

BOY, GIRL, FIG

Written by

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OVER CREDITS:

A FIG

being cut open. Juice bleeds out.

A PURPLE HAIR CLIP

being attached to short messy black hair.

A PIANO

plays itself amateurishly to the tune of Für Elise, which undergoes the sequence.

A GRAY PIGEON

alights on a branch.

WEIRD LOOKING CELLS

move under a microscope.

A CALLOUSED MALE HAND

opens a drawer and takes out a kitchen knife. The hand shakes.

THE KITCHEN KNIFE

spins uncontrollably on an old wooden cutting board, and suddenly stops.

THE MOUTH OF A YOUNG BOY

smiles angelically, one tooth missing. A tiny hand sticks a banana candy in to replace the missing tooth.

THE EYES OF A YOUNG GIRL

watches, unblinking.

THE EYES OF THE YOUNG BOY

stares, smiling.

END OF CREDITS.

SUPERIMPOSE: BOY, GIRL, FIG

SUPERIMPOSE: A FAIRY TALE

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Sunny.

A SALMON-COLORED BALLOON sways in the air. We see the back of a BOY whose collar is attached to the balloon string.

Across the street from an elementary school, a dozen parents babble as they wait for their kids to come out.

PARENT 1

...Did you hear that there might be a storm tonight?

PARENT 2

That's lousy.

PARENT 1

Yeah. We plan to stay home all night.

PARENT 3

Probably a good idea...

The Boy with the balloon turns towards the adults. They immediately feel the attention and seem a little concerned. As their children walk out one by one, the parents quickly protect their kids under their arms and hurry away.

Now we get a good look at Boy:

This is ADEN (7), Asian, sitting astride a tree branch. His soulful almond-shaped eyes staring wistfully at the other kids walking away. He seems curious but reserved, the kind of boy who believes every fairytale you tell him.

He jumps off the branch and paces in boredom, his gaze back on the gate. Now that most kids have left, only a few are lingering around.

From one of the buildings, a YOUNG GIRL appears.

This is VELARE (7), Asian, detached and reticent, her hair cut short haphazardly. An intense mixture of childishness and insensitivity.

Aden's eyes light up. He starts to approach her, but is met with her indifferent glance, which slows him down. He trails her from a distance, the balloon floating quietly above his head.

She walks with her arms tightly folded. Her gray school bag keeps slipping off her sloped shoulders.

Aden kicks pebbles on the ground as he walks, constantly distracted by shop signs and wandering cats. The town is colorful. Uniquely shaped houses perch on both sides of the narrow streets.

Velare comes to a crossroad, ignoring the stop sign on her side, she jumps down to cross.

Aden notices, and without a second thought, as if this happens every day, he bounces down to the street and waves at the coming cars, making them slow down.

Velare crosses safely, paying no attention to Aden or the angry honks.

A few seconds later, Aden catches up to her, adjusts the balloon string attached to his collar.

ADEN

Hi Velare.

Velare hesitantly slows, and gives him a side-eye. Taking it as an encouragement, Aden moves up and skitters by her side.

ADEN (CONT'D)

Did you do well on the exams?

She nods. Aden beams.

ADEN (CONT'D)

You know the street is called Figueroa. Do you know what it means?

They turn a corner. Velare shakes her head and thunders up the road, Aden has to run a few steps to reach her.

ADEN (CONT'D)

It means fig tree. My parents say that in Chinese, fig is called 'wu hua guo'. It means a fruit with no flowers. Because people never see flowers on a fig tree. It just grows the fruits. Did you know this word?

Velare shakes her head.

ADEN (CONT'D)

Can you say it? Wu hua guo.

VELARE

Wu hua guo.

ADEN

Sounds about right. But you know, my point is, fig does have flowers. I read it in a book yesterday. Their flowers just grow inward. They are the sticky things you see when you cut a fig open. Isn't that interesting? Do they teach that at school?

Velare's eyes widen for a half second - apparently her way of showing interest. Aden catches the reaction and grins.

ADEN (CONT'D)

Wanna study together on Sunday?

Velare shrugs.

VELARE

I don't know.

ADEN

I'll be at the park. I'll see you there?

She stops in front of a townhouse, peers at Aden tentatively, and heads towards the door.

ADEN (CONT'D)

Bye Velare!

INT. VELARE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Velare gingerly sticks the key in and turns, making as little sound as possible.

It is bleak, messy, sunlight blocked by the dark and thick curtains. Take out boxes, bottles, clothes, and miscellaneous objects strewn about.

Velare sniffs the air and furrows her brows. She steps in, closing the door behind her.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Aden watches until Velare is safely inside the house, and hops down onto the street, elated, humming a song out of tune.

He crosses another block, comes to a stop in front of a cute white house. He steps up to the porch, puts the balloon under his shirt before entering.

INT. ADEN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A shabby but bright house. Kids' drawings in cheap frames stack the mantel along with candles. The windowsills are cramped with soda bottles that now serve as vases for Periwinkles. The whole interior is thoughtfully decorated with cheap but colorful objects.

Aden drops the keys into a small basket hanging by the door and peeks into the kitchen, where he sees his parents, JIN and MINNA, cooking.

Jin is in his late 30s but already bald, chubby with a paunch. Asian family man, easy-going.

Minna, of the same age and very fit compared to her husband, is carefree but uneducated. She stirs flour and water together while Jin marinates meat.

JIN

Shouldn't Aden and Eliam be home by now?

MINNA

They're probably out playing.

JIN

It's not good for Aden to be out for too long.

INT. VELARE'S HOUSE - SAME

The house is oddly quiet. Velare washes dirty mugs in the sink. She is nervous, sensing that something is wrong. She peers upstairs from time to time, turning the water off, but the house is deadly silent.

VELARE

I'm home.

No response.

INT. ADEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Aden saunters into the kitchen and grabs candy from the candy jar to fill his pocket.

MINNA

Well, as long as they're back before dinner, it's fine.

Jin huffs in disagreement but doesn't say more.

Minna suddenly turns around, facing Aden directly. Aden stops moving, but Minna doesn't notice him at all.

MINNA (CONT'D)
Did we buy white pepper?

JIN
Yes.

MINNA
Where is it?

Jin turns as well, but also doesn't detect Aden who is inching towards the door right in front of their eyes.

JIN
Check that drawer?

Aden exits the room sneakily, without a sound.

He picks an orange candy and tastes it, strolling slowly up the stairs.

INT. VELARE'S HOUSE - SAME

Velare sits by the coffee table. There is a vase of blue daisies, which are starting to die. She takes one and puts it in her homework notebook.

The silence persists. She seems uneasy.

VELARE
Mom?

Holding her breath, Velare tiptoes towards the staircase. A family photo of Velare with her parents (both young and attractive) stares at her eerily from the hallway.

She moves up, step by step, her expression more and more disturbed.

One stair squeaks, startling her. The air ominous.

INT. ADEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Aden closes the door behind him. The books and toys in his room are lit orange by the setting sun.

The half-open closet reveals balloons of different colors, attached to all of his clothes. They move slightly in the air as Aden passes.

He sits down by his toy piano, takes a second candy.

INT. VELARE'S HOUSE - SAME

Velare reaches the middle of the stairs, she catches a glimpse of the top of the landing.

DARK RED LIQUID. Her eyes widen, her body freezes.

BLOOD is all over the landing. The entire upstairs carpet drenched in blood, which is still spreading, like demons dancing.

INT. ADEN'S ROOM - DAY

The sun sinks behind the mountains. Aden plays a childish tone on the toy piano.

From afar, sirens are approaching. Aden doesn't pay attention to it until it becomes extremely loud and the room is illuminated by flashes of blue and red light.

He props himself up outside the window and sees a few police cars driving past the block.

An alarming realization dawns on him, and he bursts out of the room like lightning, holding the balloon under his arm.

INT. ADEN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Aden barrels down the stairs as Jin and Minna set the table. He moves so fast that the napkins on the tables flutter.

JIN

Aden?

They scan the room, confused.

Aden barges out of the door and BAM. He's out of the door.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

He runs for two blocks until he sees all the neighbors gathering in front of the unattended lawn of Velare's house. Two COVERED BODIES are moved into a van and it causes a commotion.

Aden squeezes through the crowd and sees Velare coming out of the house, wrapped in a blanket, ushered by two policemen who are carrying luggage bags.

Aden stops short. Velare seems more apathetic than ever. The watching neighbors react when they see her.

NEIGHBOR WOMAN
She doesn't feel a thing...

The Neighbor Woman's husband nudges her. But a hushed discussion has broken out.

ADEN
Velare, what happened? Are you ok?

He eagerly eyes her, trying to get a sense of her state of mind. But Velare doesn't acknowledge him, keeps walking with the police.

ADEN (CONT'D)
Is she hurt?

One policeman shakes his head slightly, and gestures for Aden to keep a distance. He puts the luggage in the back of a police car as Velare climbs into the back seat. She closes the door before Aden reaches it.

ADEN (CONT'D)
Hey, where are you going? Are you coming back?

The cacophony of the judging murmurs gets louder and more irritating. Aden has to shout into the car window.

The policeman gets in the driver's seat and starts the car. Another policeman comes towards Aden. He clings to the window.

Velare seems calm, determined.

ADEN (CONT'D)
Velare! Where are you going? Will I see you on Sunday?

A beat. She suddenly meets his gaze, opens her mouth, and says the words that will haunt Aden for his entire adolescence.

VELARE
Don't, ever, let me see you again.

The car takes off at an abnormal speed. It soon becomes a silhouette and disappears behind the curved street.

Aden is stricken, the words ringing in his ears.

We stay on Aden's face.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: PART 1: BOY

OVER BLACK:

ADEN (V.O.)
My name is Aden One. And I was born
on April 29, 1995, in a county
hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - 1995

ADEN, two minutes old, ugly and fat, is wrapped in a penguin
blanket, held by a NURSE (20s). She smiles nicely at him and
checks his vitals.

ADEN (V.O.)
My birth was no happy event in the
memories of my parents. Instead, it
was a scare.

The Nurse finishes the regular check-ups and hands the baby
to Minna and Jin (both early 30s). But their faces turn ash
white.

JIN
What the-

From their POV, Aden doesn't exist.

Minna screams. The Nurse looks perplexed.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY - 1995

UNDER A MICROSCOPE: Some cells move around.

Twelve DOCTORS cram around a desk. They are of all sorts of
ages, races and genders.

Aden, one hour old, is placed in the middle. A microscope on
the other table. The LEAD DOCTOR (50s) checks the eyes of
Minna and Jin. He puts down his glasses.

LEAD DOCTOR
Amazing. If what you're saying is
true, then we are seeing one of the
rarest conditions ever recorded...
(MORE)

LEAD DOCTOR (CONT'D)
It still hasn't got an official name. You guys might be able to name it. What is the boy called?

MINNA
(teary)
I'm sorry. What is the condition?

LEAD DOCTOR
Don't worry. He's completely healthy. He is just invisible to the people who love him.

On Minna and Jin, gobsmacked.

INT. ADEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 1995

Aden, one week old, squirms in the cradle. His parents watch over him, worried. Four ASIAN ELDERLIES (Aden's grandparents) console them.

Among them is HAN (60s), a gruff old man. This is Aden's maternal grandfather.

ADEN (V.O.)
The doctors said that my existence could not be visually detected by those who care for me. And it was not curable.

ELIAM, a four-year-old handsome boy, is alone by the cradle and studies Aden in disgust.

ADEN (V.O.)
My older brother Eliam was the only one who could see me. He hated that I got the whole family's attention.

The parents return to the room. Minna is crying again.

ELIAM
He's so ugly.

INT. ADEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 1995

Aden is put in a large box. A few MEN and WOMEN dressed in ancient Chinese attire perform a weird exorcist ritual. They chant something indistinguishable.

Minna, Jin, and the grandparents watch from aside. One Man lights a fire. It burns an orange flame. When it dies down, their chanting stops. Only Aden's crying is audible.

MAN
(in Chinese)
Take a look now.

The family members hold their breaths, walk slowly towards Aden with hope. But their expressions soon become disappointed. The box still appears empty to them.

MINNA
No.

The Men and Women share a frustrated look, out of ideas.

INT. ADEN'S HOUSE - DAY - 1996

Eliam (now 5) fumbles with an instant camera. He focuses it on Aden, one year old. CLICK.

ADEN (V.O.)
Mom and dad desperately wanted to
get a look at me. But nothing
worked.

The photo comes out and the parents wait patiently for it. It comes out with only the cradle in the background.

Eliam draws sloppily on a paper. He holds it up to Minna and Jin. It is a drawing of an extremely ugly baby.

ADEN (V.O.)
Eliam ended up making a drawing of
me, which had no resemblance to my
face, but mom and dad framed it and
it is to this day hanging in the
middle of their bedroom wall.

THE PICTURE of the ugly baby in a silver frame hangs on the wall over a worn but colorful bed.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY - 1996

Minna and Jin, dressed formally, sit across the desk where the Lead Doctor eyes them skeptically.

JIN
We would like to keep Aden's
profile confidential, and we
decline your invitation to name
this... condition.

LEAD DOCTOR

But this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. He will be famous in the medical world.

MINNA

No. We want Aden to have a normal life. Our family is nice, friendly, and hardworking. If anyone were to find out that he had a condition that might make him transparent or invisible to others-

INT. ADEN'S HOUSE - DAY - 2000

MINNA

-They will think that you are a freak, and no one will like you, ever.

Aden (now 5) is shaved bald. He listens attentively to his parents, who are talking right at Aden's face, not realizing how close they are.

Minna holds out a PURPLE STONE attached to a black string.

MINNA (CONT'D)

We bought this for you. It is said to be able to keep people at a distance.

She wraps it around Aden's wrist.

JIN

So don't let people get close to you.

ADEN

Not even Ryker? We play together a lot in school.

JIN

Especially not Ryker. You two are getting too close.

Aden frowns, and slaps Jin's face with his little hand.

JIN (CONT'D)

Hey! Don't do that!

Jin furiously grabs a spatula and whips it in the air, but Aden is already out of the door.

INT. ADEN'S HOUSE - DAY - 2001

Aden hides under the sink. Eliam (10) is running around the kitchen. As he approaches the sink, Aden holds his breath.

Eliam bends down and checks inside. Aden smiles brightly, ready to scream, but Eliam walks away. He doesn't see Aden.

On Aden's disappointed face.

ADEN (V.O.)

And sadly, when I was six, I stopped being visible to Eliam. My only play buddy.

INT. ADEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Eliam and Aden sit on the ground. Eliam holds out a cup of milk and hands it over to Aden. As soon as Aden takes the cup, it disappears in Eliam's POV.

ELIAM

Wow! Cool.

Aden pours the milk onto Eliam's head.

ELIAM (CONT'D)

What are you-

Milk drips in his mouth.

ADEN (V.O.)

I tried to annoy Eliam into seeing me again, but it never worked.

INT. ADEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 2001

Aden sits with Han, the grandpa, as he reads him a story. Minna and Jin pass by.

ADEN

Can I be allowed one game with Ryker every week?

JIN

No. We talked about this.

ADEN

Every two weeks?

JIN

No.

EXT. PARK - DAY - 2001

Aden runs around the lawn with a basketball, laughing and chasing RYKER (6), a sporty child, life of the party type.

ADEN (V.O.)
But I couldn't keep my promise.

Two other boys are hanging out with them. The four come to a rest and they lay on the lawn.

RYKER
Aden! That was amazing. Did you practice a lot?

ADEN
A little bit.

Ryker sits up and gets a coke from his bag, hands one to each of the boys, and to Aden. But he suddenly freezes.

RYKER
Oh no.

Aden stares. Ryker is pointing at his face, his lips shaking.

From his POV, Aden is only 95% solid. When a bird flies by behind him, he can vaguely see the bird behind Aden's flesh.

RYKER (CONT'D)
Are you a ghost??

Ryker throws the coke at him and runs away, stumbling.

ADEN
Wait!

RYKER
Weirdo! Stay away from me!

Aden's clothes are wet with coke. The other boys eye him suspiciously, and follow Ryker away.

ADEN (V.O.)
I should have trusted my family.

INT. ADEN'S HOUSE - DAY - 2001

Minna and Jin sit at the table, pissed. Aden on the other side, playing with his fingers.

JIN
Ryker's mom called.

MINNA

It was wrong for us to send you to school in the first place. You are going to be home-schooled from now.

Aden stares down, regretful.

Han, who had just walked in with a bunch of balloons, spots them at the table.

HAN

Is Aden here?

ADEN

Yes grandpa.

Han crosses over. Aden takes the balloons.

HAN

Thought you'd like the colors.

A beat. Han, Minna, and Jin all freeze. Because in their POV, they don't see Aden, but can see the floating balloons. They share a look.

INT. ADEN'S HOUSE - ADEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Minna sews the balloon strings onto the collars of every piece of Aden's clothes.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY - 2001

Aden, with an orange balloon floating above him, eats a sandwich across the street from the elementary school, longingly staring at the students inside.

He studies each crowd: girls who share their secret diaries, whispering in each other's ears and giggling; boys who look at something in the grass and poke at it; older students who are cutting magazines together; kids playing hopscotch and laughing.

ADEN (V.O.)

The idea is that I lay low and not make human contact until I am fully grown and know what I am doing. I intend to follow the rule.

A few students chat loudly.

STUDENT 1

She's the kid in Class C. The May family. You know of them?

STUDENT 2

Yeah. They are sociopaths.

STUDENT 1

She's so weird. She doesn't like anyone.

STUDENT 2

Yeah. I heard they are not capable of, you know... normal feelings.

The kids chuckle. Aden moves forward to see what they are gawking at, and sees:

Velare (6), with short messily cut hair, sitting alone against the wall, reading, not engaging with anyone.

The kids throw a yogurt bowl towards her. White yogurt is smashed onto her hair. She doesn't flinch at all, doesn't look up, only licks off the yogurt that had flown onto her fingers, immune to the noise and the mean kids scoffing at her.

Aden watches her, transfixed. In his eyes, the white yogurt becomes a blossoming white flower, decoration on her hair.

ADEN (V.O.)

But there is always an exception.

EXT. PARK - DAY

A space hidden in the trees and rocks in the corner of a park. Velare sits on the ground, doing homework on a large stone that serves as a desk.

Aden, with a turquoise balloon, observes her from outside the tree circle, hesitating.

Velare seems stumped by a problem. Aden approaches, having to gingerly move the tree branches around to get inside.

ADEN

I like your hair.

Velare doesn't pay attention to the invader, her head buried in her book, not even glancing up.

Aden scans Velare's homework. A beat, he takes Velare's pencil and crosses a number off and writes a new number.

ADEN (CONT'D)

There.

Velare checks the homework, thinking, but still not acknowledging him.

Aden puts an orange on the stone and pushes it towards her.

ADEN (CONT'D)

Would you like an orange?

A beat. She finally takes a short, aloof glimpse at him.

VELARE

I hate oranges.

Aden grins.

EXT. PARK - DAY - 2001

ADEN (V.O.)

I knew that this friendship
wouldn't be easy. But I was not a
quitter.

Another day. Velare flips a page of a textbook.

Aden, who sits across from her, flips a page as well.

The two don't speak for a very long time. Aden peeks at Velare, feels at peace just being around her.

Velare's stomach growls. Aden promptly takes out a fig from his pocket and proffers it.

She stares, suspicious. Suddenly remembering something, she searches in her bag and pulls out a detective storybook. Hands it to Aden.

ADEN

Did you read it?

She nods.

ADEN (CONT'D)

Do you like it?

VELARE

Why do you care?

ADEN

I love it. Do you like it?

VELARE

No.

ADEN

What is something that you like?

VELARE

Flowers?

(gazes up at the trees)

I wish there were flowers around here.

ADEN

Why?

VELARE

Cause I don't care if they die.

The answer puzzles Aden, but he smiles, his eyes alight.

EXT. STREET - DAY - 2001

Velare crosses the street. Aden waves at the coming cars to slow them down, before sidling up to her.

ADEN

Hi Velare!

He sticks a bunch of blue daisies under her nose. Velare stops short, hesitantly takes them.

VELARE

Oh. Thanks.

ADEN

Do you like them?

She nods very slightly. Aden watches her, content.

ADEN (V.O.)

And like that, I thought I could finally have a friend. Until-

EXT. STREET - EVENING - 2002

Velare looks at him coldly from inside the police car.

VELARE

Don't, ever, let me see you again.

Aden is speechless as the police car speeds away. He stands on the sidewalk, gaping in that one direction until all the nosy neighbors have gone back to their houses and he is alone on the street.

MINNA (O.S.)
Aden! Where are you?

He turns and sees his family looking for him. Minna goes one direction, Jin and Eliam towards another.

A beat. Aden lets the balloon go from his arm. As soon as it floats up, Minna sees it from a distance and runs to him.

MINNA (CONT'D)
There you are.
(shouts)
Jin! I got him.

Aden hugs her tightly and buries his head.

ADEN
I'm sorry.

MINNA
Oh gosh, what for?

INT. ADEN'S HOUSE - DAY - 2002

Aden, dressed nicely, sits at the table solving math problems with Han's help, while Eliam plays a board game. Minna watches TV and Jin cleans his shoes on the couch.

ADEN (V.O.)
I decided not to obsess over having a friend. It never ended well for me. I just needed to get educated, and grow up fast.

Aden glances up at the TV. The reflection of him slowly dissolves into his teenage self and eventually to him as an adult, while the images on the TV go from a science program to news, to a detective movie, and then to a dating show.

EXT. SPACE AMBIGUOUS - DAY

Aden babbles, enthusiastic. He is 18, fit, still has those passionate and inquisitive eyes, but very reserved.

ADEN

So I kept my promise. I don't know if anyone else has anything like this. I reckon I am the only one now. And it's been really hard to find work. The grocery store don't want me, said I don't know how to sell. I almost tried at a bank... but banks are just intimidating. My brother Eliam suggested that I go do undercover work. Wouldn't that be cool? I'd infiltrate into a criminal group, and if they all like me, I will become invisible to them, and it would be much easier to investigate. But I don't know. Would anyone like me?

DOG BARKS.

Camera pulls away and we see that Aden is in the outside space of a cafe, talking to a dog from across a fence.

We hear a WHISTLE and the dog runs in the direction it came from. TAYTUM (20), an attractive young woman, puts a leash around the dog. She sees Aden and walks over.

TAYTUM

Hello. Thank you for keeping an eye on him. I lost him around the corner.

Aden shakes his head, suddenly awkward.

TAYTUM (CONT'D)

I'm Taytum.

ADEN

Aden.

TAYTUM

Nice to meet you! Do you mind if I sit here?

EXT. CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

Aden is eating while Taytum ardently tells a story.

TAYTUM

...and that's the day that tragedy happened. I'm sure you've heard, right? This middle-aged couple was killed by tigers in the zoo.

(MORE)

TAYTUM (CONT'D)

I was right there looking at the baby bears when people started panicking... We didn't know what happened when we got evacuated. We only found out about the death afterwards. I told my friend I'm never returning to the zoo again.

Aden swallows food.

TAYTUM (CONT'D)

It scared the hell out of me. And to think about the poor couple...
(beat)

You're such a good listener.

Aden musters a smile. Taytum laughs, staring at him. She suddenly touches his hand.

TAYTUM (CONT'D)

I'm so glad I met you today. I feel there is a connection between us.
Don't you?

Aden freezes for a second. He stares into her eyes. She looks so nice, so easy-going. He nods.

Taytum smiles, but the smile gradually turns into horror. She blinks.

From her POV, Aden is slightly transparent. She can see when others walk behind him. She lets go of his hand at once, looking scared, doubtful.

Aden senses the change in her mood, immediately uneasy.

ADEN

Are you... ok?

Her face is blanched with disbelief. Still staring at him, she begins to gather her things.

TAYTUM

Oh... wow. I don't know what's going on. I feel a bit under the weather.

ADEN

I-

She stands up, knocking the chair down behind her.

TAYTUM

It's been nice meeting you. I
think... I'm gonna head out.

She backs up and quickly leaves, as if she had seen a ghost.

Aden sighs, used to this kind of reaction.

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

Aden follows Eliam up a long staircase. Eliam has grown into a handsome and intelligent-looking young man.

ELIAM

When I told her about you, she was very intrigued. I kind of mentioned your condition. She is completely ok with it. In fact, she prefers people with different... abilities. Um... but don't lie to her. I think she can tell when people are lying.

Aden stops at a window, peering out. Eliam pauses.

ELIAM (CONT'D)

You're still here, right?

ADEN

Oh yeah. Sorry. Coming.

INT. PRIVATE DETECTIVE OFFICE - DAY

The back of a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN sitting across from them.

This is OCTOBER (53), whose body and face couldn't be more mundane. She wears her hair back in a tight bun, and wears no makeup at all. But there is something about her that makes the air around her freeze.

OCTOBER

You can be invisible?

ADEN

Um...

ELIAM

Only under certain circumstances.
But he makes himself very hard to
be noticed.

October eyes the two boys.

OCTOBER

You feel like you can follow
someone, take pictures without
being noticed?

Aden nods seriously.

ADEN

Doesn't sound very hard.

EXT. FANCY STREET - DAY

Aden squirms in the back of his car, holding a camera.

He's focusing on the window of a large house. A WOMAN (30s) appears near the window, drinking wine, laughing.

A moment later, a MAN (40s) comes near the window, refills the Woman's drink. The two kiss.

CLICK. Aden captures a photo.

INT. PRIVATE DETECTIVE OFFICE - DAY

A stack of photos on the table, all of the Woman and Man. October seems satisfied.

OCTOBER

Good job Adrien. That's your name
right?

ADEN

Aden.

OCTOBER

You're hired. I can give you a few
days to move into town and settle-

ADEN

Um... I don't know what Eliam told
you. I don't really... have any
superpower. It doesn't work like
that.

October eyes him. She turns, reaches for the top of the bookshelf. A few books topple and she catches a notebook mid-fall, flips one open.

Aden sees glimpses of some old handwriting:

*Investigation... Seeing people's
death;*
(MORE)

ADEN (CONT'D)
*Capable of telling when someone is
about to lie... Case resolved...*

She flips to another page:

*Investigation of theft: Patrick
Third. Becomes transparent to those
starting to care for him, until he
becomes completely invisible. Used
his ability to steal gold from his
former lover. Died age 55,
unmarried.*

Aden's mouth is agape.

ADEN (CONT'D)
This...

OCTOBER
You got something like this, right?

Aden's eyes are fixated on the line: *Died age 55, unmarried.*

ADEN
Yeah how do you-

She shuts the notebook, dust flying everywhere.

OCTOBER
My family ran the detective
business for centuries. We've seen
all sorts of weird stuff. Don't
worry. You'll do just fine.

She stacks the notes back onto the shelf.

OCTOBER (CONT'D)
It might come in handy one day. You
never know.

Aden nods. Her tone doesn't leave him any space to be doubtful.

INT. ADEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Aden heaves boxes into a small studio apartment.

There is music from outside the window. The town is a little fancier than where Aden grew up. More apartments than houses. Bars and shops on the corner of every street.

Down on the street, he sees a young couple dressed for a party, hugging and laughing at something.

An old couple strolls down the street, the old man holding hands with the old woman as they head into a building.

Aden watches wistfully.

INT. PRIVATE DETECTIVE OFFICE - DAY

October smokes at the window, reading a case file. Aden sits at a desk in the corner, busily filling forms.

October finishes the file, crosses the room to grab a cup of coffee, stops when she finds a rotten sandwich under a pile of newspapers.

OCTOBER

Yours?

Aden glances up.

ADEN

Yes. Sorry. I forgot to eat it.

October wraps the rotten sandwich with newspaper and throws it into the trash can.

OCTOBER

What is the matter with you? We haven't got a lot of work. Why can't you remember to eat your lunch?

ADEN

Yeah. Sorry.

OCTOBER

If I hear you say sorry one more time-

The office door is pushed open. MR. ELEVEN (60), a dapper old gentleman, peeks inside.

MR. ELEVEN

Private detective October?

INT. PRIVATE DETECTIVE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

October sits relaxed in her chair. Mr. Eleven, on the other side of the desk, anxiously surveys the room as Aden hands him a cup of coffee.

OCTOBER

So, what brings you here?

MR. ELEVEN

Right. I don't know where to begin. It might sound like a mad case to many but... something very critical to me got stolen.

OCTOBER

What is it?

MR. ELEVEN

My notebooks. Stories I wrote over the years. Never published. Wrote everything by hand.

October seems unconvinced. Aden starts making notes.

OCTOBER

So they are not financially valuable?

MR. ELEVEN

No. And that's the reason I came here. The cops won't take the case since they have almost no real value. The odd thing is, no one knows they exist. I don't even tell my friends about it. I kept the stories just for myself. But one day when I woke up, they were gone from my nightstand.

OCTOBER

And nothing else was missing?

MR. ELEVEN

Precisely.

October broods.

OCTOBER

Any sign of a break in?

MR. ELEVEN

Let me see... It was a while ago. Yes. They entered through my flat window.

OCTOBER

Did you do anything or experienced anything unusual during that time?

MR. ELEVEN

No. Not really.

He extends a check.

MR. ELEVEN (CONT'D)
But it is really critical to me.
Can you help?

October gives Aden a look. He nods and takes the check.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Aden paces around the block. From the street, he can see Mr. Eleven's apartment window in the alley.

He takes pictures of people passing by, making notes of anyone who strikes as suspicious.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The window light in Mr. Eleven's room turns off. Aden is at the same spot. He puts his camera away, starts walking down the block, making a note of all the shops around.

EXT. SAANVI'S SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Aden passes a shop - SAANVI'S, and sees a few teenagers coming out of it.

A moment later, the store owner, whose face is on the poster - SAANVI (40s), steps out of the door.

A girl follows her out, locking up the storefront. She has a casual ponytail, a white sweater barely clinging onto her sloping shoulders.

Aden snaps a photo just as the girl turns half of her body. Aden's breath stops. He recognizes...

It is VELARE, grown up.

Her eyes are still distant and unfriendly, but her childhood has resigned from her face completely. She is pretty and has a certain quirky charisma in the way she moves.

At that moment, time almost slowed. For a second, Velare seemed to look in Aden's direction. He quickly ducks back behind the tree.

SAANVI
See you tomorrow Velare.

Velare turns to walk across the street, ignoring the red light. Aden notices the speeding cars. He instinctively waves the cars to stop. Velare crosses, without noticing him.

Aden stops as an angry driver yells at him. When he turns around, Velare has disappeared around the corner. He stands in the middle of the street, almost breathless, his heart pounding like a drum.

INT. PRIVATE DETECTIVE OFFICE - MORNING

October organizes her shelf as Aden bursts in, holding a bunch of sunflowers.

ADEN

Morning!

He sets the flowers on the windowsill. We've never seen Aden so energetic since he grew up.

ADEN (CONT'D)

I'll be watching around Mr. Eleven's place today.

OCTOBER

Did you investigate the grocery store he goes to?

ADEN

No.

OCTOBER

You need to keep an eye on all of those if you want to solve a case.

ADEN

Don't worry! I got it.

October frowns at Aden's unusually high energy.

OCTOBER

Anyways, I'm on a different lead. Apparently Mr. Eleven is not the only one who experienced this kind of theft. A few others in town talked about having their objects of sentimental value being stolen. I'm going to see if I can get them here for an interview.

ADEN

Ok.

OCTOBER
You'll remember to eat lunch?

ADEN
Yes ma'am.

EXT. SAANVI'S SHOP - DAY

Aden watches the shop. A boy with blue hair goes inside.

He traipses outside the storefront. Nothing is happening.

INT. SAANVI'S SHOP - DAY

Aden steps in quietly. The shop is decorated with colorful and exotic objects. The room on the left is covered by a red curtain.

The room on the right has its door slightly open. Aden wanders inside.

INT. SAANVI'S SHOP - STORAGE ROOM - DAY

The room stores a menagerie of foreign objects - odd-looking furniture, colorful stones, candles, pictures, jewelry.

ADEN
Hello?

He moves in and out through the shelves, and stops in the back.

He admires some old books on one shelf. Notices a detective storybook - the same one he and Velare read when they were little.

Suddenly, hearing footsteps approaching, he instinctively ducks and peers through the shelves.

Velare strolls in, searching for something.

Aden gasps, but quickly covers his mouth. Behind the shelves and objects, he vaguely sees Velare stop at a box by the door, facing away from him.

He quickly looks around, and sees a closet door open. There isn't much inside. He lowers his body and steps inside the closet.

Velare is still at the door, checking each shelf.

Aden grabs the closet door and carefully closes it.

Complete darkness. Aden holds his breath. From the crack, he sees Velare go to one of the shelves. He swivels uncomfortably inside.

Fortunately, the noise he made didn't alarm her at all. She goes from one shelf to another, checking stuff.

Aden closes his eyes, trying to calm himself, even though he can hear his heartbeat echoing in the closet.

CRACK.

Light hits Aden's face. He opens his eyes, and there is Velare, one hand on the closet door, frozen as she sees him inside, a horrified look on her face.

ADEN (CONT'D)
Sorry! I can explain.

BAM.

Velare slams the closet closed, and jams a stick between the handles.

ADEN (CONT'D)
Hey! Wait. I didn't mean to... It's
a misunderstanding!

Velare speeds away from the closet. Aden tries to bang the door open, but it's tightly jammed.

ADEN (CONT'D)
Shit. Hey! I'm sorry!

Velare is out of the door.

Silence. Aden wipes sweat off his forehead.

ADEN (CONT'D)
Damn. Ugh... What to do...

He pulls a card from his pocket and inserts it between the closet doors, tries to use it to move the stick away.

CLACK CLACK CLACK. Multiple footsteps from outside get closer.

Aden tries to peep out, but cannot make out who is coming until the stick is pulled out and the closet door opens.

Velare stands with Saanvi. Now we get a good look at her - South Asian, indisputably charming and confident. The exotic decorations she wears click as she crosses her arms.

SAANVI
Who are you, child?

ADEN
Sorry. It's a misunderstanding.

He peeks at Velare, who doesn't care to return his gaze.

ADEN (CONT'D)
I was um... looking for...

Saanvi studies him as he stutters. As if seeing through all his intentions, she smiles.

SAANVI
You came for a reading?

A beat.

ADEN
Yes ma'am.

SAANVI
This is the wrong room. Come with me.

INT. SAANVI'S SHOP - READING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Aden sits on a red velvet chair. He uncomfortably moves.

Saanvi lights a candle and sets it on the table. Velare sits in the corner, far from him. Aden can't stop glancing at her, but her face is almost completely in the dark.

SAANVI
What's your name?

ADEN
Aden.

His eyes alight on Velare, who doesn't react at all.

SAANVI
So, Aden.

She puts a blue twine on the table.

SAANVI (CONT'D)
What did you come here for?

ADEN
(nervous)
Why... don't you tell me?

Saanvi smirks. She puts a red twine next to the blue one.

SAANVI
Tell me which one looks more
attractive to you.

ADEN
The blue one?

SAANVI
You're very blinded right now,
Aden. You are chasing something
unrealistic.

ADEN
What do you mean?

SAANVI
It means you have a wrong
understanding of something. Tell
me, what is on your mind today?

Aden eyes Velare, more and more nervous.

ADEN
I don't know.

SAANVI
You came into our closet for a
reason. What is it?

ADEN
(weakly)
I don't know.

SAANVI
Ok. Relax. Close your eyes. Think
of a childhood object.

Aden closes his eyes. A beat.

SAANVI (CONT'D)
Tell me, what is it?

Aden frowns.

ADEN
I... don't know.

Saanvi glances at the purple stone Aden wears on his wrist.

SAANVI

That stone is meant to repel
people. I gave that to an Asian
couple years ago.

Aden freezes, subconsciously tries to cover it.

SAANVI (CONT'D)

Why are you wearing it?

ADEN

I don't... know.

Saanvi squints her eyes, then grins.

SAANVI

You're not ready. Why don't you
come back next week? Consider this
session a free preview.

Aden nods, springs up from the seat, and starts to back out.

ADEN

Sorry. Thank you. Sorry for the
closet. Have a good day.

He watches Velare while backing out, who never returns his gaze.

EXT. SAANVI'S SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Aden stumbles outside and keeps heading down the street.

As he walks, he can't stop smiling, oddly invigorated.
Flowers blossom magically on the grounds wherever he walks.
His energy becomes free, as it once was when he was little.

INT. PRIVATE DETECTIVE OFFICE - DAY

INTERCUT between different people:

MRS. JUNE (80s), extremely old, can barely make a full sentence without eating some sounds.

MRS. JUNE

It wus the cups. Yeah the cups.
Never used 'em. Not fe years. Cheap
little cups. Julia, mi daughter,
got 'em fe us fe Chrismus 1994. The
year before she died. Breast
cancer. Was the only thing she got
us.

(MORE)

MRS. JUNE (CONT'D)

Mi husband and I said never to use 'em, cuz you never know, we break things all the time. Kept 'em, all four of the cups on the top of the shelf. He and I both got old and we shrink. Neither of us can reach the top shelf no more. Bu' 'en, the thief came. Took no money. Only the cups were gone. As if he knew...
Our Julia...

MR. NINE (75), skinny like a skeleton.

MR. NINE
My wedding photo.

OCTOBER
And you said it was quite large?

MR. NINE
It's 240 cm by 180 cm. In a metal frame.

He sighs.

MR. NINE (CONT'D)
It shouldn't be hard to find,
right? Why can't you find him?

MRS. FIRST (70), nutty grandma vibe, sits down.

MRS. FIRST
You wouldn't understand. It is just one egg, but it has stayed with me for 40 years. I have it in a little box in my fridge. I had it through my marriage, my childbirth, my divorce, my parents passing... and someone just took it. The only thing I had for 40 years. I don't understand why... Or do you think I'm crazy?

October and Aden sit at the other side, Aden furiously taking notes.

MOMENTS LATER:

The clients are gone. October and Aden gape at a full table of notes and information.

ADEN
They have nothing in common.

OCTOBER

The thief aims only for sentimental value. None of this can really sell for money.

ADEN

What about the victims themselves? If he tries to sell the stolen objects to our clients, they will be willing to pay a high price.

OCTOBER

But the first theft was over two years ago. How come the thief didn't demand money for this long? No, that's not it. Not about money.

October mulls over, then regards Aden.

OCTOBER (CONT'D)

If he steals something from you, what would it be?

Aden unconsciously looks down at the purple stone he wears. He's never taken it off.

ADEN

I don't know. What would be yours?

October eyes him, opens up her top drawer. In there is a locked box. She gets a key from her pocket and opens it, revealing an exquisite antique gun inside.

ADEN (CONT'D)

Looks beautiful.

OCTOBER

This gun belonged to my family for ages. Without it, this office would never have existed. Soon I'll hand this to my child, and his child who is going to be born soon.

She smiles. Aden lets her have her moment.

INT. SAANVI'S SHOP - READING ROOM - DAY

Aden waits just outside the door, bracing himself. A man who just finished a reading comes out. Saanvi spots Aden.

SAANVI

Come in.

Aden steps in slowly, trying to act normal.

SAANVI (CONT'D)
Back so soon. Are you prepared this time?

Aden nods. Saanvi extends a small box towards him. He puts money inside.

SAANVI (CONT'D)
Take a seat.

Aden gingerly gestures to Velare.

ADEN
Is it possible to have her do it?

Saanvi arches her brows, smiles.

VELARE
I'm not allowed to do that.

Saanvi gets up and walks to Velare's seat.

SAANVI
Why not? It's time you try it by yourself.

VELARE
But...

SAANVI
You can do it.

Aden watches, hopeful. Velare meets his gaze for a split second. She gets up and comes to the main table. Aden sits down as she does.

ADEN
Hi.

VELARE
Welcome.

They stare into each other's eyes.

VELARE (CONT'D)
You are looking for some answers.

ADEN
Yes.

VELARE

It all started in the past. Tell me about the very beginning.

ADEN

Ok. The very beginning. I was born on April 29, 1995. My brother says I was a very ugly baby.

Saanvi in the back is chuckling. Velare doesn't react.

ADEN (CONT'D)

Ok, never mind that. I had a friend when I was young. She was probably my only friend.

Velare's eyes flicker under the candlelight.

ADEN (CONT'D)

We were the same age. She lived only a few blocks from me. She's very strong.

Velare blinks.

ADEN (CONT'D)

Not physically. Maybe physically too, I don't know. What I mean is that she didn't care about what other people thought. Didn't care to fit in anywhere. She didn't like anyone.

VELARE

How did you become friends?

ADEN

I just approached her. Followed her around after school. I like oranges. She likes figs. We both like detective stories.

VELARE

Are you sure she likes them?

ADEN

Um... Does she not?

Velare seems to be smiling slightly, but Aden can't be sure.

ADEN (CONT'D)

But... something happened. In her family. Her parents passed away. We never really knew what happened.

(MORE)

ADEN (CONT'D)

But she left town to go to a foster family, I suppose. I never got in touch with her again.

A beat.

VELARE

Are you looking for her?

ADEN

No. I know where she is now.

Velare seems a little amused.

VELARE

What is your question then?

ADEN

I wonder, if I ask her out on a date, would she say yes?

Velare immediately breaks eye contact. Aden stares, unwavering.

ADEN (CONT'D)

Tomorrow, 4pm, in the park where we always did homework together.

VELARE

That's very far from here.

ADEN

Yes but... it's a weekend.

VELARE

You can go now.

ADEN

So the answer is?

VELARE

(deadpan)

You'll find out tomorrow.

EXT. PARK - DAY

It is a space well hidden in the tree shadows. A large stone coated with moss. It's where Aden and Velare met as children.

Aden brings a large bag and a blanket. He paces in the shadows, looking around, then checks his watch.

Finally, he stops moving, staring directly into the distance - Velare, in a blue sweater and white pants, walks towards him. Aden lifts the branches for her to get inside.

ADEN

Hi.

VELARE

Hi.

She freezes, scans the space.

There are flowers of all colors all around. But they are not grown. They are attached to transparent strings that are tied to the tree branches.

At first glance, it looks like time froze in the middle of a flower rain.

VELARE (CONT'D)

That's...

ADEN

Do you like it?

Velare nods, noticeably surprised.

ADEN (CONT'D)

Do you remember me?

VELARE

Kind of.

Aden relaxes completely. He starts setting the picnic up, unpacks his bag to lay the food out: box of dumplings, buns, asian snacks, juice, cookies, water, and figs.

Velare takes the bun he hands to her and starts eating.

The sun is setting. The branches and flowers lit orange by the last surviving lights.

VELARE (CONT'D)

Did you make these?

ADEN

Not the dumplings... I don't know how. I made the cookies though.

He suddenly feels nervous and peeks at her.

ADEN (CONT'D)

I look normal, right?

Velare stares, her expressions impossible to read. Her tone is calm, gentle, but apathetic as always.

VELARE

You have mud on your forehead, but other than that...

Aden exhales, wipes his forehead. It becomes dirtier.

ADEN

Ok. Anyways... thank you for coming.

Velare admires the different flowers fluttering in the wind.

ADEN (CONT'D)

How have you been, since you left Tunsid?

Velare glances up at the sky. It is getting darker, the sky tinted dark blue.

VELARE

It was alright. I went to a foster family.

ADEN

Are they good people?

VELARE

They were normal. But they also passed away.

Aden's eyes widen.

ADEN

I'm sorry to hear that.

VELARE

It wasn't as bad.

ADEN

What happened to-

Velare cuts him off.

VELARE

(relaxed)

Sorry if I was mean to you.

ADEN

Oh. That's alright. It was ok.

VELARE
(doubtful)
Really?

ADEN
Yeah.

A beat.

ADEN (CONT'D)
Did you know that tears have
different tastes?

Velare shakes her head.

ADEN (CONT'D)
When you're sad, your tears taste
like ginger. When you're happy,
they taste like popcorn. When
you're in love, tears taste like
sunflower seeds.

VELARE
You just made that up.

ADEN
No. I read it somewhere.

Velare ponders. Something obviously on her mind. Aden helps wrap the blanket over her as it gets colder.

VELARE
Where did the balloons go?

Aden laughs, covers his face in embarrassment.

ADEN
It was a stupid thing my parents
asked me to do. I stopped taking
them with me when I was 16.

VELARE
(teasing)
Too heavy?

Aden chuckles at her cold humor.

VELARE (CONT'D)
Why the balloons?

ADEN
Well... basically it just made it
easier for my parents to spot me.
Cause I ran around all the time.

He looks down.

ADEN (CONT'D)
Will I see you often?

Velare shrugs.

A silver light flashes in the sky.

They peer up, both see the stars dancing in a random rhythm, like silver tadpoles swimming in the sky. The entire view is odd but fantastic. It takes your breath away.

They watch until the stars calm down and the lights stop moving around.

INT. PRIVATE DETECTIVE OFFICE - DAY

Aden absent-mindedly watches as October presents him with new photos and new information.

INT. SMALL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

In a cozy family restaurant, Jin, Minna, and Eliam sit around a table together with Han, who is a lot older than the last time we saw him, his hair all white.

Han checks out the wine menu, but one second later, the menu is snatched away from him and disappears from sight.

HAN
What-

Eliam doesn't even look up.

ELIAM
Aden is here, grandpa.

Now we see Aden, who had just strolled in. He puts the wine menu away and sits down, while giving a pat on Minna and Jin's shoulders.

ADEN
Mom says you shouldn't be drinking anymore.

HAN
I was just looking. They had a new item.

Eliam chuckles and hands Aden the food menu. Not knowing where he is, he accidentally hits Aden's chin.

ELIAM

Sorry.

INT. SMALL RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

The table teems with delicious food. Aden devours. Eliam keeps checking his phone.

HAN

What's up with you?

ELIAM

Huh? Nothing. I'm just gonna text back real quick...

He types furiously on his phone.

MINNA

Are you dating someone?

Eliam smiles awkwardly.

ELIAM

Kind of, but no, not yet. I'm still asking her out.

MINNA

Who is it?

ELIAM

I don't want to tell you until it's for real. Aden! What about you? Did it work out with Felicia?

ADEN

No.

MINNA

Eliam! Stop setting him up with girls. You know how it goes.

ADEN

Well... I did meet a girl I like.

Everyone at the table stops chewing at the same time.

JIN

Who is it?

ELIAM

Does she like you too?

ADEN

She... we do hang out a lot.

ELIAM

(cheerful)

So she knows about your condition.

ADEN

Not really.

A beat. Minna seems more relaxed hearing that. But Eliam is unconvinced.

ELIAM

Wait. So she doesn't like you.

ADEN

In a way. But she doesn't like anyone.

ELIAM

Why would you be with someone who doesn't like you?

ADEN

I feel comfortable.

ELIAM

I hope you're not still believing mom and dad's bullshit about having to be normal.

Jin and Minna exchange a puzzled look. Han keeps eating and observes them.

ELIAM (CONT'D)

You did that with the girl from the murderer's family. You kept pestering her when you were little-

ADEN

I wouldn't call it pes-

MINNA

Wait, the May family?

Han sneaks a sip of Minna's wine while the rest of the family are involved in the conversation.

ELIAM

You were very convinced she could see you because she was a sociopath. I was worried about you.

ADEN

What's the problem?

ELIAM

A lot of things. You don't want to be after someone who you know can never love you.

MINNA

Aden, were you friends with that girl?

JIN

That family is not a good influence.

ADEN

Well...

ELIAM

Don't listen to them. You should be with people because you like each other, not because they aren't capable of normal feelings.

Silence follows his words. Aden is deep in thought. Han studies everyone's expressions (of course everyone but Aden's), and feels the need to lighten the mood.

HAN

I ever told you how your grandma and I met?

ADEN

A thousand times, grandpa.

INT. PRIVATE DETECTIVE OFFICE - DAY

Aden reaches the office with a bunch of lilies in his hands.

ADEN

Good morning!

October is in the middle of the room, silently pondering. Something is wrong.

ADEN (CONT'D)

Hello?

OCTOBER

Aden! There you are.

She gestures towards the window. Aden steps closer, sees the lock distorted, broken. The marks on the window frame clearly suggest that someone had come in recently.

ADEN
Is that - what's missing?

October gazes, cogitating. A beat. She leads Aden to her desk and opens the top drawer. Her antique gun in the box. The lock on the box is picked open, but the gun is still there.

ADEN (CONT'D)
That's your grandfather's gun,
right?

OCTOBER
Yes.

Aden blinks rapidly, trying to wrap his head around it.

ADEN
It's still here. Why are you
showing it to me?

She takes the gun out and drops the magazine. There are no bullets inside.

OCTOBER
The bullets are gone.

Aden stares at her, unbelieving.

ADEN
Is that the only thing missing?

OCTOBER
The only thing I could find.

Aden nods. He scans the room. He takes a deep breath. His eyes widen, as if reminded of something.

OCTOBER (CONT'D)
Notice anything?

He inhales again, his expression more and more difficult to read.

ADEN
I'm gonna head out.

OCTOBER
Where?

Aden grabs his bag and starts to rush out.

ADEN
Following a lead!

OCTOBER
Aden.

He stops, looks at October.

OCTOBER (CONT'D)
How you doing lately?

Aden shrugs.

ADEN
Never felt so normal in my life.

He smiles and heads outside. October looks at his figure and sighs. In October's POV, Aden is only 30% visible.

INT. SAANVI'S SHOP - READING ROOM - DAY

A BALD MAN (50s) comes out of the room, tearful. Aden heads in. Saanvi immediately spots him.

SAANVI
Lover boy is here again.

Velare, who is organizing something at the table, turns and they lock eyes immediately. She is aloof as usual.

ADEN
Hi.

VELARE
You want to do another reading?

ADEN
Yeah.

Saanvi gets up and extends the money box to Aden. He puts a few bills in. Velare crosses and sits at the table. Aden slowly sits down.

Velare closes her eyes. He does so too.

VELARE
Your energy is very different today.

ADEN
Yeah.

VELARE

I feel like you have something to tell me. What is it?

ADEN

Oh. Um... Yeah. I know there have been some thefts going on lately.

VELARE

Thefts?

ADEN

Yes. Nothing of real value, but something important to the owners.

He smiles to himself.

ADEN (CONT'D)

A memory thief, almost. But I realized today that we probably had it wrong the whole time. No one steals others' memories. It was never about that.

He contemplates as he goes on.

ADEN (CONT'D)

I haven't got it all figured out yet. But I feel like the answer should be very simple. These objects stolen... there is a purpose behind it.

A beat. He takes a deep breath.

ADEN (CONT'D)

I want to know why.

VELARE

You think I have the answers?

ADEN

I do.

VELARE

Why don't you take a wild guess?

Aden broods.

ADEN

I don't know. But I suppose... I feel a good intention behind it.

(MORE)

ADEN (CONT'D)
Almost like this is to change their
lives. Or to save them from
themselves.

A beat. Velare still has her eyes closed.

VELARE
Isn't it a bit too optimistic how
you see this world?

ADEN
No. I'm sure of it.

He grabs her hand, determined. Velare opens her eyes. A beat.
She doesn't seem convinced.

VELARE
I think you should leave now.

ADEN
What?

VELARE
The session is over.

Aden's eyes widen, shocked.

ADEN
Did I say something wrong?

Velare gets up and walks towards Saanvi, who immediately
steps up and protects Velare from his sight.

SAANVI
She said you should leave. Then you
should leave.

ADEN
I don't understand. What happened?

Velare faces away from him.

VELARE
You're a good person Aden, but you
don't belong with me.

Close on her face as tears start to form in her eyes. They
slowly dissolve into complete darkness.

TITLE CARD: PART 2: GIRL

OVER BLACK:

VELARE (V.O.)

My name is Velare May, and I was
born on March 6, 1995.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY - 1995

A BABY GIRL CRYING. This is Velare, one hour old.

INT. VELARE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 1998

VELARE (V.O.)

I was often told that I look a lot
like my father. But I don't
remember his face at all.

A MALE HAND grabs a metal candle stand, swings it, and we
follow the candle stand flying through the air until it hits
a mirror and smashes it.

From the broken mirror, we see the reflection of a stunned
and shivering Velare (age 3).

INT. VELARE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 1999

Velare (4) peeks up from the staircase. The master bedroom
door vibrates with a deafening banging sound.

VELARE (V.O.)

My mother, on the other hand, I
remember very well.

CHARLOTTE (21), a sickly skinny Asian woman, is shoved from
the door that suddenly springs open, and topples. Bruises on
her neck and arms.

She swivels and catches sight of Velare, shushes her, and
points downstairs with her slender but wounded finger.

Velare descends and heads back downstairs. Flinches at
another loud THUD from the upper floor.

INT. VELARE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 2001

Velare (6) is alone in the living room, drawing with a red
pencil.

She hears light footsteps coming down the stairs, and
excitedly looks up. Charlotte (23), barefoot, wearing a pink
silk nightgown, comes down. She summons an affectionate but
tired smile and pats Velare's head.

CHARLOTTE
What are you doing baby?

Velare pulls a pink bracelet out of her pocket and puts it in Charlotte's palm.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Aww. This is cute. Wear it for me?

She clumsily does so. Charlotte fidgets with the bracelet absent-mindedly. She suddenly notices the drawing on the table. It is sloppily done, a woman lying in a pool of blood.

Charlotte curiously picks it up.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Did you draw it?

VELARE
Yes.

CHARLOTTE
Who is it?

Velare opens her mouth, hesitant. Charlotte stares at the dead woman.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Is it me?

Velare nods.

Charlotte's warm smile disappears, quickly taken over by an expression of hatred and bitterness.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
You want me dead?

VELARE
No.

Charlotte ignores her, laughs, pitying herself.

CHARLOTTE
Oh. I should have known. You are
just like your father. Emotionless.
Cruel. Incapable of love.

She bites deep into her lips, eyes closed, her nails sinking into the skin on her neck. She scratches herself, devastated.

Velare reaches for her, trying to comfort her, but is startled when Charlotte suddenly flaps open her bloodshot eyes.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
You don't love me, do you?

There is sincerity in her gaze, as if teaching Velare an important lesson of life, her words seeping in like poison.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Your father pretended to love me, for many years. And look where it's gotten me. Trapped in a home with two... loveless people. It really hurts me.

She takes the bracelet off, and puts it gently on the desk.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
Do me a favor, would you? Don't pretend. You don't care about people. Don't pretend that you do.

Velare hears every word, and innocently nods.

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Velare is escorted by a TEACHER (20s), barreling down the hallway. She tries to avoid eye contact with everyone.

VELARE (V.O.)
What my mother didn't know, because I wasn't able to explain myself clearly, was that I saw these gruesome visions from everyone I ever had physical contact with.

As she walks by and bumps into A BLONDE BOY (8), she sees -

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A speeding truck swivels and crashes into a sedan. An explosion of metal pieces and an overwhelming screeching sound. The YOUNG MAN (20s) driving the sedan dies instantly.

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Velare covers her ears in agony, hearing the crash.

VELARE (V.O.)
Of course, for years I didn't know what was going on.

The Teacher squats down to see what's wrong. But she keeps her eyes closed.

INT. VELARE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Velare watches TV, hears her parents yelling upstairs. She looks over, wistful.

VELARE (V.O.)
In my mother's words, maybe I just wished everyone was dead.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Velare (6) does homework in the hidden spot behind the trees. She hears a sound approaching.

ADEN (O.S.)
I like your hair.

She has her head buried in her book, not acknowledging him.

VELARE (V.O.)
The visions didn't come as long as I stayed away from everybody. And I was perfectly fine with that.

A kid's hand takes the pencil from her and changes a number on her homework sheet.

ADEN (O.S.)
There.

Velare checks the homework.

VELARE (V.O.)
The only concern I had was that I seemed to be developing one of the common problems children had.
Imaginary friends.

An orange is put on the stone and pushed towards her.

ADEN (O.S.)
Would you like an orange?

VELARE (V.O.)
How I knew he was imaginary -

Velare glances up, and there is Aden (6) with a turquoise balloon behind him. But his body is only 95% solid.

Through his heart, Velare can see the sun setting between the branches.

VELARE (V.O.)
Because he was transparent.

A beat.

VELARE
I hate oranges.

EXT. PARK - ANOTHER DAY

Velare walks towards the trees while Aden trails her.

ADEN
It's hot today, huh?

VELARE (V.O.)
But it was nice to have him around
for a while. As an imagination,
he's certainly more imaginative
than me. He had all sorts of funny
theories of his own existence.

ADEN
Last time I was alive, I was
probably a squirrel. And I chose to
be a human this time because I was
tired of living in trees.

EXT. PARK - ANOTHER DAY

ADEN
You know, I'm invisible to people
who love me.

Velare eats a cookie, reading. Aden holds a book, but it is
still on page 1.

ADEN (CONT'D)
When they start to care about me, I
start to become transparent. I
believe I'm at a 50% opacity to my
aunt Millie. My parents can't see
me at all. But you can. I believe
you can always see me.

EXT. STREET - ANOTHER DAY

ADEN

Oh, maybe I was sent here as an agent. From Mars.

Velare crosses the street. A car honks at her, but Aden waves at the car to appease the angry driver.

ADEN (CONT'D)

But they would make their agents forget who they are for the first ten years...

Velare thunders up the hill.

VELARE (V.O.)

I never had the heart to break it to him that he was just my imagination.

INT. ICE CREAM SHOP - DAY

Velare (7) digs into a bowl of blue ice cream. Aden is grinning at her.

A few kids passing by the shop wave at Aden. He waves back.

VELARE (V.O.)

It was amazing that in my imagination he even interacted with others. But I didn't think it was unusual.

ADEN

Thank you for coming with me. It's my birthday today. I just wanted to celebrate with you.

VELARE

Why?

ADEN

Cause you see me.

VELARE

Right.

She studies his features carefully. He has become more transparent, about only 76% visible.

VELARE (V.O.)
He got less and less solid over
time. I think it made sense.
Because imaginary friends disappear
eventually, don't they?

EXT. STREET - DAY - 2002

Velare (7) wears the purple T-shirt we saw in the first scene. Aden is skipping around her.

VELARE (V.O.)
But I didn't know that the day
would come so soon, cut short by
the most sudden and disturbing
occurrence in my life.

ADEN
Wanna study together on Sunday?

She shrugs.

VELARE
I don't know.

ADEN
I'll be at the park. I'll see you
there?

Velare steps to her house, suddenly pensive. She peers at him for a beat and goes inside.

ADEN (CONT'D)
Bye Velare!

INT. VELARE'S HOUSE - DAY

The house is dead silent. Velare frowns at a weird smell in the air.

VELARE
Mom? I'm home.

There is no answer. She approaches the staircase with increased foreboding.

VELARE (V.O.)
In hindsight, maybe it was doomed
to happen to us. And no one can
judge that one way is better than
the other.

She quietly takes a step. The wooden stairs squeak. She flinches.

VELARE (V.O.)
It was something I had to go
through to grow up.

She sees the blood spreading on the second-floor carpet, its shape becoming demon-like.

She swallows, her eyes panicky, but she makes herself move closer to the master bedroom.

VELARE (V.O.)
It was the day I learned that my
father had murdered my mother in a
violent outburst. And killed
himself soon afterward.

From the bedroom, we see Velare inching closer and closer, her expression getting more and more horrified, as two bodies lay in the foreground.

VELARE (V.O.)
I finally confirmed what the
visions were. They were the future -
I could see how everyone was going
to die.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A policeman wraps a blanket around her as they open the door. Velare looks down. She can hear the neighbors whisper. The gossiping voices dance around like evil winds.

VELARE (V.O.)
So if I learned one thing that day-

Aden is pushing through the adults to get close to her.

ADEN
Velare, what happened? Are you ok?

She doesn't react.

VELARE (V.O.)
-is that this is the way the world
goes, and only I can take care of
myself.

ADEN
Is she hurt?

Velare climbs into the back seat.

VELARE (V.O.)
Because everyone leaves eventually.
And maybe I didn't need them at
all.

ADEN
Hey, where are you going? Are you
coming back?

Aden pounds on the car window. She inhales slowly.

ADEN (CONT'D)
Velare! Where are you going? Will I
see you on Sunday?

VELARE (V.O.)
And the last thing I needed was a
sign of weakness. The imagination
created by the minds only of
insecure children.

A beat. She suddenly looks at him. He is 70% transparent,
ghostly in the flickering street lamp light.

VELARE (V.O.)
An imaginary friend.

VELARE
Don't, ever, let me see you again.

INT. APRILS' HOUSE - NIGHT - 2002

Velare drinks tea at the table in a cramped and simple house.

VELARE (V.O.)
And he never did.

MRS. APRIL (40), short and busy-looking, is checking Velare's
luggage bag.

MRS. APRIL
You will inherit all the stuff from
your dead parents, right?

She nods. Mrs. April pats her on her shoulder.

VELARE (V.O.)
I was sent to a town north of
Tunside to live with Mr. and Mrs.
April.
(MORE)

VELARE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A couple that cared about money and the animal world way more than they cared about me.

INT. APRILS' HOUSE - DAY

Velare comes back from school. The back of Mrs. April and Mr. April's heads on the couch. They watch a snake attacking a mongoose on TV.

MRS. APRIL

Oh! Go get him.

EXT. ZOO - DAY

VELARE (V.O.)

What they didn't know was that some years later -

Mrs. April and Mr. April, both now in their 50s, stroll around the zoo.

They stop at the tiger enclosure, and enthusiastically peer down from the fence. Two tigers lie in the sunlight, yawning. Mrs. April grabs a tree branch and throws it at the tigers, missing, but reacts delightfully when the tigers turn and glance at them.

VELARE (V.O.)

They will be eaten by their beloved creatures.

Intrigued, Mr. April throws a pebble at them, holding the fence tightly. CREAK - the fence cracks and the weight of Mr. April quickly breaks through, and he falls - Mrs. April, in trying to grab him, slips and falls as well.

INT. APRILS' HOUSE - VELARE'S BEDROOM - DAY - 2002

Velare organizes her parents' things.

Boxes here and there are labeled: *Charlotte clothes.* *Charlotte jewelry.* *Charlotte shoes.*

She finds a picture of Charlotte and another ASIAN WOMAN (Saanvi, around 20 years old) dressed in beads and exotic dress. In the photo, Saanvi is kissing Charlotte's cheek.

Young Velare inspects it, curious. A name and address written on the back: *SAANVI'S, 190 Ivory St.*

EXT. SAANVI'S SHOP - DAY

An octangular wooden architecture standing at the corner of the streets. The decorations raw and enchanting.

INT. SAANVI'S SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Velare enters the shop gingerly. One of the doors is closed, and the other is draped with red curtains.

SAANVI (O.S.)
Come in dear.

She stops at the voice, and peeks into the curtains. She sees Saanvi for the first time. Her skin tanned, her whole body dressed with exotic decorations.

SAANVI (CONT'D)
You're Charlotte's girl.

She beckons Velare to sit down.

SAANVI (CONT'D)
Do you know what I do?

Velare shakes her head slowly. Then nods a little.

VELARE
Can you really tell the future?

SAANVI
Yes my dear.

Velare is startled, hesitates.

VELARE
I don't really have money to pay you.

SAANVI
That's alright. You came to ask me something. What is it?

Velare looks down.

VELARE
How do I get someone to dislike zoos?

Saanvi raise her brows, surprised by the question.

SAANVI

Sweetie, that's not really something I can do. It is the hardest thing in the world - to change what people like. Just like you can't force anyone to fall in love with you.

Velare listens, not sure if she understands fully.

SAANVI (CONT'D)

But of course, you can try to tell them unpleasant stories about the zoo. See if that helps.

Velare nods and gets up, heading outside.

SAANVI (CONT'D)

Good luck, child. I'll see you in eleven years.

As Velare walks out, her childish face slowly dissolves into-

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Velare (now 18), wearing a casual ponytail and a dark coat, steps into an elevator. As the door closes, a hand comes in and it opens again.

SPENCER (18), a sheepish boy in an oversized suit, squeezes in. He blushes seeing her.

SPENCER

Hi Velare.

She doesn't respond as the elevator door closes, presses floor 2.

The elevator rises but it becomes unstable and stops with an electric sound.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Oh no. Is it stuck?

He presses all the buttons but nothing happens. The two stare at each other awkwardly.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Is it just the two of us today?

VELARE

I don't know.

Spencer adjusts his tie.

SPENCER
I always loved Mrs. April's meat
pies. She must have a special
recipe.

Velare stands still, unresponsive.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Sorry to hear about what happened,
you know?

He peeks at her, hands her a card.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
I was wondering if... after today,
maybe we can get dinner together...
sometime?

Velare stares at him, takes the card from him, their fingers
touching for a second. She sees:

INT. TINY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Spencer (30s) has sex with a HOOKER. Cash and condoms are
strewn about the room. The Hooker rides him vigorously. He
groans. The Hooker laughs and goes faster.

A beat. She notices that Spencer has stopped responding. She
slaps his face, horrified to see him shaking uncontrollably,
foam coming out of his mouth.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Velare sighs. Spencer is nervously waiting for her answer.

Right then, the elevator starts to move up again.

VELARE
Sorry. I don't think that's a good
idea.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

The elevator door opens to a funeral home facility. Velare
steps out. A RECEPTIONIST (20s) waits at the door.

RECEPTIONIST
Hello, you must be April's
daughter.

Velare quietly nods.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
They are over here. Please follow
me...

As they move away, we see on the table a stack of newspapers:

*Couple dead by tiger attack due to
a construction defect at Eagleside
Zoo.*

INT. SAANVI'S SHOP - DAY

VELARE
What's the meaning of life?

SAANVI
Darling, I'm a fortune teller. I
don't answer philosophical
questions.

VELARE
You don't have an answer.

SAANVI
Of course I have an answer. But I
can't tell you for -

She flicks the bill Velare had put on the table.

SAANVI (CONT'D)
- twenty bucks.

At that moment, MR. ELEVEN barges into the room, clearly a regular customer.

Velare turns and stands up. Mr. Eleven's hand accidentally touches her arm. She sees:

INT. MR. ELEVEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A burning apartment. Mr. Eleven is on the street, trying to get in while the policemen hold him back. But Mr. Eleven fights vigorously and gets rid of them.

He rushes into the fire, goes upstairs, and scrambles through the living room to his bedroom. He grabs the notebooks on the nightstand.

The burning roof falls. Mr. Eleven is engulfed in flames.

INT. SAANVI'S SHOP - DAY

Velare stares at him, stunned.

MR. ELEVEN

Sorry, I didn't realize you were in
a session. I can wait.

Velare gets up.

VELARE

No. I'm just leaving.

INT. MR. ELEVEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clicking sound from outside the window. A pin is under the window lock and it slowly lifts the lock up. The window is pushed open, dust floating everywhere.

VELARE (V.O.)

It was the first time I saw a
concrete way to prevent a death.

Velare peeks in, hears snoring from inside one of the rooms, and enters, hits her head on a shelf. She rubs her head and sneaks in stealthily, studies the room. There are dirty cups and clothes everywhere.

VELARE (V.O.)

I had to give it a try.

She heads into the bedroom, where Mr. Eleven is sound asleep. An old wedding photo on the wall, but clearly Mrs. Eleven is no longer here.

Papers and small objects are strewn about. A large jewelry box sits on his nightstand, looking out of place.

Velare sidles up to it and opens the box, finds a few old notebooks and some papers. She takes them.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Velare ambles around the block, holding the pages tightly.

VELARE (V.O.)

It was a weird feeling, holding
something that is unsellable but so
important to somebody.

She sits down at a bus stop. The sound of her body sitting on the bench is enormous - like a helicopter crashing and hitting the ground.

EXT. APRILS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Velare organizes the clothes of Mrs. April. The notebooks of Mr. Eleven are stacked neatly in a cabinet.

KNOCK from the front door.

Velare strolls over, opens it to see Saanvi, smoking.

SAANVI

Hi kid.

VELARE

Hello.

SAANVI

It seems like you have some talent.
You 18 yet?

VELARE

Yeah.

SAANVI

Take a walk with me.

Velare wraps herself tightly with her coat and steps out. They head away from the house and to the street.

Velare starts to cross but Saanvi stops her, staring at the red light.

SAANVI (CONT'D)

Dear, don't do that. Cherish your life.

Velare looks innocent.

VELARE

But it's not how I die.

A beat. Saanvi studies her curiously.

SAANVI

You got a job?

VELARE

No.

SAANVI

You want one?

VELARE

Doing what?

SAANVI

Work for me as my apprentice. I'll pay a handsome rate. You'll tell me all the things you learn about the customers. But don't talk to them directly for the first year.

Velare stares, contemplates. Saanvi extends her hand. Velare takes a deep breath and shakes it. She sees:

INT. LARGE HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Saanvi at 90 years old, tattoos on her face and still wearing colorful beads, lies on the bed.

A DOCTOR (40s) speaks to her in a foreign tongue.

THE DOCTOR

(foreign. Subtitled)

Are you ready?

Saanvi nods.

The Doctor injects something into her arm. Saanvi closes her eyes peacefully. Blood drains from her face.

INT. SAANVI'S SHOP - DAY

Velare sits at the edge, studying how Saanvi performs in front of a SLIM MAN.

SAANVI

Darling, you're on the right path. You'll reach the height you want as long as you work hard for it.

SLIM MAN

Really?

SAANVI

Yes.

The Slim Man hyperventilates and leaves.

SLIM MAN

Thank you.

Saanvi stretches.

VELARE
Is he really going to succeed?

SAANVI
No one really comes here to buy the future, dear. They are here to buy hope.

Velare stares at her, curiosity glimmering in her eyes.

INT. SAANVI'S SHOP - ANOTHER DAY

Saanvi does a reading on Mrs. June, and beckons Velare to hand a stone to Mrs. June. Their hands touch. Velare sees:

INT. MRS. JUNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Guests gather in the living room. Mrs. June is smiling happily. She comes into the kitchen and puts a chair under the cabinet. She steps onto the chair and reaches for the cups on the top shelf.

The chair makes a cracking sound and she falls. A loud THUD as her head hits the ground.

INT. MRS. JUNE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Velare, wearing a dark coat, enters through the side door. It is unlocked.

She moves slowly in the space, soon finds the kitchen. She puts a stool on the floor and reaches for the cups on the top.

INT. APRIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Velare bumps the door open, holding the enormous wedding photo with its heavy frame. She puts it next to a bookshelf where lie the notebooks, the mugs, and a weird egg in a box.

VELARE (V.O.)
I don't know if their future has really changed. But it's the least I can do.

INT. SAANVI'S SHOP - DAY

Saanvi speaks with a BOY WITH BLUE HAIR.

SAANVI

You come today to search for some answers. Things you've been wondering for a while.

She touches the boy's forehead.

SAANVI (CONT'D)

You want to find love.

The boy nods. Saanvi turns to Velare.

SAANVI (CONT'D)

Sweetie, bring me the red chest.

Velare nods and heads to the room next door.

INT. SAANVI'S SHOP - STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The storage room is cramped with wooden shelves, different items and boxes are all over the place. There are rarely any labels.

Velare checks each shelf, fails to find it, and finally crosses to the closet. She swings the closet door open casually, but is startled to see -

Aden, all grown up, still at 70% opacity, crouching in the closet, looking like a thief caught in the act.

Velare is stupefied.

ADEN

Sorry! I can explain.

Taken back to reality by his voice, Velare slams the door shut, finds a stick in the corner, and jams it between the handles.

ADEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey! Wait -

Velare rubs her face and slaps herself. She covers her ears, and opens them again, but still hears Aden's muffled voice from the closet.

Velare steps backwards, puffing, and runs out of the door. She heads into the reading room and beckons for Saanvi to come.

Saanvi heads to the closet with her. They take out the stick and open the doors.

Velare studies Saanvi's expression. She obviously sees Aden.

SAANVI
Who are you, child?

Realization dawns on Velare.

INT. APRILS' HOUSE - VELARE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Velare rummages through her drawers, finds some objects she had as a child. She finds a homework notebook, flipping until she finds a piece of dried blue daisy kept between the pages.

VELARE (V.O.)
It's incredible how this escaped me
before. He's not imaginary after
all.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Velare paces behind a tree. In the distance, she can see Aden waiting for her in the spot hidden by branches.

VELARE (V.O.)
I don't know why I agreed.

She hesitates, unsure. She looks up at the cloudless sky. She takes a deep breath and starts walking towards him.

VELARE (V.O.)
Maybe I just needed to know if I am
really capable of love.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Velare and Aden stare up at the sky.

The stars dance around, leaving a silver tint all over the dark blue canvas.

They watch until the stars calm down and the lights stop moving around.

She smiles, glances at Aden. It is the most mesmerizing imagery - he is 58% transparent, looking otherworldly in the middle of the flowers under the silver light. It's like a pastel painting of an elf in the forest.

She stares, unblinking.

Aden notices her gaze, suddenly becomes uneasy.

ADEN
Do I look alright? Everything
normal?

A beat. Velare discerns his insecurity.

VELARE
Are you going to suddenly transform
into a werewolf?

ADEN
No!

VELARE
Then why do you keep asking that?

EXT. SAANVI'S SHOP - DAY

Velare comes to work, finds Aden waiting outside. He gives her breakfast.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Velare and Aden sit together watching a black and white movie. Aden falls asleep. Velare peeks at him, he is only 42% visible.

INT. SAANVI'S SHOP - DAY

Velare organizes notes when Saanvi nudges her. She turns and sees Aden at the door. They exchange a playful look. Velare sits down and starts reading with Aden.

INT. APRILS' HOUSE - VELARE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Velare sits in her bed, watching a hospital drama. Several doctors take a patient who is bleeding into the ER room.

On the nightstand is a stack of wrappings of the breakfast Aden gave her.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Velare bumps into Aden and October as they interview the grocery shop owner. Aden ardently introduces her.

October extends her hand. Velare hesitates, but shakes it. She sees:

INT. PRIVATE DETECTIVE OFFICE - DAY

A day in the near future. October plays with her GRANDSON (5) while her SON (35) and DAUGHTER IN LAW (35) are chatting joyfully. October's Son takes the handgun from the drawer to show his wife, before setting it down on the desk.

A moment as the adults turn their backs, the Grandson plays with pens and papers on the desk. He fumbles with the gun. The adults don't notice and -

BAM. It fires.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Velare releases October's hand, her feelings mixed. Neither Aden or October notices her shift in mood.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Velare enters and finds Aden waiting at a table. From his transparent body, she can see he has roses behind his back.

EXT. NEAR THE TRAIN STATION - DAY

Aden and Velare walk down the cobblestone road leading up to the train station. Tiny shops are cramped on each side, selling perfume, instruments, pens, telephones, second-hand furniture, toys.

They stop at a window, admiring the objects inside.

ADEN

Where does this head to?

Velare glances up. Aden is staring at the train. Many busy-looking people are getting on and off.

VELARE

Summerland.

ADEN

Really?

VELARE

I hear that every day 200 people leave here to go to Summerland.

(MORE)

VELARE (CONT'D)

But every day only 100 come back.
That means for every day, there are
100 of us who decide to leave the
small towns to go to the big
cities, and never come back.

Aden takes it in. They keep walking, occasionally bumped into
by passengers who just got off the train.

ADEN

What does it look like?

VELARE

I don't know. All I know is that
it's where all the doctors study.
They have the world's top three
medical programs.

ADEN

Doctors are amazing.

The two get distracted by a postcard shop. SIGN: *Write a
postcard to yourself in ten years.*

ADEN (CONT'D)

That sounds interesting. You want
to write one?

VELARE

No way.

ADEN

I want to write one.

EXT. POSTCARD SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Velare leans on the glass on the outside. Aden is in the
store, picking up a card. He comes over to write the postcard
against the glass window.

Velare peeks at him. The postcard he writes on is only 10%
visible just like Aden. Velare sees vaguely what he writes:

*Hello Aden in 2026! How is mom,
dad, and Eliam? I hope everyone is
well, and that Velare is still with
you.*

Velare's heart skips a beat. She looks away.

INT. PRIVATE DETECTIVE OFFICE - NIGHT

It is the middle of the night, the whole street is asleep. Velare picks the lock from outside discreetly.

She jumps in, quiet like a cat, and crosses to the desk, finds the box where the gun is locked. With a few tools, she cracks it open, takes the bullets from the magazine.

She scans around the room, feeling relaxed. A quiet moment.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

The sun shines effortlessly over the trees. The air humid and hot. A simmering but beautiful day.

Velare walks through graves on a hill, holding a basket of white flowers, stops at two small headstones.

Charlotte May, 1978 - 2001, loving mother and daughter.

Russell May, 1978 - 2001, beloved.

Velare sets the flowers at the headstones, and lies down on the ground, in between the graves.

She closes her eyes and rests, her fingers touching the dirt and the grass. From above, she looks like a decorative sculpture made to connect the two graves.

MOMENTS LATER

Velare brushes off the leaves stuck in her hair, walking towards the gate.

A chubby man, MR. LEMORN (40s), stands at another grave. Seeing Velare pass by, he politely smiles at her.

Velare tries to avoid eye contact, but is tripped by a stone. Mr. Lemorn grabs her to steady her stand.

Immediately she sees -

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY

MR. LEMORN, a little older than he is now, sits at a table. MRS. LEMORN, a very cheerful lady around 50, holds his arm. The couple is staring at a piano that's playing itself, looking blissful.

The song finishes, and the room explodes with applause. The piano chair moves back, as if someone got up from the seat.

A GIRL (28) stands up from a table. She is wearing sunglasses and her manners are elegant and comfortable. She walks to the piano slowly, holding a WALKING STICK.

She is blind.

An invisible hand grabs her.

ADEN (O.S.)
How was it?

THE BLIND GIRL
Wonderful. I thought you were lying
when you said you could play.

Chuckles from the audience. The Blind Girl gives a hug to the invisible figure. Now we see that she is wearing Aden's purple stone as a necklace.

THE BLIND GIRL (CONT'D)
(to the crowd)
I was so lucky to have met Aden
last year. I have never felt so
connected to a person. We match
perfectly. I can't imagine spending
my life with anyone else. And so,
thank you very much for coming to
our engagement party. I know our
parents are thrilled.

Mr. Lemorn waves at everyone else. Mrs. Lemorn almost weeps.
We see Jin, Minna, and Eliam at another table, elated.

Suddenly, extremely excited, Mr. Lemorn seems to be having
uncontrollable pain. He grabs his chest. The guests stand and
swarm him. Mrs. Lemorn holds him, worried.

MRS. LEMORN
Mon beau? Talk to me.
(beat)
Call an ambulance!

The Blind Girl stands at the piano, confused.

THE BLIND GIRL
What happened? Mom?

On Mr. Lemorn's ashen face as he gradually loses the strength
to breathe.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Velare stands in the middle of the graveyard, frozen. Mr. Lemorn is scanning her with a worried expression.

MR. LEMORN
Miss, are you alright?

A beat. Velare calms herself and resumes her normal apathetic energy.

VELARE
You should eat healthier, and go to the doctor's more often. Otherwise you'll die from a heart attack in a few years. You don't want your daughter to lose her father so early, do you?

She strides away, leaving Mr. Lemorn stunned, his mouth agape.

INT. APRILS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Velare watches a film. The whole house is silent, dim, lit only by the TV screen and we only hear the movie soundtrack.

On the screen: A man suddenly gets shot and falls to the ground. Another man yells 'I'm a doctor' and rushes over. He uses various ways to stop the bleeding. The man is stabled. The bleeding stops.

Velare watches, wistful.

INT. SAANVI'S SHOP - READING ROOM - DAY

The room is lit by a single candle.

Saanvi is talking with a Bald Man. Velare stares at the window, not paying much attention.

SAANVI
She will answer you if you keep trying. She'll understand how much you love her. Just take it slowly. Don't give up.

The Bald Man tears up.

BALD MAN
Really?

SAANVI
As long as you have faith.

BALD MAN
Thank you. Thank you so much.

He wipes his eyes and starts heading out. Velare gets up to clean the objects on the table.

SAANVI
Lover boy is here again.

She turns to see Aden smiling at her. They lock eyes. Velare keeps herself calm.

ADEN
Hi.

VELARE
You want to do another reading?

ADEN
Yeah.

Velare sits down and closes her eyes.

VELARE
Your energy is very different today.

ADEN
Yeah.

VELARE
I feel like you have something to tell me. What is it?

ADEN
Oh. Um... Yeah. I know there have been some thefts going on lately.

Close on Velare's expressions. This is unexpected.

VELARE
Thefts?

ADEN
Yes. Nothing of real value, but something important to the owners. A memory thief, almost.

Velare takes it in, not sure how to react.

ADEN (CONT'D)

But I realized today that we probably had it wrong the whole time. No one steals others' memories. It was never about that.

He pauses, thinking.

ADEN (CONT'D)

I haven't got it all figured out yet. But I feel like the answer should be very simple. These objects stolen... there is a purpose behind it.

A beat. Aden takes a deep breath. They still have their eyes closed.

ADEN (CONT'D)

I want to know why.

VELARE

You think I have the answers?

ADEN

I do.

VELARE

Why don't you take a wild guess?

ADEN

I don't know. But I suppose... I feel a good intention behind it. Almost like this is to change their lives. Or to save them from themselves.

The words sink in. The optimism calms Velare more. She smiles.

VELARE

Isn't it a bit too optimistic how you see this world?

ADEN

No. I'm sure of it.

Aden puts his hand on Velare's. Velare flinches and tries to pull her hand but it's too late. She sees:

EXT. HILL - DAY

Peaceful imagery of a hill. Trees, flowers, and a water stream. Birds chirping. No sign of anyone in the image.

INT. SAANVI'S SHOP - READING ROOM - DAY

Velare opens her eyes, and is instantly frozen.

SHE CAN'T SEE ADEN AT ALL.

A beat. She lets go of his hands and speaks softly.

VELARE

I think you can leave now.

ADEN (O.S.)

What?

VELARE

The session is over.

ADEN (O.S.)

Did I say something wrong?

Velare gets up and walks towards the corner. Tears forming in her eyes. Saanvi quickly stands in between her and Aden.

SAANVI

She said you should leave. Then you should leave.

ADEN (O.S.)

I don't understand. What happened?

VELARE

You're a good person Aden, but you don't belong with me.

Saanvi starts escorting Aden out. Velare covers her face with her hands. Tears roll down between her fingers.

INT. VELARE'S HOUSE - DAY - 2001 - FLASHBACK

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Back to the staircase, little Velare (7) walks to the landing.

Velare's father lies facing down on the floor, a knife in his hand.

Charlotte lies facing up, her whole body drenched in blood.

Velare covers her mouth, strangling her scream.

Tears rush out of her eyes as she kneels down next to her parents.

She shakes Charlotte's body violently, trying to wake her up. Charlotte doesn't move at all.

She hugs Charlotte's head and neck, yelling MOM, but it's inaudible.

Tears from her eyes drop into the blood pool.

INT. SAANVI'S SHOP - READING ROOM - DAY

Saanvi holds Velare as she hyperventilates.

SAANVI
You alright?

Velare hides her face in Saanvi's arms, doesn't know how to respond.

SAANVI (CONT'D)
It's ok. It's ok. You don't have to tell me. It will be ok.

A tear rolls down Velare's lips. She licks it. A smile appears on her tear-streaked face.

SAANVI (CONT'D)
What is it?

VELARE
It tastes like sunflower seeds.

EXT. TREE - NIGHT

A GRAY PIGEON alights on a branch.

INT. ROOM UNKNOWN - NIGHT

A candle next to a vase burns. A flower petal falls, catching a bit of fire.

INT. PRIVATE DETECTIVE OFFICE - NIGHT

From the window, we see the dark purple night sky.

Aden organizes files with October. He's evidently concerned, something on his mind.

October pours some coffee and downs it. She hands a cup to Aden, who takes it and sips.

OCTOBER

What did you find today?

ADEN

I believe I know who did all this.

OCTOBER

What? Who?

ADEN

But she's not a criminal. There must be a reason behind it. She is mad at me. I don't know why.

OCTOBER

Who are you talking about?

Suddenly there is a commotion outside.

PASSER-BY 1 (O.S.)

Fire!

PASSER-BY 2 (O.S.)

Where?

Aden and October come to the window and look out - in the distance, an orange light tints the dark sky. Black smoke comes out of a distant alley.

OCTOBER

That's awful. I hope no one is hurt.

Aden watches for a moment, almost transfixed. Then his eyes widen suddenly.

ADEN

That's around...

He grabs his bag.

ADEN (CONT'D)

I have to go! See you tomorrow!

OCTOBER

Careful!

EXT. MR. ELEVEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is engulfed in flames. The street packed with people recently evacuated. Aden runs all the way over, out of breath.

He searches in the crowd. He sees Mr. Eleven talking with a policeman. He looks frustrated, but unscathed.

Aden moves around between all the people watching and chatting. He stops and sees - a few feet away, behind an old couple, Velare, whose expression is calm but determined. She is watching the fire as it gets bigger, unstoppable.

Aden tries to approach, but she starts heading down another direction. Aden trails.

When he finally gets out of the crowd, he sees Velare get onto a bus. Aden runs over but the bus drives away.

Aden quickly jumps onto the street and stops a cab.

EXT. APRILS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Aden gets out of the cab and sees Velare walking towards Aprils' house.

He stands still for a moment, braces himself, and then walks over.

As he gets to the door, he raises his hand, about to knock, but the door swings open. Velare, holding a bunch of notebooks, comes out. She doesn't see Aden at all, and bumps right into him. The notebooks fall and scatter the ground.

She freezes.

Aden immediately picks up the notebooks. He notices the front - *belonging to Edward Eleven*.

But he doesn't say anything, hands them to Velare, who is standing there, frozen.

Aden stares, slowly realizes -

Velare can't make out where he is. Her eyes dart around, looking right through his body, she can't focus on him.

ADEN
What's happening?

Aden is dumbfounded. He notices Velare's breathing becoming more rapid.

ADEN (CONT'D)
Velare?

She doesn't answer. He steps closer to her, his eyes full of disbelief.

ADEN (CONT'D)
Can you see me?

Velare looks down.

VELARE
Can I have the notebook please? I'm returning them.

A beat. Aden puts the notebooks in Velare's hands.

VELARE (CONT'D)
Thank you.

ADEN
What-

He waves his hands right in front of her eyes. She doesn't blink.

Aden is crestfallen. He takes a deep breath.

ADEN (CONT'D)
You can't see me.

Velare furrows her brows and closes her eyes.

VELARE
I guess not.

A beat. Neither of them knows how to react.

VELARE (CONT'D)
I'm going to give the notebooks back.

A beat.

VELARE (CONT'D)
But I don't want them to know that I took these.

ADEN
I can return them for you. I'll say that I found them somewhere. Keep you out of it.

Velare considers.

ADEN (CONT'D)

Let's go.

He grabs her hand and they walk onto the street.

INT. BUS - MOMENTS LATER

Velare sits by the window. Aden next to her. The bus drives closer and closer to the orange light that has started to die down.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Aden holds the notebooks and beelines to Mr. Eleven, who is squatting on the curbside behind a police car. Velare follows a few feet behind him.

Aden hands the notebooks to him. Mr. Eleven's eyes light up, amazed. His hands shaking as he takes them.

MR. ELEVEN

Oh my gosh. You found them... how?

ADEN

They just turned up. It's like...
magic.

Mr. Eleven tears up and holds the notebooks to his chest.

MR. ELEVEN

Thank you... thank you. This means
the world to me.

Aden smiles, looks back at Velare. She doesn't return his gaze.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Aden and Velare stroll down the street. They wait until they are away from the crowds. Aden picks up fallen flower petals on the way.

VELARE

Thank you for helping.

ADEN

Why did you take them?

VELARE

No one will understand. But I had
to try. He would have died in the
fire for them.

Aden's eyes glimmer. He takes it in.

ADEN

Can you really see the future?

VELARE

Only a glimpse of it. Do you
believe me?

ADEN

Of course. It must be a burden.

VELARE

And yours?

Aden hesitates. Bends to pick up a purple flower that just
flew off a tree.

ADEN

I always wanted to pretend that I'm
just like everybody else. It's not
working so well, huh?

VELARE

You don't have to be like everyone
else. People suck.

ADEN

(laughing)

What are you talking about? People
are amazing.

Velare smiles at the comment. She extends her hand. Aden
grabs it. She drops a few bullets into his palm.

VELARE

They belong to your boss.

ADEN

Oh.

VELARE

Tell her to never have her grandson
around the gun. Then she'll be
fine.

Aden nods.

ADEN
Stand still.

VELARE
Why?

Aden moves back a step, and throws the flower petals in his palm towards the sky.

In Velare's POV, the purple flowers just appear out of nowhere. A petal rain. She watches, taking it in. She looks more beautiful than ever.

Aden stares at her relaxed grin. They stand still, silent, until Velare suddenly swallows. Her expression serious again.

VELARE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I am not able to give you what you want.

Aden furrows his brows.

VELARE (CONT'D)
I don't think I can ever see you again.

Aden's heart misses a beat. Impossible to tell what he feels.

ADEN
I...

VELARE
Goodbye.

ADEN
Wait.

He grabs her hand.

ADEN (CONT'D)
I don't want to say goodbye.

VELARE
But Aden, you only want me because you think I'm a sociopath.

The camera circles them slowly from Velare to Aden.

VELARE (CONT'D)
Am I wrong?

Aden is completely taken aback.

VELARE (CONT'D)

(softly)

Listen to me Aden. In a few years you're going to meet a beautiful blind girl. Her name is Gilly Lemorn. She's our age, kind, optimistic, a talented violinist. And the best of all - she can't see anybody. You will be normal to her, all the time. It is what you've always wanted, right?

Aden is struck, speechless.

VELARE (CONT'D)

You will give your purple stone to her. It will mean that you are finally done trying to avoid love. She is perfect for you.

ADEN

But-

VELARE

You have no idea what you mean to me. But we are not meant for each other.

Velare leans forward, finds where he is, and hugs him.

VELARE (CONT'D)

Thank you, and goodbye.

She backs away. Aden is frozen at the spot, watching as she crosses the street. He steps forward, but the Gray Pigeon lands on the road right in front of him. He's startled to a stop.

When he looks up again, Velare is lost from sight.

EXT. VARIOUS PLACES - NIGHT

Mr. Eleven brandishes the notebooks as he smiles brightly at everyone who comes over to console him. People around peer at him curiously.

Saanvi watches as the fire dies down from the window of her shop. She's holding the necklace that she wears every day. She opens it. Under the moonlight, we see that inside is a photo of Charlotte.

October returns home to MR. OCTOBER (60), her son, and her pregnant daughter-in-law.

They go to sit on the couch together. We see the mom side of October, compassionate, blissful.

Eliam is studying at the library, unaware of the chaos outside and everyone else talking about the fire.

Mr. Lemorn brings a plate of pie and puts it on the table in front of his wife, Mrs. Lemorn, and his daughter, The Blind Girl. They both dig into the pie. Mr. Lemorn doesn't eat. His wife eyes him curiously. He waves and gestures to say that he is already full.

Velare returns to Aprils' house, calm and at peace. She grabs the envelope that had just been delivered and opens it. It is an invitation from a medical program in Summerland.

Aden sits at the table in his apartment, staring at the blank wall. He closes his eyes.

Minna and Jin are painting a new drawer cabinet at home. They eat snacks and watch TV that reports news of the fire. Minna receives a phone call and she seems disheartened by what she hears.

The night continues.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A sunny day.

Velare travels past a few mourners, heads towards her parents' graves.

She sits on the ground, wipes the dust that lightly coats the gravestones. She closes her eyes, rests for a moment.

Saanvi comes from behind, puts some flowers on the graves, and sits down across from Velare.

SAANVI

I don't think I ever did a proper reading of you. Give me your palm.

Velare puts her hand on Saanvi's.

SAANVI (CONT'D)

You had more than one question when you came to see me first. Some are answered now, some are not.

She nods.

SAANVI (CONT'D)
Want to tell me what they are?

Velare looks at Charlotte's grave.

VELARE
Did you know that this was going to
happen when you met her?

SAANVI
I did not.

VELARE
But I did. I could have saved her.

A beat.

SAANVI
Nonsense. It's not your fault.

VELARE
I saw the death of everyone. I saw
how my father was going to die. He
stabbed himself. And I saw how my
mother was going to die.

She stares, remorseful.

VELARE (CONT'D)
She died in my arms.

Saanvi gazes at her.

VELARE (CONT'D)
When I found her, she was still
breathing. She was bleeding. But I
didn't understand. I didn't have
any medical knowledge. But if I
did, I could have saved her.

Saanvi's eyes are watery. Velare's memory saddens her, but
she stays calm and shakes her head.

SAANVI
Sweetie. Whatever happened,
happened. No one in the world would
expect a seven-year-old to save a
dying person.

Velare ruminates.

SAANVI (CONT'D)
But that is what you want to do. To
save others. Am I right?

A beat.

SAANVI (CONT'D)
 Your heart belongs somewhere else.
 It is not with my little shop.

VELARE
 But I don't think I can do it.

SAANVI
 What's holding you back?

Velare inhales, wistful.

SAANVI (CONT'D)
 The boy?

VELARE
 I don't know if I am making the
 right decision. Did you ever fall
 in love?

SAANVI
 What do you think? Of course I
 have.
 (beat)
 But I let her go. I thought it was
 the best for her.

Velare blinks. She doesn't know who she is talking about, and
 she is not the prying type.

VELARE
 Do you regret it?

SAANVI
 Regret is a concept I don't accept.
 Because it's meaningless. Don't
 ever regret anything you decide to
 do. I know you are a smart girl,
 and you are going to make your life
 meaningful.

Velare is comforted by her words.

VELARE
 I want to go to the city. I want to
 study there.

SAANVI
 Then you should go.

She nods slightly. A beat. Saanvi gives her a big hug.

SAANVI (CONT'D)
Charlotte would be so proud of you.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

This looks like the same hospital where Aden was born. Two nurses bustle around while Minna is arranging a bag. Jin and Eliam sit in chairs.

On the bed lies Han. He seems pretty sick, half asleep, unresponsive to anything that goes on around him.

From the door, Aden steps in. He inhales deeply, studies the expression of his mom, dad, and brother. Everyone seems somber. Another nurse comes towards the door.

NURSE
Mrs. One? The doctor would like a word with you.

The family immediately get up and follow the nurse out.

Aden watches them go. He stands there, hesitant. Then he comes in quietly. It is only he and Han in the room.

His heart aches more and more as he gets closer to the bed. He sees how pale and pained Han looks. It is hard for anyone to keep calm. Aden leans down and a tear drops from his eyes.

Han moves slightly and struggles to open his eyes.

Aden grabs his hand. He gradually opens his eyes, and it takes a moment for him to wake up, but he turns to Aden. He focuses on him, confused.

HAN
Who are you?

Close in on Aden's expression. He is shocked and despondent, because Han can clearly see him there.

ADEN
Hi grandpa. It's me. Aden.

Han shakes his head slightly.

HAN
No you're not. Aden is five years old. And I can't see him.

Aden's sight is blurry from tears. But he holds Han's hands tightly.

ADEN

How is Aden?

HAN

Ha, he's the funniest kid you'll ever meet. Very naive too.

ADEN

You reckon he will grow up ok?

HAN

He'll be fine!

A beat.

ADEN

Is it a burden to live with someone you can't see?

HAN

Not with Aden! He's a delight.

(laughs)

Silly kid. But you just know it, that he makes us around him feel happy.

Aden's eyes glitter, moved.

HAN (CONT'D)

I do hope he lets people love him.

Aden stares, pondering. Han glances at Aden, takes an interest in this stranger.

HAN (CONT'D)

Got a girl of yours?

ADEN

Kind of.

HAN

What's she like?

Aden takes a moment and thinks.

ADEN

She's the kindest person I know.

HAN

That's good. That's always important. My wife was a kind person.

ADEN

I know.

(beat)

She says I don't really love her.
 How do I know if she's right or
 wrong?

Han examines his face.

HAN

Have you seen yourself? You look
 like a dumb lad in love.

Han chuckles to himself. Then a beat.

HAN (CONT'D)

Time will prove it.

Aden smiles. A beat. Han slowly closes his eyes.

ADEN

Grandpa?

Aden nervously grabs his hand. Han doesn't respond. He
 doesn't seem to be breathing. Aden's anxiety skyrockets. Is
 this a real goodbye? He can't accept it.

ADEN (CONT'D)

Grandpa!

As he is being taken over by grief, Minna comes back in. Jin
 and Eliam follow.

MINNA

Aden, is that you I hear?

Aden stands, patting the back of Han's hand.

ADEN

Yes! Grandpa was awake. But he just
 stopped moving again.

JIN

Don't worry. It's the meds.

ADEN

What did the doctor say?

He turns, gazes at his family. They all look calm and
 cheerful again.

MINNA

The doctor says he will pull
 through alright!

(MORE)

MINNA (CONT'D)

But not another drop of drink for him. Ever again. I don't know how he just keeps hiding alcohol everywhere.

Aden smiles, relieved. He glances at Han, who is now snoring.

ELIAM

Let's ransack grandpa's house and throw out all the alcohol.

MINNA

We are not done with your problem, Eli!

Eliam rolls his eyes.

ADEN

What's he done?

JIN

He's dating an old woman.

ELIAM

She's forty! She's not old!

MINNA

She's too old for you!

ELIAM

She's a professor.

MINNA

What? She's your professor?

ELIAM

She's A professor! Not my professor.

Aden laughs, amused by his chaotic family. He looks back to grandpa, suddenly pensive. There is only one thought left on his mind.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Velare carries two suitcases, walking down the road with all the little shops.

It is a beautiful day, all the shops have put outside their best stuff. Merchandise shines under the sunlight.

She stops at the postcard store, momentarily frozen. She stares into the store, sees a bunch of young people writing postcards. A wistful look on her face.

The store door opens - only Velare didn't notice that no one opened it.

A second later, as Velare turns and is about to keep walking, a part of the glass window becomes foggy, as if someone had breathed on it. Velare is startled by the view.

Then, as if a finger had written on it, a word shows: Hi!

Above it, floating in the air, is a violet balloon.

Velare hides her smile, turns, and strides down the street. Aden dashes out from the store, skitters to keep up with her. The balloon flying behind his head.

ADEN
Hi Velare!

He takes her suitcases.

ADEN (CONT'D)
I heard you're going to study
medicine?

She doesn't respond.

ADEN (CONT'D)
You'll be the best doctor in the
world, you know. Cause you can see
what disease is most likely to kill
them, and you'll change their
future.

VELARE
I don't know if it will be that
simple.

ADEN
I believe you'll do great.

VELARE
Aden, I already said goodbye.

ADEN
(unyielding)
You said it. I didn't.

Velare smiles, amused. Aden settles, becomes more serious.

ADEN (CONT'D)

I don't think you're a sociopath.
Even if you are, it probably
doesn't matter.

VELARE

Aden, I saw a future of yours. You
will be happy. Everything will be
perfect.

ADEN

But I don't want perfect.

A beat.

ADEN (CONT'D)

I'm in love with you.

The words get to her, but she doesn't want to respond. Not
convinced yet.

ADEN (CONT'D)

You changed the future of Mr.
Eleven, didn't you? And probably
the future of all the others.

A beat.

ADEN (CONT'D)

You can change my future too.

VELARE

You have to understand, I truly
want that future for you.

Aden takes the purple stone off his wrist, and puts it on the
ground between him and Velare.

ADEN

You said that in the future I will
give my stone to that girl.

Velare stares at it.

Aden suddenly steps on it, crushing it into many broken
pieces. Velare's eyes widen with disbelief.

ADEN (CONT'D)

There!

He studies Velare's expression. She is positively shaken. He
almost won her over.

Two kids run across the street and bump into them, causing them to pause and step aside.

ADEN (CONT'D)

By the way, I've been reading. You remember how fig is called a fruit with no flowers?

VELARE

Yeah.

ADEN

I read somewhere that fig should not be categorized as a fruit in the first place. It is an inverted flower.

Velare chuckles.

VELARE

How funny.

ADEN

Will you go out with me?

The train whistles and comes into the station. Smoke billowing in the air.

VELARE

Aden.

They suddenly go silent, enjoying the sunlight hitting their faces.

She reaches out her hand. Aden leans in and puts his face in her hand. She gently brushes over his nose, his eyes, his cheeks, rakes her fingers through his hair, feels the veins on his forehead. The way she touches him is how a blind person studies a marble sculpture.

VELARE (CONT'D)

I don't think I'll ever be able to see you again. Do you still want to be with me?

Aden takes a second to comprehend, then nods slightly.

ADEN

Yes.

A beat.

ADEN (CONT'D)

It's actually better. You'll never see me grow old. My brother was right. I hate that he is always right. You should just know that it is sometimes very spooky.

Suddenly imbued with energy, Aden picks Velare up and spins. Velare is startled and holds onto him tightly.

VELARE

Put me down!

Aden raises her higher.

The passers-by chuckle at the sight of a boy lifting a girl up. They look like any other ordinary couple.

But in Velare's POV, she is flying in the air.

The height of being raised up, and the swift speed of the spin, completely bring Velare into a childish state. She laughs - for the first time like everyone else does.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END