be made to play the instrument and just play.

WOMAN

To not get caught up with how to play and just play?

MAN

Yes, that's it: To not get caught up with how to play and just play. How does one do that? You'd have to be very skilled in your craft. You'd have to know the instrument you're playing, all musical notes, how to arrange them in the right order to achieve the desired tune. You'd have to learn all of this. And then you'd have to practice, and practice, and practice to hone your craft, so that when you're asked to just play, you can just play.

WOMAN

Or maybe, you just play.

Man just looks back at Woman.

WOMAN (cont'd)

...Maybe, you forget about how it's supposed to be done and just play.

MAN

But how can you just play, and still stay in tune?

WOMAN

But what does that even mean? Stay in tune to whom? Who says what note is in tune and what note isn't?

MAN

The listener does.

WOMAN

And what do they know about music?

MAN

If they're an experienced musician,  
then quite a lot.

WOMAN

But how can you know music? Music  
isn't knowable, it can't be  
rationalized. It's simply played.

Man looks back at Woman.

WOMAN (cont'd)

...Just play.

MAN

But how? How can I just play?

Woman looks away from Man. A beat. Then Woman looks back at  
him.

WOMAN

...Maybe, to just play is not the  
best way to phrase it.

MAN

What is the best way to phrase it  
then?

WOMAN

...I'm not sure, but...to say to  
"just play" implies that there is a  
way to it that can be learned,  
repeated, that can be defined and  
rationalized, and perfected, and  
trying to perfect this way seems to  
be what is hindering you from  
playing.

Man looking back at Woman.

WOMAN (cont'd)

...What it implies is that to play  
you have to let go of the idea that  
there is a way to playing.  
Ironically, music does this. Music  
isn't trying to get anywhere. It's  
not wrestling with itself to arrive  
at some destination. It's just --  
It's just music.

MAN

Be music.

WOMAN

...It's not about knowing how to do it, but about surrendering to it.

MAN

Surrender to it. Let go. Release your-your compulsions.

WOMAN

Fall into...the music, the performance, whatever it is you're surrendering to.

MAN

I like that. Fall into the...the act.

WOMAN

An act of faith.

Man smiles. A beat. Then Man's smile fades away.

MAN

...It's too late now though. My time has passed.

Woman looking back at Man.

MAN (cont'd)

...I wish I had realized all this earlier. But I suppose that's life. You are born, not knowing anything, and then as you go forward, you're supposed to learn all these lessons, only to reach the end where you have to let go of all that you've learned.

Man looks away from Woman. A beat. Then Man looks up.

MAN (cont'd)

...Honestly, I didn't give up music because I didn't know how to just play.

WOMAN

Then why did you give it up?

MAN

It's obvious, isn't it?

Woman just looks back at Man.

MAN (cont'd)

...Like every other unfulfilled dream, it was because of fear. Fear of what others thought of me, that I wouldn't be any good; what I was afraid of, I don't know exactly, but it was fear that held me back. It must have been. After all that I've learned, everything that I went through, fear is the only real obstacle we're faced with. All other obstacles are merely cousins of fear.

A beat.

MAN (cont'd)

...Back then, I wouldn't admit that to myself. That's really why I didn't pursue music. That's why I quit music. I was afraid, scared, and I was in denial about it. And I have no idea what I was scared of. Can I even know what I was scared of? I don't -- I don't know. Can I even know that? I don't know. You can question anything, which would imply that everything can be refuted. Arguments could go on infinitely if we didn't become so exhausted by them. So, what can you know if everything can be refuted? I-I can't know. I can't know what I was scared of. I was just afraid.

Man falls silent. A beat. Man continues:

MAN (cont'd)

...And what makes it even worse is that at the end you are required to let go of it all: Your fears, your hopes, your dreams, everything, all gone. It means that-that there was no point in being afraid. There's no reason to be scared of anything. It all gets given away, so what do you have to fear? Why do you have to be afraid? Fear is unnecessary.

WOMAN

...And yet, we're still scared. Is that wrong? Is that so bad?

MAN

...Who knows?

Woman looking back at Man.

14 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 14

The balalaika in the corner. A beat. It slowly fades away.

15 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 15

The record player against the wall. A beat. It slowly fades away.

16 INT. APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DAY 16

The tables and chairs in the middle of the room. A beat. It all slowly fades away.

17 INT. APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DAY 17

The lit candle is still flickering in the dark.

DISSOLVE TO:

18 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 18

The ceiling.

19 INT. APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DAY 19

A face presses through a curtain.

20 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 20

Woman and Man are lying on the floor.

MAN

I was thinking about what I was telling you before about how there are certain things that we can't know, but at the same time, we can't dispose of them.

WOMAN

Why?

MAN

I don't know. I guess, because I like to think. That's why anyone does anything, right? Because they like it.

WOMAN

Is that it though? Are those who complain complaining because they like to?

MAN

I'm not sure, but maybe, they do.

WOMAN

But why would someone like to complain? It's not as if they get anything out of it.

MAN

But maybe, to them, they believe they're getting something out of it. Maybe, they believe that complaining helps them to get their concerns off their chest. Or maybe, by complaining, they feel as if they're being heard. Or maybe, there's some other reason. I don't know. It must be different for different people.

WOMAN

Does any of that really help though? Does getting your concerns off your chest really help anyone? Does feeling heard really help anyone? These just seem like excuses for complaining.

MAN

I don't actually know, but if they believe that it helps them, then it must do, for them.

WOMAN

Even if they're deluding themselves into believing that it's helping them?

MAN

But don't we all delude ourselves, in some shape or form?

WOMAN

...I don't know about that.

MAN

...Those who complain must believe that they're getting something out of complaining, which is probably why they like complaining. Otherwise, why would they complain?

WOMAN

But mightn't we have just mentioned an alternative reason for why someone might complain? Maybe, they're not complaining because they like it, but because they believe they'll get something out of it. The reason why they are complaining, their focus is not on the enjoyment that might come from complaining, but is on what they believe they will get from complaining. The enjoyment that might come from complaining is really just a happenstance. It isn't the main goal.

MAN

They're not complaining to be happy, but because they believe that by complaining they'll get something else that they believe will help them to be happy.

WOMAN

Happiness might not be their reason for complaining.

MAN

But conversely, happiness might be their reason for complaining. Some might complain because they like it. It's like when I think. I think, and I like it.

WOMAN

Really? Do you think, and you like it? Or do you think for enjoyment?

MAN

Is there a difference?



WOMAN

If you are thinking for enjoyment, then that would imply that you're thinking to obtain enjoyment, that you perceive enjoyment as separate from you and it must be achieved, whereas, if you think, and you enjoy it, then that would imply that your happiness is not predicated on thinking, but just happens when you think.

MAN

When you're thinking for enjoyment you're devaluing yourself.

WOMAN

Exactly.

A beat.

MAN

...I wasn't thinking for enjoyment though. At least, I feel that I wasn't thinking for enjoyment. I-I was just interested in what I was thinking about.

WOMAN

About how there are certain things we can't know, but also can't dispose of?

MAN

Yeah, I...I was considering if freedom might have resided under this umbrella.

WOMAN

Freedom, huh? Do you think it does?

MAN

Yeah, I'm not sure. What...What is freedom?

WOMAN

Well, if it's one of those things, then you can't know what freedom is.

MAN

Which makes this difficult.

WOMAN

But if it's not one of those things, then, maybe, you can know what freedom is.

MAN

Yeah, that's the case.

A beat.

MAN (cont'd)

...So, what is freedom? What does it mean to be free?

WOMAN

It depends on how you define it.

MAN

And how would you define it?

WOMAN

I don't know. Being able to do what you want when you want to. That seems like a decent definition.

MAN

But is that freedom? Suppose you are in that position, being able to do what you want when you want to, wouldn't you be endowed with infinite possibilities? And wouldn't this bring about an overwhelming degree of anxiety? You would be mulling over the infinite possibilities with every choice you faced, trying to figure out what to do, living in constant hesitation. You would be filled with anguish all the time. How excruciating that would be. How is that freedom?

WOMAN

But when we're faced with a choice there isn't ever an infinite number of possibilities. There's just either/or. There's just the choice between deciding to do what you intend to do and deciding not to do what you intend to do.

MAN

By deciding to do something else.

WOMAN

...We're limited to only those two options with every choice we face.

MAN

That's one way to look at it, but do you think most people see it like that?

WOMAN

I don't know, you'd have to ask most people.

MAN

...You would, but...even if there are only ever two options with every single choice we face, aren't there many ways we can decide to not do what we intend to do?

WOMAN

...I guess.

MAN

So, even when it comes down to it, even if there are only two options, if you are able to do anything you want when you want to, there are an infinite number of ways in which you can not do what you intend to do. In this way, you are still faced with infinite possibilities.

A beat.

MAN (cont'd)

...And if you are faced with that, and the anxiety that comes with it, again, how is that freedom?

WOMAN

Then freedom isn't about the number of possibilities you have.

MAN

No.

WOMAN

You always have possibilities though. That's not to say that anything is possible, but you always have possibilities.

MAN

You always have potential.

WOMAN

That's a better way to put it.

Man looking at Woman. A beat. Man smiles to himself.

MAN

...Yet another thing we can't actually know, but also can't do away with.

WOMAN

Potential?

MAN

Yes.

WOMAN

...Unlike freedom.

MAN

Well, I'm not sure yet. Freedom can't be about the number of possibilities you have, so, again, what is freedom?

A beat.

WOMAN

...I can tell you what freedom isn't about.

MAN

Oh? And what is freedom not about?

WOMAN

Freedom is not about being free of contexts.

MAN

Why is that?

WOMAN

Because it's impossible. To be free of context is in itself a context. That's a self-contradiction. You can't be free of context. You're always in a context. Freedom can't be that.

MAN

Or that's what freedom is, but we can never be free.

WOMAN

That's a sad thought.

MAN

What? That you can never be free?

WOMAN

Yeah.

MAN

Why is that sad?

WOMAN

Because we strive for freedom and yet, it can't happen.

MAN

But by that standard, isn't it just as depressing to consider that we strive for freedom and, maybe, we can't know what it is?

WOMAN

Yeah, it is.

MAN

Why do we want to be free?

WOMAN

Because we don't want to feel trapped.

MAN

And yet, we can't escape from context.

WOMAN

We're trapped, all of us.

MAN

We're all in boxes, in boxes, in boxes, in boxes, in boxes, on and on, indefinitely.

A beat.

WOMAN

...But maybe, that's not what freedom is.

MAN

Then what is freedom?

WOMAN

If...If we have to define freedom, then that would imply that we can't know what freedom is. How can we know what something is if we have to define it?

MAN

We can't.

WOMAN

Whatever definition we give to anything is just simply a definition we give to it. Whatever meaning we give to anything is simply the meaning we give to it. The meaning we give to a thing is not what the thing is. And...we can't not give meaning to a thing. To not give meaning to a thing implies that you are giving the thing no-meaning. You are defining the thing as a thing without meaning. That's a paradox. And that implies that you can't not give a thing meaning.

MAN

And since we can't escape this dynamic, where we define all things, where we give all things meaning, then that would imply that we can never actually know what a thing is, what a thing is without us giving it meaning. We can't actually know what anything is, ultimately.

A beat.

MAN (cont'd)

...We can't know what freedom is. But are we free?

WOMAN

Hard to tell when you can't know what freedom is. But we always have choice. We always have potential.

MAN

That's not freedom though. That's choice, and potential.

WOMAN

But with choice, with potential,  
don't we have freedom?

MAN

You could say that.

WOMAN

Maybe, freedom is something we can't  
know but also can't dispense with,  
like with choice and potential.

MAN

Still don't know.

WOMAN

Me neither.

A beat.

MAN

...What can we know?

WOMAN

Don't know.

MAN

We can't know what anything is,  
but...but as well, we can't not give  
things meaning. It's like with  
dreams. We can't know what our dreams  
mean...

WOMAN

...But we also can't help but give  
our dreams meaning.

A beat.

MAN

...What do you dream about?

21 INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

21

The wooden door shuts.

22 INT. APARTMENT - BALCONY - DAY

22

The wind chime is still.

23 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

23

Woman and Man are lying on the floor. FOCUS ON: The tops of their heads now.

WOMAN  
...Random things.

MAN  
Like what?

WOMAN  
I'm not sure, I tend to forget them.

MAN  
'Right.

WOMAN  
What do you dream about?

MAN  
Nothing in particular. I tend to hear my dreams.

WOMAN  
You hear tunes?

MAN  
Yeah.

WOMAN  
You were destined to be a musician then.

MAN  
Maybe. We'll never know though.

WOMAN  
Unfortunately.

A beat.

MAN  
...But I always hear something when I dream. How can you not? That's something I never understood.

WOMAN  
What? Silence?



MAN

Yeah, how can there be silence?  
Silence suggests that there's no  
sound. But how can you hear no-sound.  
The absence of sound implies that it  
can't be there to be heard. Silence  
can't be experienced. You can only  
ever hear sound, no matter how quiet  
it is.

24 EXT. APARTMENT - DAY 24

WATCHING OVER the garden.

MAN (V.O.)

...Listen. Listen carefully. Sound is  
always present.

CONTINUE TO watch over the garden.

25 INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - MORNING 25

The hallway is empty.

26 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY 26

Woman and Man standing around. The kitchen is nearly empty.

DISSOLVE TO:

27 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER 27

Woman and Man standing around in different places to the  
previous scene.

DISSOLVE TO:

28 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER 28

Woman and Man standing around in different places to the  
previous scene.

MAN

Have you figured out what you're  
going to do?

WOMAN

I still don't know.

MAN

You've been thinking about it a lot.

WOMAN

I have, but I can't seem to arrive at a decision.

MAN

That's typical of most people. We think over all our possibilities to come up with what we believe will be the best outcome, even though we can't know the future. In the end, we always make our decisions on a whim.

WOMAN

Is that what you recommend? To make a decision on a whim?

MAN

No, I don't recommend anything. But in the end, you'll do that. We all will.

WOMAN

Even those who know what the best outcome will be?

MAN

But how can you know that any decision will lead to the best outcome? You might trick yourself into believing that a particular decision will lead to the best outcome, but you can't know that it will.

WOMAN

Even if it's something obvious like...deciding to exercise?

MAN

But what if exercising leads to injury?

WOMAN

Then you can scale back.

MAN

And if it's a long-term injury?

WOMAN

Then you can do what it takes to recover, and not push as hard the next time around.

MAN

And if you can't recover?

WOMAN

There's always a way. Every problem implies a solution. That's how life is.

MAN

Okay, but all that still doesn't take away from the idea that getting injured was not the best result that could have come out of exercising.

WOMAN

But what if you don't get injured? What if your health improves as a result of exercising?

MAN

And what if by exercising, you lose time to read, or develop other skills, or something else?

WOMAN

Then make time for all of those things.

MAN

But what if by doing all of these things you lose time with your family? And what if your family starts to resent you for not being around?

WOMAN

Then spend time with your family. I don't see what's so hard about this.

MAN

Don't you see that sacrifices have to be made? We can't all do everything. Time is limited. That's how life is.

WOMAN

Then you should do what you feel is best for you.

(MORE)

WOMAN (cont'd)

So long as you respect others, and don't bring harm to them, then you should do what you feel like doing.

MAN

I agree with that. I agree that we should do what feels good to us, with respect to others, but it still doesn't detract from the realization that we can't know what decision will give us the best outcome. You can imagine, envision which decision will give us the best outcome, but we can't know. We can never know the future. It's always ahead of us.

A beat.

MAN (cont'd)

...This is why we can never achieve a perfect world, a world that is right, completely just. We make decisions based on achieving this perfect, idealistic state, but we can't know which decisions will lead to the best outcome. So, we keep making these decisions, trying desperately to reach this world, this better world, where everything is perfect, but we will never get there.

WOMAN

Plus, there's the question of what is perfect. What does perfect mean? A world where there is only good. How can that happen? How can there be good if we didn't have bad to distinguish good from? We can't recognize what is good without bad, just as we can't recognize what is bad without good. We must have both good and bad if we are to have good. Or we have neither. Either way, there can't be a world that is all good. There can't be a perfect world. It can't -- It can't even be conceived of. How can we achieve a perfect world that we can't even conceive?

MAN

There's also the question of perfect to whom. Who decides what this perfect world is?

(MORE)

MAN (cont'd)

And even if we are to come to a consensus on who should decide what this perfect world is, then why are they the right candidate? They can't know which decisions will lead to the best outcome, just as the rest of us can't know that, so why should they be the one to decide what's best for the world?

A beat.

MAN (cont'd)

...Since the idea of the perfect world is relative, and can't be known, then can we even know what is better? It implies that we can't.

WOMAN

But isn't it better to be...to be kind to others for instance?

MAN

Is it better if you end up being hurt? I agree that kindness is a good thing, but what if being kind to others hurts you?

WOMAN

What if being kind to others doesn't hurt you?

MAN

But can you know that you won't get hurt?

WOMAN

No, you can't know. We can't know the future.

MAN

We can't know the consequences of our actions.

WOMAN

Not ever.

A beat.

MAN

...We also have to consider that every decision we make comes with an equal number of positive and negative consequences, even if it's not obvious upon first glance, because of our biases. We never experience anything for what it is, we experience the way in which we experience it. Our biases get in the way of experiencing things for what they are. A positive always implies a negative, and vice versa. One can't exist without the other. Every decision must come with the same number of positive consequences as negative consequences. It's either that or we can't know what a gain is and what a setback is, because, again, to whom? Who decides? We can't actually know what these things are. So, how can you make quote-unquote progress if you can't know what a gain is and what a setback is? And even if you are to somehow know what these things are, how can you make progress if the outcome of every decision you make forms just as many positive results as negative results? Every problem we solve causes more problems, making progress unattainable. You can't improve. Life can't improve. Never. Life is insoluble.

A beat.

MAN (cont'd)

...The other dilemma with all this is that to achieve the best outcome, the perfect world, implies a finality, an end point that is the ultimate goal. And if we just so happened to reach that point, somehow, some way, what do we do? Do we just stop? We can't not act. Even deciding not to decide is still an act. You can't not act. So, we can't just stop. We'd have to go on. That's how life is. It's a never-ending unified process. A happening. Life lives on.

(MORE)

MAN (cont'd)

And even if we were to reach this perfect world and just stop, wouldn't we eventually be bored with the world, and ironically, wouldn't the world then cease to be perfect? There's no win here.

A beat.

MAN (cont'd)

...What this all highlights is that the...the question we should be asking ourselves is not how do we achieve the best outcome, it's not how do we become better, nor how do we improve, nor how do we solve all our problems, nor how do we achieve a better world, nor how do we achieve the perfect world, where everything is all good, where there is no bad, no problems, where everything is just, but: Why do you want to be better? Why do you want to improve? Why do you want to solve all your problems? Why do you want to achieve the best outcome? Why do you want to achieve a better world? Why do you want a perfect world? Pose the question to those who want a perfect world, especially when it can't be achieved, because doing this will shine a light on their burdens, their afflictions, their anguish, and indicate to them what has to be altered so that they can be liberated of their constraints.

A beat.

MAN (cont'd)

...But even after saying all that it's still hard to accept that this world can't be better, that there will always be bad, especially when you can't not act. As I said, you can only act. You can't cheat the game by not acting because you have no option but to act. You have to participate and yet, you can't make life better. You can't improve anything. So, what do you do...?

A beat.

MAN (cont'd)

...It makes life hard to live. It makes it hard to enjoy life. It makes it hard to do anything. To be kind. To be kind to your friends. To your family. To...To start a family.

Woman looking back at Man.

29 INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY 29

The hallway is vacant.

SUDDENLY, Man appears, standing, BACK TO US. Man then looks at US, over his shoulder.

30 INT. APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DAY 30

A face presses through a curtain.

Woman appears in front of the curtain with her hair draped over her face.

Woman's face is revealed as WE HEAR Man screaming.

31 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 31

Woman and Man standing in the middle of the room.

WOMAN

How come we never had children?

MAN

I don't know.

WOMAN

...I remember something.

MAN

Oh? What do you remember?

WOMAN

...I remember...at your 30th birthday party...

32 INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY 32

Man standing, BACK TO US, looking at US, over his shoulder. Turns around. Heads towards the front door.



33 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

33

Woman and Man standing in the middle of the room.

MAN  
...Well...?

A beat.

MAN (cont'd)  
...On my 30th birthday?

WOMAN  
...I remember you...talking to  
someone else.

MAN  
Okay.

WOMAN  
Another woman.

MAN  
'Right.

WOMAN  
...You two looked very...intimate.

MAN  
Intimate?

WOMAN  
Intimate might not be the right word,  
but you looked close, like there was  
something between you two.

MAN  
Did you think I had an affair?

Woman falls silent, looking back at Man.

MAN (cont'd)  
...I would never have. I didn't have  
one.

WOMAN  
How can I know that?

MAN  
Because I love you.

WOMAN

But you could have loved someone else. Love isn't reserved for one person.

MAN

I only loved you.

WOMAN

You still could have been with someone else when we were together. You still could have done things behind my back.

MAN

...Is this why you were so controlling?

WOMAN

What?

MAN

Why you were so strict?

WOMAN

Did you think I was strict and controlling?

MAN

You weren't exactly easy. C'mon, even you must have known that.

A beat.

WOMAN

...I...

MAN

...For one, you never apologized. Ever. Even when it was blatantly your fault, you never apologized. Not to me. Not to anyone.

A beat.

WOMAN

...You did have an affair then.

MAN

No, I didn't.

WOMAN

Of course you did.

MAN

No, I--

WOMAN

How could you not have if you thought of me like this? If this was how you saw me how could you -- how could you even love me?

MAN

Hey, I love you. I love you. Just because you were controlling, strict, it doesn't mean I didn't love you.

WOMAN

But then why didn't we have children?

MAN

I don't know.

WOMAN

It must have been because you didn't love me.

MAN

Would you lay off it?

A beat.

MAN (cont'd)

...We didn't not have children because we didn't love each other. We loved each other. We did. And I didn't have an affair. I didn't even think of it. Not once. There was only you.

A beat.

MAN (cont'd)

...I couldn't tell you why we didn't have children. It was just one of those things.

WOMAN

No, no, there must have been a reason for it.

MAN

No, it really just didn't happen because it didn't happen.

WOMAN

No. No. We would have at least talked about it. At least once. But we never did.

MAN

No, we didn't.

WOMAN

Why? Why didn't we?

A beat.

WOMAN (cont'd)

...It's starting to come back to me now. All of it. How shallow we were to each other. How distant we were.

MAN

We weren't shallow, or distant.

WOMAN

Yes, we were. We would -- We would go for days without talking to each other.

MAN

So we didn't talk for a few days, big deal.

WOMAN

That's not what I mean. I mean how... how we were never honest, never upfront with each other. Our relationship was cold.

MAN

...Maybe, we weren't as open as we could have been.

WOMAN

I'm not wrong.

MAN

No, you're not. But we weren't shallow, or distant. We weren't that bad. We still had fun. We were -- We were happy together.

WOMAN

But why were we not open with each other?

MAN

I don't know why.

WOMAN

It must have been because of that other woman, on your 30th.

MAN

Okay, now you're just trying to convince yourself that something happened.

WOMAN

But something must have happened.

MAN

I didn't cheat on you. I didn't cheat on you. Please...Please hear me. Listen to your heart. You'll realize that I was faithful.

A beat.

WOMAN

...I've never seen you beg before.

MAN

Then you must realize how important you are to me.

A beat.

WOMAN

...Why were we not open with each other?

MAN

I don't know. Does it even matter?

WOMAN

Yes, it does.

MAN

Why?

WOMAN

Because how can we love each other on false grounds?

MAN

Did we need any reason to love each other?

WOMAN

Yes.

MAN

Did we? Because how...how could it have been love if there was a reason? Love doesn't need a reason to be. It's just love.

WOMAN

But love is baseless without a reason.

MAN

But love is supposed to be baseless. It's not supposed to have support. It's an act of faith. And no act of faith can happen with any support.

WOMAN

But if there was no reason for loving you, then I could have just fallen in love with...with anyone.

MAN

Yeah, you could have.

WOMAN

So, there's no reason for why we came together? There's no reason for why we stayed together? It just happened.

MAN

...Yeah, it did.

WOMAN

Is any of what you just said true? Or do you just believe that?

MAN

...I don't know.

A beat.

WOMAN

...Why were we not open with each other? I don't understand.

MAN

...I don't understand it either. But do two people really have to be open with each other to love each other?

(MORE)

MAN (cont'd)

Do they have to share everything with each other if they already trust each other?

WOMAN

They still should.

MAN

They should, but they don't have to. Love comes first, everything else is secondary.

A beat.

WOMAN

...I don't know if I can live with myself if I can't know why we weren't open with each other.

MAN

Why is that?

WOMAN

Because it hurts, not knowing.

MAN

It might hurt to know.

WOMAN

It might, but not knowing is unbearable.

A beat.

WOMAN (cont'd)

...Why do you think we didn't have kids?

MAN

I don't know.

WOMAN

Any ideas?

MAN

...No idea.

A beat.

WOMAN

...Don't you know? Or is that just your answer?

MAN

I don't know.

A beat.

WOMAN

...I feel like you do have an idea of why, but you're just not telling me.

MAN

I don't have any idea. Really.

WOMAN

Really?

MAN

Yes.

WOMAN

...Do you think it's me?

MAN

No. No.

WOMAN

Do you think that I'm the reason for why we didn't have children?

MAN

No, I don't think that.

WOMAN

Then what do you think it was? Do you think it was you?

MAN

No.

WOMAN

Do you blame yourself?

MAN

No, I don't.

WOMAN

Then what was it? Something must have stopped us. We couldn't have not had children for no reason. It doesn't make sense.

MAN

I don't know. I don't know why we never had children.



WOMAN

Yes, you do. Yes, you do.

MAN

I don't. I don't know.

WOMAN

You must know.

MAN

I don't know. I don't--

Woman screams at the top of her lungs.

Man freezes, looking back at her.

WOMAN

...Tell me what you think. Just tell me. Don't close yourself. We can't be like this.

A beat.

MAN

...I...

WOMAN

...Tell me.

MAN

You're going to hate my answer.

WOMAN

Don't give me that.

MAN

I'm just warning you.

WOMAN

Just tell me.

MAN

Alright. Alright.

A beat.

MAN (cont'd)

...The-The thought that comes to mind is that...your...your father might have gotten in the way.

WOMAN

My father?

MAN

You have to admit that he was...  
demanding.

WOMAN

You're blaming my father? What has he  
got to do with us?

MAN

Because he...he had a huge impact on  
you.

WOMAN

Of course he did, he was my father.

MAN

I mean, not in the most positive way.

A beat.

MAN (cont'd)

...You...You did become a bit  
testing.

WOMAN

Testing?

MAN

...A little difficult to be with at  
times, especially after he passed  
away.

WOMAN

You think I turned out like him,  
don't you? You think I'm him.

Man falls silent.

WOMAN (cont'd)

...No, you can't blame him. He might  
not have been the best dad in the  
world. He might have been demanding,  
but you can't blame him. You can't.

A beat.

WOMAN (cont'd)

...Can you really say that my father  
was the reason for why we never had  
children? If you blame him, then why  
wouldn't he be any different and  
blame his father for making him so  
insistent, so cynical.

(MORE)

WOMAN (cont'd)

And then my grandfather would blame his father. And then he'd blame his father. And then he'd blame his father. We'll just keep going back through the family line until we reach our greatest ancestors who would blame some apple, or something, for all of their problems. It doesn't work. We can't blame our fathers for our problems. We have to...

Woman falls silent.

MAN

...We have to what?

WOMAN

...I have to...

A beat.

WOMAN (cont'd)

...I'm the reason why we didn't have children. It-It wasn't my father that was the problem. It was me. It was me. I became him. I became this cold, callous, shallow person and you suffered for it.

MAN

No. No, don't think like that. It's not your fault.

WOMAN

But you said it, "I wasn't easy." I must have had some influence over why we never had children. It must have been me.

MAN

If that's the case, then I must have had some influence too. It must have also been my fault too.

WOMAN

No, it was me. It was all my doing.

MAN

You can't do this to yourself.

WOMAN

Why not?

MAN

Because you're hurting yourself.

WOMAN

But maybe, I deserve it. Maybe, I deserve the pain.

MAN

No, no. Don't. Please don't.

WOMAN

No, I deserve it. I deserve this pain.

MAN

No.

WOMAN

Yes, I do.

MAN

But no. It-It doesn't make sense.

WOMAN

Yes, it does. It was me. It was me. I'm the one to blame here.

MAN

But why not me too?

WOMAN

It was all me.

MAN

Why only you?

WOMAN

Because I was afraid. I was afraid.

A beat.

WOMAN (cont'd)

...I was afraid of losing you. That's why I was so controlling. That's why I was so demanding. That's why -- That's why I became my father.

A beat.

WOMAN (cont'd)

...That's what I thought love was.

A beat.

MAN

...That's why you tried to forget your past: So you could distance yourself from your father.

Woman doesn't say a word.

MAN (cont'd)

...I...I can relate to this, believe it or not. I...I understand where you're coming from. Most of us -- We suppress our darkness. We deny our shadows. We delude ourselves into believing that we're all good, that we're just, but, really, we're not. We're not at all. But we do this to protect ourselves. We trick ourselves into believing that we're right so we can preserve our beliefs, and by association, preserve our identity, because who are we without our beliefs? Without our thoughts? This denial is for self-preservation, for preserving our idea of who we are. But by doing this, because of this way of thinking, we blame others who don't agree with our line of thinking for our pain and suffering, instead of taking responsibility. We can't accept that we're little rascals, that we're wicked. And it is due to this that the world is in peril, that we are gradually destroying ourselves, and the real reason why we can never achieve a perfect world. Hell is founded on good deeds.

A beat.

MAN (cont'd)

...I thought that you were trying to forget your past because...because you wanted to forget me, because... you didn't really love me.

WOMAN

No, no, I wouldn't dare.

MAN

I realize that now. That idea was a reflection of my affliction, my insecurities, my fear that you didn't really love me. I can admit that now.

(MORE)

MAN (cont'd)

I can admit that I was causing my own  
heartache.

A beat.

WOMAN

...But can you know that? You have  
been bringing up how there are  
certain things that we can't know,  
but also can't get rid of. Maybe, we  
can't know anything. We can only know  
in words, and we created words. We  
created words to help us to identify  
and communicate what is happening;  
and, in some sense, for self-  
preservation, for survival, by  
helping us to identify what is safe,  
what is a threat, who is being  
threatened, and to enable us to  
create a system that can protect us  
from danger, and potential danger;  
but words aren't real. You can't grab  
onto an idea. You can't taste a  
thought. You can't see a belief. What  
this implies is that knowledge is  
fictitious. We just play into  
knowledge as if it is real, but it's  
not. And this hurts us. This is what  
really hurts us: Believing the sham  
is real, because it makes us believe  
we are separate and forms the  
potential for conflict and suffering.  
This is why we harm each other:  
Because we delude ourselves with  
words. It's...It's not even that it's  
an illusion, because that is not real  
too. It's simply not real. It's not  
true. Can we know anything? Can we  
really know anything? No, we can't.  
Not really.

MAN

But we can realize what is fake.

WOMAN

Yes. Yes, exactly. We can't know  
anything, we can only realize what is  
fake. We can't know what life is, we  
can only realize what is fake. We  
can't know what truth is, we can only  
realize what is fake. We can't know  
what beauty is, we can only realize  
what is fake. We can't know --

A beat.

WOMAN (cont'd)  
 ...We can't know what love is.

A beat.

WOMAN (cont'd)  
 ...We can't know whether or not we  
 love each other.

MAN  
 ...I guess not.

A beat.

MAN (cont'd)  
 ...But we can realize what is fake.  
 We can realize what is fake.

Woman and Man are left standing in silence.

34 INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - MORNING 34

The hallway is empty.

35 INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING 35

Woman is asleep in foetal position, facing the empty side of the bed. Gradually wakes up. A beat. Turns over. Sits up. A beat. Gets out of bed. Leaves the room.

36 INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - MORNING 36

Woman exits the bedroom and walks down the empty hallway.

37 INT. APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - MORNING 37

Woman enters to find the room is completely empty. Looks around.

The living room is also empty.

The kitchen is empty.

The balcony is empty.

Woman looking over everything. A beat. Woman wanders to the middle of the dining room. A beat. Gradually kneels down.

Woman sits down. A beat. Then Woman lies down on her back. Looks up at the ceiling.

38 INT. APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DAY 38

The lit candle is still flickering in the dark. A beat. The candle is blown out. The smoke wafts away.

39 INT. APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - MORNING 39

Woman lying on the ground, looking up at the ceiling. A beat. Then the SOUND of footsteps approaching. MAN wanders INTO FRAME, lies down next to Woman and wraps his arms around her. She hugs him back. They remain in each others arms.

FADE OUT:

The End

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