

READ EXTRACT

INT. RECORD SHOP - DAY

Doris sifts through records. She lingers on one, then flicks to the next. Overhead: *People Say* by *The Dixie Cups*.

Other customers browse. Doris drifts to the next aisle.

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - DAY

Across the concourse, separated by the escalators, Ewan watches. Half-hidden behind a white pillar.

Streams of shoppers pass between him and the shop. Faces, coats, bags - blocking his view, one after another. He strains to see. Waits.

INT. RECORD SHOP - DAY

Doris reaches the end of the aisle. Flips. Stops. Lifts a record. Studies the cover. Turns it over. A small smile. Her decision made, she heads to the counter. She takes cash from her purse. Glances down at the sleeve.

In the far background - through shifting bodies and glass - Ewan, still trying to keep her in sight.

The queue moves. Doris steps forward. She lays the record down, smiles.

DORIS
This one, thanks.

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - DAY

Ewan struggles for a glimpse of Doris. Another body passes in front of him. Doris emerges from the shop, bag in hand. Glances both ways, then heads left. Ewan follows her with his eyes. Hesitates. Steps forward - bangs into someone.

PERSON
Oi, watch it, mate.

EWAN
Sorry.

He pulls away, scanning frantically - eyes darting over heads, shoulders, coats. Then - Doris. At the escalator. She pauses to let someone pass, then steps on. Descending.

Ewan hurries to the railing. Watches her glide down, unaware. His face caught between discomfort and longing. Doris reaches the bottom, steps off.

Ewan blinks, as if waking. He rushes to the escalator, climbs on, follows.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A narrow, crowded street - like Ewan's dream.

Doris is ahead. Ewan keeps her in sight. She reaches a little square with a fountain. Streets branch in all directions. She veers right, passing a HARE KRISHNA man in orange with a RATTLING TAMBOURINE. She turns the corner.

Ewan quickens his pace.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ewan rounds the corner. The tambourine fades - smothered by the sound of an electric violin, a busker. Doris is gone.

Ewan scans the street. Tense. Where is she? A man steps in front of him to drop coins in the busker's case. Ewan cranes his neck, frantic, side to side. The man steps back.

There - in the distance: Doris. Studying a shop window.

Ewan exhales, relieved. Looks around him, as if checking anyone notices what he's up to. No one does. He takes a step forward. Stops. Picks at the dirt under his nail. Looks at her again. Doris shifts at the window, half-interested, half-distracted - doing nothing. She glances around absently, then moves on. Ewan picks his nail once more. Then follows.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ewan watches Doris step out of the alleyway. He follows to the corner - stops, blending into a group of men listening to a story.

One man's laugh erupts hysterically, jabbing Ewan's ear.

HYSTERICAL MAN

Yeah, yeah, yeah.
(neurotic cackling)
Exactly. Exactly.

The others join in. The laughter swells.

Ewan flinches, shoots him a glance - steps forward, only to be cut off by a man drifting across his path. He steps back.

Suddenly - a PROCESSION of HARE KRISHNA DANCERS surges through. Tambourines rattle, chants rise, bodies pressing close. They spill across the street, sweeping Ewan back. Heads bob, arms sway, eyes rolled skyward. The rhythm is dizzying, smothering.

Ewan cranes, desperate. Through the blur of orange, he glimpses Doris on the far pavement - slipping into a side street. He pushes forward, frantic.

A smiling Hare Krishna grips his shoulder mid-dance.

HARE KRISHNA
Join us, brother.

He rattles his tambourine, beaming.

EWAN
Um, no. Thank you...

Ewan wriggles free. The man drifts away with the current, still smiling. The procession thins, swallowed by the crowd.

Ewan straightens his coat, breath quick. Looks into the street where Doris went. Empty.

She's gone.

INT. SHOP - DAY

Ewan opens the fridge. His hand hovers over a bottle of water... moves past it, taking a fluorescent, radioactive-looking drink in a plastic bottle.

He shuts the fridge. The shop is almost empty. A woman frowns at the wine shelf, turning bottles.

Ewan steps to the counter. Nods at the shopkeeper, empties a handful of coins into his palm. He stares - as if the coins might arrange themselves into a pattern.

Behind him, the woman examines a bottle. Muttered. Puts it back. Picks another. Ewan flicks his eyes at her. Then back to the coins again. He selects a lump, sets it on the counter. The shopkeeper takes it without looking up.

Ewan picks up his drink. Walks to the door. At the threshold, he pauses.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ewan steps out, inhales - bracing himself. He heads left. A HAND taps his shoulder. He turns, startled. Backlit, sun glaring into his eyes - Doris.

Ewan blinks, refocuses. It's her. Neither speaks. His stomach knots.

DORIS

It is you.

(pause)

That could have been embarrassing.

Ewan can't answer. The moment he's longed for, and he's paralysed.

DORIS (cont'd)

Cat got your tongue again, has it?

Ewan looks at her. Picks at his nail, trying to steady himself. Finally -

EWAN

Hello, Doors.

(beat)

What are you up to?

She shrugs.

DORIS

A walk. You?

A beat.

EWAN

Me too.

They just look at each other.

EWAN (cont'd)

Beautiful weather.

Doris laughs dryly.

DORIS

Yes.

Sensing the moment slipping away, Ewan studies her, desperate to absorb every detail. His eyes land on the record bag.

EWAN

Music?

She nods. They glance away. Then back. Both start to speak, overlap, stop.

EWAN (cont'd)
What were you going to say?

A long pause. Her eyes are restless, then settle on him.

DORIS
Would you like to have a coffee?

Ewan is floored. His body rigid. Fighting tears.

EWAN
I'd love to.