

A park sits quietly. Lit only by the warm lights hanging above.

A blustering wind is the only disturbance among the slumbering foliage.

A storm is headed this way.

We hear laughing and a snort rupture the stillness.

Two Silhouetted figures entwined by their arms emerge from the darkness strolling along the park trail.

As the figures approach we see a man, DOZIER, and a woman, LANA.

Dozier is wearing a worn button down, khakis, and a crooked fedora.

Lana is sporting a long coat over a dark purple dress. A beautiful charm rests on her neck. Her hair is a little messy.

DOZIER

...seen this.

LANA

(giggling)

I have never noticed that before.

DOZIER

It's the smallest thing, only someone like me would notice.

LANA

You mean a crazy person then?

DOZIER

Crazy goes a long way sister.

Dozier looks down and notices that his shoe lace is untied. He drops down to tie it and Lana continues forward.

DOZIER (CONT'D)

One sec.

She stops and glances around.

Dozier stands up, holding his fedora as a particularly strong gust of wind blows through and approaches Lana.

He notices her fiddling with the charm on her neck.

DOZIER

So where'd you get that, Lana?

Lana continues rubbing the charm, eyes fixed beyond Dozier's being.

DOZIER (CONT'D)

It's really pretty.

LANA

Oh, it's one of my favorites.

DOZIER

May I?

Lana looks down at the charm as Dozier reaches for it. He cradles the charm in his hand.

Lana removes Dozier's hand. Dozier rests his eyes on Lana's face and takes an awkward step back.

DOZIER (CONT'D)

Sorry, it just looks familiar.

Dozier continues forward without Lana.

Distracted by something behind her, Lana turns forward to see Dozier at a stop, looking down at something.

She joins his side revealing a fedora lying there at his feet.

DOZIER

What are the chances of us coming across the same one I have on?

LANA

Quite unlikely.

Dozier bends down to pick up the hat.

LANA (CONT'D)

I don't know if that's the best idea.

Dozier hesitates.

DOZIER

What makes you say that?

LANA

Having two things that hideous in your possession might make you uglier than you already are.

DOZIER

Hurtful.

LANA

I just call it as it is.

DOZIER

(gesturing to the Fedoras)

You think these are ugly?

LANA

Such objects are an atrocity not only this world, but my stomach as well.

DOZIER

Jeez, she is harsh tonight.

Dozier grasps the hat and cradles it in his hands.

Dozier turns it over and runs his fingers under the interior lining of the hat.

His hand stops.

Dozier pulls out a polaroid photo and drops the hat.

Lana touches Dozier's shoulder as she goes to look at the photo.

LANA

Can I see?

DOZIER

It's nothing.

Dozier crumples the photo up and throws it on the ground.

LANA

Hey, what the hell?

Lana picks up the photo, unraveling it carefully.

Dozier steps over the hat and proceeds further along the trail, straitening his own fedora.

DOZIER

I don't know why it matters anyways.

Lana looks at the photo of an old woman. An emotionless portrait.

LANA

Hey! I know this lady.

Lana jogs to catch up to Dozier.

Lana holds the photo out to Dozier.

LANA (CONT'D)

Did you hear me?

DOZIER

No. Sorry.

Dozier ignores Lana's gesture and she folds the picture in her hand.

LANA

I know this lady.

DOZIER

Do you, now?

LANA

Yes! Oh it's going to kill me I can't remember the name of the shop! Some old, dusty antique store I used go to a bajillion years ago.

DOZIER

And you saw that lady in the photo there?

LANA

No, dummy! She worked there--

DOZIER

(cutting Lana off)  
Or owned it.

LANA

God I wish I could remember that name.

DOZIER

I used to work in an antique store,  
you know.

LANA

Really? That is curious.

DOZIER

Today is becoming quite the day for  
coincidences, wouldn't you say?

LANA

I don't really believe in  
coincidences.

DOZIER

You think everything happens for a  
reason?

LANA

I'd like to think that fate is guiding  
us through life. Just as this sidewalk  
is guiding us along.

DOZIER

Well if fate is guiding me through  
life than it has a pretty sick sense  
of humor.

LANA

Why? Because you never found that  
woman?

Dozier glances towards Lana.

DOZIER

Eavesdroppers don't sit well in my  
book.

LANA

I wasn't trying to snoop. You speak  
loudly.

DOZIER

Honestly don't feel like talking about  
it much.

LANA

That's fine Dozier. You don't have to  
talk about it.

DOZIER  
Okay, thanks.

LANA  
But I would like to know so...  
whenever you do feel like it let me  
know.

Dozier and Lana awkwardly continue walking side by side.

LANA (CONT'D)  
Have you ever tried asking a woman's  
opinion on the subject?

DOZIER  
No.

LANA  
Well, any woman's opinion is gonna be  
ten times better than Jonas Belicki's.

DOZIER  
Alright, what's your deal?

LANA  
What?

DOZIER  
Won't you just shut up already?

LANA  
I'm just curious, Dozier, jeez.

DOZIER  
I said I didn't want to talk about it  
and you kept going on. I'm done,  
alright?

LANA  
I understand but you don't need to  
lose your temper like that.

DOZIER  
I am not losing my temper.

LANA  
Alright, alright fine you're not.  
Whatever you say boss.

Lana salutes Dozier.

DOZIER

What the fuck is your problem?

LANA

I dunno. I'm just trying to help.  
Lighten the mood a bit. But you're  
obviously peeved so I'll stop.

Dozier closes in on Lana, pointing his finger in his face.

DOZIER

So you're just fucking with me on  
purpose?

LANA

I like getting you riled up. I think  
it's funny.

DOZIER

It's childish. And how can you help me  
anyways? What do you even know about  
me?

LANA

Well I thought I knew you but...

DOZIER

No, you don't know who I am. Truly.

LANA

Well if you say so.

DOZIER

Everything I do is just so damned  
hard. You'd think if fate were real  
it'd give me a thing or two in life!

LANA

You are such a bummer.

DOZIER

Yeah I know.

LANA

It's the same for everyone like us.  
Life is hard, then you die. Why do you  
think you deserve anything special?

DOZIER

And you're calling me a bumner?

LANA

I'm just telling you the truth,  
Dozier.

DOZIER

The truth?

LANA

Yes.

DOZIER

Well here is some truth. Um, fuck you  
I hate you right now. And you know  
that girl in the story?

Lana looks away bitterly, shaking her head.

DOZIER

Well I fucking hate her too.

LANA

Listen man, I was just trying to help.  
You can continue to be miserable for  
the rest of your life. I'm outta here.

Lana begins walking away from Dozier, arms crossed. In the distance we see a rounded corner of the trail.

The corner is blocked from view by trees and bushes.

Dozier kicks at the ground. Another gust of wind comes through the trees.

DOZIER

Lana, wait.

Dozier begins walking in Lana's direction. The wind getting stronger the further he goes.

Dozier's face twists in horror as he picks up speed.

DOZIER (CONT'D)

Please, I'm sorry!

The wind knocks Dozier's fedora off his head, bouncing along the trail in which he previously came.

Dozier turns to look at the fedora heading back up the trail



and then at Lana.

Lana picks up her speed, only looking forward.

DOZIER (CONT'D)

Lana! Don't go.

Lana rounds the corner in the trail and out of sight.

We hear Lana laugh faintly in the distance.

Dozier quickens his pursuit.

DOZIER (CONT'D)

We've already....