

PLANET SHE

Written by

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SCREENPLAY ADAPTATION - PART 1

FADE IN:

EXT. DEEP SPACE

A low, cosmic hum vibrates through the void.

A SMALL SPACESHIP drifts through the black, its hull faintly reflecting starlight.

A suspenseful, minimal SCORE begins beneath the cosmic hum. (In line with the cosmic hum, it evolves into suspenseful deep-space music). Sparse. Uneasy.

It doesn't feel like music.

More like awareness.

HE (MID TO LATE 30S) (V.O.)
Like a spaceship... (small pause in
his sentence)

The ship is not gliding.

It is being PULLED.

EXT. UNKNOWN PLANET - SPACE

A massive planet looms ahead.

Its surface churns with fluorescent green light, glowing through vast swirling clouds like a living storm.

Unnatural. Heavy.

HE (V.O.)
...caught in the relentless pull of a
planet's gravity.

The ship drifts toward it—slow, inevitable.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: SHE (Early 30s, attractive but not like a model type, extremely charismatic)

A playful smile never fully leaves her face.

The same suspenseful score continues underneath everything.

She moves through conversation (inaudible) like it's music—light, effortless, impossible to ignore.

The room bends toward her without effort.

The score feels closer now.

No longer distant.

Almost synchronized with her movement.

Her eyes flicker with something magnetic, unreadable.

The world around her is slightly out of focus—

Then it SHARPENS.

People orbit her. Leaning in. Laughing too hard. Watching her too closely.

She doesn't try.

She doesn't need to.

They move to a rhythm that isn't heard in the room.

A low, suspenseful score fills everything.

It was already there.

It follows her.

Rhythm where there should be none.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACESHIP - COCKPIT

WARNING LIGHTS flash red.

HE, bolted into a pilot's chair wearing a FLIGHT SUIT, grips the controls, jaw tight.

Sweat beads on his forehead. The same suspenseful score continues beneath everything.

He pulls back hard on the throttle.

Nothing.

The planet fills more of the window. The score tightens.

Then begins to build.

He speaks.

No sound—only the shape of the words forming under pressure.

He flips another switch.

Still nothing.

The ship SHUDDERS.

Not violently.

Like it's losing an argument it was never meant to win.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

WIDER NOW — SHE stands at the center of it all.

Bodies move to the music that isn't heard in the room.

The same suspenseful score continues beneath everything.

It no longer feels distant.

Across the room—

HE (same as the astronaut, but in regular clothes) watches her.

Still. Isolated.

The world around him blurs at the edges.

All of it converges on her.

Only she is clear.

His fingers tighten around his drink.

A war in his expression.

Go to her.

Don't.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACESHIP - COCKPIT

He flips switches rapidly.

The score tightens.

Harder now.

The pull intensifies.

The planet swells in the viewport, consuming everything ahead.

No escape.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

SHE laughs inaudible—

It cuts through everything.

Heads turn.

People lean closer.

She doesn't chase attention.

It collapses toward her.

He exhales slowly.

Defeated.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The ship is closer now—dangerously close.

The atmosphere begins to ripple around it.

A faint GLOW forms along the hull.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

He sets his drink down.

Starts walking.

Each step heavier than the last.

Like moving through gravity.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACESHIP - COCKPIT

Alarms SCREAM.

The controls shake violently in his hands.

He closes his eyes for just a moment—

Still pulling back.

Still fighting.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

The same suspenseful score reaches its peak.

Not louder.

Absolute.

He reaches her.

She turns to him—

Like she already knew he would.

A small smile.

Not surprised.

Not questioning.

Certain.

He's already hers.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE

The ship disappears into the planet's atmosphere—

ENGULFED in light—

CUT TO BLACK.

The score stops.

Silence.

HE (V.O.)
That's how it felt.

A beat.

HE(V.O.) (CONT'D)
When I saw her for the first time.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Her hands cover his eyes.

BLACK SCREEN.

Cheerful music starts ("NEVER BEEN IN LOVE" by Johnny K or "MOVES LIKE JAGGER" by Maroon 5 swells softly. The iconic whistle hook feels like a playful morning alarm.)

No image.

Slowly, her hands begin to move away.

Light leaks through.

He blinks.

A soft morning light fills the room.

Her smiling face comes into view.

Close. Playful.

Still too close, as if she never really creates distance.

He exhales a small laugh.

She is already moving.

Sitting up before he fully does.

Pulling him with her energy rather than words.

He follows, still half-dreaming.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

She moves through the space like it already belongs to her rhythm.

Grabbing a shirt.

Throwing it toward him without looking.

He catches it late, smiling.

SHE
Let's go somewhere!
(joyfully)

HE
Where?

SHE
Anywhere. We'll see where the road is
going to lead us today.

She is already at the door.

Waiting.

Not impatient.

Certain.

He finishes getting ready, unable to hide his smile, and follows.

EXT. CITY ROADS - DAY

A beautiful summer day. Sunlight spills over the streets, warm and unhurried.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - MOVING

They glide through traffic, the wind soft but constant.

She drives.

Calm. Confident. Effortless.

Not rushing. Just going.

He watches her for a moment, amused by how naturally she owns the road.

A car tries to merge ahead.

She slows slightly, then lifts her hand—firm, relaxed, almost commanding.

A clear *go ahead* gesture.

The other car slips in.

No tension.

No hesitation.

She keeps driving, smiling to herself.

SHE

I do that to collect good karma.

He chuckles under his breath.

She keeps driving, eyes forward, still smiling.

Not in a hurry.

Just on her way somewhere that doesn't need a destination yet.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY

A quiet, charming small town under a bright summer sky.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

She looks around with bright curiosity.

SHE

This looks interesting.

EXT. SMALL TOWN STREETS - DAY

They walk side by side. Happy. Unhurried.

A passerby smiles at her.

She smiles back without breaking stride.

An OLD WOMAN slows as they cross paths, looking between them—

OLD WOMAN

Don't see that much anymore, gesturing
lightly to their joined hands.

She meets it with a playful, knowing smile—

SHE

We're bringing it back.

The woman chuckles, charmed.

She's already moving.

She doesn't notice.

He does.

EXT. PEDESTRIAN CROSSING - DAY

They arrive at a crosswalk and stop, waiting for the light.

Cars pass.

They talk casually.

Mid-sentence—

She suddenly freezes.

Across the street, in the distance—a HOT AIR BALLOON rising slowly.

Her face lights up instantly.

She interrupts him.

SHE
Oh my God, look... a balloon!

A beat. Excitement builds.

SHE (CONT'D)
I've never been in one. Let's go!

She grabs his hand and steps forward immediately, pulling him with her, fully focused on the balloon.

Traffic is still moving. The light is still red.

He quickly holds her back just enough to stop her.

HE
Hey! Slow down. Someone's going to hit us.

She pauses. Looks around for the first time, realizing where she is.

A beat.

Then the childlike excitement returns, just as bright.

SHE
I can't wait to get there.

He shakes his head, smiling despite himself.

Green light appears.

She doesn't stop looking at the balloon as she starts to move, still holding his hand.

This time, he lets her pull him.

EXT. HOT AIR BALLOON PLATFORM - LATER

The balloon floats high above the landscape. The city and surrounding nature stretch endlessly below.

They stand inside the balloon, wrapped in each other's arms.

The world feels quiet up here.

Peaceful.

Weightless.

They look around, smiling, taking it in.

He glances at her.

She's already looking at him.

They lean in.

They kiss.

Mid-kiss, she suddenly blows into his mouth, playfully, breaking the kiss with a soft, absurd sound.

They separate instantly.

He stares at her, stunned.

She looks back at him with a cheeky, childlike grin. Proud.

SHE

I got you.

A beat.

Then he bursts out laughing.

HE

You are crazy.

They laugh together.

The energy softens.

They lean in again—no interruptions.

A proper, soft, romantic kiss this time.

They hold it.

The balloon drifts quietly above the world.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Warm light. Low chatter. Glasses clink in the background.

They sit in the same corner of the table, knees nearly touching.

Life with her is never still. Never quiet.

Even here, it moves at her pace.

She leans toward him, cutting into his sentence mid-thought, already shifting the conversation somewhere else as if every second were urgent.

SHE

We should go to laser tag tomorrow.

She says it with her recognizable smile, a glow in her eyes whenever she talks about doing something new.

He laughs, trying to keep up with her—her energy like nothing can slow it down.

She notices his laugh.

Looks at him.

He looks at her, still smiling.

HE

You're unstoppable.

A beat.

She leans in slightly.

Presses her forehead gently to his.

The noise of the pub fades between them.

SHE

You think too much.

Soft. Certain.

SHE (CONT'D)

Just be here.

He exhales a small laugh again—this time quieter, settled.

They hold the moment for a beat longer than necessary.

Then she takes a sip of her beer, already moving forward again in conversation, naturally pulling him with her.

He follows.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

HE (V.O.)
 Being with her felt like freedom. Like
 life had been tuned to a different
 frequency when she was near...

- INT. CAFÉ - DAY

Half-finished coffees left behind on a table as they rush out mid-conversation.

- INT. LASER TAG ARENA - DARK

He catches her off guard, shoots her from the side. She gasps—then grins. He gives a small, cheeky, victorious look.

- EXT. SKY - DAY

They parachute together, wind roaring. Her scream turns into laughter—pure, unfiltered. He laughs too, but keeps glancing at her.

- EXT. SEA - DAY

A small boat cuts through the water. She steers fast, reckless, laughing. He grips the side, smiling—half-thrilled, half-bracing.

- EXT. HILLTOP - SUNSET

They reach the top, slightly out of breath. A wide view stretches behind them. She throws her arms up, celebrating. He laughs, catching his breath—then joins her, smaller, but real.

- EXT. OPEN-AIR NIGHTCLUB BY THE WATER - NIGHT

Music pulses. Lights flicker across the water. He pulls her into the crowd, already dancing. She gives in without hesitation, not even for a split second. They move together, off-beat but alive.

END MONTAGE

A beat. Silence.

HE (V.O.)
 ..Until it wasn't.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING - WINTER

Snow falls softly outside the window. The light is pale, washed out. The room is dim, heavier than it used to feel.

He watches her from the kitchen doorway.

She sits at the table, wrapped in a sweater, staring into her coffee. Quiet. Still.

Not the same.

He approaches carefully, like not to disturb something fragile.

HE
(softly)
Morning.

She barely looks up. A small nod. Nothing more.

He lingers, unsure, then sits across from her.

Silence stretches.

He reaches for his coffee. Takes a sip.

Keeps his eyes on the table.

Another sip.

Time passes. Quiet, undisturbed.

He sets the cup down.

HE (CONT'D)
Work's been kind of weird lately. I
don't know, it just—

She cuts him off, sharper than expected.

SHE
Can we not do this right now?

He blinks, caught off guard.

SHE (CONT'D)
I just woke up. I don't want to start
the day with something negative.

A beat. He nods.

HE
Yeah. No, you're right.

Silence returns. Thicker this time.

She takes a slow sip of coffee.

SHE
I just need an hour in the morning.
Quiet. That's all.

He forces a small, understanding smile.

HE
Okay.

He looks at her, waiting for something – anything.

Nothing comes.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT - WEEKS LATER

The snow is heavier now. Piled up against the windows.

The room is darker than before. Messier. Lived-in, but tense.

They stand on opposite sides of the room.

Mid-argument.

HE
I'm not saying you have to come. I
just– I want to go out sometimes. Be
around people.

SHE
And I don't. Why is that a problem?

HE
It's not a problem, it's just–
(frustrated)
It feels like we never do anything
anymore.

She lets out a sharp laugh. Not amused.

SHE
So go.

He pauses. That wasn't what he expected.

HE
What?

SHE
Go. If it's so important to you.

HE
I'm asking you to come with me.

SHE
And I'm telling you I don't want to.

A beat. The tension tightens.

HE
Then I'll go for a bit. Just tonight.

That lands.

Something in her shifts – fast.

SHE
Fine. Go.

He doesn't move.

A beat.

Something in her breaks through the restraint.

SHE (CONT'D)
Go out then. Go. If that's what you
want so badly.

He still doesn't answer.

That silence makes it worse.

SHE (CONT'D)
Just get out of here! She yelled.

The words hang in the room, too loud for how small the space
feels.

A long pause.

It's not about going out anymore.

He hears it.

A long moment. Neither of them backs down.

He nods, once.

Decides.

He walks past her.

Grabs his jacket. Then a bag.

She moves – instinctive, reaching toward him.

SHE (CONT'D)

Wait-

But he's already stepping away.

Too late.

He stops for half a second at the door.

Doesn't turn back.

He leaves.

The door closes.

She stands there, hand still half-raised, the anger gone as quickly as it came - leaving something quieter underneath it.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Soft morning light. The snow outside is nearly gone, melting away.

The apartment feels lighter. Tidier, but more importantly - easier.

She's at the stove, stirring something. Barefoot. Relaxed.

He moves behind her, casually.

Opens a cabinet. Finds a mug without thinking.

HE

You're almost out of coffee.

SHE

There's more in the other cupboard.

He checks. Finds it. Of course.

A small rhythm between them - familiar, unforced.

He starts making coffee.

She glances back at him, a soft smile already there.

SHE (CONT'D)

You remembered.

HE

I lived here.

A beat - then she smiles wider at that.

He pours water into the kettle.

She steps aside slightly to give him space, but their shoulders brush as they pass.

Neither of them reacts. It's natural.

SHE
Sit. It's ready.

They move to the table together.

She sets down plates. He pours coffee for both of them.

They start eating.

Comfortable silence. Not empty – lived-in.

SHE (CONT'D)
You're staying tonight, right?

HE
Yeah. If that's okay.

She looks up – a hint of "of course it is," but softer.

SHE
It is.

A small beat.

She watches him for a moment longer than necessary.

Something on her mind.

SHE (CONT'D)
You could... stay more than that.

He glances up, still relaxed.

HE
Yeah?

SHE
Yeah.
(she shrugs, trying to keep
it light)
I mean... you're here anyway.

A small pause.

Then, more honestly:

SHE (CONT'D)
You could move back.

That's the shift.

He leans back slightly. That old instinct – hesitation.

Thinking.

That ease doesn't disappear – it just gets quieter.

HE
I don't know...

She nods, like she expected that.

But she doesn't retreat.

Instead, she reaches across the table – rests her hand over his.

Warm. Steady.

SHE
We don't have to do it the same way as
before.

A beat.

SHE (CONT'D)
I just miss you being here. Every day.

Now it's vulnerable – not strategic.

He looks at her hand on his. Then at her.

She holds his gaze this time. Doesn't look away.

A long moment. No tension. Just consideration.

Something in him softens.

Then:

HE
...Okay.

Soft. But real.

Her fingers tighten slightly around his hand – not triumphant,
just relieved.

She smiles.

Not big. Just right.

SHE
Okay.

They stay like that – hands together, morning quiet around them.
The distance between them – gone, for now.

EXT. STREET / RIVER PATH - LATE AFTERNOON - SUMMER

Warm light. The day starting to soften.

People moving toward the river. Bikes passing, distant music.

He's waiting.

She approaches from down the path.

Something catches his attention before he fully registers it.

Then – he sees it.

Her hair. Red.

Fresh. Striking in the light.

She notices the exact moment it lands.

A small, amused smile.

HE
You changed it.

She tilts her head slightly, letting him look.

SHE
Yeah.

A beat.

SHE (CONT'D)
You're welcome.

A light tease. Not defensive – playful.

He huffs a small laugh.

HE
I didn't say–

SHE
You didn't have to.

She steps a little closer, still smiling.

SHE (CONT'D)
You mentioned it once. So I figured
I'd do something about it.

A beat – she lets that sit, watching him.

SHE (CONT'D)
And before you ask – yes, I know it
looks good.

That lands with a quiet confidence.

He looks at her, amused now.

HE
It does.

She smiles back – not shy, not seeking approval. It *lands* the way she wanted.

SHE
Obviously.

A small pause.

She gestures ahead with her chin.

SHE (CONT'D)
Come on. We'll miss it.

She passes him, lightly brushing his arm as she goes.

He turns, falls into step beside her.

They walk off together.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - EVENING - SUMMER

Golden hour slipping into dusk.

The river reflects the last light. Music nearby, low and constant.

They're on a blanket now, close, relaxed.

Shoes off. A drink on the blanket within reach.

Her head rests briefly against his shoulder, then she shifts, stretching out beside him.

A quiet, comfortable rhythm.

SHE
What was that place you mentioned?

He turns slightly.

HE
Which one?

SHE
The one with the music. Near the
bridge. When is the live music night?

He's a little surprised she remembers, but doesn't make a thing of it.

HE
Friday nights.

She nods.

SHE
Let's go.

A small beat.

SHE (CONT'D)
If you still want to.

HE
I do.

Without overthinking it, she shifts closer and just *lands* beside him, fully there now.

Her hand finds his arm – confident, familiar – like it belongs there.

She gives him a quick, playful squeeze as she settles in.

A faint smile on her face as she looks out toward the water.

He adjusts slightly so she's more comfortable against him, and she immediately notices.

SHE (softly amused) There you go.

Not a comment about feelings – just acknowledging the gesture, like it's normal between them.

People pass. Water moves. Summer noise fills the space around them.

She leans in a bit more, completely at ease now, like she's decided this is where she's staying.

They lie there like that.

For a moment, everything sits exactly where it should.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT - WEEKS LATER

The room is dim. City light spills in through the window.

Different feel than before. Subtler. Quieter.

They sit on the floor, backs against the couch.

Not far apart - but not touching.

Silence stretches.

She stares ahead, unfocused. Quiet in a way that feels slightly off - like something in her has lowered its volume.

He glances at her.

Waits.

Nothing.

HE

I don't understand you.

She doesn't answer immediately.

SHE

I know.

He exhales.

HE

That's not...

(beat)

That's not a good thing.

SHE

I know.

Softer this time.

He turns to her now.

HE

Then help me. Just tell me what's going on with you.

A beat.

She finally looks at him.

And there it is-

Something shifts in her expression.

Subtle, but real.

Her guard slips. Just enough.

There's something underneath – raw, uncertain... almost afraid.

Like she's right on the edge of saying something that matters.

He sees it.

Doesn't interrupt.

Waits.

A second longer–

And then it's gone.

She pulls back into herself. The moment closes.

She leans back slightly. A small, controlled smile.

SHE
I'm just complicated.
(beat)
You like that about me.

He watches her.

No reaction at first.

Then–

HE
I did.

Silence.

It sits between them.

Heavy. Unresolved.

Neither moves.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

The door opens.

He steps in – casual clothes, slightly worn. Nothing sloppy, just effortless. Real.

He drops his keys on the table.

Exhales.

She's on the couch, scrolling, but looks up immediately.

SHE
Hey.

HE
Hey.

A beat.

He runs a hand over his face, tired.

HE (CONT'D)
I'm dead.

She studies him for a second.

SHE
Long day?

HE
Yeah.
(beat)
Let's just go grab a coffee or
something. I need to get out for a
bit.

She nods easily.

SHE
Okay.

A small pause.

Then—

SHE (CONT'D)
Just change first.

He doesn't react right away. Just blinks.

HE
Why?

She gestures vaguely at him.

SHE
Because you're not going out like
that.

He looks down at himself. T-shirt, jeans.

HE
Like what?

SHE
Like you just got out of bed.

HE
I didn't.

SHE
It looks like it.

A beat.

He exhales, already feeling it.

HE
It's a coffee place.

SHE
So?

HE
So I don't need to dress up for a
coffee.

She stands now, already halfway to the bedroom.

SHE
It's not "dressing up," it's just-
putting in a little effort.

She pulls open a drawer, takes out a sweater.

The sweater.

SHE (CONT'D)
Wear this.

He doesn't move.

HE
No.

She turns, surprised-but only slightly.

SHE
Why not?

HE
Because I don't like it.

SHE
You never give it a chance.

HE
I did. I still don't like it.

A beat.

She walks back toward him, holding it up against him like she's already decided.

SHE
It looks good on you.

HE
I don't care.

That lands.

A small shift.

SHE
You don't care how you look when
you're out with me?

There it is.

He lets out a short, disbelieving breath.

HE
We're going for coffee. Not a wedding.

SHE
That's not the point.

HE
Then what is the point?

A beat.

She softens slightly—but not really backing down.

SHE
The point is that when we go somewhere
together, you should look like you
want to be there.

He stares at her.

HE
I said I want to go.

SHE
That's not the same thing.

A pause.

Frustration starts to rise.

HE
No, what's not the same thing is this—
you deciding what that should look
like.

Silence tightens.

She lowers the sweater slightly.

SHE
I'm just trying to help you.

HE
I didn't ask for help.

A beat.

HE (CONT'D)
Why is this always a thing?

SHE
What?

HE
My clothes. What I wear. Where we go.
How I show up—

He gestures vaguely.

HE (CONT'D)
It's never just simple with you.

Her expression shifts—cooler now.

SHE
God forbid I have standards.

That hits.

HE
Standards?

He lets out a small laugh. Not amused.

HE (CONT'D)
It's a coffee shop.

SHE
It's not about the coffee shop.

HE
Then what is it about?

A beat.

She doesn't answer directly.

And that's the problem.

HE (CONT'D)
 You know what—this is exactly it.

She watches him carefully now.

HE (CONT'D)
 It starts like this. Small things.
 "Just wear this." "Just do that."

(beat)

HE (CONT'D)
 And somehow it's never actually a
 choice.

SHE
 That's not true.

HE
 It is.

His voice sharpens.

HE (CONT'D)
 Just stop controlling everything.

Silence.

That lands heavier than before.

She goes still.

SHE
 I'm not controlling you.

HE
 You are.

A beat.

He runs a hand through his hair, pacing slightly now.

HE (CONT'D)
 You tell me what to wear, where to go,
 when to stay in—

(beat)

HE (CONT'D)
 Why I don't need other people.

That one lingers.

She doesn't respond immediately.

Instead—

SHE
You're overreacting.

HE
No.

(beat)
I'm just tired of it.

Silence.

He looks at her—really looks this time.

And something shifts.

Quieter. Internal.

HE (CONT'D)
All that stuff..
(beat)

HE (CONT'D)
Your hair... you changed it because I
said something once.

(beat)

HE (CONT'D)
Like that's all it takes.

(beat)

HE (CONT'D)
The plans... suddenly wanting to do
everything I mentioned, like it
matters that much—

He searches for the words.

HE (CONT'D)
That energy you have... the way you pull
me into it—

A breath.

HE (CONT'D)
It doesn't feel... real anymore.

A beat.

She stiffens.

SHE
What does that mean?

He shakes his head slightly.

HE
I don't know.

(beat)

HE (CONT'D)
It just feels like—

He stops himself.

Doesn't fully say it.

But the thought is there now.

She sees it forming.

And that bothers her more than the argument.

SHE
Feels like what?

A long pause.

HE
Like it's not just... us.

(beat)

HE (CONT'D)
Like you're doing it for a reason.

Silence.

That lands.

Harder than anything else.

She looks at him—really looks now.

Something colder underneath.

But controlled.

SHE
I was just trying to do something
nice.

HE
Yeah...

(beat)

HE (CONT'D)
I don't know anymore.

A long silence.

The energy is gone now.

Flat.

HE (CONT'D)
I'm not going.

Not dramatic.

Just done.

A beat.

HE (CONT'D)
And I'm not changing.

Silence.

The energy collapses.

He moves past her—toward the kitchen / window / somewhere in the apartment.

Not looking at her.

Creating distance without leaving.

She stays where she is.

Still holding the sweater.

Her grip tightens slightly.

Neither speaks.

Same space. Different worlds.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT - WEEKS LATER

Dim room. City light leaking in through the window.

They sit across from each other.

Not far. Not close.

Just... stuck in place.

A long silence.

He watches her for a moment.

Not searching for a reaction anymore.

More like confirming something he already knows.

HE
I just don't think...

(beat)

HE this works.

Silence.

It lands quietly—but completely.

Her hands tighten in her lap.

A small, controlled clench.

He notices.

His body reacts before his mind does—

He almost reaches forward.

Stops himself.

The space between them stays untouched.

She doesn't speak.

Doesn't break it.

Just looks down for a moment.

Then back up.

Nothing dramatic.

Just final in a quiet way.

CUT TO BLACK.

SCREENPLAY ADAPTATION - PART 2

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The moment closely mirrors the previous waking scene with the first girl, as if replaying the same event with slight variation.

He wakes slowly.

Not fully awake yet—still drifting in that soft space between sleep and day.

Turns his head.

She's there.

NEW GIRL (mid 30s, classic beauty, calm presence) is already awake, watching him.

There's a quiet warmth in the way she looks at him—steady, unforced.

A small smile appears on her face when she notices he's awake.

He doesn't move right away.

Just looks at her.

Something in him settles.

Not excitement. Not tension.

Just... ease.

Like the room is exactly as it should be.

A faint smile crosses his face before he even realizes it.

NEW GIRL

Hey.

He exhales softly.

HE

Hey.

A quiet beat.

She shifts slightly closer, careful, present—like she's aware of the space but not trying to fill it.

NEW GIRL

You okay?

He nods.

HE

Yeah.

And he means it.

Another pause.

She studies him for a moment longer, not intrusive—just there.

NEW GIRL

Coffee?

A simple question. No push behind it.

He nods again.

HE

Sure.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Coffee in hand. Morning light spilling across the kitchen.

He leans back slightly against the counter.

HE

God... it's actually nice not having to
go to work today.

A small breath out-relief more than complaint.

HE (CONT'D)

I really don't like that place.

She looks at him over her cup, already on the same wavelength.

NEW GIRL

Yeah... I get that.

A beat.

NEW GIRL (CONT'D)

I don't like mine either.

He nods slightly-like, of course.

HE

It just drains you.

She gives a small, knowing smile.

NEW GIRL

Exactly.

A quiet pause. No heaviness. Just mutual recognition.

He takes a sip.

HE

We should use today properly then.

She nods immediately.

NEW GIRL
Yes. We should.

A beat.

She leans slightly on the counter now, relaxed.

NEW GIRL (CONT'D)
Where do you feel like going?

He thinks for half a second. No pressure in the question.

HE
Let's go to the lake.

Her face softens a little—easy approval.

NEW GIRL
Yeah...

(beat, small smile)

I like it when we go there.

He nods once.

HE
Then it's settled.

She finishes her coffee, setting the cup down gently.

No rush. No debate.

Just alignment.

EXT. CITY ROADS - DAY

Bright summer light. The city feels open, unhurried.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

He drives fast.

Not reckless—controlled. Precise.

Lane changes happen cleanly, almost effortlessly. Like he's reading the road a moment before it happens.

Traffic tightens ahead.

He slips through it—smooth overtake, then back into flow.

No hesitation. No correction. Just movement.

She watches him for a moment, then the road.

NEW GIRL
You really like driving.

HE
Yeah.

A beat.

Another car slows ahead. He adjusts instantly—clean pass, back into rhythm.

She shifts slightly in her seat, steady but attentive to his pace.

NEW GIRL
You're good at it.

He keeps his eyes on the road.

HE
I don't like going slow.

A small smile from her.

NEW GIRL
I don't think I'd ever dare to drive like this.

He glances at her briefly, then back ahead.

HE
It's not about daring.

She watches him now, curious.

NEW GIRL
What is it then?

A beat.

He doesn't answer immediately.

Just another smooth lane change—effortless.

HE
You just do it.

She nods slowly, like she accepts that... even if it's not her language.

A quiet stretch.

Wind. Road. Motion.

She glances at him, then out the windshield again.

NEW GIRL
Is this okay for you?

He briefly looks at her—then back to the road.

HE
What do you mean?

She shrugs lightly, almost embarrassed by the question now that it's out.

NEW GIRL
Sometimes I can't tell if I'm.. in the way or part of it.

That lands differently.

He immediately looks at her—quick shift in attention.

A beat.

His expression softens, a bit surprised she even thinks that.

HE
Hey..
(beat, warmer now)
Baby, no.

She glances at him.

HE (CONT'D)
You're not in the way.

A small pause.

HE (CONT'D)
I like you. A lot.

He says it simply, like it's obvious to him.

HE (CONT'D)
Don't overthink it.

A beat.

She absorbs that. Her shoulders ease slightly.

NEW GIRL
Okay.

A faint, relieved smile.

NEW GIRL (CONT'D)
Sorry.

HE
Don't be sorry.

He glances at her briefly—soft, reassuring.

Then back to the road.

The car continues forward.

Fast. Smooth. Certain.

But now—warmer.

DAYS LATER

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darkness.

He sleeps.

At first—nothing.

Then—

DREAM SEQUENCE

Cold metal under his hands.

Weightlessness.

Not just felt—understood.

The low hum of a ship around him.

Darkness beyond the glass—endless, familiar.

He moves easily.

Instinctive.

Excitement snaps through him—sharp, immediate.

A small smile flickers across his face, unplanned . Focus locks in.

Control returns.

This is where he wants to be.

A beat.

Then—

something shifts.

The low hum deepens.

Quiet score starts, suspenseful, ominous, like something bad is going to happen.

He looks forward.

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The planet fills the viewport.

Massive.

Unnatural green light churning through storm layers.

The score grows slightly.

Not louder.

Closer.

A subtle distortion ripples across the surface—like something beneath the clouds has noticed the gaze.

The green light pulses once.

Then settles.

Watching.

Without eyes.

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

His posture changes.

The feeling of danger arrives quietly.

Not as fear yet—

but as recognition.

Hands steady on the controls.

No response.

The ship doesn't correct its course.

The pull increases.

EXT. SPACE

The ship is too close now.

Too fast.

The planet is no longer approaching.

It is *taking*.

INT. COCKPIT

Alarms begin—low at first, then stacking.

The score tightens again.

He tries the controls.

Still nothing.

A flicker in his expression.

His breathing changes.

Shallower now.

Controlled.

Barely.

EXT. SPACE

The atmosphere begins to distort ahead.

Light bending around the hull.

The pull becomes absolute.

INT. COCKPIT

The sound collapses into tension.

The ship vibrates—not violently, but as if resisting something final.

His breathing breaks.

Short. Fast.

Uncontrolled now.

Panic sets in his face.

His eyes fixed forward, unable to process what's coming.

The score reaches its edge.

And underneath it—

something else begins to surface.

Familiar.

Not place.

Not memory.

Just feeling.

The image of the planet begins to soften.

Its green glow thinning at the edges.

Not disappearing—

transforming.

The storm layers blur—

and begin to resemble something else.

A face.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Her face. (his previous girlfriend, SHE)

SHE is there.

Watching him.

His eyes snap open.

He wakes violently.

Heart racing.

Breath sharp.

Dark room swallowing the edges of perception.

For a second—

he is still there.

The hum inside him.

Unresolved.

Then reality begins to reassemble.

A shape beside him resolves into clarity.

A presence.

SHE sits near him.

Close.

Awake.

Watching him with concern.

SHE
Hey... hey, it's okay.

Her voice is calm, familiar, grounding.

He stares at her, trying to anchor himself.

His breathing slows slightly.

She reaches toward him—careful, steady.

SHE (CONT'D)
It was just a dream.

A beat.

He nods faintly.

Trying to accept it.

But something in him doesn't settle.

The darkness still feels close.

He finally looks at her properly.

The face aligns.

Recognizes.

Calms.

But only for a moment.

Because—

there is a delay.
A subtle mismatch.
Like reality loading slightly too late.
His eyes adjust.
And in that second—
he realizes.
This is not SHE.
It is the NEW GIRL.
She is still speaking, softly, worried.
But now he sees her clearly.

NEW GIRL
...you're safe. It's okay.

He blinks.
The recognition fully locks in.
The confusion fades—but the unease remains underneath it.
He nods slowly.

HE
Yeah... I'm okay.

A beat.
But his eyes drift for just a second—
not to her—
but somewhere beyond her.
As if the darkness did not fully leave the room.
CUT TO:

NEXT MORNING

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Fluorescent light. Clean. Controlled. Too normal.

He sits at his desk.

Still.

Watching the screen.

No immediate movement.

Like his body arrived before his mind did.

A low hum of office life surrounds him.

It doesn't fully register.

Not yet.

A beat.

On the screen – something mundane. Numbers. Emails. Movement without meaning.

His eyes track it.

But don't process.

Instead–

A flicker–

The office hum drops out.

INT. COCKPIT - UNKNOWN

Weightlessness.

Silence.

Hands on the controls–

Still.

BACK TO SCENE.

The hum snaps back in.

Too loud.

Too sharp.

He blinks.

The screen in front of him–

Flat. Small.

Unreal. Like it doesn't belong to him.

He leans back in his chair.

Exhales.

Quietly-

FRIEND (O.S.)
You alive?

He turns.

FRIEND (early 30s, casual, observant) stands nearby with a coffee.
Watching him.

FRIEND (CONT'D)
You've been staring at that thing like
it owes you money.

A faint smile from him.

Automatic.

HE
I'm okay. Just tired.

FRIEND
Mm.

The Friend doesn't fully buy it.

He pulls up a chair. Sits.

FRIEND (CONT'D)
How are things... otherwise?

A small beat.

He knows what that means.

HE
They're good.

FRIEND
"Good" good, or...

He shrugs.

Searching for the version that sounds right.

HE
She's... great.

FRIEND
Yeah?

HE
Yeah.

A beat.

He looks back at the screen.

Then away.

HE (CONT'D)
She's beautiful.

(beat)
Calm. Thoughtful.

He hesitates.

HE (CONT'D)
Always there.

FRIEND
Sounds terrible.

A slight smile.

But it fades quickly.

HE
No, it's-

He stops.

Adjusts.

HE (CONT'D)
It's good. It is.

A pause.

Something unsaid pressing underneath.

FRIEND
But?

He exhales through his nose.

Quiet.

HE
I don't know.
(beat)
It's just-

He struggles to phrase it.

HE (CONT'D)

Easy.

FRIEND

That's a problem?

HE

No.

(beat)

It just feels like...

He trails off.

Can't quite say it.

FRIEND

Like what?

A longer pause.

He looks at nothing in particular.

HE

Like I'm supposed to feel more.

That lands.

FRIEND studies him.

FRIEND

Or like you're used to things being harder?

A flicker of recognition.

He doesn't answer.

Which is the answer.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

Man...

(shakes head slightly)

She's good for you.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

Not like what you had before.

HE

Yeah... I guess.

FRIEND

Nobody is perfect.

(shrugs slightly)

FRIEND (CONT'D)

She is Steady. Normal.

(beat)

Exactly what you need.

That line lingers.

He nods.

Small. Automatic.

HE

I know.

A beat.

He looks back at the screen.

But his eyes drift—

Not to anything in the office—

Somewhere else.

FRIEND watches him.

FRIEND

You miss it, don't you?

Silence.

He doesn't answer.

But—

A tiny shift in his expression.

Enough.

FRIEND leans back.

Half-amused. Half-concerned.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

You're insane.

A faint smile from him.

HE

Yeah.

But there's no conviction in it.

A beat.

The hum of the office fills the space again.

Louder now.

Or maybe just more noticeable.

He stares at the screen.

Still not really seeing it.

CUT.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Quiet.

Not tense.

Just ending.

He sits opposite NEW GIRL.

A long silence between them.

Not uncomfortable at first.

Just final.

NEW GIRL
What's going on?

He exhales.

HE
I don't think this is working.

She looks at him.

Processing.

Then—

NEW GIRL
What do you mean?

He looks down for a moment.

Searches for words that don't sound cruel.

HE
I just... don't feel it.

A beat.

That lands.

Not instantly.

But deeply.

NEW GIRL
That's it?

He nods slightly.

Not dramatic.

Just certain.

HE
Yeah.

Silence.

Then—

Something shifts in her.

NEW GIRL
I tried.

He blinks.

Caught off guard.

HE
What?

NEW GIRL
I did everything right. You never said anything.

His expression tightens.

HE
I didn't ask you to—

NEW GIRL
That's not the point.

A beat.

Her voice rises slightly—not loud, but charged.

NEW GIRL (CONT'D)
We were fine. We were good. You just—

She stops, struggling to contain it.

NEW GIRL (CONT'D)
You just stopped seeing it.

A beat.

HE
I don't understand-

He stops.

He looks at her, confused.

HE (CONT'D)
We were together for only three
months.

A beat.

That doesn't land the way he expected.

She stares at him, like she's trying to reconcile something in him
that doesn't match her reality.

NEW GIRL
So that's how you see it.

HE
I didn't mean-

He stops.

There's nothing clean to attach that to.

Silence.

She looks at him for a long moment.

Not angry now.

Something else.

Disbelief.

NEW GIRL
I thought it was more than that.

A beat.

She stands.

Not dramatic.

Just done.

NEW GIRL (CONT'D)
Okay.

She walks past him.

Out of frame.

He doesn't follow.

Still.

Confused.

And now something heavier underneath it.

Guilt.

Not for what happened.

But for how differently it meant something to her.

CUT.

SCREENPLAY ADAPTATION - PART 3

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The moment echoes the earlier waking scenes with the first and second girls, as if the same memory is being replayed with small, almost imperceptible differences.

Same soft light.

Same slow return to consciousness.

He wakes gradually.

Still suspended between sleep and awareness.

Turns his head.

She's there.

PERFECT GIRL (early 30s, impossibly composed, effortlessly beautiful) is already awake beside him.

Watching him.

Not intensely.

Not curiously.

Just perfectly present.

A small smile forms the instant their eyes meet.

Measured.

Exact.

PERFECT GIRL

Morning.

Her voice is soft, evenly paced, like it knows exactly where to land in the quiet room.

He studies her for a moment longer than he means to, like he's trying to match her to something he's already seen before in a different form.

HE

Hey.

She studies him gently.

Not searching for anything.

Already understanding.

PERFECT GIRL

You slept better.

Not a question.

A beat.

He realizes she's right.

HE

Yeah.

She shifts a little closer. Natural, unforced, but somehow never accidental.

He gives a small smile.

She smiles back immediately.

Then leans in and kisses him softly.

Not too long.

Not too little.

Exactly what the moment seems to require.

She rises from the bed.

Sunlight catches her briefly as she crosses the room.

Every movement graceful without trying to be.

He watches her go.

And for the first time— something about the perfection lingers a second too long.

CUT.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

A crowded pub. Warm noise, low music, glasses clinking.

He's with friends, guys and girls together, packed around a table of half-finished beers. The easy rhythm of conversation, laughter, interruptions. The kind of night that doesn't try to mean anything.

He's in it, but slightly behind it—like he arrived mid-stream and never fully synced.

FRIEND

Saw you the other day... new girl, huh?

HE

Yeah?

FRIEND

Mate, she's... ridiculous.

A couple of the others react—smirks, interest.

FRIEND 2

You don't date normal people, do you?

Laughter around the table.

He smiles, not really bothered.

HE

She is normal. She just seems perfect most of the time.

FRIEND 3 (FEMALE)

You don't stay single for long... Slow down a bit.

She laughs it off.

He takes a sip. Not defensive yet. Just watching them.

HE

It's not like that.

A beat. He shrugs it off more than he explains it.

FRIEND

You're just swapping them out at this point.

That lands closer. He exhales, leans back slightly.

HE

It's not intentional.

He gestures vaguely with the glass, trying to find the right way to say it.

HE (CONT'D)

You know me... it's not like women were lining up for me.

He half-smiles, like even saying it sounds slightly off.

FRIEND

(slightly amused))

That wild one lined up pretty well for you.

At the mention of her, something lights up in him for a split second - dangerous, nostalgic, alive - before the moment passes.

HE

Yeah... after her, it just changed. Like I didn't even have to look anymore.

Another beat.

HE (CONT'D)

Women just started showing up. Too good to pass up.

A couple of his friends exchange looks.

FRIEND

That sounds like a problem, not a gift.

He shakes his head slightly.

HE

It doesn't feel like either.

Silence for a moment, then the table moves on—another joke, another drink, the conversation flowing again.

But he stays slightly outside of it.

As if the room is doing a very good imitation of normal life, and he can almost see the seams.

He looks out across the pub— and for a second, something in the crowd feels wrong. Familiar shapes in the wrong places. A movement that doesn't belong where it is.

Then—just at the edge of it—he thinks he sees SHE.

She's there for a fraction of a moment.

He blinks.

It's not her.

He takes another sip.

CUT.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

He sits at the table repairing a kitchen drawer taken from the cabinet, pausing between steps as his focus drifts.

She's already there, watching him.

PERFECT GIRL

You forgot to reply to your messages again.

Not accusatory. Just factual.

HE

I know. I was busy.

She nods immediately.

PERFECT GIRL

Okay.

A beat. She brushes a wrinkle from his sleeve, then quietly moves a glass back into place beside the sink.

PERFECT GIRL (CONT'D)

You should eat something.

HE

I'm not hungry yet.

PERFECT GIRL

You will be.

No pressure. No insistence. Just certainty.

He pauses.

Something about it should feel caring.

But it doesn't land like care.

It lands like completion.

He watches her.

Headlights sweep past the apartment window.

For a split second, her face seems wrong in the shifting light.

Not distorted.

Revealed.

Her skin takes on a metallic sheen. Not human — just for a fraction of a second.

The softness disappears.

Beneath it: something too smooth, too precise. Expression held in place instead of felt.

Then the headlights pass.

She's normal again.

Warm. Calm. Beautiful.

A strange unease settles into him.

HE

Do you ever... get annoyed?

She thinks for half a second.

PERFECT GIRL

Not really.

Beat.

PERFECT GIRL (CONT'D)

There's no point.

Silence.

This should feel comforting.

Instead, it feels final.

Like nothing about him ever affects her deeply.

He studies her more closely now.

HE

What if I did something wrong?

PERFECT GIRL

You don't.

A smile.

Not reassurance.

Conclusion.

He stops moving.

He realizes there's nothing between them that resists.

Ever.

And it feels wrong.

CUT.

MONTAGE - BEDROOMS - MORNING

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

He wakes.

Soft morning light.

A different woman beside him.

Already awake.

Already looking at him.

WOMAN #1

Morning.

He takes a beat to orient himself.

HE

Hey.

She smiles immediately.

Effortless. Ready.

He smiles back.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

He wakes.

Same motion.

Different room.

Different woman.

Already awake again.

WOMAN #2

Hey.

He blinks.

HE

Hey.

She reaches to smooth his hair back gently.

She smiles.

He doesn't quite return it.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

He wakes slowly.

Same timing.

Same soft light.

A woman beside him.

For a brief moment -

It's SHE. (The original girl)

Soft. Familiar. Real.

Soft smile crosses his face.

Then she shifts slightly.

And the illusion breaks.

Different woman.

Not her.

WOMAN #3

Morning.

His smile fades.

A beat too long before he answers.

HE
Baby... I don't think this is gonna
work out.

Silence.

The woman looks at him, confused.

But he's already somewhere else.

Staring past her.

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

He sleeps.

Silence.

No presence beside him.

Just darkness.

Then -

DREAM SEQUENCE

Cold metal again.

But sharper this time. Not like a dream - like memory.

More immediate.

His hands are already on the controls before he understands why.

The hum of the ship is louder.

Closer.

Not external.

Inside him.

He looks forward-

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

A low score is already present, suspenseful, ominous, like something bad is going to happen.

The planet is there again.

Same green storm layers.

But unstable now.

Flickering.

Like something is struggling to keep its shape consistent.

The pull is stronger than before.

Too familiar.

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

He doesn't ease into control this time.

He is already reacting.

Already resisting something he remembers resisting before.

Alarms begin immediately.

No warning phase.

The ship is not responding.

Not malfunctioning.

Refusing.

EXT. SPACE

The green surface pulses faster now.

Irregular.

INT. COCKPIT

His breathing is already broken.

Not surprised.

Recognizing.

HE
(under breath)
No...

EXT. SPACE

The planet is no longer distant.

It is immediate.

INT. COCKPIT

The score tightens again.

He tries the controls.

Still nothing.

A flicker in his expression.

His breathing worsens.

Shorter.

Shaking.

Barely controlled.

EXT. SPACE

The atmosphere begins to distort ahead.

Light bending around the hull.

The pull becomes absolute.

INT. COCKPIT

The sound collapses into tension.

The ship vibrates—not violently, but as if resisting something final.

His breathing breaks.

Short. Fast.

Uncontrolled now.

Panic sets in his face.

His eyes fixed forward, unable to process what's coming.

The score reaches its edge.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

He wakes.

Gasping.

But alone.

No one beside him.

Silence holds.

Too clean.

His hand grips the mattress instinctively—
as if expecting resistance that is no longer there.

A beat.

His breathing slows.

But not fully.

He turns his head slightly.

Stays lying there.

Something from the dream stays.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

He wakes.

No one beside him.

Same light.

Same timing.

But the bed is empty.

He stays still for a moment longer than usual.

Doesn't reach for anything.

Just looks at the empty space beside him.

Then sits up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

He sits on the couch.

A book in his hands.

A modern horror novel.

He reads it as if he already knows what comes next.

A flicker of confusion.

A low, uneasy score begins under the silence.

He turns a page.

Stops.

A passage feels wrong.

Not new.

Familiar in a way he cannot place.

"I'm your number one fan."

He stops.

Looks at it again.

It is still there.

But it feels out of context.

Wrong.

He turns the page.

Blank.

The next one.

Blank.

All of them.

Behind him—

the air thickens.

Something forms.

Slowly.

From the wall.

SHE.

Not fully human.

A shifting presence – like smoke shaped into memory.

Her face inside it, faint.

She moves toward him.

Close.

Too close.

As if trying to feel him without being seen.

He does not notice.

The score tightens.

She is right behind him now.

Still.

Almost touching.

He shifts slightly.

She vanishes.

The air collapses back into silence.

A beat.

He slowly closes the book.

Looks at it.

Not sure.

Leaves it on the couch.

INT. BAR - DAY

Low daylight through dusty windows.

A half-empty bar.

Muted sports on a television no one watches.

HE sits with a FRIEND at the counter.

Two beers already empty.

Another halfway gone.

His phone face down beside him.

FRIEND
You're really not going in?

HE shrugs.

HE
Probably not.

FRIEND
That makes two days.

HE takes a slow drink.

No guilt in it.

Just exhaustion.

The bartender passes.

Refills without asking.

A WOMAN slips onto the stool beside him.

Beautiful.

Effortless about it.

Not trying too hard.

WOMAN
(to bartender)
Same as him.

She glances toward HE.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
You look like you're having a worse
day than me.

HE gives a polite smile.

HE
Possible.

FRIEND watches quietly.

Already sensing it.

The WOMAN studies him for a moment.

WOMAN
You always drink before noon or is
today special?

HE
Special occasion.

WOMAN
Should I ask?

HE shakes his head lightly.

HE
Probably not.

She smiles anyway.

Comfortable silence.

The bartender sets her beer down.

WOMAN
Well, mysterious and emotionally
unavailable usually means trouble.

HE almost laughs.

Almost.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
I'm serious. You've got the whole sad-
stranger-at-the-end-of-the-bar thing
going.

FRIEND smirks into his drink.

HE
Sorry to disappoint.

WOMAN
No disappointment yet.

She turns slightly toward him now.

More direct.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
You seeing anyone?

HE hesitates.

Too long.

WOMAN notices.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
 Okay. So that's a "maybe," which usually means "it's complicated."

HE looks down at his beer.

HE
 Something like that.

Another beat.

She decides not to dance around it anymore.

WOMAN
 Can I give you my number?

HE looks at her for the first time fully.

She really is beautiful.

Open. Interested. Real.

Which somehow makes it worse.

HE
 Hey.. You are beautiful.

A small hopeful smile appears on her face.

Then -

HE (CONT'D)
 But I can't do that right now.

The smile fades.

HE (CONT'D)
 I've had a rough patch recently.

WOMAN studies him.

Trying to decide if he means it.

WOMAN
 Right.

HE
 I do mean it.

She nods once.

Disappointed.

Then sharper than before:

WOMAN

..Are you serious right now?

She grabs her beer.

Takes a drink.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Good luck with your rough patch.

She stands.

Walks away without looking back.

Silence.

FRIEND watches her go.

FRIEND

She was really into you.

HE stares at his drink.

Somewhere far away mentally.

HE

Yeah.

A long beat.

The television drones softly overhead.

HE finishes his beer.

Sets the glass down.

HE (CONT'D)

I think I'm gonna head home.

FRIEND looks at him.

HE (CONT'D)

I kinda need to be alone for a while.

The FRIEND nods.

Doesn't push.

HE grabs his jacket and leaves.

The bar door closes behind him.

The muted television keeps playing.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Cold air hits him as he exits.

The sound of the bar door closes behind him like something sealed.

He stands for a second too long on the sidewalk, as if unsure where "home" is supposed to feel like.

Then he raises his hand for a cab.

A cab pulls in almost immediately.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

The city slides by outside the windows.

Gray light.

Slow traffic.

HE sits in the back seat, tired, staring out the window.

The DRIVER is a woman.

Beautiful. Not flashy.

Just striking enough that HE notices immediately.

Which already feels strange.

DRIVER

Where to?

HE gives his address.

She nods.

Pulls into traffic.

Silence for a while.

The soft hum of tires on wet pavement.

HE rubs his eyes.

The DRIVER glances at him through the mirror.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Long day?

HE lets out a quiet breath.

HE
Something like that.

DRIVER
You look exhausted.

HE gives a polite nod.

Not interested in conversation.

The DRIVER keeps driving.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
I'm almost done myself.

HE says nothing.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Another twenty minutes and I'm free.

A beat.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Honestly, I'm debating whether to go
home or find somewhere to drink first.

HE notices it now.

The direction of the conversation.

His expression tightens slightly.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
You drink?

HE
Sometimes.

DRIVER
You seem like someone who thinks too
much when he drinks.

HE looks out the window again.

HE
Probably.

Another beat.

Then:

DRIVER
You could come with me.

HE looks up.

Caught completely off guard.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
I don't usually do this.

She smiles lightly.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Just one drink.

HE doesn't answer right away.

Too many coincidences stacking up. Too easy. Too familiar.

HE
No, thank you.

DRIVER
Come on. You already look miserable.
One drink's not gonna kill you.

HE
I said no.

The DRIVER glances at him again in the mirror. Still calm. Still smiling.

DRIVER
You always this serious?

HE shifts forward now.

Irritated.

Uneasy in a way he cannot explain.

HE
Look, I'm not interested.

The DRIVER's smile drops immediately.

DRIVER
...Right.

Beat. She exhales through her nose—trying to stay composed, but it's already turning.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
You don't have to be weird about it. I was just being nice.

Something in him finally snaps.

HE
Can you just stop the car?

The DRIVER blinks.

Actually surprised now.

DRIVER
What?

HE
Just stop the fucking car.

Silence.

The DRIVER pulls over sharply this time – not obedient, more offended.

She stares at him for a second too long, like she's trying to understand what just happened.

Confusion and irritation flicker across her face, neither fully settling.

DRIVER
Wow. Okay. You could've just said no like a normal person.

HE pulls cash from his wallet.

HE
Yeah.

He hands it to her.

Gets out.

The door slams shut.

The cab pulls away hard.

HE stands alone on the sidewalk.

Breathing unevenly.

He looks around.

Something feels off.

Quiet residential streets.

Old apartment buildings.

A corner store with a flickering sign.

He has never been here before.

He knows that.

But the streets feel familiar.

Not recognizable.

Remembered.

Like a place from a dream he forgot years ago.

HE slowly starts walking.

A FEW PASSERSBY drift through the street now and then.

An old woman carrying groceries.

A man smoking beneath a balcony.

A teenage boy on a bicycle.

Each face catches his attention for a second too long.

Not because he recognizes them.

Because it feels like he should.

Like he has seen them somewhere before.

In another life. Another memory. Another dream.

The feeling crawls under his skin.

He avoids looking at them now.

Uneasy now for a different reason.

A distant sound of traffic somewhere beyond the buildings.

The light fading slowly overhead.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Darkness.

Not complete – just the kind that settles into corners and refuses to leave.

A weak streetlight outside cuts through the blinds in slow, uneven stripes.

HE lies in bed.

Motionless, like he shut off mid-thought.

The room is quiet.

Too quiet in a way that feels intentional.

Then—

his breathing, shallow. Restless beneath it.

A faint shift in the air near the wall behind him.

Almost nothing at first.

Like heat distortion.

Then—

it returns.

SHE.

Not fully formed.

Not fully anything.

A soft, drifting presence peeling itself out of the wall above the bed — like smoke remembering a shape.

She hovers.

Silent.

Looking down at him.

For a moment, there is something almost gentle in her expression.

Recognition.

Relief.

As if she's been searching for him for a long time and finally found him again.

She leans closer.

Slowly.

Careful not to wake him.

A faint, quiet happiness passes through her face.

Then it shifts.

Subtle at first.

A change in focus.

Her gaze deepens.

Fixates.

Something inside her reorders itself.

The softness collapses into something heavier.

More consuming.

Her expression turns— not violent, but hungry.

Possessive in a way that doesn't understand boundaries.

She lowers herself toward the bed.

Not climbing.

More like sinking.

The fabric of the mattress depresses slightly beneath her unseen weight.

She slips under him.

Not beside.

Not above.

Under.

The bed creaks faintly.

HE stirs.

A small movement.

Unconscious discomfort.

His breathing catches.

The air in the room tightens.

Beneath him, the presence expands.

Wrapping.

Coiling.

Not hands — but something that behaves like them.

Like memory trying to become physical.
He shifts again.
His brow tightens.
A dream pulling him under.
The sensation intensifies.
He can't tell where his body ends anymore.
The room feels deeper than it should be.
Longer.
Like it has no floor.
Her presence pulls.
Slow at first.
Then stronger.
Like a tide reversing direction.
HE begins to struggle in sleep.
A faint gasp escapes him.
His body tenses.
Another pull—
Harder now.
Like being dragged beneath water that doesn't exist.
His breath breaks.
He chokes in his sleep.
A sharp inhale—
panic without awareness.
His eyes snap open.
HE jerks upright in bed.
Gasping.
Sweat on his skin.
Heart racing violently.

Silence.

Just the room.

Just the dark.

No one there.

Only the faint outline of the wall behind him.

He scans it immediately.

Nothing.

He breathes hard through his mouth.

Trying to anchor himself.

His hand grips the bedsheet tightly.

Another breath.

Slower now.

But his eyes stay fixed on the wall.

Uncertain.

Listening to a silence that feels slightly too alive.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Fluorescent light.

Low hum of computers.

The tired rhythm of a workday already in motion.

HE sits at his desk.

Unshaven. Heavy-eyed.

Not fully present.

He looks like he hasn't fully returned.

A colleague passes by - FRIEND.

Stops.

FRIEND
You look like shit.

A beat.

HE looks up.

FRIEND (CONT'D)
No offense. Just... you good?

HE hesitates.

That lands closer than intended.

FRIEND watches him a moment longer.

FRIEND (CONT'D)
You getting those nightmares again?

HE looks up immediately.

A beat.

Caught off guard.

HE
What?

HE (CONT'D)
...Did I tell you that?

FRIEND frowns slightly.

FRIEND
Tell me what?

HE studies him now.

Trying to anchor the conversation.

HE
About nightmares.

FRIEND pauses.

Just a fraction too long.

FRIEND
I am not sure. Maybe I just assumed.
You just look like you haven't slept
in a week.

A beat.

The FRIEND looks slightly uncomfortable now, like he stepped into something he didn't mean to open.

HE looks away.

Not convinced.

But also not sure enough of himself to push it further.

HE

Right.

A beat.

The moment doesn't resolve – it just... hangs.

FRIEND watches him a second longer, then tries to move on.

He shifts tone immediately.

FRIEND

Anyway... what's going on?

HE looks at him.

A long beat.

HE

I've been having... weird dreams.

FRIEND

Yeah?

HE

Not just dreams. I don't know.
Hallucinations, maybe.

That lands heavier than expected.

A beat.

HE (CONT'D)

It feels connected... to the women I
date.

He almost regrets saying it.

FRIEND raises an eyebrow.

FRIEND

Oh boy.

FRIEND tries to lighten it immediately.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

Or you're just tired. That's usually
the boring answer.

HE doesn't smile.

HE

I'm serious. I don't want to deal with it anymore. Dating, all of it.

FRIEND exhales through his nose, half amused, half dismissive.

FRIEND

So your solution is to become a monk because you had a bad streak?

HE

It's not just a streak.

FRIEND

It's work stress. That's it. You're overthinking it.

A pause.

Then, lighter:

FRIEND (CONT'D)

Honestly, I'd love to have your "problem" with women.

Small smile. He tries to make it a joke again.

But it doesn't fully land.

Silence for a moment.

Then FRIEND softens slightly.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

Look... you should probably talk to someone.

HE looks at him.

FRIEND continues, more practical now.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

I know a therapist. Good one. Helped a friend of mine last year.

He takes out his phone.

Scrolls.

Finds a contact.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

I'll send it to you.

HE hesitates.

But doesn't refuse.

The FRIEND sends it.

A beat.

Normal office noise continues around them, unaffected.

But something in him stays slightly displaced – like the conversation didn't fully "stick" to reality.

CUT.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

He steps into the office.

A soft chime from the door closing behind him.

Warm light. Clean space. Quiet.

He pauses almost immediately.

The THERAPIST is already there, standing near the desk.

She looks up.

And he freezes for half a second longer than he means to.

She's stunning.

Not "professionally attractive." Not subtle. Just immediately, disarmingly beautiful in a way that doesn't fit the room at all.

He wasn't expecting that.

Not here.

He actually stops for a fraction of a second longer than he intends to.

It throws him off.

Not because she's flirting. Not because of anything she does.

Just because— *again?*

Another one.

So soon.

A subtle tension shifts in his face – recognition of a pattern he doesn't want to admit he's noticing.

She doesn't react to his reaction. Just observes it briefly.

THERAPIST
You must be the new patient.

A beat.

He clears his throat slightly, recovering.

HE
Yeah.

She gestures toward the couch.

THERAPIST
Have a seat.

He does.

Still a little off-balance, but trying not to show it.

She sits across from him.

Notebook in hand. Calm. Controlled.

The session begins.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
So tell me what brought you in.

HE hesitates.

Like he's deciding how honest is safe.

HE
I've been having... episodes. Dreams.
Hallucinations. I don't really know
what they are anymore.

She nods slowly. As if she's heard this exact sentence many times
— but still listens like it matters.

THERAPIST
What do you think is causing it?

A beat.

He doesn't answer immediately. He's not searching for words so
much as for accuracy.

HE
It usually starts when I'm with
someone.

THERAPIST

"Starts"?

HE

When I start feeling like something's wrong.

THERAPIST

Wrong how?

HE

Just... off. Like I'm not supposed to be there. With them.

A beat.

HE (CONT'D)

And if I ignore it, if I stay anyway... it gets worse.

THERAPIST

Worse?

HE

The dreams. The hallucinations. Whatever they are.

He looks up at her now, more direct.

HE (CONT'D)

It escalates the longer I stay in it.

She studies him carefully now. Not skeptical. Interested.

THERAPIST

So what did you do about it?

HE

I stopped dating.

A beat.

HE (CONT'D)

I felt like I was rushing things. Like I wasn't really seeing people clearly.

THERAPIST

Rushing how?

HE

Jumping in too fast. Ignoring that... something felt off.

A beat.

THERAPIST

And what did you do with that feeling?

HE

I stepped back. Took a break.

THERAPIST

From dating entirely?

HE

Yeah.

A beat.

THERAPIST

To figure out what was happening.

HE

Exactly.

THERAPIST

Don't you think that in this way
you're avoiding the problem instead of
solving it?

That lands.

He shifts slightly.

HE

It's not that simple.

THERAPIST

It usually isn't.

A pause.

Then she leans forward slightly – gentle, but direct.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

You felt something was wrong, so you
stepped away from it completely.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

But you never actually stayed long
enough to see what "wrong" meant in
practice.

HE

Because I already know how it ends.

She tilts her head.

THERAPIST

Do you?

Silence.

The room feels smaller now.

She closes her notebook halfway. Not dismissing him – but changing direction.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

You know, avoidance can reinforce the exact symptoms you're describing.

HE

So your advice is what? Force myself to go out and wait for it to get worse?

THERAPIST

No.

A beat.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

My advice is exposure. Controlled. Gradual.

HE laughs once, dry.

HE

That sounds like you want me to experiment on myself.

THERAPIST

In a way, yes.

That honesty catches him off guard.

She continues, calm and precise.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

You don't eliminate fear by isolating yourself from triggers. You reduce its power by experiencing it with-out avoiding it.

HE looks at her for a long moment.

HE

So I should just... date again.

THERAPIST

Yes.

HE shakes his head immediately.

HE

No.

Firm. Final.

A beat.

The therapist doesn't react defensively. Instead, she considers him with a slight, almost amused curiosity.

THERAPIST

You're very committed to not trying.

HE

I'm committed to not losing my mind.

THERAPIST

Those might not be opposites.

Silence again.

He looks away. Frustrated now. Closed off.

HE

This was a mistake.

He starts to stand.

THERAPIST

Wait.

He pauses.

Not fully sitting back down, not fully leaving.

She adjusts slightly in her chair. Still calm. But something shifts in tone - more personal now.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

What if I made this simpler for you?

HE

What does that mean?

A beat.

She looks at him directly now.

THERAPIST

You said relationships trigger your symptoms. Correct?

HE

Yes.

THERAPIST

Then we remove uncertainty. We create structure.

HE

Structure?

THERAPIST

A controlled environment. Predictable variables. Safe exit conditions.

He narrows his eyes.

HE

What are you suggesting?

She holds his gaze.

THERAPIST

A date.

Silence drops instantly.

He stares at her.

Trying to process it.

HE

...You're kidding.

A beat.

THERAPIST

It would be framed as therapeutic exposure. Boundaries. Time limits. Ground rules.

A small pause.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

And I would be the most appropriate candidate for that framework.

He blinks.

Once.

Then again.

HE

That's not therapy.

THERAPIST

It's an intervention model.

HE sits back down slowly now – not because he agrees, but because he's trying to understand what re-ality he's in.

HE
You're serious.

THERAPIST
Yes.

A beat.

HE
So you're offering to date me.

THERAPIST
In a controlled setting, yes.

Silence.

This time he doesn't ask again if it's a joke – he just studies her, like the joke already failed and he's try-ing to locate what's underneath it.

Then, colder:

HE
That's insane.

Something in him snaps – not loudly, but decisively.

He stands.

HE (CONT'D)
No.

She watches him rise.

THERAPIST
You're leaving?

HE
Yes.

THERAPIST
Because it's uncomfortable?

HE
Because it's crazy.

He grabs his jacket.

She remains calm.

THERAPIST
You came here asking for help.

HE stops at the door.

Doesn't turn back immediately.

HE
Not like this.

A beat.

THERAPIST
Then how?

He opens the door.

The hallway light spills in.

For a second, he looks like he might answer.

He doesn't.

HE
Forget it.

He exits.

The door closes behind him.

Silence returns to the room.

The therapist remains seated.

Still.

Watching the empty space he left behind.

CUT.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Low music.

Muted conversations layered into a single dull blur.

Glasses clink somewhere behind him.

HE sits alone at the bar.

Half-finished drink in front of him.

He takes another sip too quickly.

Trying to slow his thoughts down.

He looks exhausted in a way sleep can't fix.

The bartender passes.

HE barely notices.

Around him, people laugh. Flirt. Exist normally.

He feels separated from all of it.

Like there's glass between him and the room.

A long beat.

He rubs his eyes hard.

Trying to steady himself.

A woman at the other end of the bar glances toward him.

Pretty. Smiles faintly.

He notices.

Then deliberately looks away.

Another drink.

Silence settles again.

Then—

A voice beside him.

WOMAN

Hey.

He closes his eyes briefly.

Not again.

He turns slightly.

She stands near him now.

Different from the others somehow.

No polished confidence.

No practiced charm.

The kind of pretty that feels immediate instead of intimidating.

If anything, she looks uncomfortable being there at all.

Mid-thirties.

Nervous energy she's trying to suppress.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, I just—

She almost backs out immediately.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You looked like maybe you didn't want
to be sitting alone.

HE stares at his glass.

Already exhausted by the shape of the conversation before it even begins.

HE

You should probably keep walking.

That lands harder than he intends.

She pauses. Not offended. Just uncertain.

WOMAN

Right.

A beat.

But she doesn't leave.

Something about that irritates him immediately.

Not her specifically.

The repetition of it.

HE

Seriously.

Still not looking at her.

HE (CONT'D)

I'm not interested.

Silence.

The music in the bar suddenly feels strangely distant.

The woman lowers her eyes slightly.

Nervous now.

WOMAN
I wasn't trying to-

HE
Doesn't matter.

He turns fully away from her.

A beat.

She stops speaking.

And then-

everything drops out.

Not fades.

Stops.

The music vanishes mid-note. The voices cut off instantly. Even the air pressure changes.

HE looks up immediately.

The bar is gone.

No transition. No movement.

Just absence where reality used to be.

He is standing now.

Alone.

Beneath a sky that does not feel like a sky at all.

It stretches too far, too deep-wrong in a way his mind cannot immediately define. Not empty. Not natu-ral.

An endless landscape surrounds him.

Not flat. Not clean.

A desert-like world unfolds in broken distance-low rolling hills, jagged rises of stone, and massive, scattered rock formations that look almost placed rather than formed. A horizon exists, but it feels un-certain, like it might shift if he stares too long.

Just an unfamiliar terrain under an impossible sky.

For a moment, his mind refuses to connect the two states.

Then it does.

One moment: sitting in a bar. The next: standing here.

Shock hits him hard.

He turns toward the woman who had been speaking to him.

She is still there.

Exactly where she was. Still. Watching him.

But now there is no uncertainty in her posture.

No nervousness.

And for the first time—

he sees her clearly.

Recognition detonates through him instantly.

Not “someone who looks familiar.”

Not resemblance.

SHE.

The original SHE. Exactly as she was before all of this began.

His breathing falters.

The world around him seems to bend slightly under the weight of realization.

And then the memories came back.

CUT TO BLACK.

SCREENPLAY ADAPTATION – PART 4

Silence.

Then –

FLASHES –

– His mother cutting vegetables while talking to someone offscreen.

– His father asleep in front of a television. – His sister laughing so hard she can barely breathe.

– Late-night drinks with friends.

– Rain against a train window.

- A hand stamped for mission clearance.
- Endless medical examinations.
- A corridor aboard the ship.
- A meal tray sliding from a dispenser.
- Exercise cables pulling against his body in artificial gravity.
- Log entries stacking endlessly across a monitor.
- His reflection alone against reinforced glass. - Stars without end.

Then -

EXT. SPACE

A PLANET.

A massive planet hangs in the void.

Its surface churns with fluorescent green light, buried beneath vast, swirling storm systems.

Alive in the wrong way.

Impossible.

Unmapped.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACESHIP - COCKPIT

A distortion on a monitor.

He studies it carefully.

Another scan.

Same result.

Concerned.

Uncertain.

The planet remains.

Still.

Waiting.

He exhales slowly.

Opens a comm channel.

HE
Mission Control, respond.

Silence.

Only static.

He waits.

Listens again.

Nothing.

HE (CONT'D)
This is Commander - respond.

The same void answers back.

No voice. No confirmation.

Just the low hum of systems and the distant presence of the planet.

He doesn't move for a long beat.

His eyes stay fixed on the readings.

A flicker of doubt.

Then focus.

He runs a full transmission burst.

Nothing returns.

No signal acknowledgement.

No error correction.

Just absence.

He stops.

The silence now feels intentional.

He looks at the planet again.

The green storms shift slowly beneath the clouds.

Unchanged.

Patient.

His hand hovers over the controls.

He doesn't press anything.

A long beat.

Something in him resists.

Then —

He makes a small adjustment.

The planet shifts slightly in the viewport.

Distant.

Beautiful in the wrong way.

Just observation.

Nothing more.

Then —

WARNING LIGHTS.

A violent tremor through the ship.

His expression changes instantly.

The pull intensifies.

Too fast.

Unexpected.

He grabs the controls.

Thrusters engage.

Nothing.

The ship drops harder.

Another attempt.

Nothing.

The planet swells larger ahead.

Gravity presses into him.

Breathing tightens.
Alarms begin screaming.
He strains against the controls with everything he has.
The ship keeps falling.
A pressure so immense it stops feeling physical.
Vision blurring.
Sound collapsing.
Thought scattering apart.
One final attempt to pull away –
Nothing.

WHITE –

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Music. Movement. Light.
He stands in the middle of it.
Now in regular clothes.
Same body.
Different world.
Breathing hard.
Disoriented.
People brush past him.
Too close. Too real.
Fragments surface – Fast. Disjointed.
Like memories pushed through fast-forward.
– Entering the club.
– Ordering a drink.
– Conversations he cannot fully hear.

– Laughter cutting in and out.

– Faces turning toward him.

The memories don't align. The pieces don't connect.

Moments missing between moments.

Like cuts in edited footage.

Artificial. Wrong.

Then –

Across the room.

SHE.

Standing where the light collects around her.

Early 30s.

Charismatic.

Unnaturally present.

A small smile on her face.

Not performing.

Not searching.

Just there.

He freezes.

For a moment, nothing else exists in the room.

Then the memory pressure starts building behind his eyes again –

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. UNKNOWN WORLD

Silence.

The club is gone.

The impossible landscape stretches endlessly around him.

And she is still there.

Watching him.

No performance now.

No flirtation.

No uncertainty.

Just stillness.

And for the first time -

he truly sees her.

Recognition hits him violently.

Not resemblance. Not familiarity.

Her.

Exactly as she was before everything changed.

His breathing falters.

HE

You...

His voice nearly breaks.

HE (CONT'D)

How are you here?

She holds his gaze.

For the first time, she seems almost afraid.

SHE

I never really left.

He looks around desperately.

The endless terrain.

The impossible sky.

HE

What is happening?

His voice tightening.

HE (CONT'D)

Where is everybody?

SHE

There is nobody else here.

A beat.

SHE (CONT'D)
There never was. It's just me.

A beat.

SHE (CONT'D)
And now you.

He stares at her.

Trying to process it.

HE
I don't understand.

SHE
Everything you saw here—

She gestures softly around them.

SHE (CONT'D)
—the people, the places, all of
it...
(beat)
That was me.

SHE (CONT'D)
I made it for you.

The realization lands slowly.

Too large to absorb at once.

HE
But why?

HE asked, his voice trembling.

SHE
Because I was alone.

Silence.

Wind moves softly across the endless terrain.

SHE (CONT'D)
For a very long time.

He says nothing.

SHE (CONT'D)
I wanted someone. I needed someone who
could see me, stay with me.

A pause.

SHE (CONT'D)

I was afraid that if I showed you myself, you would panic. That if you remembered who you really are...

(beat)

... you would continue your mission and leave me.

SHE (CONT'D)

So I erased parts of your memory. I built another reality so I could stay close to you, to let you get to know me, to make you want to stay with me.

HE

I don't understand.

HE whispered.

SHE

I know. I didn't create people from your past. You were alone. You didn't bring anyone with you. So I tried to meet you.

She steps closer.

SHE (CONT'D)

That was real me.

She looks him directly in the eyes, making sure he understands she means it.

SHE (CONT'D)

At the beginning.

He stiffens.

His expression changes as memory and reality collide.

HE

You? But you were...

SHE

Myself.

A beat

SHE (CONT'D)

As much as I could be. In a way you could understand.

His face shifts between confusion, fear, and reluctant fascination, struggling to comprehend the scale of what she really is.

HE
I can't even imagine what you really
are.

She watches him for a moment.

Then—

the air around her begins to shift.

Her form destabilizes.

The human shape no longer holding.

The fluorescent green glow inside her brightens.

Spreads.

Her body dissolves into drifting light and translucent vapor,
expanding outward in slow, fluid motion.

Growing.

Larger.

And larger.

Until she towers above him.

No longer a woman.

A vast, luminous presence suspended in the dead stillness of the
planet.

Shifting clouds of fluorescent green folding through themselves
like living atmosphere.

But within it—

traces of her remain.

The suggestion of eyes.

A mouth.

A face emerging and disappearing inside the glowing mass.

She re-forms instantly into her vast, glowing cloud-like presence
— enormous now — still loosely recall-ing a woman's shape — lying
on the ground on her stomach, hands beneath her chin, smiling down
at him.

He takes an instinctive step backward, then stops — realizing it
changes nothing.

He just stares up at her, breath caught, as if facing something that no longer belongs in his world of un-derstanding.

A pause.

Her vast form still rests on the ground, glowing softly above him.

Then her expression shifts – briefly serious.

SHE

You know... I wanted to crush you a few times when you were breaking up with me.

A beat.

SHE (CONT'D)

But then I realized... we might still get back together.

The seriousness breaks.

A small, playful smile forms in the light of her expression.

SHE (CONT'D)

I got you again.

He exhales a short laugh – more of a release than real amusement.

He looks at her, still unsettled, weighing whether she's telling the truth.

But it pulls him back into the moment.

HE

I'm not entirely sure that was just a joke. Her expression turns sad.

SHE

I never meant you any harm.

Her form begins to shrink, the vast presence collapsing inward.

She returns to normal size – a woman again.

SHE (CONT'D)

I just wanted to be with you... and I believed this was the best way to do it.

A beat. He doesn't look away.

HE

And then?

She looks down.

SHE
You didn't like parts of me.

HE
I...

SHE
You pulled away.

SHE (CONT'D)
You didn't say it directly, but I
could feel it. The distance. The
confusion. The things that made you
hesi-tate.

SHE (CONT'D)
So I thought I should change.

HE closes his eyes.

Darkness.

SHE smiling at him.

Then-

NEW GIRL laughing.

Then-

PERFECT GIRL touching his face.

WOMAN 1.

WOMAN 2.

WOMAN 3.

DRIVER looking back at him from the driver's seat.

THERAPIST calmly listening.

Different faces.

Different mannerisms.

Different women.

But the same eyes beneath all of them.

He opens his eyes.

HE
The others.

SHE

Yes.

SHE (CONT'D)

I tried to make them better for you.

A beat. She looks down for a moment – almost ashamed.

SHE (CONT'D)

Less distant. Less controlling. Less difficult.

HE

And they were. But...

SHE

But you liked them less.

He doesn't move.

She is looking at him with something that isn't quite sadness. Something deeper.

SHE (CONT'D)

I don't understand...

(A beat.)

...I gave you what you wanted.

HE swallows.

HE

No.

He said quietly.

HE (CONT'D)

You gave me what I thought I wanted.

SHE

I don't see the difference.

HE

Yeah, neither did I.

Beat. They stood there, facing each other.

HE (CONT'D)

So you were the first one?

She hesitates. A beat too long.

SHE

That was the closest to me.

He nods, but something in him tightens.

HE
And I left.

SHE
Yes.

Silence. Heavy.

SHE (CONT'D)
You can go back.

He looks up sharply.

HE
What?

She steadies herself, like she's making a decision she can't take back.

SHE
I can stop. Let you go. Help you leave the planet. Your ship isn't damaged. I saved it before it crashed. You can go home.

He doesn't answer right away. The words land slowly.

Home. The word feels distant.

HE
And you?

She doesn't answer.

A beat.

He looks at her.

The women. All of them. Each one more perfect than the last. Each one less real.

He swallows that thought.

He looks back at her – the first her.

Flawed. Confusing. Intense. Distant. Playful. Alive.

HE (CONT'D)
I didn't understand you.

SHE
I know.

He smiles faintly.

HE
You keep saying that.

SHE
It's true.

He nods.

HE
Yeah. It is.

A beat.

HE (CONT'D)
I'll go back to Earth.

Something flickers in her expression.

Just for a moment – a crack.

A beat.

HE (CONT'D)
But... I'll come back.

She freezes.

SHE
You don't have to say that.

HE
I know.

SHE
You might not mean it.

HE
I do.

SHE
You might forget.

HE
I won't.

She searches his face – trying to decide if it's real.

SHE
Why?

He takes a long breath.

HE
Because now I know what I'm looking
for.

SHE
And what is that?

He meets her eyes.

HE
You.

A beat.

HE (CONT'D)
Not the better versions.

Silence.

Something shifts in her expression. Almost imperceptible.

The brightness returns – not fully, not like before – but enough.

He sees it.

A long silence.

Neither of them moves.

As if moving would make this real.

SHE
You should go before you change your
mind.

He nods.

Then they walk together toward the distant ship.

INT. SHIP RAMP - LATER

The door opens.

He turns to her to say goodbye.

But neither of them moves.

Then, quietly, she steps closer.

He hesitates only a second before putting his arms around her.

She holds him tightly.

Not wanting to let go.

Eventually, she does.

They separate.

He climbs into the ship.

At the door, he turns back.

Looks at her one last time.

EXT. PLANET SURFACE - LATER

A ship rises into the sky.

She watches it go.

Her hand lifts slightly.

As she raises it, a giant, cloud-like hand emerges toward the ship.

It seems it will grasp it.

But at the last moment - she stops.

Instead, she gently nudges it away with a single finger, as if easing it beyond gravity's pull.

A tear forms in her eye.

It falls.

Then - a small, uncertain smile.

The ship continues upward.

She remains still.

Something shifts in her expression - subtle, uncertain... but hopeful.

FADE OUT

END.