

The front hall is dark, but even in the dimness several pictures hanging above the table in the front hall can be made out, each in a dark wooden frame. The photos are all of a woman and a man smiling.

On top of the table are neatly piled stacks of mail; bills, magazines, and coupons. There is an organizer with two hooks for keys. The left hook has a set of keys hanging from it with a generic keychain attached.

The door opens and lets in CHARLES, fifties, light grey jacket and dark grey tie. His hair is a badly dyed black.

He turns on the light, revealing the grey-blue color of the walls. He hangs his keys from the other spot on the organizer and peruses the mail, leaving it slightly out of order.

He hangs his satchel and coat on a hook on the wall, and loosens his tie. He's distracted for a moment by one of the pictures of him and his wife JOAN.

They are in their twenties in the photo, dressed casually, and smiling up at the camera from the bottom of a waterfall, surrounded by greenery.

His hand reaches out to almost touch it, then withdraws.

JOAN (O.S.)
Is that you, Charles?

CHARLES
Who else would it be?

Charles walks down the hall to the kitchen, where Joan eats. She's also in her fifties, but has let the grey start to creep into her hair. She wears a dark grey dress and a half-hearted smile.

The table is set for one.

Charles busies himself gathering silverware and reheating leftovers. He sets the other side of the table. Joan quickens her eating pace. Charles get his plate on the table before she finishes.

CHARLES
How was work today?

(CONTINUED)

JOAN

Good.

Beat.

JOAN

How was work for you?

CHARLES

Good.

The sound of forks scraping against plates is grating in the silence between them.

CHARLES

My students tried to convince me to extend the deadline on their essays on mitosis. There's a hockey game this weekend, or so they tell me. Apparently the team might take states this year.

JOAN

That's nice.

More silence. Joan finishes her meal.

JOAN

I have to look over our finances tonight, so I might be up late. Do you have any grading to do?

CHARLES

Yes, just a little-

JOAN

Okay, I'll make sure not to bother you. Don't work too hard.

Joan leans down to kiss his cheek.

JOAN

I love you.

She means it, but the words sound threadbare. Charles doesn't say them back.

Joan frowns in quiet sadness at his turned back as she exits the kitchen.

2 EXT. EL YUNQUE NATIONAL FOREST, PUERTO RICO - 1987 - DAY 2

It rains heavily as YOUNG CHARLES (20s) and YOUNG JOAN (20s) run through the forest to their campsite.

They take shelter under their tarp, Joan laughing almost hysterically while Charles frantically searches for a towel.

YOUNG CHARLES
I hate rain. I hate it, I-

YOUNG JOAN
Did you skip over the rainforest
part of that "fascinating" report
you read about parrots?

YOUNG CHARLES
No. I just didn't think it would
rain every single day.

JOAN
It *is* the rainy season, Chip.

YOUNG CHARLES
I know that.

Joan takes pity on Charles and looks through her extremely well organized back pack to grab a plastic bag full of chocolate bars. She hands one to her husband.

He takes it and looks at Joan as though she's the reason the sun rises in the morning. She just looks amused as he inhales the chocolate.

YOUNG CHARLES
I love you, have I mentioned that?

YOUNG JOAN
Only five times a day since I
married you.

YOUNG CHARLES
So not nearly enough.

YOUNG JOAN
Why do I get the feeling you're
angling for more chocolate?

Joan hands him another bar anyway, just to see his face light up.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG JOAN

So when the rain lets up we go back
out and get back to looking for
your damn parrots.

YOUNG CHARLES

And coqui frogs. Did you know
they're actually named for the
sound they make at night when...

Charles voice is gradually overwhelmed by the sounds of the
rainforest. The sound of rain fades.

3 EXT. EL YUNQUE NATIONAL FOREST, PUERTO RICO - LATER 3

The rain is gone and it's now night. The sounds of the
rainforest are loud.

Under the tarp, Joan and Charles lie on top of their
sleeping bags, exhausted by their day of adventuring.

They slowly fall asleep.

When the dark settles, the moss on the trees around them
glows. The wedding rings on Charles and Joan's joined hands
shine brightly in the dark.

4 INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - PRESENT - NIGHT 4

Charles walks in to see Joan has fallen asleep while going
through their bills. She snores softly and her reading
glasses threaten to fall off her nose.

He takes them off and sets them on the table at the side of
the bed.

Joan wakes up long enough to resetttle on the bed, laying on
her side. She faces away from Charles.

Charles, now dressed in grey sweatpants and a grey t-shirt
also gets into bed.

He lies looking up at the ceiling, miserable. He turns a
moment to look at Joan.

CHARLES

I wish... I wish we were in love
again, Joanie.

He closes his eyes to sleep. Their wedding rings glow.

5 INT. APARTMENT - THE NEXT NIGHT

5

The front hall is dark, and the organizer on the front hall table has one set of keys on the left hook. The generic keychain has been replaced with a rainbow surfboard keychain.

The door opens and the light switches on. Charles walks through the door wearing a light grey jacket and light blue tie. He hangs up his keys.

He stops when he notices the surfboard and smiles to himself, bemused.

CHARLES

Joan?

JOAN (O.S.)

I'm in the kitchen.

Charles walks down the hall to the kitchen to see Joan dressed in pale blue dress. She stands next to a pile of vegetables.

JOAN

You know, it's been forever since we cooked together.

Charles is stunned. He smiles a second too late to be entirely natural.

CHARLES

You peel, I cut?

JOAN

That's the idea, dear.

They go to their respective jobs and silently work together side by side.

Every time Joan passes a peeled potato to Charles their wedding rings slightly glow.

6 INT. APARTMENT - LATER

6

Joan and Charles sit at the kitchen table across from each other, eating the meal they prepared together.

CHARLES

How was work today?

(CONTINUED)

JOAN
Fine. And you?

CHARLES
The usual moaning and groaning
about homework.

JOAN
Well, Chip, you probably deserved
it. Kids are overworked these days,
don't you know? I read an article
about it the other day in the
Times.

Charles stares at her.

JOAN
What?

CHARLES
Nothing... It's just... you called
me Chip. You haven't called me that
in years.

Joan realizes she did and shrugs with a smile.

JOAN
Just nostalgic I suppose. I was
thinking about when we went to
Puerto Rico today.

CHARLES
I remember. You broke out in hives.

JOAN
And you had such an awful sunburn.
Your skin was peeling for days.

Charles and Joan both laugh.

CHARLES
We did have the best time, didn't
we?

JOAN
(with slight sadness)
The best.

They go back to eating and the usual silence they've been
dreading. Charles looks up, begins to speak and stops. He
sets his fork down and tries again.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES
Tomorrow's Saturday.

JOAN
Oh my, you have mastered the
calendar.

CHARLES
We should picnic. We've been
meaning to go to that park...

JOAN
Okay.

They eat. Joan smiles down into her food.

7

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

7

Charles hums as he shaves. He is wearing a white button down
and a light purple tie. He sets down the razor and then puts
product in his hair.

As he hums, his ring starts to glow brighter and brighter
until he notices it sitting on the counter. He stares.

The ring starts to return to normal as his good mood fades
and is replaced with cautious curiosity.

The second he touches the ring, he gasps for air and
clutches at his chest.

He falls to the bathroom floor.

As soon as he loses contact with the ring, it stops glowing.

JOAN (O.S.)
Charles, are you alright?

Charles stares at the ring on the floor.

CHARLES
I'm fine.

JOAN
I thought I heard something.

Charles reaches out to gently tap the ring. Nothing happens.
He places it back on his finger.

CHARLES
Everything's fine.

Charles leaves the bathroom.

8 INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS 8

Joan wears a yellow sundress and a white baseball cap. She pulls out another baseball cap and puts it on Charles' head.

JOAN

So you don't get another sunburn.

Charles smiles at Joan's thoughtfulness.

9 INT. APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS 9

Charles and Joan walk out through the front hall door with a picnic basket. Joan takes her keys off of the organizer and shuts the door behind her.

Instead of the grey blue we have seen it painted before, the front hall walls have transformed into a sunny yellow.

10 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 10

Charles and Joan enter through the front hall door. Charles comes in first holding the door open for Joan. She carries the picnic basket which now holds a brilliantly colored parrot.

JOAN

I still can't believe we-

CHARLES

(laughing)

That's the most impulsive thing
we've done in decades.

Joan watches the bird fascinated. Charles leaves and returns with a bird cage and other various supplies for caring for the parrot.

JOAN

This is your new home, Lucky.

LUCKY

Lucky. Lucky. Lucky.

Charles and Joan grin at each other in delight.

11 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 11

The front hall light is on. On the front hall table is the organizer, Joan's keys hanging from the left hook while the other is empty. The pictures that are hung on the wall are now in bright multi-colored plastic frames.

(CONTINUED)

Charles opens the door and hangs up his keys. He's dressed in a bright blue button up and red tie, and carrying a plastic bag from the supermarket. He reaches to flip the light on before realizing he doesn't have to.

He smiles slowly. As he does, his ring starts to glow and he starts breathing harder again, hand clutching at his chest.

He drops the plastic bag and collapses against the closed front hall door, sliding down slowly.

He struggles to take his ring off and then flings it away from him. Instantly, he can breathe normally again.

The front hall light is off now. He reaches up to turn it on and sees that the front hall is the same blue-grey it was originally. The picture frames are once again dark and wooden. Joan's rainbow surfboard keychain is replaced with the generic keychain from the first scene.

Charles looks down the hall to see Joan dressed in dark colors eating at a table set for one.

He sits up and scrambles for the ring on the other side of the front hall.

He hesitates putting it back on his finger, but only for a moment.

The instant the ring is back on his finger, the front hall is yellow again.

Joan is leaning over him in concern, wearing a red dress, the same color as Charles' tie.

JOAN

Chip, are you okay?

CHARLES

No need to worry, Joanie. I just fell. Everything is fine.

Joan doesn't look convinced.

JOAN

Maybe we should-

CHARLES

I'm fit as a fiddle, I promise.
Let's make dinner. I brought home
ice cream.

(CONTINUED)

JOAN
(hesitantly)
You would tell me if something was
wrong, though, wouldn't you?

CHARLES
Of course, Joan. Let's eat.

Joan helps Charles to his feet, still looking worried.
Charles walks past her to the kitchen.

Joan stands in the front hallway a little while longer. She
walks up to Puerto Rico picture, now framed in red.

She smiles and touches it lightly before turning to follow
Charles.

12 INT. LIVING ROOM - APARTMENT - LATER

12

A record plays and Charles and Joan sway back and forth at
the center of the room, just barely dancing. Joan laughs as
she hears their parrot imitating the voice on the record.

JOAN
I missed this.

CHARLES
Dancing?

Joan nods and rests her forehead against Charles' shoulder.
They sway for a few moments, and the two look utterly
content.

The rings begin to glow.

Charles does his best to pretend nothing is wrong, even as
his breathing quickens and he starts to shake.

LUCKY
Lucky. Lucky. Lucky.

The record ends, and Joan notices something is wrong. She
steps back and Charles falls.

On the floor, he turns to look at his ring, but he makes no
move to remove it.

JOAN
Chip? Chip, this isn't funny.

Charles' body convulses, and he looks back up at Joan.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES

I love you, Joan.

His eyes close.

Joan stares in shock a moment before running to the phone and dialing 911.

JOAN

Yes, hello, my husband's just collapsed, and I don't know what to do. We were dancing and then he fell and now he's... he's...

Joan continues to speak, but we can no longer hear her voice. Instead we hear the parrot. Joan's gestures become increasingly more frantic as time goes on.

LUCKY

I love you, Joan. I love you, Joan.
I love you, Joan.

13 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

13

Joan opens the front hall door, dressed in black. Both hooks on the organizer are empty, but she still places her keys on the left hook like she always has.

She can't look at the pictures on the wall.

14 INT. LIVING ROOM - APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

14

Joan walks into the living room, still in shock even several days later.

She walks up to the parrot and reaches down to Lucky's box of treats. She feeds the parrot one.

LUCKY

Lucky.

JOAN

Not really.

Joan pets the bird lightly and then stands in the center of the room where she and Charles had been dancing when he had died.

She closes her eyes and sways slightly.

Her ring starts to glow.

(CONTINUED)

JOAN
I wish...

Joan doesn't finish her wish. The ring stops glowing.