

Age of Aquarius

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - AFTERNOON

Boys on Bicycles ride through the park past chess hustlers playing for loose cash and weed money. A crowd has gathered around the table Timmy and Patrick are sitting at, playing blitz on an old Luxury Staunton chess set, the chess pieces carved from ebony wood. Patrick is playing black, his Queen and bishops glistening like the golden domes of the Kremlin. Their hands scramble over the board forcefully and elegantly, knocking over pieces while hitting the clock at a frantic pace.

Timmy speaks sharply and abruptly.

TIMMY

Chess at a high level is one person
playing for both people.

Patrick begins speaking in a slow yet nostalgic tone.

PATRICK

A fool and his money are soon
parted.

Timmy speaks in a sarcastic tone.

TIMMY

Seeing is believing?

The cerebral game of chess Patrick plays resembles a pinball machine. Timmy topples Patrick's hung pawn with a bishop, hitting the clock excessively hard. The crowd slowly moves forward.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

Patrick, from what I heard, you're
pretty hung!

CUT TO:

Overhead view of the board: Patrick captures a knight with a pawn.

PATRICK

Seeing isn't believing; believing
is seeing.

CUT TO:

Main shot of Timmy, Patrick and the crowd. Timmy picks up a dirty cigarette on the ground, wipes it on his shirt and lights it.

PATRICK

If your mother saw you do that
she'd be very upset.

TIMMY

I thought you were my mother.

The crowd laughs quietly, almost trying not to. Timmy moves his black bishop ganging up on a rook with his Queen.

PATRICK

It looks like your world just
got ... a little bit smaller.

Patrick moves his rook, before hitting the clock with less than one minute left on his clock.

CUT TO:

Close up of Timmy's face, with piercing bluish grey eyes, focusing on the chess board as he French inhales an American Spirit.

CUT TO:

Main shot: Timmy politely smiles and advances a pawn. Patrick brings out a knight. Timmy moves his Queen, throwing Patrick in check.

Patrick, realizing he has less than thirty seconds on his clock, voraciously moves his knight blocking check.

TIMMY

Do you know what this means? It's
over... it's handshake time.

Timmy moves his knight; sacrificing it to throw Patrick in check opening a diagonal for his bishop behind it. Patrick takes the knight with a pawn hardly seeming to notice Timmy's strategy.

Timmy moves his Queen, taking the knight protecting Patrick's king.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

Checkmate.

Patrick looks up in bewilderment, CHIN IN HIS HANDS studying a confusing array of chessmen; just now noticing the bishop protecting Timmy's Queen.

PATRICK

Good game.

Patrick hands Timmy a twenty-dollar bill and shakes his hand.

We slowly zoom up to the blue sky, with an almost full day moon completely encompassing the screen, then zoom down to another area of the city hours later at night.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT

The streets are eerily deserted. Timmy is lying in a doorway on top of an open grate, surrounded by bags of garbage and a shopping cart. Timmy props himself up, hearing light footsteps approaching.

Damien comes into frame, his hair in long dreadlocks, wearing a grey beret with a Bugs Bunny pin. Damien lays out his Rider-Waite tarot cards and begins shuffling in a weaving pattern making three piles.

Damien speaks in a light-hearted and cheeky tone.

DAMIEN

Hey man! How have these streets been treating you?

TIMMY

These streets teach me something every day, poetry in motion.

Damien shuffles all three piles into one.

DAMIEN

You look like you might have an interesting destiny... so I'll tell your fortune, and we'll smoke a blunt.

TIMMY

Only women and gay guys believe in astrology.

DAMIEN

Women's intuition is very real.

Damien opens his drawstring bag and pulls out an ornate box lined with a diamond fractal pattern. Opening it, he takes out a white owl cigar and several grams of cannabis.

TIMMY

What strain you got?

DAMIEN
Blue Velvet.

Damien begins rolling the blunt wrap and breaking apart cannabis.

TIMMY
I got Sour Diesel, let's do a
salad.

Timmy reaches into the shopping cart and grabs his grinder, handing it to Damien.

CUT TO:

Close up of Damien's hands, ruby ring on his middle finger. Damien finishes rolling the blunt, licking it shut and sealing off the ends with a white BIC lighter before lighting it.

CUT TO:

Main shot: Damien takes three hits, blowing smoke rings, passing it to Timmy. Timmy takes two modest hits passing it back to Damien.

TIMMY
Okay RAFIKI, what's my fortune?

DAMIEN
The way I do it... You gotta pick
your card first.

Damien hands Timmy the Tarot card deck.

CUT TO:

Close up of Timmy fanning out the cards. His finger traces through Court cards mixed with major Arcana. After a minute Timmy picks out a reversed Knight of Swords.

CUT TO:

Main Shot: Timmy nonchalantly hands the card and deck to Damien, balancing both between his fingers. Damien quickly grabs the Knight of Swords card laying it down, he smiles authentically.

DAMIEN
The King has returned.

Damien begins shuffling, rolling the cards over each other in his right palm as the camera zooms in on the lone Knight of Swords, laid out in front of Damien on the concrete.

Damien deals out the first card covering the Knight.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

This is what covers you; it's your present situation as of now.

Camera shot of Damien taking his left hand away, revealing the card up close.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

It's the Five of Pentacles; you feel left in the cold, facing financial hardship.

Timmy tenuously smiles and speaks sardonically.

TIMMY

Tell me about it... Abundance makes me poor.

DAMIEN

Help is within reach though, even if your pride or fears hold you back. Notice the church or sanctuary, behind the two figures here.

Damien shuffles the deck for the next card, drawing it out, he turns it on its side, placing it over the Five of Pentacles.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

This is what crosses you, it is your current obstacle or roadblock.

Damien hits the blunt, passing it to Timmy.

TIMMY

Wait... what is it?

Timmy takes two large hits before passing the blunt back to Damien.

DAMIEN

It's the Devil card, but there's more to this one... can I borrow a cigarette?

TIMMY

Ya, have an American Spirit.

Timmy passes the YELLOW pack to Damien. He pulls out a solitary cigarette, slowly and deliberately lighting it.

CUT TO:

Overhead shot of the cards.

TIMMY

What's holding me back?

DAMIEN

The Devil's card speaks of
Escapism, of Addictions and of
Obsessions. You could be holding
onto core beliefs about the world
and about people that no longer
serve you.

CUT TO:

Close up of Timmy's blue eyes searching for a moment for an
answer to his own question. His eyes dart around, reviewing
memories from his past.

DAMIEN

You are bound, chained to the
Devil's Altar... You could easily
lift the chains from around your
neck and be free... But, you don't
believe it's freedom.

CUT TO:

Damien's left hand as he draws the third card tactfully
placing it above the Knight of Swords.

DAMIEN

This card crowns you, it is your
goal and highest ideal...

Timmy leans in to get a closer look at the card.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

You're working toward balance and
gaining knowledge. You hope to have
all necessary tools at your
disposal, just as the Magician has
all four ACES.

CUT TO:

Close up of The Magician card encompassing the entire screen.

CUT TO:

Close up of Timmy smiling and giving a semi-eye roll.

DAMIEN

Yeah, I've seen your tricks and traps, but just keep in mind... There is always a bigger fish.

TIMMY

Yeah, maybe a fish head.

CUT TO:

Main Shot of Timmy and Damien.

Damien maneuvers the deck like a FLOWING STREAM, he lowers it to perform a bridge shuffle; out of which the fourth card comes flying out unexpectedly.

Damien leans in grabbing the card, quickly flipping it over.

DAMIEN (GRINNING)

MAN... If there ever was a better card to represent what's beneath you.

TIMMY (CURIOUS)

What?

DAMIEN

It's the Eight of Pentacles, you could benefit from some hard work and dedication towards a craft or career.

TIMMY

Okay, Dad... What's my next card?

Damien draws the fifth card, placing it next to the knight.

DAMIEN

This is the King of Wands, it's behind you... in your past.

CUT TO:

Overhead View of the Cards in Celtic Cross formation.

DAMIEN (INTRIGUED)

But he's in reverse, suggesting a severe, fiery, almost authoritarian like figure.

Damien points to Magician card.

TIMMY

Okay, so you've said the past...
What's my future? What's in front
of me?

DAMIEN

Easy there, I'll get it.

CUT TO:

Main Shot:

Damien draws the sixth card and hits the blunt.

DAMIEN

Oh well this is good news...

He places the Star card left of the Knight.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

You're moving toward the Star card;
hope renewal.

Timmy relights the blunt taking two slow hits.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

I feel the need for you to fully
trust and surrender to this ever
changing world we live in.

Damien draws the seventh card; flipping it over next to the
Star card.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

Ooo, The Lovers.

CUT TO:

The Lovers card: The Camera Slowly zooms out showing the
entire tarot spread.

DAMIEN

A relationship is coming your
way... A DIVINE pairing, twin
flames... Whoever it is, they have
something to teach you.

Damien draws the eighth card, gracefully placing it down the
Two of Cups.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

Representing your hopes and fears,
interesting... Two of Cups... An
element of water.

CUT TO:

Main Shot: Timmy looks slightly confused.

DAMIEN

You're hoping for a significant revelation or relationship to help you, but you also fear its potential. I sensed this earlier with you.

Timmy smirks into an over exaggerated shrug.

TIMMY

It's hard to show up for someone else when your cup is empty.

Damien shuffles the deck emphatically.

DAMIEN

I'm curious what your final outcome card will be.

Damien draws the final card, slamming it down and revealing the World card.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

The World... Wow.

TIMMY

Now that's what I'm talking about... I'm trying to harness that.

DAMIEN

The World card represents achievement, success, a voyage coming to completion. A major cycle is coming to a close in your life... The World... Literally you will find your place in the unity of this world... where you fit in the puzzle.

TIMMY

Hey, we live in a world of smoke and mirrors man.

Timmy relights the blunt; taking a sophisticated puff.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

It's kinda disconcerting and inexplicable how accurate you are.

Timmy passes the blunt to Damien; he holds it in tweezers taking several light puffs.

DAMIEN

The cards might tell a story, but
you write the ending.

CUT TO:

Overhead shot of tarot card spread in Celtic cross.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - NOON

Overhead view of a wooden chess board in early middle game. Timmy playing white; moves his knight taking Patrick's pawn.

CUT TO:

Wide shot: Almost a dozen or so people hunched over marble tables in the southwest corner of the park. Money changes hands under a sign that says "No Gambling."

CUT TO:

Main shot of Timmy and Patrick; a crowd begins to gather around their table watching them play.

Patrick begins speaking in a vexed yet melancholy tone.

PATRICK

I had the American dream happen to me, I got the great job, I was good at it... I bought a house... the house had a pool and I had the American dream. I liked it... uh I mean I loved it for about six fucking months, then I walked in one day and realized I wasn't happy!

Timmy speaks sharply and abruptly.

TIMMY

Are you gonna monologue or play chess?

The crowd quietly giggles and chuckles. Patrick moves his white bishop taking Timmy's pawn.

PATRICK

When I was your age, we had the American dream... I hitchhiked all the way from Brooklyn to California and got a job as a bricklayer with Franco Columbo for six years.

Timmy develops his second knight hitting the clock moderately hard.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I did the work of six men in one day, I did eighteen years of work in six years...

The crowd is slowly becoming interested in Patrick's monologue. Patrick quickly studies the board then moves his Queen taking Timmy's pawn.

TIMMY

It sounds like you got emotionally invested in the American Dream... I never got emotionally invested.

PATRICK

You set the bar low.

Timmy moves his knight taking Patrick's black bishop.

TIMMY

Ya I set the bar low and tripped over it.

The crowd smiles and Patrick castles Queenside.

PATRICK

I trained with Arnold Schwarzenegger in Venice Beach, Arnold taught me about the American Dream... He told me "this is America you can do anything" So anything he did I did! He had a blonde girlfriend, I had a blonde girlfriend; he drank coffee I drank coffee, life was big it wasn't about pain, deprivation and punishment. It was about abundance and prosperity.

Timmy moves his Queen slamming it exceptionally hard then hitting his clock.

TIMMY

Look, I agree it's a dream, but
were you the dreamer, or merely
part of someone else's dream.

Patrick takes Timmy's pawn with his white bishop; Timmy moves
immediately taking Patrick's pawn with his white bishop,
Patrick looks slightly perplexed.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

Are you fucking mad! Are you
fucking pissed off!

Patrick moves his Queen.

PATRICK

I got my bachelor's degree in anger
in elementary school, I got my PhD
in the Marines.

Timmy takes Patrick's pawn with his knight; Patrick takes
Timmy's knight with his Queen. The crowd becomes entranced by
Patrick's move. Timmy moves his other knight, violently
hitting the clock with his closed fist.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

It looks like you're paying for my
breakfast.

Patrick snorts then takes Timmy's last knight with his Queen,
the crowd exclaims, ohhh.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You look like butter that's been
scraped over too much bread!

Timmy takes Patrick's pawn with his Queen.

TIMMY

You look like a bowl of oatmeal
with raisins for eyes.

Patrick knocks over Timmy's pawn capturing with his knight,
Timmy studies the board then moves his Queen putting Patrick
in check but leaving his Queen threatened by Patrick's pawn.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

Check.

Patrick analyzes Timmy's move for a couple seconds; the crowd
looks befuddled.

PATRICK

Are you suicidal?

TIMMY
Only in the morning.

Patrick takes Timmy's Queen with his pawn, Timmy with the reflexes of a COBRA immediately moves his white bishop.

TIMMY (CONT'D)
Checkmate.

The crowd is mesmerized and after a few seconds begins clapping filled with wonder and delight. Patrick shakes Timmy's hand giving him twenty-five dollars leaving with a dejected body language.

PATRICK
Good game.

TIMMY
Good game.

Amanda emerges from the cluster of spectators, wearing a white tank top and black pants. She leisurely walks over to Timmy.

AMANDA
Wanna play?

TIMMY
Sure twenty five for a game.

AMANDA
Wanna play for fifty?

Timmy looks delighted and smiles.

TIMMY
Obviously, you have no chance of beating me.

Timmy starts setting up the chess board.

AMANDA
Is that your scientific opinion?

TIMMY
Yes.

AMANDA
Then I reject your hypothesis.

TIMMY
I'll believe it when I see it.

AMANDA
Believing is seeing.

Timmy finishes setting up the board; then holds out both hands with a different color pawn in each hand.

TIMMY

Pick one.

Amanda points to Timmy's right hand, revealing the white pawn. She sits down.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

You first.

CUT TO:

Across the table shot of Amanda's upper body wearing an Amethyst crystal necklace on a silver chain dangling above her voluptuous cleavage.

Amanda's left hand with a dark blue stone mood ring, moves her pawn to E four and lightly taps the clock. Timmy moves his knight to C six.

CUT TO:

Overhead view of the chess board, Amanda moves her pawn to D four.

TIMMY

How old are you?

CUT TO:

Close up of Amanda's face with soft violet eyes, smiling vivaciously.

AMANDA

Twenty nine, but technically twenty seven if you adjust for COVID.

CUT TO:

Main shot of Timmy, Amanda and crowd.

Timmy moves his pawn to D five; Amanda takes pawn on D five; Timmy promptly takes back with his Queen striking it moderately hard on the board then delicately tapping the clock.

Amanda speaks in an incredulous tone.

AMANDA

How old are you?

Timmy lights a cigarette, French inhaling.

TIMMY

Old enough to know better, but
young enough not to care.

The crowd snickers and smiles becoming extremely zestful.

AMANDA

I think you want the Hors d'Oeuvres
of life.

Amanda suavely slides her bishop on a long diagonal to F four
and assertively taps the clock.

TIMMY

More than you know.

Timmy faintly smiles while moving pawn to E five.

Amanda instantly moves pawn to C four, threatening Timmy's
Queen.

The crowd is rapidly becoming mystified by Amanda's style and
rate of play.

Timmy evaluates the board for almost ten or twelve seconds;
he moves bishop to B four slamming it.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

Check.

CUT TO:

Overhead view of chess board:

Amanda swiftly moves her knight to C three, blocking check;
Timmy immediately takes knight; like LIGHTNING Amanda takes
bishop with pawn to C three.

Timmy gracefully slides his Queen to D eight; Amanda briskly
advances pawn to D five; Timmy retreats his knight to E
seven; Amanda takes pawn with bishop on E five, gaining a one
point lead.

CUT TO:

Main shot: The crowd is fully enraptured by Amanda's
dexterity and excellence.

The game quickly becomes a blistering whirlwind, an array of
chessmen making continual trades; Amanda parries Timmy's
blitz making various intriguing moves.

The crowd moves closer to the board; Timmy and Amanda trade bishops then Queens dazzling the crowd; both have less than a minute on the clock.

CUT TO:

Overhead view of the board; Amanda only has one knight left and Timmy is down to only one rook.

Both players have less than thirty seconds on the clock, Timmy moves his rook throwing Amanda in check.

Amanda moves her king out of check; Timmy advances his king. Amanda instantly moves her knight, forking Timmy's king and rook.

Timmy speaks in a slightly vexed tone.

TIMMY

Draw?

Amanda speaks in a scintillating and sarcastic tone.

AMANDA

Yeah sure... I'll accept a draw if you resign.

Amanda takes the rook, the game is a draw by insufficient material.

CUT TO:

Main shot of Timmy, Amanda, and crowd.

We pan two or three tables down; over the shoulder of Damien playing chess with a muscular Russian on an opulent Soviet-era chess set.

CUT TO:

Overhead view of chess board, the position resembles THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA. Damien playing black has the position completely locked up with only his eight pawns, white has every piece except for two bishops but no safe square to move any pieces that aren't the king.

CUT TO:

Main shot: Damien has a vintage look wearing a sombrero and poncho; he has the bravado of an American rapper with the demeanor of an energetic vaudeville actor.

Damien moves his king, sliding it in a groovy way.

DAMIEN

This is what we call dying on the grape vine.

The Russian doesn't speak, he only quietly grunts and moves his king.

Damien speaks sardonically.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

Yuh see... This is why I support urban renewal.

Damien does a stalling move with his king and smokes a blunt clip with metal tweezers.

The Russian grows concerned by rapid geometric progression, his eyes deranged and mind perplexed. He moves his rook to a square threatened by Damien's pawn; Damien doesn't take it instead doing another stalling move with his king.

The Russian looks bewildered by Damien's move studying the board. He moves his Queen to a square threatened by Damien's pawn; Damien smokes another blunt clip.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

I call this a clean sweep of social creation.

CUT TO:

Overhead view of chess board: Damien takes white Queen with pawn; The Russian moves his pawn; Damien promotes his pawn to Queen then checkmate.

We pan over to a chess magazine next to the chess board, with Karpov on the cover.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHESS FORUM - AFTERNOON

Shot of Chess Forum storefront: The display window is inundated with novelty chess sets and trinkets glinting; a sign in the corner of the window says " Open Twenty-Four Hours."

CUT TO:

INT. CHESS FORUM - AFTERNOON

Photographs of American writers adorn the walls in dusty old picture frames.

Worn Victorian furniture sits on unpolished floors, with a dozen oak-and-mahogany chess tables.

Timmy is playing two chess matches simultaneously, against two college boys on lavish stone chess sets softly shimmering under incandescent light bulbs.

CUT TO:

Overhead view of both chess boards in early middle-game next to each other on an old mahogany table with twenty dollars laid out next to each board.

Timmy is playing both black and white; his right hand moves his knight exposing his Queen to Black's bishop. His left hand moves his black Queen leaving his rook undefended and threatened by White's Queen.

CUT TO:

Main shot: Both boys' faces look mystified and flummoxed, hesitating to make their next move.

COLLEGE BOY 1
What're you doing man.

CUT TO:

Overhead view of chess boards. The boy playing white takes Timmy's rook throwing him in check.

COLLEGE BOY 2
Check.

Timmy moves his king exposing his other rook to White's Queen; white immediately takes Timmy's rook; Timmy moves his knight producing a smothered checkmate.

TIMMY
Checkmate.

Timmy's right hand swiftly takes the first twenty dollar bill off the table.

Black takes Timmy's Queen; Timmy moves his knight throwing black in check.

TIMMY (CONT'D)
Check.

CUT TO:

Main shot: Amanda walks in the front door, and a strong gust of late summer wind follows her inside. The boy's eyes look puzzled, his mind deranged by uncertainty as he slowly comes to the realization that he only has one move. Amanda notices Timmy's game in the corner of her eye and begins looking around the forum.

CUT TO:

Overhead view of chess board, the boy moves his king to safety. Timmy moves his knight creating checkmate, immediately taking the second twenty dollar bill on the table.

TIMMY

Mate.

CUT TO:

Main shot: Both boys leave entirely dispirited and comprehensively demoralized walking out the door. Timmy begins putting the pieces back; he notices Amanda admiring an ornate soviet chess set.

Timmy speaks nonchalantly.

TIMMY

Hey, I know you. You're shivering.

AMANDA

It's nothing, I'm just a little cold.

TIMMY

You look familiar.

Amanda speaks in a presumptuous and cheeky tone.

AMANDA

Maybe you've seen me in a dream.

Timmy smiles before speaking trying not to.

TIMMY

I mean... you look familiar.

AMANDA

Your smile reminds me of...

Timmy interjects instantaneously.

TIMMY
My smile always reminds people
of... Who is he?

AMANDA
He's dead, his name was Ryan.

Timmy speaks with credence and faith.

TIMMY
I'm so sorry for your loss, my
deepest condolences... grief is
love with no place to go.

Amanda speaks in a despondent tone.

AMANDA
There's an old saying, once burned,
twice shy... Are you looking for
victims?

TIMMY
No victims! Only volunteers, wanna
do a game?

AMANDA
Only if you promise not to cry.

TIMMY
How much? Fifty?

AMANDA
Ya... let's use my clock.

Amanda pulls out of her bag an old RED vintage clock.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Ten minutes?

Timmy puts out both fists.

TIMMY
Sure, you pick.

Amanda points to his right, revealing the White pawn.

TIMMY (CONT'D)
You first.

Amanda plays D four; Timmy instantly responds with D five.

TIMMY (CONT'D)
So what do you do for work?

Amanda moves her bishop to F four, slamming it moderately hard.

AMANDA

I was a journalist until COVID,
then I got involved in the fashion
industry.

Timmy slides his white bishop to F five.

TIMMY

Who or what made you wanna be a
journalist?

Amanda smiles.

AMANDA

Hey... Journalism is the first draft
of history.

The board quickly becomes a disorganized battle; Amanda slowly gains the upper hand, slightly concerning Timmy.

TIMMY

First drafts always suck... Do you
ever miss it?

Timmy and Amanda trade Queens.

AMANDA

Fuck No! These days even watching
the news, makes me catatonic...

Amanda is waging a war of attrition, trading pieces to reach an end game.

TIMMY

My grandmother told me, believe
half of what you see and none of
what you read.

AMANDA

Hey, I don't care who's right, I
care what's right! Besides... I have
no regrets, and I make double the
salary I did as a journalist.

TIMMY

Be careful, abundance can make you poor.

AMANDA

Hey... I'm a CAPITALIST!

TIMMY

You look like you're only three missed meals away from being a socialist.

AMANDA

Maybe six... more like nine.

Timmy and Amanda both laugh.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

So... What do you do for work?

TIMMY

I'm independently wealthy!

AMANDA

That sounds ubiquitous.

Timmy ENERGETICALLY moves his knight slamming it.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Do you engage in philanthropy?

TIMMY

Considerably!

Amanda takes Timmy's last knight with her knight leaving him only a rook and bishop.

Timmy moves his rook and hits the clock extremely HARD.

AMANDA

Hey! Don't break my clock.

TIMMY

Sorry... It looks old, I mean vintage.

AMANDA

(rolling her eyes)

There's something so charming about analog clocks. They have character! Plus, the ticking adds a sense of urgency that just feels right.

TIMMY
(smirking)
Urgency? Or just a constant
reminder of the time you're running
out of?

Amanda contemplates her next move.

AMANDA
(leaning in, teasing)
How do you even appreciate strategy
with a digital clock? It's just
cold and impersonal.

TIMMY
(grinning)
Cold? That's rich coming from
someone who wants to hang onto
ancient technology.

Timmy moves his pawn decisively, slapping the clock to
activate the timer.

AMANDA
(focused, moving her
bishop)
This isn't about the clock, Timmy.
It's about creating a real
connection with the game.

Timmy leans back, hands behind his head, clearly enjoying the
argument.

TIMMY
(pensively)
A "real connection"? With a static
clock?

AMANDA
(raising an eyebrow)
Exactly! With an analog clock, you
actually have to think about your
time. It's more tangible, like
handling the game itself.

TIMMY
Absolutely. But a digital clock
forces you to adapt! It shows your
time left down to the millisecond.
It's all about precision—that's
what matters in chess.

AMANDA

(smirking)

Precision? Or is it anxiety? I feel like those digital clocks create pressure that takes away from the artistry of the game.

Timmy smiles and moves his bishop to B eight.

TIMMY

Check.

Amanda moves her King to G one.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

Check.

Timmy moves his bishop back to A seven.

AMANDA

You've got a rock solid ego and papier-mâché courage.

Amanda moves her King back to H two.

TIMMY

Draw by repetition.

CUT TO:

Main shot, we slowly zoom over to an analog clock on the wall reading two o'clock completely encompassing the screen.

MATCH CUT TO:

Stylish-voguish analog clock hands reading two o'clock, we slowly zoom out revealing the entire room.

INT. VIVIAN'S APARTMENT - 2AM NIGHT

Greek Revival Townhouse. A white spacious living room with large windows looking out over Greenwich Village, decorated in an expensive minimalist style: stained mahogany table on bleached oak floors, a huge velvet sofa, a large Baselit painting (hung upside down) and expensive electronic equipment. The room is impeccably neat, and oddly personal.

Vivian walks up behind Amanda slapping her alluring ass in a firm and fun-loving way.

Amanda smiles and speaks vociferously.

AMANDA

You know! I have the best ass in
Greenwich Village.

Amanda, Liam, and Vivian all laugh becoming gleeful.

On the table is a large glass bong with several grams of
weed; a deck of Rider-Waite tarot cards; a large slab of
amethyst lightly glistening next to a stack of VHS tapes and
DVDs.

Amanda, Liam, and Vivian just returned from a long night of
bar-hopping & eating Chinese food.

Vivian speaks in a gratified yet acrimonious tone.

VIVIAN

I got bombarded with the worst
patients all August...and I've been
seeing someone so... It's like
great sex and terrible discourse,
which is a pretty good trade-off,
you know?

Liam speaks in an exuberant almost flamboyant tone.

LIAM

Hopefully not at the same time, but
terrible discourse comes from great
sex.

Amanda and Vivian giggle.

LIAM (CONT'D)

It's like hard times make strong
men, like an analogy for bad
discourse makes good sex.

VIVIAN

There you go, yeah, yeah.

AMANDA

Good sex makes lazy bitches.

LIAM

Good sex makes bad discourse...

AMANDA

It's like how Bushwick Open Studio
weekend, the art isn't good, but
the parties are the best.

VIVIAN

Yeah, that makes sense.

AMANDA

It's an acceptable trade-off because there's so many other places to go if I wanna see good art.

LIAM

Bushwick Open Studios is like straight pride...

Liam sits on the couch and pulls out a blunt wrap from his pocket then begins breaking the weed apart with his fingers.

Vivian sits down next to Liam and picks up the tarot card deck separating the Twenty-Two cards of the Major Arcana laying them on the table.

AMANDA

Oh, wow that feels problematic.

Amanda walks over to the windowsill sitting on it, lighting a red candle with a match.

Liam finishes rolling the blunt licking and sealing it shut with a BIC lighter; he begins to look at the DVDs on the table noticing Boogie Nights.

CUT TO:

Across the table shot of Vivian and Liam on the couch; both have unforgettable-picturesque green eyes with long sleek brunette hair.

Vivian starts shuffling the rest of the deck in a weaving pattern.

Liam lights the blunt and speaks in a jovial tone.

LIAM

I'm so fucking happy, you still have VHS tapes and DVDs... They're trying to kill physical media.

VIVIAN

Yeah... They want everything digital.

Vivian does a bridge shuffle then makes three piles; placing one crystal on each pile.

LIAM

I noticed you have Boogie Nights,
that's my favorite Paul Thomas
Anderson movie... Even more than
There Will Be Blood.

Liam passes the blunt to Vivian; she slowly starts taking
hits.

VIVIAN

I rented that movie from Redbox...
and never returned it... Oh well.

LIAM

As exquisite as There Will Be Blood
is... I prefer the Exuberance of
Boogie Nights, over the methodical
nature of There Will Be Blood.

Amanda speaks from across the room.

AMANDA

I couldn't suspend my disbelief
watching Boogie Nights.

LIAM

Why? Because of John C. Reilly?

AMANDA

No, I Fucking love John C. Reilly!
I just couldn't suspend my
disbelief that Mark Wahlberg could
be that hung.

Vivian giggles.

VIVIAN

Agreed.

Liam looks through VHS tapes and Vivian passes him the blunt.

LIAM

I'm glad you have Rocky Horror on
VHS... Let's watch it later.

VIVIAN

After I tell Amanda's fortune.

CUT TO:

Main shot of entire room: Amanda walks over to a table
grabbing sage and lights it, spreading the smoke around the
room.

The smoke is thick with the sweet, earthy scent of sage as Amanda swirls the smoke around her, the flickering candle casting a warm glow on their faces. Vivian, with a playful yet concentrated demeanor, carefully lays out the tarot cards across the mahogany table, each card a potential glimpse into the future.

VIVIAN

Alright, Amanda! Let's see what the Universe has in store for you tonight. Remember, these cards can be as wild as a Brooklyn party, so brace yourself!

Amanda raises an eyebrow, her playful bravado mingling with a hint of anticipation.

AMANDA

As long as it's more "Boogie Nights" than "There Will Be Blood," I'm in.

Vivian chuckles and shuffles the deck once more, her fingers dancing over the cards before she draws the first one.

CARD ONE: THE HIGH PRIESTESS

Vivian flips over the card, revealing the image of the High Priestess, a woman seated between two pillars, cloaked in mystery and intuition.

VIVIAN

Ah, the High Priestess. This card signifies intuition and hidden knowledge. It suggests that you're at a crossroads, Amanda. You have the wisdom within you to navigate this phase of your life, but you need to trust yourself. There's a romance waiting to unfold, but it's cloaked in mystery.

AMANDA

I love a good mystery!

CARD TWO: THE LOVERS

With a flourish, Vivian reveals the next card: The Lovers, two figures entwined under an angelic presence.

VIVIAN

The Lovers! This one is exciting. It signifies not just romantic connections but also choices and partnerships. It suggests that a significant relationship is on the horizon, one that could lead to a deeper union, but be mindful of the choices you make.

AMANDA

So it's like dating on Tinder but with actual depth?

Vivian chuckles, taking another puff from the blunt before passing it to Liam.

VIVIAN

Exactly! Swipe right on authenticity.

They both laugh, the warmth of the moment infusing the air.

CARD THREE: THE MOON

Vivian draws the third card, revealing The Moon, a landscape bathed in eerie twilight.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

The Moon brings with it illusions and uncertainty. It warns you to tread carefully, as not everything is as it seems. This could be a reminder to confront your fears before stepping into this potential romance.

AMANDA

So, basically, I might be dating an American Gigolo... basically Richard Gere?

VIVIAN

(Laughing) Only if you're into that. Just make sure to look beyond the surface.

CARD FOUR: THE QUEEN OF CUPS

The fourth card emerges, portraying the Queen of Cups, a nurturing figure holding a cup overflowing with water.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

The Queen of Cups embodies compassion and emotional depth. This card suggests the need for emotional openness in your relationships. You have a nurturing spirit, Amanda, and you'll need to harness that to build something meaningful.

AMANDA

So I can't just flirt and run?

VIVIAN

Not if you want something real!

CARD FIVE: THE TOWER

Vivian draws the fifth card, revealing The Tower, a dramatic scene of chaos and upheaval.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

And here we go—the Tower! This card represents sudden change and revelation. It's a wake-up call, suggesting that something you're holding onto may come crashing down. But fear not! Sometimes destruction paves the way for new beginnings.

AMANDA

So, I'm either getting laid off or I'm about to have an epiphany?

VIVIAN

(Laughing)

Or both! Just be ready for the unexpected.

CARD SIX: THE PAGE OF WANDS

Vivian flips over the sixth card, revealing the Page of Wands, a youthful figure holding a staff, filled with potential.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

The Page of Wands is all about adventure and enthusiasm. This suggests that whoever comes into your life will bring a sense of excitement and spontaneity—like a burst of creative energy.

LIAM

So, I should prepare for
spontaneous road trips and late-
night art sessions?

AMANDA

I like the sound of that! Bring on
the spontaneity!

CARD SEVEN: THE STAR

Finally, Vivian lays out the last card face down.

She turns the card over, revealing a beautiful image of a
woman pouring water, surrounded by stars twinkling in a night
sky.

VIVIAN

The Star represents hope,
inspiration, and a sense of
direction. It signifies that a
shift is coming—a transformation
that leads you and the world to a
brighter path.

AMANDA

(intrigued)
That sounds promising!

VIVIAN

(nodding)
Absolutely! It's a reminder that
even after the toughest times,
renewal is possible.

Vivian pauses, her voice taking on a more contemplative tone.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

But I can feel the energy of the
world building, and it's very
exciting right now.

AMANDA

(turning toward her)
Why do you think that energy is
picking up right now?

Suddenly, Vivian leans in with a spark in her eye, her tone
shifting to something more introspective.

VIVIAN

Well, I think it has to do with our emergence into a new age. As the Earth makes its way through the cosmos, the energy changes as it moves further away from the constellation of Pisces and aligns more with the constellation of Aquarius.

Amanda raises an eyebrow, intrigued by the depth of Vivian's observation.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

There's definitely a shift happening in the COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS, and I think a lot of people are feeling it. Some are very excited, while others feel a tendency to retreat into the familiar ways we've always done things—maybe the way we lived a hundred years ago or in a prior time.

AMANDA

(nodding slowly)

That makes sense. It's like a push to evolve.

VIVIAN

Carl Jung said the Age of Aquarius would be a time of moral collapse and when the FRAGMENTED pieces of everyone's subconscious comes to the surface a new revelation will dawn for humankind. He said it will no longer be possible to ignore or write off evil, though this is the age of distortion, confusion and moral loss as Jung taught us this will all lead to something. This isn't happening at random. This is by design through interstellar forces we cannot fully comprehend.

They share a laugh, the sound mingling with the crackling candle flame, as the night unfolds with the promise of adventure, friendship, and perhaps even love.

Amanda lights a long match; picks up a blunt from the table and lights it blowing smoke, she holds out the match at arm's length vigorously blowing it out.

SHARP CUT TO:

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - NOON

The camera glides through the bustling streets of Greenwich Village, capturing the Art Deco elegance of the city. Ornate brownstones and Geometric storefronts create a striking skyline.

The camera pans to a tracking shot of two stylish men: Mid-conversation strolling down the sidewalk past eclectic shops and hidden bookstores, each one a portal into a different world.

STYLISH MAN 1

I was at a party the other night,
where everyone was doing Whippets
and it reminded me of a certain
person I don't talk to anymore.

Colorful murals splash across brick walls; jazz melodies can be heard from stylish cafés, mingling with the rich aroma of espresso and pastries.

STYLISH MAN 2

Whippets are a trashy thing to
do... only losers & ne'er-do-wells
do Whippets.

STYLISH MAN 1

Yeah... Well, there's also a
certain type of older white guy
that's RED and JACKED, who's like a
crazy bottom... That's like a type
of guy you meet.

STYLISH MAN 2

Guys like that give me those vibes
just from the redness, they always
look like they just did a popper.

STYLISH MAN 1

Sounds like a double Scorpio.

STYLISH MAN 2

When's the last time you saw Paul?

STYLISH MAN 1

Last week we saw a new musical
about a family of Giraffes, called
Oh Africa, Brave Africa. It was a
caffeinated masterpiece.

STYLISH MAN 2

I hated it! That kind of hyper
caffeinated comedy only really
works when the writing is as witty
as the energy is manic, otherwise
it's just loud.

The camera stops and the stylish men walk slowly out of frame revealing TIMMY, sprawled on a piece of worn cardboard against the cool stone façade. He squints against the brightness, disoriented as the vibrant sounds of the bustling street seep into his dreams.

He pushes himself up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, his mind still hazy from the night's rest. Taking a moment to gather his thoughts, he glances around, the vibrant city alive with people rushing by—businesspeople with their briefcases, families wandering mingling about, and street performers captivating passersby.

As he sits, he takes stock of what little he has. His backpack, slightly ragged but still holding the essentials, sits beside him. Timmy swings his legs over the side of the cardboard and plants his feet on the gritty pavement.

As he gets up, he notices a BUSKER twenty feet away, strumming an acoustic guitar and singing a soulful melody that seems to resonate with the city's heartbeat. The enchanting sound fills the air, stopping Timmy in his tracks.

Timmy is drawn in, watching the busker pour his heart into the performance, the music washing over him like a gentle wave.

TIMMY

(to himself, smiling)

Nothing like some live music to
start the day.

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a crumpled five-dollar bill, and walks over, throwing it in the busker's open guitar case.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

(cheerfully)

Keep doing your thing, man!

The busker looks up, beaming at Timmy, and strums a cheerful chord in appreciation.

BUSKER

Thanks for feeding me, stay up.

With a nod, Timmy heads off, his spirits lifted by the brief exchange.

CUT TO:

INT. CVS PHARMACY - DAY

The automatic doors of CVS swish open as Timmy steps inside, his demeanor shifting to focus as he surveys the aisles.

Moving past the brightly colored displays, Timmy's eyes land on the deodorant and body spray section. He casually picks up a couple of items, his fingers deftly navigating the packaging.

CUT TO:

Standing near a display, he carefully surveys the store, noting the positions of the employees and other shoppers. Timing is everything. With a practiced ease, Timmy tucks a can of deodorant into the side of his backpack, followed by a bottle of body spray. He doesn't flinch, maintaining an air of innocence as he continues browsing.

INT. CVS BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Timmy slips into the bathroom, locking the door behind him. The small space is clean but utilitarian, with flickering lights above the mirrors. He opens his backpack, revealing the stolen items nestled inside.

He takes a moment to gather himself, looks in the mirror, and smirks at his reflection.

TIMMY
(to himself)
Freshen up.

He pulls out the deodorant and body spray. With a swift motion, he applies the deodorant, the familiar scent flooding his senses. Next, he sprays the body spray, the fragrant notes enveloping him, giving him an immediate boost of confidence.

CUT TO:

Now feeling liberated and refreshed, Timmy catches a glimpse of his unkempt hair in the mirror. He rummages through his backpack again and pulls out a disposable razor, a mischievous grin spreading across his face.

TIMMY
(cheeky)
Groom on the go.

He leans over the sink, running the water until it's warm enough to wet his face. He splashes a bit of water and quickly begins shaving, strategically avoiding the slight nicks that come with the territory.

With each swift stroke, he feels an exhilarating rush, a blend of adrenaline and liberation. He quickly rinses the razor and wipes his face clean, grinning at his reflection like he just pulled off a daring escape.

INT. CVS PHARMACY - MOMENTS LATER

Once finished, he tosses the razor into the trash bin, now transformed from scruffy to sharp in just minutes. He checks the time on his watch, feeling a surge of thrill.

With one last check in the mirror, Timmy gathers his backpack and heads to the door. He opens it carefully, scanning the area before slipping back into the store with an air of casual confidence.

CUT TO:

Moving toward the exit, he keeps his pace steady, his heart racing but his demeanor calm. Timmy makes his way past the checkout counters, ensuring he blends in with a cluster of people leaving the store.

As he steps out into the bustling street, the cool air hits his freshly shaved face, and he lets out a soft laugh, exhilarated by his successful escapade.

TIMMY

Not bad for an afternoon.

Timmy pulls a GLASS bottle of Coca-Cola out of his bag and cracks it open.

CUT TO:

INT. AMANDA'S OFFICE - LUNCH TIME

Amanda's office feels like entering a chic urban sanctuary where fashion meets functionality. The space is bathed in natural light, emanating from large, floor-to-ceiling windows that offer a stunning view of the city skyline. The walls are a palette of soft whites and muted pastels, adorned with art pieces featuring vibrant prints and avant-garde photographs.

At the center of the room sits Amanda's grand, designer desk—a minimalist work of art made of glass and chrome, neatly organized with high-end stationery and open notebooks filled with designs and ideas.

On one side of the desk, a sleek, high-performing MacBook opens to a cacophony of emails and design software.

In a well-organized corner, a stylish clothing rack is draped with the latest pieces from top designers, ready for displays and meetings. A comfortable seating area features a plush, contemporary sofa and a pair of chic lounge chairs, upholstered in rich velvet, providing an inviting space for brainstorming sessions or casual chats with clients.

Sleek, polished white marble floor runs throughout, adding a touch of luxury to the atmosphere.

At the front of the office, Ali, Amanda's secretary, holds court with effortless poise. She has striking black hair, styled in a sleek bob, and her outfits always strike the perfect balance between professional and avant-garde. Dressed in tailored pants and a chic blazer, Ali radiates confidence—her unique style is complemented by bold accessories and carefully curated details.

Her desk, also stylishly minimalistic, reflects her personality; it's adorned with colorful stationery, a couple of well-placed succulents, and a framed photo of her with her best friend, a reminder of her vibrant, personal life. Ali is quick-witted and fiercely efficient, adept at managing Amanda's demanding schedule while engaging in playful banter about her dating life, exclusively pursuing feminine girls who are bisexual, bringing a lively energy into the office.

CUT TO:

Shot of Amanda and Ali both sitting on the plush sofa in Amanda's office mid-conversation, having chicken wraps for lunch.

Ali speaks in a fun-loving chaotic way.

ALI

Trust me. Women can be just as bad as men. Why? Are you questioning?

AMANDA

I mean... I'm BARELY interested in sex with men, sometimes I feel like it would be easier.

ALI

It's not easier, the dating pool is way smaller.

AMANDA

Hey, love is a finite resource.

Ali takes a bite of her chicken wrap, while Amanda opens a GLASS bottle of Coca-Cola.

ALI

I don't know what to tell you.
I'm not like, dating these line
cooks. I don't want to do it.
That's not the type of gay I am.
I'm not that-no, I'm not that type
of gay. If I was, maybe it would be
easier.

AMANDA

I mean, you're attracted to who
you're attractive to. So who cares?
It is what it is, it's not good or
bad.

ALI

The women that I'm generally
attracted to happen to be more
feminine and then they're pulling
all this shit about them being
confused and Bi so that's kinda
coming with the package.

Ali opens a GLASS bottle of Coca-Cola and takes a large sip.

AMANDA

Sure sure, but also... A lot of
butch lesbians have more masculine
energy than most men I've dated...
so it makes me think I might as
well be straightish. It's very
confusing.

ALI

Yeah. Unfortunately, I'm stuck
fingering girls named Chloë who
can't get over their ex-
boyfriend... I'm not thrilled about
it but I'm just being honest.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - AFTERNOON

Birds fly through the park past Timmy and Patrick playing without a clock on the same old Luxury Staunton chess set. The moon is clearly visible in the vivid blue sky, adorable children fly gleaming and colorful kites in the background. Patrick is playing black, both have zero money. Their hands deliberately move over the board; vigorously and stylishly knocking over pieces.

TIMMY

Women are awesome, women are great,
but women... like most people,
wanna play it safe.

Patrick begins speaking in a vexed yet nostalgic tone.

PATRICK

Women can be pretty evil too.

TIMMY

Ya but, who's playing the game, are
you playing the game or is the game
playing you?

PATRICK

I feel like O.J. Simpson, I have no
recollection... I can't remember
spending one day with my first wife
and I was married for four years, I
have no recollection of ever living
with her, ever being married to her
WOW... it's just amazing the stuff
you can block out, so I understand
O.J.

The analytical game of chess Patrick plays resembles a black pyramid. Timmy topples Patrick's pawn with a bishop.

TIMMY

Ya but... Women are finally able to
play the same game as men, and
they're satisfied... for me I don't
wanna play the game I wanna beat
the game, beat the system.

PATRICK

Man, if my wife was driving my
Lamborghini! That I paid for with
some guy. I'd be ready to kill him
too, anyway I shouldn't say that,
but I can relate to him... I never
even knew he was black until I
thought about it.

Patrick moves his pawn one square.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

He lived in the house next to Arnold Schwarzenegger's house, that's where I wanted to live... I made millions and I blew millions and I gotta tell you that if I had to do it over again I probably would have saved more, but I blew a lot of money on big cars, big houses, big watches—stuff that's meaningless to me now... I used to love stuff but stuff comes and goes!

TIMMY

You get what you settle for... Women aren't meant to be understood... Only loved.

PATRICK

I tell my story through pain and gratitude!

TIMMY

Recognize your limitations Patrick and sure enough they're yours... I might be trash Patrick... But I'm angelic trash.

PATRICK

The trash gets picked up tomorrow, be ready.

TIMMY

Were you a temperamental young man?

PATRICK

In the Marines, if you didn't get in trouble for fist fighting you weren't well-thought-of by the leadership... They wanted them savage.

Timmy moves his knight twirling it in the air slamming it obnoxiously hard.

Patrick delicately moves his pawn two squares.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

When I was your age, I would bench press five-hundred pounds for reps... We thought nation building was bodybuilding.

Timmy speaks in a perturbed tone.

TIMMY

What's fucking wrong with you... were you a ninety-eight pound weakling?

Patrick speaks in a comical tone, doing a vague southern accent.

PATRICK

Ya, I was a ninety-eight pound weakling... when I was five... I wasn't a socialist idealist like you!

Timmy moves his pawn.

TIMMY

Hey... A young man who isn't a socialist doesn't have a heart; an old man who isn't a socialist doesn't have a brain.

PATRICK

Only naïve-illiterate idealists are socialists!

Patrick tenaciously moves his knight forcefully yet gracefully slamming it down.

Timmy speaks with conviction in his voice.

TIMMY

No! No! The only real realist is an idealist!

Patrick speaks in a disdainful tone.

PATRICK

That's such a fucking lie.

Timmy speaks facetiously.

TIMMY

I don't live to lie. I lie to live.

Timmy takes Patrick's pawn with his pawn.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

I think you're a thoughtful self-possessed man with a keen understanding of resignation of his own mortality.

Patrick takes a pawn with his white bishop.

PATRICK

That's the movie of my life... the preview was a brawl in New York... the film was an urban action adventure, a courtroom drama, a frenzied road flick and then finally checkmate.

Timmy speaks in an emotionally detached tone.

TIMMY

I was bored with it before I ever watched it... Whatever happened to your first wife?

PATRICK

Let's just say she got a fist full of dollars and a few dollars more!

Timmy moves his knight catching Patrick in a smother mate.

TIMMY

Checkmate!

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - AFTERNOON

Timmy is sitting giving a chess lesson to a young boy with long strawberry blond hair and TURQUOISE blue eyes with small pupils. The board only has five pieces on it: one white Queen and four black pawns on the "6th rank" all trying to promote.

Amanda walks into the park and notices Timmy giving a chess lesson; intrigued by the position.

TIMMY

Let's end today's lesson with an old Soviet chess puzzle... made to test your logical thinking.

The Boy looks perplexed yet curious, he nods enthusiastically as Timmy points to the board, where four BLACK PAWNS sit on a3, b3, c3, and d3, all trying to promote. A WHITE QUEEN waits on b1, poised for action

TIMMY (CONT'D)

So here's the setup Jules;
it's an illegal position but that
doesn't matter... you're playing
White, and it's your move. The goal
is to stop the Black pawns from
promoting. How can you do that?

CUT TO:

Overhead view of chess board.

The Boy carefully picks up the White Queen, unsure where to put it down.

CUT TO:

Across the table shot of Jules: Wearing a bright white shirt that reads BRUCE LEE ENTER THE DRAGON.

JULES

(staring intently)

Um, I don't know. How do I even
start?

TIMMY

Let's break it down. Remember,
promotion is when pawns reach the
other side of the board, right?
Those pawns are trying to reach the
eighth rank and turn into queens.

Jules leans closer to the board, his brow furrowed as he calculates.

JULES

Okay, but... I have a queen. Can't
she move anywhere?

TIMMY

Exactly! Be creative. Think about
the position of your queen. Look at
where the pawns are. What's the
best way to stop them from moving
forward?

Jules studies the board with determination, tracing the paths of the pawns with his finger.

JULES

(squinting)

If I move my king... no wait, I don't have a king. Um... If I move my queen closer, can I still stop them?

CUT TO:

Main shot: Timmy leans back, crossing his arms, guiding Jules's thought process.

TIMMY

Think about it like this: you want to block the way to promote. They're all on the third rank. Can your queen reach any of them without letting them move?

JULES

Okay, but... I have only two good moves.

TIMMY

Exactly! Be creative. Think about the position of your queen. Look at where the pawns are. What's the best way to stop them from moving forward?

Jules studies the board with determination, tracing the paths of the pawns with his finger.

Jules bites his lip in concentration, his eyes darting across the board as he visualizes the pieces in his head.

JULES

Okay, what if I take the pawn on d3? Wouldn't that... stop them?

Timmy's eyes light up, seeing the understanding dawning on Jules.

TIMMY

That's it! What's the actual move?

JULES

(excitedly)

Queen takes d3!

TIMMY

(nodding, impressed)

Exactly! By taking the pawn on d3, you're stopping all the others from advancing. You see, when you're in flow and you visualize the board and think a few moves ahead, you can find the best solutions.

JULES

What is flow?

TIMMY

Flow state is when you become completely focused on a single task or goal, a person in flow loses self-consciousness and has a distorted sense of time... everything feels effortless, people get captivated watching you play because to their mirror neurons it literally felt like a whimsical dream they couldn't fully understand.

JULES

How are masters like Bobby Fischer, Magnus Carlsen, and Karpov even able to play in flow?

TIMMY

All of these masters are in a creative ARTISTIC mindset, they aren't just geniuses armed with an arsenal of techniques—they are armed with fluidity, painting through those techniques.

Jules looks at his watch and then his book, Bobby Fischer's My Sixty Memorable Games.

JULES

Do you have any advice if I wanna be as good as Bobby Fischer?

TIMMY

Train like a realist, learn every day like you know nothing, believe in yourself so deeply people think you're crazy.

Jules stands up and gives Timmy a fifty-dollar bill.

JULES

I'll see you next Wednesday.

TIMMY

Get home safe.

JULES

No promises.

Amanda walks over taking the seat Jules was sitting in.

AMANDA

Cute kid... I didn't know you were searching for Bobby Fischer.

TIMMY

Neither did I. But the next Bobby Fischer is somewhere in this park.

AMANDA

I bet you hate to see him grow up.

TIMMY

I love all my children and growing up means carrying grief.

Amanda speaks in a casual yet charismatic tone.

AMANDA

Repression is a great defense, if it lasts forever.

TIMMY

That's the dilemma.

AMANDA

Wanna play?

Timmy pulls out a cigarette and lights it with a match.

TIMMY

Yes, I need a distraction.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY

A warm sun spills over WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK, casting playful shadows among the tall trees and lively benches filled with spectators. The gentle hum of laughter fills the air as TIMMY and AMANDA sit across from each other at a weathered picnic table, their chess pieces set up and ready to go.

After two previous draws, the tension thickens in the air, excitement building among the small crowd that has gathered to watch.

TIMMY
 (grinning)
 Alright, Amanda, third time's the charm. I can already hear the crowd cheering for my inevitable victory.

AMANDA
 (teasingly)
 You mean the same crowd that watched you sacrifice your pieces two games in a row?

Timmy laughs, flicking his gaze toward the onlookers, then focuses back on the board as he leans forward.

TIMMY
 (mockingly)
 I prefer to think of it as strategic flair!

AMANDA
 (smirking)
 Right, strategic flair. Let's see if you can really bring that flair this time.

MOVE 1: TIMMY - E4

Timmy confidently moves his pawn to E4, claiming control of the center.

TIMMY
 Opening with the King's Pawn. Classic.

MOVE 2: AMANDA - E5

Amanda responds by moving her pawn to E5.

AMANDA
 Matching your classic move with my own.

MOVE 3: TIMMY - Nf3

Timmy develops his knight to F3, attacking Amanda's E5 pawn.

TIMMY
 Your move, Amanda.

MOVE 4: AMANDA - Nc6

Amanda places her knight on C6, protecting her pawn.

AMANDA
You won't get this one without a
fight.

MOVE 5: TIMMY - Bb5

Timmy moves his bishop to B5, pinning Amanda's knight.

TIMMY
Just keeping you on your toes!

MOVE 6: AMANDA - A6

Amanda pushes her pawn to A6.

AMANDA
Let's see if you dare sacrifice
your bishop again!

MOVE 7: TIMMY - Ba4

Timmy retreats his bishop to A4, maintaining pressure.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Retreating?

TIMMY
No! Just advancing in another
direction.

MOVE 8: AMANDA - Nf6

Amanda develops her knight to F6, attacking Timmy's E4 pawn.

AMANDA
(cheekily)
And now I'm coming for your center.

MOVE 9: TIMMY - O-O

Timmy castles kingside, securing his king and preparing to launch a counterattack.

TIMMY
Safety first!

MOVE 10: AMANDA - Be7

Amanda places her bishop on E7.

AMANDA
 Preparing my defenses. Can't let
 you get too cocky!

MOVE 11: TIMMY - d3

Timmy plays pawn to D3, bolstering his center.

TIMMY
 Keeping everything tight.

MOVE 12: AMANDA - O-O

Amanda castles kingside, connecting her rooks.

AMANDA
 Now we're set.

MOVE 13: TIMMY - Nbd2

Timmy brings out his second knight, developing his position.

MOVE 14: AMANDA - d5

Amanda pushes her pawn to D5, challenging Timmy.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
 Let's open this up a bit.

MOVE 15: TIMMY - exd5

Timmy captures Amanda's pawn on D5 with his E4 pawn.

TIMMY
 Gone!

MOVE 16: AMANDA - Nxd5

Amanda takes back with her knight, reclaiming the center.

AMANDA
 I'll take that back, thank you!

The crowd watches intently, laughter and chatter bubbling
 beneath the surface as the tension heightens.

MOVE 17: TIMMY - Nxe5

Timmy captures the knight with his knight on E5.

TIMMY
 Not so fast!

MOVE 18: AMANDA - Nxe5

Amanda captures Timmy's knight with her own knight, holding strong.

AMANDA
Watch me reclaim my territory!

MOVE 19: TIMMY - Qe2

Timmy moves his queen to E2, preparing for a potential onslaught.

TIMMY
I'm ready for anything.

MOVE 20: AMANDA - Qd4

Amanda moves her queen to D4, threatening Timmy's knight on E5.

AMANDA
Playing aggressively now.

MOVE 21: TIMMY - Nf3

Timmy retreats his knight back to F3, positioning for defense.

TIMMY
Keeping it safe, Amanda.

MOVE 22: AMANDA - Rook to F8

Amanda doubles down, bringing her rook to the F-file in preparation for a potential assault.

MOVE 23: TIMMY - Rf1

Timmy moves his rook to F1, trying to bolster his defense.

TIMMY (CONT'D)
The tension is palpable...

MOVE 24: AMANDA - Knight to E4

Amanda sacrifices her knight, moving it to E4 and placing herself in a prime position to checkmate.

AMANDA
Time for a bold move!

MOVE 25: TIMMY - Qe4

Timmy captures the knight with his queen, feeling a flutter of optimism.

TIMMY
(challenging)
Think you can beat me after that?

MOVE 26: AMANDA - Qf3!

With a gleam in her eye, Amanda sacrifices her queen, moving it to F3, dealing a stunning blow that puts Timmy in check.

AMANDA
And that's check!

The crowd erupts into cheers and laughter, their excitement echoing in the park.

TIMMY
(realizing)
Wait... no...

MOVE 27: AMANDA - Rook to F8

The atmosphere thickens as Amanda slides her rook into position for the final blow.

AMANDA
Checkmate!

The spectators cheer wildly, laughter bubbling through the air as Timmy shakes his head, a mix of surprise and admiration on his face.

TIMMY
(breathless)
You seriously just sacrificed your knight and queen to win?

AMANDA
(smiling broadly)
Sometimes the boldest moves lead to the best outcomes.

TIMMY
Alright, you win this time. But I'll HUNT YOU DOWN for a rematch!

AMANDA
I'll be waiting.

As Amanda walks away, she turns back to him.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Hey, do you wanna grab food sometime?

Timmy's eyes widen, surprised but delighted.

TIMMY
I'd love that.

AMANDA
Great! I know a cute spot down the street... how about tomorrow evening.

As dusk descends, the Village transforms into a realm of twinkling lights and enchanting shadows. The glow of warm lampposts spills onto the streets.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - EVENING

Timmy walks through the lively streets of Greenwich Village, a bounce in his step. He passes by vibrant bars and cafes, feeling a sense of belonging despite his circumstances.

INT. NEAPOLITAN STYLE LUNCHEONETTE - DUSK

The cozy luncheonette, Elegantly poised with its polished marble countertops, vibrant mosaic tiles and wooden tables, beneath the warm glow of hanging pendant lights.

The walls are lined with nostalgic photographs of Naples, vibrant artful murals and vintage Italian posters; buzzing with the chatter of patrons savoring authentic wood-fired pizzas and creamy gelato.

Timmy enters the bustling place; he spots Amanda sitting at the bar, looking radiant.

He approaches her, trying to suppress his nerves.

TIMMY
Hey! Fancy seeing you here.

AMANDA
(smiling)
Well, I couldn't resist the invite.
I hope you like craft cocktails.

TIMMY
I'm more of a cheap beer guy, but
I'm willing to try anything once.

They share a laugh as they order drinks and food.

Timmy subtly checks his appearance in the bar's mirror, adjusting his hair.

AMANDA

So, what's your story?

TIMMY

What do you mean?

AMANDA

You know, how does a chess prodigy like you end up in Washington Square Park?

Timmy hesitates, searching for the right words.

TIMMY

Just... exploring life, I guess. Trying to find my place in the world.

AMANDA

I can relate. I feel like I'm constantly trying to find my footing in the fashion industry.

TIMMY

It must be a cutthroat world.

AMANDA

Oh, it is! But it's also exhilarating.

They continue to talk, the chemistry between them growing stronger with each exchange.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

Timmy and Amanda leave the bar, laughing and playfully shoving each other as they walk down the street.

AMANDA

You know, I never would have guessed you were so charming under pressure.

TIMMY

I guess I'm just good at putting on a show.

AMANDA

Well, it's working.

Timmy's heart races as they approach a small park. He stops, looking at her earnestly.

TIMMY
Amanda, can I ask you something?

AMANDA
Sure!

TIMMY
What do you want out of life?

Amanda pauses, considering her answer.

AMANDA
I want to create something meaningful. I want to make an impact in the fashion world but also stay true to myself.

TIMMY
That's admirable.

AMANDA
What about you?

Timmy takes a deep breath, feeling the weight of his truth.

TIMMY
I might not be the person who changes the world, but I wanna inspire the brain of the person who does change the world.

AMANDA
You're already doing that, you know?

Timmy smiles, flattered, but he can't shake the feeling of fear about revealing his true situation.

They share a kiss.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Hey, I have an idea!

TIMMY
What's that?

AMANDA
Let's do something spontaneous!

TIMMY
Like?

AMANDA

How about we go to that new rooftop bar I heard about?

TIMMY

Sounds great!

EXT. ROOFTOP BAR - NIGHT

They arrive at the rooftop bar, a stunning view of the city skyline before them. The ambiance is electric, filled with laughter and music.

TIMMY

Wow, this place is cute!

AMANDA

I know, right? It's one of my go-to spots.

They find a table and order drinks, the night unfolding with laughter and fun.

MONTAGE:

- Timmy and Amanda enjoying drinks, sharing stories, and laughing.
- They share an accidental touch, lingering a moment longer than necessary.
- They take selfies against the city skyline, the chemistry palpable.

EXT. ROOFTOP BAR - LATER

As the night winds down, Timmy and Amanda find themselves leaning against the railing, gazing at the city lights.

AMANDA

You know, I really enjoy spending time with you. It's... refreshing.

TIMMY

I feel the same.

He looks at her, his heart racing.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

Can I be honest with you?

AMANDA

Of course!

TIMMY

I've really enjoyed tonight, but
I'm not sure I'm the guy you think
I am.

AMANDA

What do you mean?

He hesitates, weighing his options.

TIMMY

I mean, I'm not exactly living the
glamorous life you might expect.

AMANDA

You think I care about that?

TIMMY

It's part of who I am.

Amanda looks at him, understanding in her eyes.

AMANDA

What matters is who you are, not
where you live.

Timmy looks at her, surprised by her response.

TIMMY

You really mean that?

AMANDA

Absolutely.

They share a moment, the connection deepening.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

So, what do you say we keep this
going?

TIMMY

I'd like that.

INT. CARNEGIE MUSEUM OF ART - DAY

The grand entrance of the Carnegie Museum of Art welcomes
AMANDA and TIMMY with its soaring ceilings and polished
marble floors. The soft chatter of patrons fills the air,
mingling with the faint echo of footsteps. Sunlight spills in
through tall windows, casting warm patches of light across
the polished surfaces.

AMANDA, dressed in a flowing, feminine blouse and tailored jeans, strolls alongside TIMMY, who sports a vintage band tee under a well-fitted jacket. They're both filled with excitement as they explore the museum together.

AMANDA

(excited)

I always thought of Hopper, in a sort of aromatic way! His paintings evoke the same kind of feelings and memories that I get from my sense of smell as if he was channeling directly into my limbic system finding lost memories.

TIMMY

(grinning)

Me too! His Art has always felt like a doorway to lost memories.

As they wander through the various rooms, they admire a wide array of pieces—intricate sculptures, vibrant paintings, and peaceful landscapes. Each artwork seems to resonate with them, igniting conversations about life, creativity, and inspiration.

Suddenly, they arrive at the Edward Hopper exhibit. The atmosphere shifts, an almost sacred silence enveloping them as they step into the dimly lit room filled with Hopper's iconic works.

AMANDA approaches a painting depicting a solitary diner scene, the stark contrasts of light and shadow instantly drawing her in.

AMANDA

(softly, gazing)

There's something so haunting about his use of light...

Timmy stands beside her, studying the painting closely. He reaches for Amanda's hand, their connection palpable amidst the art.

TIMMY

(voice reflecting awe)

In front of Edward Hopper's paintings, I always get this feeling that they are frames from movies that were never made.

He moves to another piece, taking in the solitude of the characters in the painting.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

And I start wondering, what's the story that is beginning here? What will happen to these characters in the next moment?

AMANDA

(fascinated, turning to him)

It's like you can feel the tension in the air. There's so much unspoken.

As they continue to roam through the exhibit, Timmy stops in front of another painting, a depiction of a woman gazing out a window.

TIMMY

Can you imagine being in that moment? What is she thinking? Is she waiting for someone, or is she reflecting on her own solitude?

AMANDA

(smirking)

You really do think like an artist, you know that?

TIMMY and AMANDA walk over to one of EDWARD HOPPER's iconic paintings, *Summer Evening*. The artwork captures two figures standing on a porch, their expressions heavy with unspoken narratives, illuminated by soft, melancholic light.

TIMMY

(gesturing toward the painting)

There's something so haunting about this one. It feels like they're caught in a moment that's about to shift—like there's a story brewing just out of sight.

AMANDA

(nods, eyes focused on the figures)

Right? They look so isolated, even together. In a way, it feels like they're waiting for something... or someone.

Timmy steps a bit closer, tilting his head as he studies the brushwork and the shadows.

TIMMY

(removing his gaze from
the painting)

Art has a way of reflecting life,
doesn't it? Like, I get the sense
that maybe they're longing for some
familial connection but are trapped
by their circumstances.

Amanda glances at him, her expression thoughtful.

AMANDA

(sighs softly)

I can relate to that. My
relationship with my parents feels
like I'm standing on the porch too,
just waiting for the door to open.

TIMMY

(turning to her)

What do you mean?

Amanda crosses her arms, her stance slightly defensive but
open as she prepares to share.

AMANDA

It's complicated and I'm an only
child. My dad was always
emotionally unavailable, working
late and often leaving me to figure
things out on my own.

TIMMY

(sympathetically)

That's tough. It feels lonely when
you're out there by yourself.

AMANDA

(nodding)

And my mom... she has serious
boundary issues. She can't let go,
and it leads to conflict. If I try
to create space, she feels
rejected.

TIMMY

(slightly surprised)

That sounds incredibly frustrating.
It's like trying to navigate a
minefield.

Amanda chuckles at the metaphor, appreciating the lightness.

AMANDA

(exhaling)

Exactly! It's exhausting feeling like I need to tiptoe around emotions. Sometimes I wish I had someone I could turn to, you know?

Timmy steps closer to the painting again, using it as a way to subtly redirect the conversation.

TIMMY

(gravely)

I never had a mom. My dad raised me until I was 14, and after that, I was on my own. I guess I've been wandering around, trying to figure it out without a map too.

AMANDA

(softly)

That must have been hard. How did you cope with all that?

TIMMY

(pensively)

I learned how to adapt, I guess. I had to grow up quickly. There were nights I'd just sit on my bed, staring at the ceiling, wondering what family really meant.

Amanda studies him, recognizing the weight of his words.

AMANDA

(empathetically)

You had to find your own way... It's powerful, really—the way our past shapes us.

A moment of silence hangs between them, the weight of their realizations anchoring the space.

TIMMY

(looking contemplative)

Do you think we can break those cycles? Find ways to connect with people despite our pasts?

AMANDA

I hope so... It has to start somewhere, right? A willingness to open up, to trust again.

TIMMY
 (earnestly)
 Maybe we're at the beginning of
 that for ourselves.

Hand in hand, they continue to explore the exhibit—each painting serving as a backdrop to their blossoming connection, a shared understanding of life, dreams, and the narratives that weave their paths together.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - DAY

VIVIAN and LIAM stroll down the street side by side. The sidewalks are alive with the buzz of locals and tourists.

Vivian opens a BLUE Alcoholics Anonymous leaflet and begins reading aloud.

VIVIAN
 Twenty questions are you an
 alcoholic? To answer this, answer
 them as honestly as you can. Do
 you lose time from work due to
 drinking?

LIAM
 No I drink at work

Vivian speaks in a delightfully playful tone.

VIVIAN
 Is drinking making your home life
 unhappy?

Liam speaks in a slightly flamboyant yet ostentatious tone.

LIAM
 No, not drinking makes my home
 life unhappy?

Vivian and Liam cross the street, not looking both ways as they step onto the sidewalk. They *elegantly* walk past quaint boutiques with colorful window displays.

VIVIAN
 Do you drink because you are shy
 with other people?

LIAM
 No if I'm drunk, I like people.

VIVIAN

Do you turn to lower companions and an inferior environment when drinking?

LIAM

That happens anyway.

VIVIAN

Have you gotten into financial difficulties as a result of drinking?

LIAM

No, I have enough money to keep drinking.

VIVIAN

Has drinking decreased your ambition?

LIAM

No I'm very ambitious, about drinking.

VIVIAN

Has drinking affected your reputation?

LIAM

No, my reputation has affected my drinking.

Suddenly, Liam trips over a SHABBY PILE OF CARDBOARD tucked against a wall, where TIMMY is sleeping soundly underneath. Liam stumbles forward, landing ungracefully on his hands and knees, scraping his palms on the concrete.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(grunting)

Ow! What—?

TIMMY

(waking up, startled)

Whoa, man! Watch where you're stepping!

Timmy blinks in confusion, adjusting to the sudden intrusion into his slumber. Vivian rushes over, her expression a mix of concern and disbelief.

VIVIAN

(quickly)

Are you okay, Liam?

Liam winces, pushing himself up, shaking off the fall. Slowly, he stands to face Timmy, brushing dirt off his jeans, clearly embarrassed.

LIAM
(surprised)
I didn't see you there.

TIMMY
(chuckling)
Yeah, I tend to blend in with the scenery. It's a talent of mine.

Vivian offers Liam a hand, helping him regain his balance as they share a brief laugh. The crowd continues to bustle past them, seemingly unfazed by the moment.

VIVIAN
(eyeing Timmy)
It looks like you have a decent spot for a nap.

TIMMY
(smiling)
You get used to it. It's cozy enough if you don't mind the occasional foot traffic.

LIAM
(smirking)
So, you must meet a lot of interesting people then?

TIMMY
(grinning)
You'd be surprised. Everyone's got a story. Sometimes dating seems easier when you're out here.

VIVIAN
(raising an eyebrow)
You're telling me you're dating someone while being... well, homeless?

TIMMY
(casually)
Sure am! It's better than paying rent.

The two exchange glances, intrigued by his confident response.

LIAM
(laughing)
How does that even work?

TIMMY
(boldly)
Listen, there are eight million people in New York City. If you can't find a girlfriend, you're just an asshole.

VIVIAN
(giggling)
Fair enough. But let's talk practicalities here. How many outfits do you own?

TIMMY
(thoughtfully)
I have four pretty good outfits.

LIAM
(smirking)
And how many bad outfits do you have?

TIMMY
(grinning widely)
I have no bad outfits.

Vivian bursts out laughing at his clever confidence, impressed by his perspective on life.

VIVIAN
(amused)
Well, with that attitude, you might just be the best-dressed person in New York!

TIMMY
(chuckling)
It's all about how you carry them, right?

The three share a warm laugh, the initial awkwardness of Liam's fall quickly dissipating as they bond over their conversation.

LIAM
(sincerely)
You know, Timmy, it's refreshing to hear someone speak so genuinely. Not everyone can be so optimistic.

TIMMY

(shrugging)

What else can you do? It's a wild ride out here; might as well enjoy the view.

Timmy flashes a charismatic smile, the charm of his spirit brightening the mood as Vivian and Liam exchange knowing looks.

VIVIAN

(smiling)

Well, it was nice meeting you. Best of luck out there!

TIMMY

(grinning)

Thanks! And don't trip over any more sleeping artists!

As Timmy settles back onto his cardboard, the two friends continue down the bustling street, their laughter trailing behind them, enriched by the unexpected encounter.

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In a stylish, high-end apartment adorned with tasteful art and stylish decor, AMANDA stands in front of a full-length mirror, preparing for her evening out. Soft golden light filters through large windows showcasing a view of the sparkling city skyline.

She swipes a brush through her glossy hair, glancing occasionally at the elegant outfit hanging nearby. With a final flourish, she dons a sleek dress that perfectly complements her figure.

AMANDA

(to herself, smiling)

Time to impress.

Amanda moves to her vanity, carefully applying makeup with a practiced hand. She selects delicate jewelry from an assortment laid out before her—each piece from some designer brand, adding a touch of glamour.

As she adjusts her earrings, her expression shifts to one of excitement and anticipation.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(cheerfully)

This is going to be a great night.

She checks the time and gathers her purse, the air filled with the scent of her favorite perfume, which wafts through the air like a promise of elegance.

INT. TIMMY'S LIVING SPACE - NIGHT

In stark contrast, TIMMY finds himself in a dimly lit alleyway, propped against a pile of cardboard boxes and litter. The area is unkempt, the ground cold and hard beneath him.

With a small mirror, he tries to fix his disheveled hair and brushes away some dirt from his clothes. He pulls out a wrinkled button-up shirt from his backpack, giving it a quick shake before putting it on. He tries to smooth it down, but it only partially hides the wear.

TIMMY

(self-mockingly)

Chic, yet charming.

He digs through his belongings, searching for his sketchbook. Timmy pauses for a moment to gather his thoughts, feeling the weight of his situation pressing in.

TIMMY (CONT'D)

(determined, to himself)

This is just one night. Just because I'm living in a cardboard castle doesn't mean I can't shine tonight.

With a small resolve, he shoves the sketchbook back into the bag, pocketing a few essentials. He takes a deep breath, looking up at the stars starting to twinkle in the night sky.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

As Timmy walks toward the subway, the city feels alive around him, pulsing with energy. He catches glimpses of people dressed elegantly for their night out, contrasting sharply with his own situation.

TIMMY

(talking to himself)

You've got this. Just be charming and witty.

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Back in Amanda's apartment, she runs a final check—everything in place. She grabs her phone, glancing at the screen one last time to check for any messages from Timmy.

AMANDA

I bet his place is cleaner.

She looks around her immaculate apartment, a sanctuary of luxury compared to the world outside.

EXT. SUBWAY/METRO - NIGHT

Timmy reaches the subway entrance, the sounds of the city enveloping him. He catches a glimpse of his reflection in a store window and takes a moment to compose himself, shaking off the nerves.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLET THEATER - NIGHT

The grand chandelier sparkles overhead, casting a warm glow over the elegantly dressed audience buzzing with anticipation. TIMMY, dressed in a sharp yet casual blazer and a slightly wrinkled shirt, glances around nervously, trying to blend in with the sophistication of the evening. AMANDA arrives, stunning in a flowing black dress, her amethyst crystal necklace catching the light as she approaches.

AMANDA

(smirking)

Well, look at you. You clean up nicely!

TIMMY

(smiling)

Thanks! You look amazing too. I feel like I'm underdressed for the Met.

They take their seats, the orchestra tuning up. The rich sound of strings fills the air, intermingling with the soft chatter of the audience.

AMANDA

(excited)

I can't believe we're actually here. I've always wanted to see a ballet live!

TIMMY

(nervously)

Should I be worried I have no idea
what I'm getting into?

AMANDA

(laughs)

Just sit back and enjoy it. It's
all about the art of storytelling
through movement.

As the lights dim, a hush falls over the crowd. The curtain rises, revealing a breathtaking scene of dancers poised in a graceful tableau. Timmy watches in awe, trying to absorb the beauty unfolding on stage.

TIMMY

(whispering)

Wow... this is incredible.

AMANDA

(leaning closer)

Right? It's like watching poetry in
motion.

Timmy glances at Amanda, noticing her eyes light up with every pirouette and leap. He can't help but smile at how passionate she is.

CUT TO:

As the first act progresses, Amanda leans in to whisper to Timmy.

AMANDA

What do you think so far?

TIMMY

(still captivated)

I never thought ballet could be
this... intense. It feels like a
mix of strength and delicacy.

AMANDA

Exactly! That's what I love about
it. It's not just about the dance;
it's about the emotions they
convey.

Timmy nods, clearly impressed, but there's a flicker of curiosity in his eyes.

TIMMY
(turning to her)
So, what's your favorite part of
the ballet?

AMANDA
(thinking)
Probably the moments when the music
swells, and you can feel the energy
in the room—like everyone is
holding their breath together.

The performance continues, and Timmy glances at Amanda, captivated not just by the dancers but by her. He feels a connection growing in the shared experiences of the evening.

CUT TO:

As the final notes of Tchaikovsky's Swan Lake resonate through the theater, the audience erupts into applause, the sound echoing like waves crashing on a shore. TIMMY and AMANDA sit side by side, their faces illuminated by the fading stage lights. A soft smile spreads across Amanda's face, her eyes shining with appreciation for the performance they just witnessed.

AMANDA
(leaning closer, happily)
That was magical! I'm so glad we
came.

Timmy grins, his excitement palpable.

TIMMY
(enthusiastically)
Right? It's like the dancers were
telling stories without words. I
feel energized!

As the curtain falls, they stand with the rest of the audience, beginning to file out of the theater.

TIMMY (CONT'D)
(teasingly)
I'm officially a ballet convert.
What's next—a contemporary dance
performance?

AMANDA
(laughing)
Only if you promise to dance with
me!

They exit into the cool night air, the streets of the city alive with the sounds of late-night chatter and distant music. The atmosphere is electric, and Timmy turns to Amanda as they stroll side by side.

TIMMY
(seriously)
I really had a great time tonight.
Thanks for being my date.

AMANDA
(sincerely)
No, thank you! I loved sharing this
with you.

They stop just outside the theater, the glow of streetlights casting a warm hue over them. The moment feels charged, and Timmy hesitates, gauging the energy between them.

TIMMY
(softly)
Can I...?

Timmy takes a small step closer, leaning in slightly. Amanda meets his gaze, a spark of anticipation in her eyes.

AMANDA
(whispering)
Yeah.

With a gentle movement, Timmy leans in and kisses Amanda softly on the lips. It's a sweet, lingering moment that sends a thrill through both of them.

TIMMY
(smiling, pulling back)
Goodnight, Amanda.

AMANDA
(beaming)
Goodnight, Timmy.

They exchange one last smile before starting to part ways, Amanda heading toward her apartment while Timmy walks in the opposite direction.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

As AMANDA disappears into the crowd, TIMMY walks in the opposite direction, the night air buzzing with energy. The memory of their date dances in his mind—the ballet, the laughter, and the warmth of their shared kiss. Yet, as he strolls down the street, a gnawing sense of unease creeps in, overshadowing his earlier joy.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Timmy reaches the alley where he's made his home, a mound of discarded items and debris waiting for him. The stark contrast between the night's magical experience and his grim living situation hits him like a tidal wave. He stands there for a moment, staring at the pile of trash and cardboard, the laughter still echoing in his ears but feeling painfully distant now.

TIMMY
(breathing heavily)
What am I doing? How did I let it
get this far?

His heart pounds as frustration bubbles to the surface. He rakes his fingers through his hair, struggling to contain the emotions threatening to spill over.

TIMMY (CONT'D)
(voice trembling)
I mean, it went so well! She liked
me... I liked her. How can I... how
can I do this?

He kicks at the cardboard in frustration, his voice rising in panic.

TIMMY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
This isn't me! I can't keep
pretending everything's fine when
I'm living in a pile of trash!

The weight of his situation crashes down, and he sinks to the ground, tears brimming in his eyes. He hugs his knees to his chest, letting out a shaky breath.

TIMMY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
(sobbing quietly)
I want something real. I want... I
want to feel normal.

Just then, the sound of approaching footsteps breaks the silence. DAMIEN appears around the corner, his boisterous energy contrasting sharply with the mood. He stops short upon seeing Timmy.

DAMIEN
(concerned)
Whoa, buddy. What's going on? You
look like you've just lost your
best friend!

DAMIEN kneels beside Timmy, a comforting presence as he studies his face, recognizing the turmoil.

TIMMY
(voice cracking)
It was a great date, Damien. It
felt so... right. But then I come
back to this!

He gestures to the trash pile, his frustration spilling out.

TIMMY (CONT'D)
(tearfully)
How can I keep doing this when I'm
so... lost? I can't even provide
for myself, let alone have a real
chance with someone like Amanda.

DAMIEN places a reassuring hand on Timmy's shoulder,
steadying him.

DAMIEN
(softly)
Hey, listen. I know it feels
overwhelming right now, but this
isn't the end of your story. It's
just a chapter.

Timmy looks up, vulnerability etched on his face.

TIMMY
(breathing heavily)
It's hard to see that when
everything feels like a mess.

DAMIEN
(nods)
I get it. But you gotta remember,
you're not alone in this. Everyone
has their struggles. And it's okay
to ask for help.

Timmy wipes his eyes, grateful for the comfort of his friend.

TIMMY
(sniffling)
Thanks, Damien. I just want to have
that feeling again... without all
the chaos.

DAMIEN
(smiling)
You will.

(MORE)

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

Right now, let's find a way to pick up the pieces together. Life's got a funny way of turning things around when you least expect it.

Timmy nods, feeling a flicker of hope amid the darkness as he leans against Damien's shoulder. Together, they sit in the dimly lit alley, ready to face whatever comes next—a testament to friendship amidst life's challenges.

INT. WYLD BLUE WEST VILLAGE - DAY

The moment AMANDA and VIVIAN step into WYLD BLUE WEST VILLAGE, they are enveloped by the boutique's inviting atmosphere, blending modern chic with vintage charm. The space is thoughtfully curated, showcasing a harmonious mix of new and pre-loved designer pieces that invite exploration.

High ceilings adorned with exposed wooden beams lend a rustic touch, while polished hardwood floors gleam underfoot. Shelving crafted from reclaimed wood displays an eclectic assortment of clothing: racks filled with flowing bohemian dresses, tailored jackets, and artisanal denim—all arranged by color for an aesthetically pleasing effect.

Nearby, a vintage display case catches their eye, housing an array of stunning accessories. Delicate gold necklaces with intricate pendants, statement earrings that shimmer in the light, and chunky bracelets that could be conversation starters sit side by side—a treasure trove for any fashion aficionado.

VIVIAN

(gesturing toward a bright yellow dress)

Look at this! It's adorable. The color is so vibrant; it practically shouts summer.

AMANDA

(smiling as she pulls it from the rack)

It definitely has a personality!
And can we talk about that fabric?
Feel how soft it is!

As they navigate deeper into the store, they pass racks showcasing pieces from esteemed designers such as Chanel and Gucci. The iconic double-C logo peeks out from a tailored blazer, and a stunning Gucci handbag catches Amanda's attention, its timeless elegance begging to be touched.

VIVIAN
(eyes wide)
Oh, this blazer is divine! It's
like it's begging me to take it
home.

AMANDA
(teasingly)
Are we sure that actually belongs
to you? You've got some competition
with that one!

VIVIAN
You can have anything you want in
life, if you dress for it!

In the back corner, a cozy seating area transforms the boutique into a welcoming haven. Plush armchairs upholstered in rich velvet beckon customers to take a break, surrounded by potted plants that breathe life into the space. A low coffee table is scattered with fashion magazines and lookbooks, enhancing the vibrant, creative atmosphere.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
When can I meet this new guy?

AMANDA
How about tomorrow?

INT. NEW AGE ASIAN FUSION RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The vibrant neon lights cast a glow across the sleek, modern interior of the NEW AGE ASIAN FUSION RESTAURANT. A mix of contemporary art and traditional Asian decor creates a lively atmosphere, with the hum of chatter and laughter filling the air. TIMMY sits at a round table with AMANDA, and her two friends, VIVIAN and LIAM.

Timmy glances around, taking in the colorful ambiance, feeling both excited and slightly out of place.

AMANDA
(cheerfully, pointing to
the menu)
You're going to love this place,
Timmy. The sushi here is insane.

TIMMY
(looking at the menu)
I've always been a fan of sushi,
but this fusion stuff is new to me.

LIAM
(grinning)
You're in for a treat. Wait until
you try the dragon roll; it's a
local favorite!

VIVIAN
(rolling her eyes
playfully)
Just don't ask for the "sushi
pizza." Some things are better left
untouched, believe me.

They all share a laugh as Timmy scans the menu, a mixture of
excitement and apprehension evident on his face.

TIMMY
(glancing at Amanda)
What's your go-to order?

AMANDA
(enthusiastically)
I love the spicy tuna tartare. It's
so fresh!

LIAM
(chiming in)
But nothing beats the presentation
here. It's like art you can eat.

The waiter approaches, and they place their orders, with
Timmy relying on Amanda's enthusiastic recommendations.
Afterward, the conversation shifts.

VIVIAN
(sighing dramatically)
Honestly, New York rent is a
nightmare. I just got my lease
renewed..

LIAM
(mockingly)
And how'd they break the news to
you? Through a death threat?

VIVIAN
(laughing)
Pretty much! 'Oh, you want to keep
living here? Here's an extra
thousand dollars on top of what you
already pay!'

TIMMY

(chiming in)

Crazy, right? I heard they're making it even tougher for people to live in decent places these days.

AMANDA

(excitedly)

Yeah, but you guys are doing well, right? You've both got good careers.

VIVIAN shoots a casual glance at Timmy, a hint of understanding passing between them.

VIVIAN

(nodding)

Well, let's just say being a psychologist is not as glamorous as it sounds. I work long hours, and sometimes my patients are the absolute worst.

LIAM

(teasingly)

Come on, give us a horror story about your clients.

VIVIAN

(grinning)

Oh, they're all full of delightful drama! Like the woman who insisted her cat is the reincarnation of her late husband.

TIMMY

(chuckling)

What's that like?

VIVIAN

(raising an eyebrow)

Very uncomfortable, I assure you.

AMANDA

(laughing)

No wonder you keep working those late hours!

VIVIAN

(sipping her drink)
Speaking of challenging clients, I had this one patient... a retired police officer with a particularly gnarly personality.

TIMMY

(leaning in, intrigued)
What happened?

VIVIAN

Well, he didn't come to see me because he wanted my psychological help. No, he wanted me to sign disability papers, claiming his memory deficits stemmed from a previous injury.

AMANDA

(nodding)
And was he telling the truth?

VIVIAN

(smirking slightly)
Not exactly. Neuro-psychological testing revealed severe alcohol abuse, which explained his cognitive problems.

LIAM

(grimacing)
That's infuriating.

VIVIAN

(continuing)
I got the feeling he was trying to game the system, you know?

The table quiets as they absorb the gravity of her words.

AMANDA

(supportive)
That must have been frustrating for you.

VIVIAN

(exhales sharply)
It gets worse. As I was taking his psychological history, I asked if he had ever taken antidepressants.

Vivian pauses, the weight of the memory settling in.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

He referred to his former psychiatrist as a "New York Jew who should have died in the ovens of Auschwitz."

The table goes silent, shock registering on everyone's faces as they digest what she just said.

TIMMY

(voice tight)

What a despicable thing to say.

AMANDA

(angry)

That's appalling! How did you react?

VIVIAN

(staring down at her

drink)

I was completely taken aback. I felt a mixture of shock and rage all at once. Here was this guy, hitting every stereotype of the racist cop while trying to manipulate the system for his gain.

LIAM

(frowning)

I can't even begin to imagine how you must've felt.

VIVIAN

(passionately)

I just can't stand being manipulated like that. It makes my skin crawl.

TIMMY

(supportively)

It's admirable how you handle situations like that. It's not easy.

VIVIAN

(sighing)

You know, it's not just the tough moments in therapy. I often have these incidental encounters with patients outside the office. It really throws me for a loop sometimes.

LIAM

(leaning in, curious)

You mean like running into them on the street?

VIVIAN

(nodding)

Yeah, it's always awkward. Just the other day, I saw one of my patients at the grocery store.

TIMMY

(supportively)

That must make for some interesting interactions.

VIVIAN

(smiling wryly)

You have no idea! It's like suddenly you become a part of their actual lives. I mean, there we were, right next to the cereal aisle!

AMANDA

(laughing softly)

Did they acknowledge you?

VIVIAN

(rolling her eyes)

Of course! They greeted me like we were old friends, completely unfazed by the fact that I was their therapist. It's so strange to see them out of context.

TIMMY

(teasingly)

Caught buying snacks instead of working on their mental health?

VIVIAN

(crossing her arms, mock-serious)

Exactly! And it hits me—they might still be grappling with everything we talked about in therapy while standing there choosing between Frosted Flakes or granola.

AMANDA

(seriously)

That's got to be a lot for you to handle.

VIVIAN

(nods)

It can be. I feel like I've got to juggle their impressions of me as a professional with their everyday realities. I once had a patient make a joke about "saving their therapy talk for later."

LIAM

(chuckling)

What did you say?

VIVIAN

(shrugging)

I just smiled and said, "That's fine, but remember I can only hear one conversation at a time." It helps diffuse the situation, but it's a constant reminder that we all live in the same world outside those office walls.

TIMMY

(nods)

That's a powerful perspective. It's a reminder that everyone is more complex than the labels we assign them.

AMANDA

(focused)

Absolutely. And it just shows how interconnected we all are, even outside the confines of therapy sessions.

VIVIAN

(smiling)

It's true. Every encounter, whether planned or incidental, weaves together the fabric of our lives.

LIAM

(leaning in, curious)

But seriously, how do you balance all that with rent? It seems impossible.

VIVIAN shrugs, and they all share an understanding nod, acknowledging the struggles of living in the city.

VIVIAN

(sighing)

You're just working to keep your head above water. I think about getting a second job, but it's just exhausting.

They share a moment of silence while waiting for their food, the underlying tension manifesting in drinks shared and glances exchanged.

TIMMY

(earnestly)

You know, I think the biggest struggle isn't the rent. It's finding balance in life.

The waiter arrives with their food, vibrant plates of sushi are served, and the conversation shifts back to light-hearted banter. Timmy watches Amanda interact with her friends, warmth spreading in his chest, hopeful about where this night might lead—and the connection blossoming between all of them.

As they dig into their meal, laughter fills the air once again, the worries of the day drifting away in the infectious spirit of shared company.

CUT TO:

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

VIVIAN

(softly, gathering her thoughts)

Amanda, there's something we need to talk to you about.

AMANDA's smile falters slightly, sensing a shift in energy.

AMANDA

(concerning)

What's wrong? You both seem... serious.

LIAM takes a breath, deciding to speak up.

LIAM

(earnestly)

It's about Timmy.

AMANDA looks between them, puzzled, as the cheerful atmosphere begins to dim.

AMANDA
(raising an eyebrow)
What about Timmy?

VIVIAN
(carefully)
Timmy... he's homeless, Amanda.

Silence envelops the table. AMANDA's eyes widen in surprise as she struggles to process the information.

AMANDA
(shocked)
Homeless?

LIAM
(nodding)
Yeah, we met him a while ago. He's been sleeping on the sidewalks near the park. He didn't mention it tonight, and to be fair, we hadn't either.

AMANDA
(pulling back, bewildered)
But he seemed so... put together.

VIVIAN
(supportively)
That's what makes his situation even more heartbreaking. He's intelligent, funny, and knows so much about history and art. But his living situation is tough.

AMANDA processes this revelation, her heart beginning to ache for TIMMY.

AMANDA
(struggling for a response)
I had no idea. I thought he was... well, I thought he was just quirky.

LIAM
(interjecting gently)
He is quirky! But it's deeper than that. He has this remarkable ability to find humor and joy even in tough circumstances.

AMANDA

(slowly)

I can't believe I missed the signs.

VIVIAN

(grabbing Amanda's hand)

It's easy to overlook, especially in a city like this. Everyone has their struggles, just hidden behind a face.

LIAM

Lying by omission is still technically lying.

VIVIAN

(leaning forward)

Listen, Amanda. I don't want you to get involved with him. It's not just about dating someone who's homeless; it's about the emotional complexities it brings.

AMANDA

(defensive)

What do you mean? Are you saying I should just walk away?

VIVIAN

(carefully)

I'm saying it could be difficult for you. He has so many struggles, and you have to think about your own well-being too.

LIAM

(trying to mediate)

It's a complicated situation. I think there's merit to what Vivian is saying, but it's also important to consider how you feel about him.

AMANDA

(turning to Liam)

So you're saying I should just end it before it starts?

VIVIAN

(supportively)

I just think you need to be cautious. You don't have to put yourself in a position to feel responsible for him.

AMANDA

(frowning)

But he deserves kindness! I want to be there for him.

LIAM

(hands raised, neutral)

It's understandable. Making connections is important, but you need to be prepared for the potential challenges.

AMANDA

(sighing, frustrated)

So, what? I should just ignore what we have because of a label?

VIVIAN

(shaking her head)

I'm not saying to ignore him completely. Just be aware of the emotional weight. You don't want to end up getting hurt, you know?

Vivian pauses for a second and stops shaking her head.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

I trust you, Amanda. I trust you so much. I'll never mention this ever again.

AMANDA

(breathing deeply)

I appreciate your concern, but I can't just walk away from someone because of their circumstances.

LIAM

(leaning in)

It's a tightrope walk, Amanda. Just be cautious and protect your heart.

AMANDA

(earnestly)

I can do that. I'm not afraid of hard conversations, and if I care about him, I'll face it.

A moment of silence hangs in the air as Amanda's determination settles. Vivian and Liam share a glance, acknowledging her resolve.

VIVIAN
(softening)
Alright, just promise to keep your
eyes open.

AMANDA
(firmly)
I will. Thank you for looking out
for me.

CUT TO:

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The ambient glow of the city lights pours into the elegantly decorated space, casting long shadows across the room. Amanda stands at her kitchen counter, her expression taut with a mixture of concern and confusion. A glass of wine sits untouched in front of her, her thoughts racing. TIMMY enters, his usual carefree demeanor replaced by a hint of apprehension as he senses the tension.

TIMMY
(cheerfully)
Hey! What's with the serious vibe?

AMANDA
(turning to face him, arms
crossed)
We need to talk, Timmy.

He raises an eyebrow, sensing the gravity of her tone.

TIMMY
(concerned)
Sure. What's up?

AMANDA
(catching her breath)
I talked to Vivian and Liam
earlier... They told me the truth
about your situation.

Timmy's expression shifts to one of surprise, his carefree demeanor replaced by a hint of vulnerability.

TIMMY
(defensive)
Oh. So they decided to spill
everything, huh?

AMANDA

(frowning)

When did you plan to tell me the honeymoon? How could you lie to me like that?

TIMMY

(falling back on
deflection)

Well, I never exactly told you I wasn't homeless.

AMANDA

(voice rising slightly)

You could have been honest! I thought we were building something real, not hiding the truth behind a lie.

TIMMY

I didn't love to lie, I lied to love.

AMANDA

(nodding, searching his
face)

Why didn't you say anything? Why hide it from me?

TIMMY

(looking down)

I didn't want to burden you with that. You're just getting to know me.

AMANDA

(emotionally)

Timmy, it's not a burden. It's part of who you are. I thought we were building something real.

TIMMY

(defensively)

It doesn't define me! I'm still me, just... without a permanent roof over my head.

AMANDA

(firmly)

But it affects everything. I can't pretend like it doesn't matter.

Timmy glances away, discomfort flickering across his features.

TIMMY
(struggling with the
words)
I didn't want you to see me
differently.

AMANDA
(softening)
Why would I? This city breaks
people. I see that every day, but
it doesn't change the fact that
you're intelligent, funny, and
kind.

Timmy finally meets her gaze, and his walls start to crack.

TIMMY
(voice lowering)
I just thought... if I could
connect with someone like you,
maybe I could skate by without it
coming up.

AMANDA
(hurt)
You thought I wouldn't want to be
with you if I knew?

TIMMY
(earnestly)
It's not about you. It's about me,
about the stigma.

AMANDA
(frustrated)
You think I care about labels? You
think that I'm not willing to
accept all of you, the good and
bad? Don't you understand that?

TIMMY
(pleading)
But it's complicated. I know how it
sounds, and I didn't want to scare
you away with the reality I'm
living.

The room falls silent, the tension thick yet pregnant with
potential understanding. Amanda steps closer, her expression
softening.

AMANDA

(sincerely)

Timmy, my whole life has been about navigating complexities. I don't shy away from reality. I embrace it.

TIMMY

(voice trembling)

You're so together, Amanda. I don't want to bring my chaos into your world.

AMANDA

(glancing at the floor)

And I don't want you to think I see you any less because of it. I want you to feel safe enough to talk to me about it.

TIMMY

(sighing)

I'm just scared, Amanda. Scared of being judged, scared of being seen differently.

AMANDA

(steadfast)

Then let's face that fear together. You're not alone in this.

Timmy looks at her, vulnerability flickering behind his eyes as the weight of her words presses against his heart.

TIMMY

(softly)

You really mean that?

AMANDA

(nods sincerely)

Absolutely.

Timmy exhales deeply, feeling a sense of relief wash over him. Amanda reaches out, taking his hand in hers, grounding both of them in the moment.

TIMMY

(tearing up, voice steady)

Thank you. For everything.

AMANDA

(smiling)

Just promise me you won't keep
hiding from me. I want to know the
real you, all the messy parts
included. I was worried I was
dating an American Gigolo, but it
turns out I'm dating the Cinderella
Man.

They share a moment of silence, both finding solace in the fragile truth of their relationship. The city hums beyond the windows, but inside Amanda's apartment, a connection blooms anew—a promise of openness and support amid life's chaos.

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The sun filters through the sheer curtains, casting a warm glow over the stylishly decorated space. Scattered bookshelves overflow with an eclectic mix of classic literature, art books, and a collection of vintage movie posters adorn the walls. The soft sound of jazz plays in the background, creating a relaxed atmosphere.

In the living room, AMANDA and TIMMY sit comfortably on the couch, Amanda is finishing The New York Times Sunday crossword puzzle. They are wrapped in a light blanket, the remnants of their earlier intimacy still lingering in the air.

AMANDA

(raising an eyebrow)

So, what do you think? "Famous WWII
General", six letters?

TIMMY

(grinning)

Is it Patton?

AMANDA

(considering)

I thought of that too, but it might
fit better with "FDR's Chief of
Staff".

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(concentrating)

Alright, let's see... "Belgian town
famous for the WWII Battle of the
Bulge," Eight letters...

She taps the pen against her chin, glancing up at Timmy for support.

TIMMY
(grinning)
That's Bastogne! Definitely a memorable location from the war.

She quickly writes it down, smirking at his knowledge.

AMANDA
(looking impressed)
You really know your stuff!

TIMMY
(mockingly proud)
Well, someone has to keep history alive in modern conversations.

AMANDA
(playfully)
Sometimes I think you're more of a history professor than a basement artist.

TIMMY
(faking a gasp)
I'll have you know my basement is an artistic haven!

AMANDA
(chuckling)
Okay, Mr. Artistic Haven, how about this one? "Famous English novel about a boy's adventures abroad," Eight letters?

TIMMY
(thoughtful)
Hmm... I'd say that's probably "Tom Sawyer."

AMANDA
(grinning)
Nice try, but it's actually "Peter Pan."

She moves on to another clue, still smiling.

TIMMY
(raising an eyebrow)
Alright, so you're throwing pop culture into the mix now?

AMANDA

(leaning back playfully)
Only because I know I can keep you
on your toes with both history and
literature.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Alright, how about "Famous Roman
philosopher", six letters?

TIMMY

That's easy! Seneca! He was the
ultimate Stoic.

AMANDA

That's right! And speaking of
Stoics, do you think they'd approve
of our little... escapade before
the puzzle?

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING - 5:05 PM

The setting sun shines through the draping curtains, calling
in a cold bluish purple light from the outer wastes.
Scattered across the snow-white carpet floor are notebooks
and a consortia of pages, separate but together, somehow. A
nebula of ideas and dreams...

Just off at the Kitchenette mahogany wood table, TIMMY sits,
writing unquenchably.

Amanda enters through the faux stained-glass door, bringing
with her a cold and bitter wind that chilled the very soul of
the room. She lingers, slowly closing the door.

AMANDA

(Perplexed)
Hello? I'm back!

TIMMY

(looking up)
Oh, hey.

AMANDA
(incredulous)
You wouldn't "believe" what
happened at the office today..

TIMMY
(smirking sardonic)
So then, why even tell me?

AMANDA
(sighs, exasperated)
It's Ali. She keeps flirting with
me. Like I'm giving out all kinda
hints that I'm not interested but,
she keeps invading my personal
space... We're really close, maybe
she's just gotten the wrong idea?

TIMMY
(Still writing,
unquenched, absorbed)
Uh huh, ya. maybe

AMANDA
I think she does see the signs, but
just doesn't care? She's definitely
smart enough to know better... It's
like she enjoys making me
uncomfortable. Maybe she gets off
on the feeling of control?

Timmy bursts out laughing, laying his pencil down

TIMMY
(wry smile)
And, who wouldn't want a piece of
the best ass in Greenwich Village?

AMANDA
(smiling weakly in return)
Yeah—well... How's "ZERO SUM GAME"
been going?

TIMMY
(lighting up)
Oh FANTASTIC! Here read it.

Timmy flips his notebook at the table to face Amanda, and points almost spastically to the last paragraph.

CUT TO:

Long shot of the text lingering to read 6-7 seconds as the blur shifts to clear; crystal clear, like a mirror just wiped and cleaned by Windex.

CUT TO:

Amanda starts reading aloud;

The crowd raged like a vicious sea as the waves parted to reveal the path forward for Amin al' dah. Amin could taste copper at the back of his throat while two burly hired men of the Mujahideen brought him through the savage storm of the masses. Guards stood sentinel every ten feet to the next of another, holding and threatening the crowd back with occasional machine-gun fire into the air. Amin al' dah could viscerally feel their screams and curses, like their own form of bullets, flying into his abdomen. Black-brown eyes, crazed, spouting fundamentalist doctrine while gnashing their teeth like rabid dogs. Spit flew past him, and following that was a stone, which cracked into his temple, sending a shock of tinnitus through his skull.

It seemed as if an eternity had passed until Amin found himself up above on the hastily built platform. His two escorts quickly shoved him down to his knees, tying his wrists behind him taut. Amin took the time to contemplate his situation, staring out above all the dispossessed. He spoke earnestly, to all that could hear him.

"My God of Love and Honey's sweet Charity!.."

"Is this the price to pay for our better Ang-elsss..."

But the effort was wasted, as Amin felt the cold plunge of the Jalaad's knife cut across his throat, as blood gurgled off his last dying words. A rush of Sharpened PAIN rose upwards through his body, reaching the crown of his shaved head. In that moment, he couldn't have sworn to hearing a cacophony of sound simmering into a singular, POP!

TIMMY

(Laughing through his
teeth)

So-, what do you think?

AMANDA

(Apprehensive, stressed
out)

What's so funny?

TIMMY

(self-satisfied)

Oh sorry, this chapter I just
finished is pure, GOLD!

AMANDA

(annoyed, raising her
voice slightly)

Have you even listened to anything
I've said?

TIMMY

(matter of fact)

Ya, your gay secretary was hitting
on you.

AMANDA
(defensive)
Ali's bisexual actually...

TIMMY
Well, apparently she's very
enthusiastic about the job.

Amanda doesn't laugh.

A beat.

AMANDA
That's not funny.

Timmy shrugs, returning to the notebook.

TIMMY
Relax, I'm kidding.

Amanda folds her arms.

AMANDA
Have you actually heard anything
I've said?

Timmy taps his pencil against the page, thinking about his
writing.

TIMMY
You said your assistant's flirting
with you.

Amanda stares at him.

AMANDA
That's... not the point.

Timmy sighs lightly, impatient.

TIMMY
Okay, what's the point?

AMANDA
The point is it makes me
uncomfortable.

TIMMY
Then tell her to stop.

Amanda shakes her head.

AMANDA
It's not that simple.

TIMMY
Why not?

AMANDA
Because she works for me.

Timmy shrugs.

TIMMY
So fire her.

Amanda exhales, frustrated now.

AMANDA
God, Timmy.

TIMMY
What?

AMANDA
You're impossible sometimes.

Timmy looks up again, mildly confused.

TIMMY
What did I do?

AMANDA
Nothing. That's the problem.

Timmy leans back in his chair.

TIMMY
I was joking around.

Amanda turns away slightly.

TIMMY (CONT'D)
You're getting too sensitive
lately.

A long silence.

Timmy goes back to writing.

Amanda stands there for a moment, watching him – the notebooks, the scattered pages, the world he's fully inside.

Completely absorbed.

She picks up her bag from the floor.

He doesn't notice.

Amanda quietly walks toward the bedroom.

Timmy flips the page of his notebook and keeps writing.

EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER - CHRISTMAS DAY

The iconic Rockefeller Center Christmas tree towers majestically, adorned with thousands of sparkling lights, while a light dusting of snowflakes gently falls, adding to the festive atmosphere. Families and couples bustle about, laughter ringing out as they skate on the rink below. TIMMY and AMANDA stand in line at a nearby street vendor, the smell of roasted chestnuts and warm pretzels wafting through the air.

AMANDA

(smirking)

Can you believe how beautiful it is? It's like a scene straight out of a holiday postcard.

TIMMY

(nods, a faint smile
breaking through)

To me it feels more like a Norman Rockwell painting.

They share a laugh as they reach the front of the line. Timmy orders two steaming cups of coffee, handing one to Amanda.

AMANDA

(sipping her drink)

Mmm, this is perfect. Nothing like hot coffee on a chilly day.

TIMMY

(nods, taking a sip)

Especially here. It makes everything feel festive, doesn't it?

They stroll a few steps away from the vendor, stopping to admire the giant tree, its lights twinkling against the snow.

AMANDA

(looking up)

I love how the lights reflect off the ice. It's like magic.

TIMMY

(smiling)

Yeah, it really is. But you know, it's a little overwhelming too.

AMANDA

(turning her head)

Overwhelming? In what way?

They find a bench nearby, watching as couples skate hand-in-hand, children laughing as they tumble in the snow.

TIMMY

(serious)

I mean, with all this beauty, it makes me think about what's going on in our lives.

AMANDA

(her smile fading)

What do you mean?

TIMMY

(sighing)

I've been feeling the weight of things lately—my situation, the uncertainty of it all.

AMANDA

(sipping her coffee,
looking down)

I get that... It's been hard for both of us.

There's a moment of silence as they watch the skaters, the joyful sounds around them creating a stark contrast to the heaviness in the air.

TIMMY

(looking at her)

I love you, Amanda. But I can see how my struggles are affecting you.

AMANDA

(tears welling in her eyes)

I love you too, Timmy. But... I don't know how much longer I can handle this.

TIMMY

(confused)

What do you mean?

AMANDA

(struggling)

It's just... I've been waiting for things to change, hoping it would get better. But it feels like we're stuck in this limbo.

TIMMY

(voice trembling)

So, what are you saying?

AMANDA

(her voice breaking)

I think we need to break up.

Timmy's heart drops, the laughter and joy around them fading into a distant echo.

TIMMY

(shocked)

You want to end things?

AMANDA

(tears streaming down her cheeks)

It's not what I want, but I can't keep living in uncertainty. I need to focus on my own life, my own happiness.

TIMMY

(pleading)

But we can work through this! I'm trying...

AMANDA

(voice shaking)

I know you are, and I admire your strength. But I need stability in my life, and right now, I don't see a future for us.

They stand in silence, surrounded by the festive splendor of Rockefeller Center, but the world feels heavy and dark.

TIMMY

(voice breaking)

I never wanted it to come to this.

AMANDA

(sobbing softly)

Neither did I. But sometimes love isn't enough to hold two people together when their paths diverge.

TIMMY

(quietly)

I'll always care about you.

With a heavy heart, Amanda takes a step back, her eyes filled with regret and sadness.

AMANDA

(turning away)

Merry Christmas, Timmy.

TIMMY

(whispering, voice thick
with emotion)

Merry Christmas, Amanda.

As she walks away, the enchanting atmosphere of Rockefeller Center fades into the background, leaving Timmy standing alone, feeling the weight of her decision amidst the joyous crowd of couples and zestful children laughing, in sharp contrast to his heavy heart.

Light snowflakes fall rapidly from the sky, dusting the ground and the branches of trees in the park, transforming the scene into a winter wonderland.

FADE-TO-WHITE