

INT. DARK ROOM - CORNER WITH A RECORD PLAYER - NIGHT

Candle light flickers across the clear top of a cheapo record player. It's the only visible thing.

Reflections smear on the plastic. A hand lifts the cover and moves the needle to the start of a 45 single.

A SLOW, SCRATCHY, ROMANTIC BALLAD starts.

SASHA (35) a delicate, large eyed red head, slow dances her away across the dark room. She has a cocktail in one hand.

Her eyes are closed.

EXT. HEALTH CLINIC - DAY

The record plays on.

SASHA stands at a bus stop in front of a health clinic. A few people wait around her.

A bus pulls in front of her. When it passes she's still standing there. Alone. Her eyes are glued to her phone.

The date on the screen reads "October 1st." She scrolls rapidly through a list of obscured google search results.

Something catches her attention next to the clinic. She looks. It's a group of people sitting outside a bar.

Their laughter reaches her. She looks at her phone. She looks at the bar. She nods her head to herself.

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK BAR - DAY

The song plays on.

Sasha sits alone at an outside table. A small glass and a huge pitcher sit in front of her.

She scrolls through a dating app. Not one of the sex hook up ones. A genuine relationship app. If there are any left.

Her eyes lift from the screen when a shadow passes in front of her. A couple walks by, holding hands.

Her eyes follow them until they're out of sight. On their way back to the screen they land on the next table over.

Two dudes lean across a friend to smooch. Her eyes fall on the screen. She looks at a picture of JOHN TRAIN.

He's a pretty average guy with an unkempt beard and an ungroomed look about him.

His main profile picture is of him in a dopey costume. Something literature related. Poe, maybe? Like that.

She smiles. Her eyes close. Forcefully.

EXT. THE HP CAFE - DAY

The song plays on.

Sasha sits in a pretty dress. Train approaches, halfway through an apology for being late.

She half stands, half waves off the apology. He sits before they hug. Her hand knocks over a glass of water.

It spills in his lap. Her hands come to her lips. He waves it off with a huge smile and laughs at himself.

She relaxes back in her seat. And laughs with him.

INT. DARK ROOM - VARIOUS WALLS - NIGHT

The music fills the small room.

The shadow of one person dancing to it spins along the walls. They're of various shapes and sizes.

They don't move in any one direction. Their length and rhythm suggest a wide circle.

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK THEATER - DAY/NIGHT

The song plays on. It skips two seconds of the chorus.

Sasha and Train walk into the small theater on the last burst of bright, daytime sunlight.

They're close to each other but they don't touch. Time speeds up. The sun goes down. Electric lights burst on.

It's full-blown night when they come out. She chatters away at him. He smiles and plants a cigarette between his lips.

Her chatter stutters for a second when she sees it. He looks at her for more than a few breaths.

He puts the cigarette back in its pack and slows his pace so they're right next to each other.

She shivers a little. He puts his jacket over her shoulders.

INT. SASHA'S BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

SCRITCH. SCRITCH. SCRITCH. The stylus scratches at the end of the song. CLICK. WHIR. It mechanically rights itself.

The song starts from the beginning.

Train leans on Sasha's front door. A wide shaft of moonlight from a window at the end of the hall creeps in.

It limps to its expiration before it reaches them, due to the electric light on the wall.

They kiss a little. She opens the door without turning away from him. They kiss. She takes a backwards step inside.

He whispers something to her that makes her whole face brighten. They kiss.

He backs away from her. She offers him a little wave before she steps inside and closes the door.

He walks down the hall. In to, and out of, the shaft of moonlight.

INT. BEDROOM - UNDER THE SHEETS - DAY

The song plays on.

Sunlight diffuses through a sheet that covers a nude Sasha and Train. He's asleep.

She traces patterns on his shoulders and back. He offers only very slight responses.

Without warning she sinks her teeth into his shoulder. Not hard enough to break the skin, but a genuine bite.

He turns away from her in a doze. The full light of the sun pours over them when he twists the sheet off them.

When he realizes where he is and what's going on he smiles. His arms wrap around her and pull her on top of him.

EXT. ART GALLERY - DAY

The song plays on. It skips at the same place.

Train and Sasha walk past a white brick building. They hold hands. His free hand holds a pastry, hers a coffee.

They stop in front of the white brick wall and trade. She reaches up to wipe pastry crumbs out of his beard.

He turns the cup so his mouth doesn't disturb the almost perfect lipstick stain her lips left on the rim.

Watching him do this fills her with a joyful energy. She pulls him into the gallery.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

The song plays on.

Sasha sits on a picnic table deep in the backyard of a squat house. It's decorated for Halloween. There's a party inside.

Train paces in front of her. He waves a lit cigarette around, annoyed. They wear an elaborate couple's costume.

Scott & Zelda Fitzgerald? Joan Crawford & Douglas Fairbanks Jr.? Tesla & A Coil? Something that kind of dorky.

She lowers her head. He swigs from a bottle and shouts. She jumps off the table and slaps him in the face.

INT. SMALL BEDROOM - NIGHT

The song plays on.

Sasha enters the completely dark room. CLICK. Bright white light fills her vision.

When it clears her whole body reacts. The entire room is filled with flowers.

Every single surface. She drops her bag and walks to the center of the room.

Her hand reaches for a card. It's from John. It reads "There aren't enough ways to say I'm sorry."

She drops on the bed. BLOOP. A text appears on her phone. It's from John. "Heading over." She smiles.

SCRITCH. SCRITCH. SCRITCH. The stylus scratches at the end of the song. CLICK. WHIR. It mechanically rights itself.

The song starts from the beginning.

Her eyes close. Forcefully.

INT. DARK ROOM - SOFA - NIGHT

Sasha sits in the center of the couch in a slip. All the lights flicker around her. The song plays.

She cradles a drink on her lap with both hands. Her eyes are closed. Tears push their way through them anyway.

There's a faint KNOCK at the door directly behind her. She doesn't hear it. A louder KNOCK. She still doesn't hear it.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. Her eyes shoot open. She wipes the tears away and gets up.

Before she moves for the door it opens. Light from the hall spills around a dramatic silhouette.

CLICK. The light comes on. PENNY (25) a stunning young woman, pushes her way inside. Her arms are full of bags.

The bags are full of records. She talks with a friendly look but the music drowns out her voice.

She moves to the record player. SCRIIIITCH. She lifts the needle off the record. Sasha stays where she is.

Penny is mid-sentence.

PENNY

- and he let me take some of the best stuff in his collection. You've got to check out this one record. Shuggie Otis. It's amazing. God, I love that old man so much. Sometimes it makes me want to float around the room.

Sasha turns her body to face Penny. Penny organizes the bags of records and turns off the stereo. With her back to Sasha.

PENNY

Did you end up going out with that OKCupid guy? What was his name? John or something, right?

Sasha looks over her shoulder at a laptop on a small desk along the wall behind her.

The date on the screen reads "October 1st." A piece of paper from the health clinic sits crumpled beside it.

A few browser windows are open. They all show search results for BREAST CANCER. Medical options. Surgical options.

It's extensive research. Under one window is a partially obscured one for OKCupid. It's on Train's profile.

Part of an unsent message is visible at the bottom. She bursts out in manic LAUGH-CRYING.

SCRITCH. Penny drops the needle on a different record.

CUT TO BLACK: