

TWO YOUNG MEN SEPARATED BY THE ATLANTIC

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Your average London SpareRoom rental. MAN 1 takes a seat, anxiety clouding him. We're confronted with a laptop screen just a bit more advanced than the next generation Mac. Software's loading: "98%", "99%", "100%".

MAN 2 flickers onto the screen. He's smiling. Quizzical.

MAN 2

Can you not stop sweating either?

(Nothing.)

I loved how you're English. I so wanted to go with that.

MAN 1

Your face - I -

(Surprising himself.)

Jesus - sorry - I liked it.

MAN 2

My smile?

MAN 1

That one.

MAN 2

Everyone loved my smile. It's only you there now, yes? You stayed too?

MAN 1

No. I mean, I heard someone a day or so ago and I went out after it -
- him - not it - and I tried -

MAN 1 searches the screen. Clicking on the "?" icon, it reverses to reveal "Talking Point: when were you happiest?"

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

When were you happiest?

MAN 2

You did not just use that!

MAN 1

I'm not good at this.

MAN 2

You should've done the trial first. We've got a minute or so, yes?

(Waiting again.)

I'll take it that's a "yes". Thing is I love talking and I knew you wouldn't.

(MORE)

MAN 2 (CONT'D)

You seemed like you wouldn't want to say much. That you'd come to terms with it so you wanted someone to look at and feel a connection with and I get that. I feel it too. You saw it with my smile, yes? Yes. For me, it was your profile. I thought, this guy is it.

(Wiping his brow.)

The one from all those sweet fucking nights alone. Dreaming.

MAN 1

Can you feel it getting hotter?

MAN 2

Sure. I thought it would hurt more but it's really just like I've forgotten to moisturise!

They laugh a sad laugh.

MAN 1

You seem nice. You're right, actually. I did want a connection.

Outside, a sharp, sudden tear into the earth. The laptop screen shatters.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

Shit. My screen - it's not - I can't see you.

MAN 2 (V.O.)

It's ok. You can hear me.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

No. I just - all I need -

MAN 2 (V.O.)

Think of my smile.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

But I can't see you.

MAN 2 (V.O.)

Think of it.

EXT. PLANET EARTH - SOMETIME

Looking down at our planet, we see only distant collections of lights blaring out. Tablets. Laptops. Mobiles. They flicker until, suddenly, there's nothing.