**The Sun Is Also A Star**

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Based upon the Novel by Nicola Yoon

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FADE IN:

**EXT. THE BRONX - DAY - FANTASY**

WE OPEN on a montage of varied ETHNIC COMMUNITIES from the different boroughs of NEW YORK CITY. CARS, PEDESTRIANS and CITY SOUNDS intersect and blend with the beat of the music.

**EXT. CONCOURSE VILLAGE CO-OP - DAY - FANTASY**

A door opens and a pair of BEAT UP CONVERSE KICKS step outside. They belong to NATASHA KINGSLEY, 17, beautiful, with an enormous afro. The sun on her face makes her smile.

NATASHA (V.O.)

I don’t care what anyone says...

New York’s the best city in the

world.

While on her phone, Natasha struts by local shops: a Pakistani restaurant with a line of CAB DRIVERS out the door, an Optimo cigar store, and a Taiwanese electronics store.

NATASHA (V.O.)

It’s a place where 8.5 million

people coexist--

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY - FANTASY

Passengers rush down the stairs as she climbs up to the “D” train station at 167th. Thick Jamaican accents blend with Spanish and Haitian French. Natasha listens, smiles.

NATASHA (V.O.)

It’s a lot to take in.

A train whizzes by revealing her on the platform.

**EXT. FORT WASHINGTON - DAY - FANTASY**

Natasha emerges from the “A” train at 175th. BEVERLY “BEV” RAMIREZ, 17, Dominican, waits anxiously. They’re late. The girls rush off arm-in-arm.

NATASHA (V.O.)

But with a little luck you can find

a best friend.



2.

**EXT. THE UNITED PALACE THEATER - DAY - FANTASY**

A number of SENIORS stand in line. “Congratulations Class of 2019 - The Bronx High School of Science” is on the marquee. Natasha and Bev squeeze in as the line moves forward.

NATASHA (V.O.)

It’s a city where hard work and

determination are constants against

unknown variables in the equation

for success--

**INT. THE UNITED PALACE THEATER - EVENING - FANTASY**

Inside the ornate auditorium, velvet seats are filled with FAMILY and FRIENDS. The STUDENTS, now dressed in graduation caps and gowns, enter single file to Pomp and Circumstance.

**INT. STAGE - EVENING - FANTASY**

PRINCIPAL and FACULTY on stage. Natasha’s poised at the edge. Like a runner in blocks. Her name is barely called when she marches across the stage to claim her diploma.

NATASHA (V.O.)

...And dreams can become tangible

when you reach out and grab them.

**EXT. STATEN ISLAND BACKYARD - NIGHT - FANTASY**

A Caribbean-American Graduation Party in full swing. Lights strung from corner posts. A Jamaican flag stretched across the fence. Jerk chicken and fish on the grill. Dishes with curried goat, oxtails, plantains, peas and rice. ADULTS in traditional garb. And TEENS on a makeshift dance floor. Find Natasha and Bev in the middle. Dancing. Laughing.

NATASHA (V.O.)

I wouldn’t have wanted this perfect

night to happen anywhere but here:

the city I’m proud to call my home.

On Tasha’s face, smiling as she looks at the night sky filled with fireworks and stars. Twinkling. It’s truly magical.

MATCH CUT TO:



3.

**INT. NATASHA’S APARTMENT - DAY - REALITY**

A NASA STAR MAP on a wall. Pull out to reveal Tasha in a small apartment, moving boxes everywhere.

NATASHA (V.O.)

Or at least a city I used to call

my home.

Behind her, a LITTLE HAND pulls back the bright blue curtain separating the room. REVEAL: PETER, 9 years old, chocolate with dreadlocks and a grin from ear to ear.

NATASHA (V.O.)

Unless a cataclysmic blunder is

corrected, the odds of me actually

graduating with my friends are

declining. Rapidly.

Peter whips the curtain closed, unseen.

NATASHA (V.O.)

You see, I’m an illegal immigrant

and my family is scheduled for

deportation. Tomorrow.

WHOOSH - Natasha pulls back the curtain. Peter is juggling a soccer ball on his knees in the next room. ZOOM in on Peter.

PETER

Look, Tasha!

Peter fumbles with the ball. The ball gets away from him, bumping into a neat stack of Natasha’s books.

NATASHA

How many times do I have to tell

you not to practice in our room?!

Peter picks his nose and examines what he dug up.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

Ewww! Peter, stop it. You’ll never

get friends that way.

PETER

Doesn’t matter. I’ll make new

friends in Jamaica!

Natasha sighs heavily, the weight of her family’s struggles on her shoulders. A key RATTLES in the lock.

MRS. KINGSLEY, Natasha’s 40-ish, world-weary mother, drags in from work wearing a waitress uniform.



4.

She sees a kitchen full of dirty dishes. **NOTE: Mr. And Mrs. Kingsley both speak with a heavy Jamaican accent and dialect.**

MRS. KINGSLEY

Tasha. How many times I’m gonna

have to tell you to clean the

dishes before I come home?

NATASHA

You haven’t even closed the door

yet and you’re already yelling--

MRS. KINGSLEY

It’s not enough to pick up dirty

plates at work? I come home to pick

up dirty plates too?!

NATASHA

Mom, please. I’ll do it now.

Mrs. Kingsley heads to her bedroom. Natasha goes into the kitchen, draws soapy water and washes the dishes. Mrs. Kingsley emerges from the bedroom wearing a bathrobe.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

You work too much.

MRS. KINGSLEY

Somebody gotta keep a roof over all

our heads, child. Who else gonna do

it?

REVEAL: MR. KINGSLEY, late 40s, small frame, sad eyes, sitting in front of the TV. We haven’t noticed him until now.

Mr. Kingsley watches as LAWRENCE OLIVIER performs a monologue from “Othello” on screen. He studies him intently.

NATASHA (V.O.)

My father’s an actor. At least,

that’s why he came to America. But

that’s not exactly how it’s worked

out.

PULL OUT: Mr. Kingsley performs the scene along with Olivier. He’s in perfect sync with the actor on TV.

NATASHA (V.O.)

It’s his fault we’re in this mess.

Natasha finishes the dishes. Mrs. Kingsley makes eggs.

MRS. KINGSLEY

You want breakfast?

5.

NATASHA

I have an appointment at the

Immigration Office this morning.

It’s at eight.

MRS. KINGSLEY

You don’t think it’s time for you

to give up now, Tasha? You don’t

think what you’re doing is futile?

Natasha grabs a piece of fruit off the table.

NATASHA

There’s still time, Mommy. We have

today. And I’m going to use every

last second. Can’t give up yet.

PETER

Don’t think of it as giving up.

Think of it as embracing destiny.

NATASHA

I’d rather make my own.

Peter smiles, turns up Sister Nancy’s “Bam Bam” and sings along. Natasha rolls her eyes. She grabs her headphones and her Physics textbook.

PETER

(re: textbook)

We leaving, Tasha. You don’t have

to turn in homework. We’re free!

NATASHA

I’ll be back later.

MRS. KINGSLEY

You have a lot to finish here. I

still see open boxes in your room.

NATASHA

1. om, I really gotta go.
2. atasha heads for the door, determined. She takes a deep breath, opens the door and steps outside.

EXT. ELEVATED TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY

Natasha stops at a specific spot on the platform and checks her phone: **6:55 AM**. She looks down the track-- nothing.

NATASHA

Ugh. Come on. Not today.



6.

**INT. DANIEL’S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY**

DANIEL JAE HO BAE, 17, stands in front of a mirror sizing himself up in the suit he’s wearing. He adjusts his red tie, clearly uncomfortable in what he’s wearing.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Today’s the day my whole life has

led up to...

From outside the room, his mother, MIN SOO, 40s, calls out:

MIN SOO (O.S.)

(in Korean)

Daniel! *I’m making you a special*

*breakfast. Hurry down.*

DANIEL (V.O.)

The day of my college interview for

Yale.

DANIEL

Coming!

DANIEL (V.O.)

The day that decides my future.

Behind him, shelves full of the world’s greatest poets: Shakespeare, Shelly, Frost, Poe, Plath, Angelou, Hughes.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Normally I’d write a two-page poem

about something of this magnitude.

At least a haiku. But today, my

anxiety’s holding me hostage.

Daniel grabs his writer’s notebook, throws it into his satchel. Takes one final glance at himself.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Because I need every brain cell

focused on nailing this interview.

Daniel takes one final glance at himself, then exits.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Daniel’s mother steams frozen dumplings. Daniel pours a bowl of Cap’n Crunch. She shakes her head disapprovingly. Min Soo speaks with a heavy Korean accent.



7.

MIN SOO

Too much sugar. You need a sharp

mind today.

She grabs the bowl of cereal, replaces it with a plate of dumplings, and pours the dry cereal back into the box.

DANIEL (V.O.)

I’m pretty sure I inherited my

mother’s anxiety...

**INT. JFK AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - FLASHBACK**

YOUNG MIN SOO and YOUNG DAE HYN, nervous and afraid, present their paperwork to the CUSTOMS AGENT.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Which started the day she uprooted

her whole life in Korea to come to

America. For most immigrants,

moving to a foreign country is an

act of faith. What if you can’t

adapt? What if you’re not welcomed?

What if you lose all sense of your

identity and culture?

INT. HOME - FLASHBACK - TWO YEARS LATER

FAMILY and FRIENDS crowd the apartment. Min Soo holds her first born, CHARLIE, as ONE-YEAR-OLD DANIEL crawls toward various objects: a stethoscope, pen, basketball, etc. Each object represents a career or “fate.” THIS IS A KOREAN DOLJANCHI or “DOL” where the child “chooses their destiny.”

DANIEL (V.O.)

So when my brother and I were born,

she gave us both an American name

and a Korean name. So we would know

where we were from. And where we

were going.

The family cheers as Young Daniel nears the stethoscope, then grabs the PEN instead to his parents’ dismay.

**INT. KITCHEN - PRESENT**

Min Soo interrogates her son between his bites of breakfast.

MIN SOO

How’s your grade in math? You don’t

like math.

8.

DANIEL

B plus. But the rest are A’s.

MIN SOO

Why no A in math yet, Daniel? Aigo!

It’s time you get serious...

(then, in Korean)

*Don’t be like your brother.*

Right as she says this, Daniel’s brother, CHARLIE, 19, walks into the kitchen. Pretends he doesn’t hear this, but his resentful demeanor gives him away.

MIN SOO (CONT’D)

I made mandu.

CHARLIE

Awww. Daniel’s “special breakfast.”

I’ll pass.

Charlie strokes Daniel’s hair. Daniel slaps his hand away.

DANIEL (V.O.)

My brother, Charlie, is an asshole.

Charlie grabs the box of Cap’n Crunch, then pours cereal and milk into a bowl and sits. He chomps loudly with each bite.

DANIEL (V.O.)

He’s been at home the past semester

because he failed too many classes

at BU. An epic screw up that my

parents can’t accept.

MIN SOO

Close your mouth when you eat.

Charlie ignores her then SLURPS the remaining milk from the bowl. He stands, looks down at Daniel.

CHARLIE

Good luck with your day, little

brother.

Charlie tries to touch Daniel’s hair again and is batted away.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)

Wouldn’t want to disappoint Mommy

and Daddy if you don’t get into an

Ivy.

Charlie exits, leaving his dirty bowl on the table.



9.

DANIEL (V.O.)

I should hate Charlie, but these

days, I mostly feel sorry for him.

MIN SOO

I just don’t understand what

happened to your brother. Why he

can’t behave, like you.

DANIEL

Umma, give him a break.

Daniel finishes the last of the dumplings. Grabs his plate and hand washes it in the sink.

Min Soo looks over her son, eyes honing in on his bun.

MIN SOO

You cut your hair before the

interview.

Daniel groans, but Min Soo is not having it.

MIN SOO (CONT’D)

Too long. You look like a girl.

DANIEL

They let girls into Yale, too.

Min Soo scolds him with her eyes, then hands him a money pouch with deposit slips.

MIN SOO

Appa forgot this. You bring it to

him. After you get a hair cut.

Daniel takes the pouch. Kisses his Mom on the cheek.

DANIEL

Alright, Umma. I’ll get it cut.

(off her skeptical look)

I promise.

Daniel grabs his bag and heads for the door.

EXT. NORTHERN BLVD. - DAY

Daniel makes his way through his busy Queens neighborhood, passing a slew of restaurants, bars and vendors, etc., all written in Korean.



10.

**INT. USCIS - WAITING ROOM - LATER**

Natasha frantically charges through the MULTI-CULTURAL RAINBOW of IMMIGRANTS. Heads over to the RECEPTIONIST. Sweating and short of breath.

NATASHA

Natasha Kingsley for Karen Whitney.

The Receptionist checks her appointment sheet, and shakes her head.

RECEPTIONIST

You’re too late. You’ll have to

call the main USCIS line and make a

new appointment.

NATASHA

No, you don’t understand. I can’t

reschedule!

RECEPTIONIST

I’m sorry. You’ll have to call the

main line.

The Receptionist shrugs and looks down, dismissing Natasha. Natasha starts to panic.

NATASHA

I don’t have time for that. This is

an emergency. The trains were

delayed.

(getting emotional)

Just-- could you please call Ms.

Whitney? She told me to come back.

RECEPTIONIST

Your appointment was for 8 AM. It

is now 8:15. She’s seeing another--

NATASHA

Please. Just call her. Now!

Natasha’s now hysterical voice rings through the reception area. The other applicants stare in her direction.

NATASHA (V.O.) (CONT’D)

I guess ‘desperation’ translates

into every language.

The Receptionist nods at a SECURITY GUARD standing by the door. He sets his jaw and turns toward Natasha.



11.

But before he can reach her, another door opens. A tall, thin, brown-skinned man beckons Natasha: LESTER BARNES, 40s.

LESTER

(to the Receptionist)

It’s alright, Mary. I’ll take her.

**INT. USCIS - LESTER BARNES’S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER**

Natasha sits in front of an immaculately kept desk. Turns as Lester enters with a RED FILE in his hand.

LESTER

My name is Lester Barnes.

NATASHA

Hi, I’m--

He holds up a hand to silence her.

LESTER

Everything I need to know is in

this file. Do yourself a favor and

stay quiet while I read it.

Natasha falls silent. Reaches across his desk and pockets one of his business cards. After a beat, Lester finally looks up.

LESTER (CONT’D)

Why are you here?

NATASHA

Karen--Ms. Whitney--told me to come

back. She said maybe there was

something--

LESTER

Yeah, well Karen’s new. Your

family’s last appeal was rejected.

The deportation stands as is. You

and your family will have to leave

tomorrow.

He closes the file and pushes a box of tissues toward her in anticipation of her tears. Natasha shakes it off.

NATASHA (V.O.)

I didn’t cry when my father told us

about the deportation orders. I’m

not going to start crying now.

Natasha gathers her things. Heads for the door. But she stops with her hand on the knob, swallows her pride. Turns around.

12.

NATASHA

So there’s really nothing you can

do to help me?

He taps the closed file with his fingers.

LESTER

Your dad’s DUI--

NATASHA

Is his problem. Why do I have to

pay for his mistake?

LESTER

You’re still here illegally.

Natasha nods, on the verge of tears. She heads for the door.

LESTER (CONT’D)

I’ve been to your country. I’ve

been to Jamaica.

He smiles at the memory as Natasha turns back to him.

LESTER (CONT’D)

I had a nice time. Everything is

irie there, man. You’ll be alright.

Natasha glares at Lester.

NATASHA

Where did you go?

LESTER

Negril. Very nice place.

NATASHA

Did you leave the hotel grounds?

LESTER

I wanted to but my--

NATASHA

But your wife didn’t want to

because was she scared, right?

LESTER

No, it’s just--



13.

NATASHA

You listened to Bob Marley, and a

bartender got you some pot and

someone told you what *irie* means,

and now you think you know

something. That is not a country.

That is a resort.

He holds up his hands, defending himself.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

Don’t tell me I’ll be alright. I

don’t know that place. I’ve been

here since I was eight years old.

Now it’s my senior year. I should

be worrying about the same things

my friends are-- like prom and

graduation. But instead I’m

worrying about being shipped to a

country that’s totally foreign to

me. This is my home!

Natasha’s tears finally pour out. Mr. Barnes slides the tissue box closer. She takes a handful, then heads to the door--

LESTER

Wait.

**EXT. NORTHERN BLVD. - DAY**

Daniel leans against a street light, checking his phone. JUMPS as someone WHISTLES loudly in his ear. He turns--

DANIEL

What the--?

Reveal OMAR HASSABALA, 19, Middle Eastern, raised on Hip Hop.

OMAR

I thought you were going to wait

until right before the meeting to

put the stick up your ass.

DANIEL

Don’t be mad because I’m going to

be part of the one percent.

Omar checks out Daniel’s suit, laughing.

OMAR

You look like a Lebanese insurance

salesman.



14.

DANIEL

You’re supposed to be making me

feel better about going to Yale.

OMAR

That’s what I’m doing. Easing your

impending sense of doom with the

use of comedy. It’s a known tactic.

DANIEL

Well, try something else.

OMAR

You could just be like me and not

go. How about that?

DANIEL

Unlike you, I actually care about

what my parents think. And anyway,

the interview’s today. Too late to

back out now.

Omar shrugs and leads the way down the subway stairs.

OMAR

You’re supposed to wear black to a

funeral by the way. Not gray.

Daniel playfully hits Omar and they descend into the subway.

**EXT. USCIS - DAY**

Tasha stares at a business card and dials the number on it. A WOMAN answers the line.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Mr. Fitzgerald’s office.

NATASHA

Hi, I’d like to make an appointment

with Mr. Fitzgerald as soon as

possible, please.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Who am I speaking with?

NATASHA

Natasha Kingsley.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Hi, Natasha. What issue can I help

you with?



15.

Tasha hesitates, afraid to say the words aloud. Silence.

WOMAN (V.O., CONT’D)

Hello, ma’am? He does have a slot

at 11 A.M. Can you tell me your

issue?

NATASHA

I’m an illegal alien.

Tasha’s heart races, afraid. We see the giant imposing federal buildings surrounding her as she sits on the steps.

**INT. SUBWAY - DAY**

Daniel and Omar sit in the congested subway car. Daniel looks at his reflection in the shiny metal subway door. Turns so he can see his ponytail.

OMAR

You should just let me cut your

hair. I brought my pocket knife.

DANIEL

No, thanks.

OMAR

Your mom’s right, you gotta lose

the man bun. You don’t want to be a

virgin forever.

DANIEL

You know, if this interviewer’s so

smart, he’ll recognize a cool

haircut when he sees one.

OMAR

Or at least a desperate attempt at

cool.

The train COMES TO A SCREECHING HALT. The friends, along with the other PASSENGERS, wait patiently for a beat. THEN, a super CHIPPER VOICE over the loudspeaker...

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

Looks like we got a slight delay,

folks. Track work on 68th.

A collective GROAN from the passengers.

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

I know you’re all panicking,

thinking that you’re late...

(MORE)

16.

CONDUCTOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

but look on the bright side, maybe

the universe is telling you

something.

GROANS again.

OMAR

I knew we should’ve taken the

express.

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

Happens to me all the time.

Something goes off in my routine --

boom...must be the Universe. It’s

full of unexpected blessings.

PASSENGER #1

Usually the nut jobs are on the

train, not driving it.

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

Deli screws up my order.

Universe... Maybe I shouldn’t be

eatin’ deli sandwiches all the

time. Guess what? I switched it up

and lost twenty pounds. Thank you,

universe.

The train does a collective eye roll in complete disbelief.

OMAR

This guy needs a drug test.

The Conductor goes quiet. After a few more seconds in the dark, the train finally pulls into Grand Central.

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

We’ve reached the end of the line.

Ladies and gentlemen, back to your

regularly scheduled program.

Passengers breathe a sigh of relief as the DOORS OPEN.

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

This train is now out of service.

But remember: The universe is

talking... So slow down and listen.

Omar rises from his seat and heads to the exit. Daniel SITS a beat, taking in the conductor’s words.



17.

**INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - MAIN CONCOURSE - CONTINUOUS**

Daniel and Omar emerge from the train to find themselves in the main concourse of Grand Central Station.

DANIEL

How much time you got before work?

OMAR

‘Bout an hour. Why?

Daniel looks to the walkways situated behind on the massive windows overlooking the terminal.

DANIEL

It’s been a while since we went up.

Today’s the perfect day.

Daniel starts to make his way through the diverse crowd of people rushing to their trains.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

Come on!

Omar follows after Daniel, almost losing sight of him in the pedestrian traffic.

**EXT. TASHA’S HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Tasha stands outside the fence of her school. Fighting tears.

NATASHA (V.O.)

It’s still hard for me to believe

that after today I may never see

this school again.

INSERT SHOTS: She and Bev sitting down at the courtyard outside laughing, walking the hallways, gossiping, etc.

BACK TO SCENE: The real Bev walks up.

BEV

Please tell me you have good news.

NATASHA (V.O.)

Bev’s the closest thing I have to a

sister. The longest time we’ve ever

been apart is two weeks.

NATASHA

I wish. I was late, so they

wouldn’t let me see Ms. Whitney.



18.

BEV

(desperate)

So what does that mean? You’re

leaving?! Isn’t there someone else

you can talk to?

Tasha pulls out the card.

NATASHA

1. ’ve got one last shot. This guy
2. eremy Fitzgerald. He’s supposed to

be some kind of immigration fixer.

BEV

Oh my God! That’s amazing!

(then)

Wait, why are you here? He should

be “fixing” this! Go!

NATASHA

I’ve got a few hours before my

appointment with him.

BEV

You should come to Chem Lab and

mess with Mr. Busby. He’s got on

his polyester mom jeans again.

NATASHA

My appointment’s uptown. I don’t

want to rush. I’m just gonna hit

the record store. Kill some time.

The bell rings.

BEV

Text me the address. I’ll skip out

after my test and we can grab

lunch.

NATASHA

Perfect.

They share a look. Bev heads back inside. Tasha puts her headphones on and queues up Major Lazer album. We hear GET FREE and see it carry her worries away.

**INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - GLASS WALKWAY - DAY**

Daniel and Omar chill behind the oversized windows of the main terminal, overlooking the bustling crowd below. All of Grand Central’s architectural glory in perfect view.

19.

DANIEL

My life’s gonna go one of two ways

after today. If I don’t get into

Yale, it’ll be Charlie all over

again. And if I do...white jackets

and picket fences from now until

eternity.

OMAR

The American Dream.

DANIEL

Even if I win, I lose. What kind of

future is that?

OMAR

If losing means you’re rich, sign

me up.

DANIEL

I just wish I could do something

about it.

Daniel sighs. He turns over and lies face up on the walkway.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

There’s gotta be something more to

it all than this.

His gaze catches the gigantic mural of the Universe painted on the ceiling of the terminal.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

You ever notice that before?

OMAR

1. otice what?
2. ff Daniel’s look, Omar joins him on the ground, eyes up. The majesty of the mural is on full display. Several constellations are recognizable.

DANIEL

It’s a sign.

OMAR

Oh, see now, you’re just making

stuff up. We’ve passed this thing a

million times.



20.

DANIEL

Yeah, but have you ever seen it?

It’s like the conductor said on the

train, maybe the universe is trying

to tell me something.

OMAR

Yep. “You’re losing it, bro.”

DANIEL

I’m serious, Omar. Of all the days

we’ve been here, today is the day

that I notice the most amazing

thing in all of Grand Central? It’s

not a coincidence.

OMAR

Okay, then let’s suppose this

conductor was right...the universe

is talking. What’s it saying?

Daniel sits up, looking out into the main terminal. People shuffle back through the concourse. He looks around, eyeing everything in sight...nothing. A train pulls in.

DANIEL

I don’t know yet.

OMAR

Go figure.

Daniel plops down on the ground, then... He spots HER in the crowd. A young, Black woman with an enormous, curly AFRO and almost-as-enormous PINK HEADPHONES. It’s Natasha.

Her eyes are closed as she sways to her music, in complete bliss. Omar notices Daniel’s gaze and shakes his head.

OMAR (CONT’D)

Now what?

(looking out)

It’s just a cute girl, Daniel.

Relax.

(double take)

Okay, she’s real cute.

Natasha walks underneath them, moving her backpack to one shoulder REVEALING the back of her jacket. It reads: CARPÉ DIEM. Daniel’s completely struck.

DANIEL

Look at her jacket! Carpé Diem.



21.

OMAR

Carpé wha--

DANIEL

Carpé Diem... “Seize the Day.”

(off Omar, unfazed)

It’s gotta be a sign. C’mon on!

Daniel drags Omar off in the direction he last saw Natasha.

**EXT. NYC STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

Daniel’s eyes light up as he follows Natasha from a distance.

OMAR

This is stalker-ish, you know.

DANIEL

No, it’s not. I’m maintaining a non-

creepy, half-block distance.

Tasha enters a record store. GALAXY RECORDS. Daniel stops in his tracks. Stares at Omar.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

(re: the store’s sign)

You gotta be shitting me! This is

definitely a Sign.

OMAR

Okay. Definitely ironic. I’ll give

you that... And she is cute...

DANIEL

I want to know where this leads.

OMAR

Hopefully not to jail. But if it

does, don’t call me.

**INT. GALAXY RECORD STORE - DAY**

Natasha enters the record store, smiling anyway.

NATASHA (V.O.)

If today were not today, I would

spend all day here.

Tasha enters the “Rap” section. Then she sees a COUPLE making out next to a poster of Madonna’s *Like a Virgin*. She frowns.



22.

NATASHA (V.O.)

Ugh. Of all the people to run into,

on today of all days, why did I

have to run into my ex? Why isn’t

he in school? This is my place!

These two are ROB, 17, and KELLY, 17. Kelly snakes her hand out and SNATCHES A RECORD. She slips it between their bodies and into her bulky jacket. Tasha shakes her head, appalled.

DANIEL (O.S.)

1. he’s just going to steal that?
2. asha turns to find Daniel standing right behind her.

NATASHA

I know! Doesn’t anybody work here?

Can’t they see what’s happening?

DANIEL

1. houldn’t we say something?
2. asha shakes her head.

NATASHA

(re: Rob and Kelly)

No. I know them.

DANIEL

Sticky Fingers is your friend?

NATASHA

She’s my boyfriend’s girlfriend.

DANIEL

How does that work exactly?

NATASHA

I mean ex-boyfriend. He cheated on

me. With her, actually.

NATASHA (V.O.)

TMI, Tasha. I didn’t need to

volunteer that tidbit to a

stranger.

DANIEL

Great pair.

(beat, then)

We should tell someone.

23.

NATASHA

No way! If I say something, it’s

going to look like I’m jealous and

messing with them.

DANIEL

Are you?

NATASHA

That’s kind of a personal question,

isn’t it?

DANIEL

We were having a moment.

NATASHA

Were we?

Rob pauses from making out, looks up to see Tasha and Daniel staring at them from a distance.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

Jesus Christ bleeding on a popsicle

stick...he saw me!

Rob gives Tasha a half-smile and a small wave. Tasha turns her back to him, facing Daniel instead.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

Oh God...is he coming over here?

DANIEL

Yup.

NATASHA

Maybe we should make out or

something. Like spies do in the

movies.

Daniel blushes. Hard.

Tasha notes his blush and leans back.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

I’m not serious. Obviously.

Rob approaches them.

ROB

Hey...

DANIEL

Why are you and your girlfriend

stealing things?

24.

Rob holds his hands up and takes a step back.

ROB

Whoa, dude. Keep your voice down.

DANIEL

This is an independent record

store. That means it’s family

owned. You’re stealing from real

people. Do you know how hard it is

for small businesses to survive

when people like you just take

stuff?

Tasha spots an EMPLOYEE approach Kelly.

NATASHA

Uh...don’t look now, but I think

your girlfriend just got busted.

Rob looks over at Kelly. EMPLOYEE #2 has now joined them. Rob shoves his hands into his pockets and walk-runs toward the front door.

KELLY

Rob!

But Rob doesn’t stop. He bolts out, leaving her behind.

DANIEL

Damn, that was cold.

Kelly hands Employee Prince’s “Purple Rain” from under her jacket. The employee snatches the record.

EMPLOYEE

Come back in here again and I will

call the cops.

Kelly nods, then exits quickly.

DANIEL

Well, at least she has good taste.

NATASHA

Yeah, I guess if you’re going to

steal a Prince record, might as

well be his best one, right?

DANIEL

I don’t know if that’s his *best*

one. Solid top three, for sure.



25.

NATASHA

Tell me, in your opinion, what is

his best album?

DANIEL

Controversy. My mom used to play

that song all the time when I was a

kid.

Tasha smiles, impressed. Daniel stares at her, googly-eyed. Grinning.

NATASHA

Listen, Red Tie--

DANIEL

Daniel. My name is Daniel.

He sticks out his hand for a shake. Tasha shakes it. He holds it a beat too long. A moment passes between them.

NATASHA

It was nice meeting you, Daniel.

But I really have to go--

DANIEL

Well, maybe I can walk you--

NATASHA

No, I’m good. Take care, Daniel.

Tasha puts her headphones back on and starts walking for the door quickly, leaving Daniel standing there kicking himself.

**EXT. NYC STREET - DAY**

Natasha walks out into the crowd and spots Rob and Kelly up ahead. Kelly cries as Rob gives his best half-ass explanation. Natasha moves past them unnoticed.

Daniel, ear to his phone, eyes Tasha in the distance as he follows her.

OMAR (V.O., ON THE PHONE)

Why didn’t you just get her number

in the record store?

DANIEL

Because she wouldn’t give it to me.

OMAR (V.O.)

I think that’s clearly a sign,

don’t you?

26.

DANIEL

But it’s not like she totally blew

me off. She was nice. I’m telling

you, there was a spark there.

OMAR (V.O.)

And following her like a serial

killer is going to reignite that?

DANIEL

I’m not following her. She just

happens to be going my way.

Natasha stops at the crosswalk ahead of Daniel.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

Oh, shit, I’m getting close. She’d

definitely think I was stalking her

if she turned around now.

OMAR (V.O.)

Well, then whatever you do, don’t --

Daniel hangs up in a panic. Strains, deciding whether to flee or say something as he approaches. Daniel takes a deep breath. He’s about to veer off when--

A WHITE BMW flies down the avenue. The light turns red again and Natasha STEPS OFF THE CURB, not paying attention.

SHE’S ABOUT TO GET HIT when Daniel YANKS her backwards by her arm. They fall backwards onto the sidewalk.

Natasha lands half on top of Daniel as her phone and headphones CRASH AGAINST THE PAVEMENT. She looks down at the spider webs cracking across her phone’s screen.

NATASHA

What. The. Hell?

DANIEL

You okay?

NATASHA

That guy almost killed me.

She looks up the block as the BMW sits on the side of the road with its blinkers on. Then looks to her headphones.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

Do you know how long I’ve had

these?

Natasha cradles her broken headphones in her hands.

27.

DANIEL

I’ll buy you another pair.

She shakes her head “no.”

DANIEL (CONT’D)

It’s the least I can do.

Tasha finally looks at him.

NATASHA

You already saved my life.

DANIEL

You wouldn’t have died. A little

maimed, maybe.

Natasha stares back at him, unfazed. Her eyes fill with tears.

NATASHA

I’m having just the worst day.

(a beat; realizing)

Wait. Were you following me?

DANIEL

Man, I knew you would think that.

NATASHA

You just happened to be right

behind me?

DANIEL

1. aybe it was meant to be.
2. atasha exhales deep.

NATASHA

I’m just gonna ignore that. Thanks

for your help.

DANIEL

At least tell me your name.

NATASHA

Natasha.

DANIEL

Nice name.

NATASHA

So glad you approve.

Daniel stares at her, inquisitive.



28.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

Why are you staring at me?

Daniel blushes again. Natasha stares at his face. His hair.

NATASHA (V.O.)

Observable Fact: The man-bun pushes

him from cute to kind of sexy.

DANIEL

Now you’re staring.

Tasha blushes, then clears her throat.

NATASHA

Why are you wearing a suit?

DANIEL

I have an interview later. Wanna go

get something to eat?

NATASHA

What for?

DANIEL

Yale. Alumni admission interview. I

applied Early Decision.

Natasha shakes her head.

NATASHA

No, I meant why do you want to get

something to eat?

DANIEL

I’m hungry?

NATASHA

Hmmm. I’m not.

DANIEL

Coffee then? Or tea or soda or

bottled water?

NATASHA

Why?

Daniel shrugs.

DANIEL

Why not? Besides, I’m pretty sure

you owe me your life since I just

saved it.



29.

**INT. MOM AND POP COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Daniel and Tasha sit across from each other at a cozy table. Tasha checks the time on her phone: **10:00 A.M.**

DANIEL

Wait. Why aren’t you in school?

NATASHA

(lying)

I have a doctor’s appointment in an

hour.

Tasha sips her coffee. Silence.

Daniel fidgets nervously. Blows on his cappuccino so hard a little foam flies up on his face. Tasha chuckles.

She then looks at his satchel, suddenly curious.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

What do you keep in there?

DANIEL

Not much. My notebook. I carry it

pretty much everywhere I go.

Daniel pulls out a black notebook. Flips through it quickly. Tasha glances at it. Sees the handwritten blocks of text.

NATASHA

You’re not a poet, are you?

DANIEL

No, I just kind of dabble in it.

For fun. Next year I’ll be pre-med.

Self-conscious, Daniel quickly puts the notebook back in his bag. Tasha notices, leans in.

NATASHA

(flirting)

So what are your poems about? Love?

DANIEL

Among other things. Yes, love.

NATASHA

I don’t believe in love.

DANIEL

Well it exists, whether you believe

in it or not.

30.

NATASHA

Oh really? Can you prove it?

DANIEL

Thousands of love songs. Poetry. The institution of marriage.

NATASHA

Words on paper. Never mind the fact that eating large amounts of chocolate has the same effect on you as falling in love.

DANIEL

I love chocolate.

He laughs. Tasha laughs, too.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

You say it’s just words on paper, but you have to admit all those people are feeling something.

NATASHA

People just want to believe. Otherwise they would have to admit that life is just a random series of good and bad things that happen until one day, you die.

DANIEL

And you’re okay with believing that life has no meaning?

NATASHA

I’m okay believing in the things that science can make sense of. If love made sense, more than forty- eight percent of all marriages would make it.

DANIEL

Are your parents married?

NATASHA

Yeah, but if that’s what marriage is, it’s not for me.

DANIEL

So no fate, no magic, no meant-to- be for you?

31.

NATASHA

Boy, please. Quantum Physics is all

the magic I need.

DANIEL

I don’t think I’ve ever met anyone

so charmingly deluded.

NATASHA

And you find that appealing?

DANIEL

I find it interesting.

(beat, then)

What if I told you I could get you

to fall in love with me

scientifically? Without chocolate.

NATASHA

I would scoff. A lot.

DANIEL

I’m serious. It’s a thing. The New

York Times had an article about it.

Researchers put a bunch of couples

in a lab and had them ask each

other a bunch of intimate

questions. Also, they had to stare

into each other’s eyes for four

minutes without talking.

NATASHA

That sounds ridiculous.

DANIEL

And yet, it’s a real thing.

Daniel and Natasha stand in line at the register, waiting to pay. Daniel has his phone out.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

There are thirty-six questions. How

about I choose ten randomly.

NATASHA

Knock yourself out. It’s never

going to happen.

DANIEL

Great. Question number one, what

are the five key ingredients to

falling in love?

32.

NATASHA

I don’t believe in love, remember?

(off his look)

Okay. Fine--mutual self-interest

and socio-economic compatibility.

DANIEL

Do you even have a soul?

NATASHA

No such thing.

He laughs at Tasha as if she’s kidding, but she’s not.

DANIEL

Well, my ingredients are friendship

and chemistry.

NATASHA

(patronizing)

But, of course. Sorry, go on.

DANIEL

I think some kind of moral compass

is important. And let’s see...

Physical attraction and the X

factor.

NATASHA

What’s the X factor?

DANIEL

Don’t worry. We already have it.

He smiles charmingly. A strand of Daniel’s hair falls into his face. He puts it behind his ear.

NATASHA

This quiz isn’t going to make me

fall in love with you, Red Tie.

DANIEL

It’s Daniel. And give me today.

NATASHA

Can’t. I have a doctor’s

appointment.

DANIEL

Okay. I’ll walk you there.



33.

**EXT. NYC STREET - DAY**

Tasha leads the way, darting in and out of pedestrian traffic, as Daniel struggles to keep up.

DANIEL

So, where are we headed?

NATASHA

I am heading to my appointment on

the east side and you are,

apparently, tagging along with me.

DANIEL

Yep. And while we’re walking...

Daniel takes out his phone.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

You ready for more questions?

NATASHA

You are relentless.

DANIEL

Persistent. Now, question number

two: Would you like to be famous

and how?

NATASHA

You first.

DANIEL

I’d be a famous poet laureate.

NATASHA

And you’d be broke.

DANIEL

Broke with money But rich with

words.

NATASHA

What does a poet laureate even do?

DANIEL

Offers wise and poetic counsel.

Tasha makes some gagging sounds.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

Be cynical all you want, but many a

life has been saved by poetry.

34.

NATASHA

You’re not joking, are you?

DANIEL

What about you? What kind of fame

do you want?

NATASHA

Easy. I’d be a benevolent dictator.

Daniel laughs.

DANIEL

You know, all dictators think

they’re benevolent. Even the ones

holding machetes.

NATASHA

Nope. Pure benevolence from me. I

would decide what was good for

everyone and do it.

DANIEL

But what if what’s good for one

person is not good for another?

NATASHA

Can’t please everyone. As my poet

laureate, you could comfort the

loser with a good poem.

DANIEL

Touché.

She glances at him, feeling a surprising connection. They stop at a corner, waiting for the light to change.

We enter a MUSICAL MONTAGE of them walking through the city as they get to know each other. The urban sounds melt away as a wistful piece of music takes over. Natasha soaks up the city she’s about to say goodbye to and Daniel continues to try and win her full attention.

Daniel pulls out his phone again and begins scrolling through questions. Natasha watches him.

NATASHA

Tell me again why you’re wearing a

suit?

(off his groan)

Come on, I get to ask questions

too.

35.

DANIEL

Yale. Interview.

NATASHA

Really. Are you nervous?

DANIEL

I’m fine. My parents have only been prepping me for this my entire life.

NATASHA

They’re immigrants, huh?

DANIEL

Yup.

NATASHA

Mine too. Do you even want to go to Yale?

DANIEL

It doesn’t matter what I want.

NATASHA

It’s your life.

DANIEL

And what about yours? You sound like you’ve got it all figured out.

NATASHA

I’m going to be a data scientist. (off his look)

Data scientists analyze data and recommend actions based on the results. They’re also very well- paid.

DANIEL

That’s so practical. Have you always known what you wanted to be?

NATASHA

Well, it wasn’t predestined. I did research on growing fields in the sciences. I chose one, and tada.

DANIEL

So, it’s not something you’re passionate about?

She shrugs.

36.

NATASHA

I don’t want to have to rely on

anyone or wind up working night

shifts just to make ends meet. I

can’t live off of passion any more

that I could off of love.

They climb some steps and walk along an elevated walkway.

DANIEL

It’s a long life to spend doing

something you’re only ‘meh’ about.

NATASHA

It’s a long life to spend chasing

dreams that aren’t real. Do you

know how many people want to be

actors or writers or rock stars? A

lot. Ninety-nine percent of them

won’t make it. Zero point nine

percent of those left will barely

make any money doing it. Only the

last zero point one percent make it

big. Everybody else just wastes

their lives trying to be them.

DANIEL

Are you secretly my father?

NATASHA

Ha ha. Look, when you’re a happy

doctor making lots of money, you’ll

thank him that you didn’t become a

starving artist dreaming

pointlessly about making it big.

Tasha notices the disappointed look on Daniel’s face.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

Wait, you’re not serious about the

poetry thing, are you?

DANIEL

Honestly? If I had my way, yeah.

This track I’m on is too

predictable. Yale. Medical school.

Residency. Marriage. Children.

Retirement. Nursing home. Funeral

home. Cemetery.

(then)

People have big, beautiful brains!

We invent things that fly. We are

capable of anything under the sun.

We are capable of big lives.

(MORE)



37.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

How great would it be if we all

went after the things we actually

believed in?

Their eyes meet. She’s inspired by his passion.

**EXT. FITZGERALD’S BUILDING - DAY**

Tasha stops in front of a glass high-rise building on 1st Ave. Its corporate design contrasts with the illustrious UN building on the opposite side of the street. She looks up at the building, knowing it may be her last hope.

NATASHA

So, this is me.

DANIEL

I can wait for you out here.

NATASHA

Daniel. You have an interview and I

have this... thing. This is where

we say goodbye.

Daniel falls silent for a beat.

DANIEL

Am I going to see you again?

NATASHA

There are eight and a half million

people in this city. Unless we just

happen to run into one another,

again the odds aren’t in our favor.

DANIEL

Let’s do that over. Do you want to

see me again?

A beat. Neither one moves...

Daniel doesn’t wait for her reply.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

Never mind. I can see that you’re a

little stressed by this

appointment...like I was before I

saw you. Let’s try something.

Daniel raises his arms laterally, away from his body.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

Lift your arms like this.

38.

Natasha obliges, reluctantly. Daniel inches closer and closer to her, arms out.

NATASHA

Ummm. What are you doing?

DANIEL

They say that something as simple

as a hug can do wonders for stress.

NATASHA

Do they?

DANIEL

Mmmhmm, it’s science.

Daniel stands face to face with Natasha, both of their arms outstretched, almost wrapping around one another. But they don’t touch.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

If this is goodbye, then let this

hug be my parting gift. Okay?

Tasha pulls him in. He holds her tight. Tasha lets her head drop onto his shoulder and her body relax into his arms.

NATASHA (V.O.)

Go, Tasha. Time to go.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Let go, Daniel. Let her go.

Daniel releases her. Tasha pulls back, smiles at him.

NATASHA

Nice meeting you, Daniel. Good luck

with your interview.

Daniel nods. Tasha heads to the building.

DANIEL

(calling after her)

You really don’t think we’ll see

each other again, do you?

She turns back to Daniel.

NATASHA

It’s highly unlikely.



39.

DANIEL

The odds were that we’d never meet

in the first place, you know. But

we did.

Daniel looks to the sky. Cracks a smile.

NATASHA

Why are you smiling?

DANIEL

Because I know this isn’t our last

time together.

Daniel’s naïveté upsets Tasha. Tears gather in her eyes.

NATASHA

Goodbye, Daniel.

Tasha turns away from him so that he can’t see her face. She walks through the large glass doors of the building.

**INT. BUILDING - HALLWAY/FITZGERALD’S OFFICE - DAY**

Tasha opens a door to find a partially built office. The walls are half painted and bare bulbs hang from the ceiling. Sawdust and paint splotches cover the tarped floor.

A woman, HANNAH, 30s, sits behind the desk. She smiles as Tasha approaches.

HANNAH

You must be Natasha.

Tasha nods.

HANNAH (CONT’D)

I’m sorry, I have some bad news.

Tasha’s stomach folds in on itself.

HANNAH (CONT’D)

Jeremy-- Attorney Fitzgerald, was

in a car accident an hour ago.

Hannah continues the story as Tasha listens.

NATASHA (V.O.)

Turns out that BMW that almost hit

me had already done its fair share

of damage...



40.

**EXT. NEW YORK STREET - EARLIER**

JEREMY FITZGERALD crosses the street.

NATASHA (V.O.)

My attorney-to-be was crossing the

street, and without his own

personal Daniel to save him...

BOOM. The WHITE BMW cruises through a stoplight and KNOCKS JEREMY TO THE GROUND.

NATASHA (V.O.)

A drunk and distraught insurance

actuary hit him.

Jeremy crawls to the side of the street as other PEDESTRIANS help him up and call 911.

**INT. FITZGERALD’S OFFICE - PRESENT**

Hannah continues talking to Tasha.

HANNAH

His wife says he’s fine, just a few

bruises. But he won’t be back until

later this afternoon.

NATASHA

But that might be too late--

HANNAH

Didn’t you hear what I said? He was

hit by a car. He’ll see you later.

Hannah pushes a sheaf of forms over to Tasha.

HANNAH (CONT’D)

In the meantime, I need you to fill

out these forms.

Hannah points Tasha to an adjacent desk. She fills most of it quickly. Then pauses at the back page. The prompt: “PLEASE GIVE A FULL ACCOUNTING OF YOUR TIME IN THE UNITED STATES.”

NATASHA (V.O.)

I have no idea what to write. So I

give the facts: my family traveled

to America on a tourist visa and we

have not left the country since. We

have committed no crimes, except

for my dad’s DUI.

41.

Tasha jots this down quickly, then hands the papers back to Hannah. Hannah flips through it, then stops on the back page.

HANNAH

You need more here.

NATASHA

Like what?

HANNAH

What does America mean to you? Why

do you want to stay?

NATASHA

Is that really--

HANNAH

Anything Jeremy can use to humanize

you will help.

Tasha sits back down. The phone rings as she stares at the blank page. Struggling. Hannah talks as Tasha tries to focus.

A second phone line rings as Tasha works on the forms. Hannah hangs up and grabs the second line before it can ring twice.

HANNAH (CONT’D)

Oh my God, Jeremy. Are you alright?

As Jeremy responds, a relieved smile crosses Hannah’s face.

HANNAH (CONT’D)

Thank goodness, I was worried sick!

(beat)

Yes, of course. I’ll see you later.

Hannah hangs up the phone and comes back into the reception area, aglow with relief.

HANNAH (CONT’D)

He’s alright.

NATASHA

That’s great.

Hannah takes the forms from Tasha and reads through them.

HANNAH

I’ve seen lots of cases like this--

you’ll be okay.

NATASHA

You think so?



42.

HANNAH

Jeremy never loses. I’m not

supposed to say this...but just

know there’s hope.

Tasha exhales, a burden lifted.

**INT. FITZGERALD’S BUILDING - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER** Tasha exits the elevator.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey!

Tasha turns to the voice. It’s Bev.

BEV

How’d it go?

NATASHA

Good. I think.

BEV

What does that mean?

NATASHA

Well, it’s not official yet, but... there may be something other than resigned dread in my future.

Bev squeals, then squeezes Tasha tight in a hug.

BEV

That’s amazing! Are you going to

call your parents?

NATASHA

And say what? A man who I don’t

know sent me to see another man I

don’t know. Then a paralegal, who

is not a lawyer, whom I also don’t know, says everything will be all right. What’s the use in getting all our hopes up?

BEV

Hope seems like a good substitute

to whatever you’ve been feeling.

Tasha smiles.

43.

BEV (CONT’D)

Don’t tell me. Can you use the

scientific method on it? Can you

observe it, measure it, experiment

with it and repeat your

experiments?

NATASHA & BEV

You cannot.

They both laugh.

NATASHA

You know I can only take so much

positivity.

(beat)

But there is something measurable I

have to tell you. I met a boy...

BEV

Um, what? When? Deets please!

NATASHA

Okay, so I saw Rob up at Second

Coming this morning...

As Tasha tells her story, INSERT FLASHBACK SHOTS of Daniel enhanced by her memory and favorable shades of lighting: - Beautifully backlit after he saved Tasha’s life.

- Getting foam on his nose at the coffee spot.

- Lovingly looking at her as he says “goodbye.”

NATASHA (V.O.)

And as I gave Bev the full Daniel

rundown, it hit me...

NATASHA

I didn’t even get his full name!

BEV

What a fail.

NATASHA

I know! I should’ve gotten his

number.

Tasha looks down to her phone. It’s **11:35**.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

I mean, what if this immigration

nonsense does resolve itself? How

will I find him again?

44.

BEV

Maybe he waited for you. Wouldn’t

that be romantic?

Bev looks around the lobby, searching.

NATASHA

Don’t be ridiculous. He had an

interview. He’s not still here.

In spite of herself, Tasha starts to look around the lobby too. Hopeful. But she can’t find him. Her shoulders slump.

BEV

Ha! You’re disappointed.

NATASHA

And how is that funny?

BEV

Because you really like this dude!

I’ve never seen you like this.

NATASHA

(still searching the

lobby)

Please. It’s not like I think we

were meant to be or anything

ridiculous like that...just saying,

it would’ve been nice--

Tasha finally sees Daniel. He’s crossing the lobby, making a beeline for her. She covers her excitement.

DANIEL

Hey.

NATASHA

Hey. What happened to your

interview?

DANIEL

No hug. No “I’m so happy to see

you”?

BEV

You clearly don’t know Tasha that

well. Hi, I’m Bev. You must be ”the

boy.”

Tasha cuts her eyes at Bev, deadly.

DANIEL

Actually it’s Daniel.



45.

BEV

Nice to meet you, Daniel.

(to Tasha)

Okay. I’m out.

Bev hugs Tasha.

NATASHA

I thought we were having lunch.

BEV

I think you’ve got other plans.

Bev grins from ear to ear as she trots off. She types Tasha a text: **Call me later. PS, pls get the digits this time!!**! Tasha turns to a smiling Daniel.

NATASHA

So?

DANIEL

So?

NATASHA

Your interview?

DANIEL

Oh, that old thing? I postponed it.

NATASHA

Are you insane? This is your life

we’re talking about.

DANIEL

I didn’t burn the building to the

ground, ‘Tash. I just moved it

until later.

NATASHA

*‘Tash*? We’re doing nicknames

already?

**EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

Tasha shivers a little and rubs her hands down her forearms from the cold. Daniel takes her jacket and helps her into it.

NATASHA

Did you postpone for me?

DANIEL

Absolutely.



46.

NATASHA

What makes you so sure I’m worth

it?

DANIEL

Instinct. How did your thing go?

NATASHA

Fine. I have to come back at 3:30.

Daniel looks at his phone: **11:45 AM.**

DANIEL

Looks like we have more time

together.

NATASHA

Looks that way, huh?

The two of them exchange flirty smiles.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

So, what should we do now?

**EXT. HARLEM - MLK BLVD DAY**

The Manhattan skyscrapers have been replaced by small, closely-packed stores with bright awnings. Harlem feels less like a city and more like a neighborhood. Almost everyone’s black. Tasha and Daniel walk down the street, talking.

NATASHA

Your father owns a black hair care

shop called “Black Hair Care”?

DANIEL

Yep. Not the most creative name in

the world, I’ll give you that.

NATASHA

Hmm. I guess when you said ‘store,’

that’s not what I was expecting.

How’d they get into that?

**INT. STILL PHOTO SEQUENCE - FANTASY**

DANIEL (V.O.)

My family didn’t enter the Black

hair care business by chance.

A STILL PHOTO OF DANIEL’S FAMILY COMES TO LIFE.



47.

DANIEL (V.O.)

When Dae Hyun and Min Soo moved to

New York, Dae Hyun’s cousin gave

them a loan to open a Black Hair

Care store.

A photograph of a Korean plane suddenly moves, the plane lands in New York City. A photo of Dae Hyun’s COUSIN springs into action as he hands Daniel’s parents some cash. A Hair Care Store frozen in time suddenly bustles.

DANIEL (V.O.)

His cousin had a similar store and

it was thriving. As were stores

other South Koreans had opened up.

A wide shot reveals the cousin in front of a store, he goes inside. A dozen other Black Hair Care Stores are alive and thriving on the block.

DANIEL (V.O.)

And South Koreans didn’t dominate

the Black hair care industry by

chance. In the 1960s wigs made with

South Korean hair were insanely

popular in the African-American

community.

Various photographs of BLACK WOMEN come to life. As they walk down the street, wigs of every style are on display.

DANIEL

So much so that the South Korean

government banned the export of raw

hair to ensure South Korean wigs

could only be made in South Korea.

That combined with the U.S. banning

the import of wigs containing

Chinese hair effectively solidified

South Korea’s dominance in the wig

market. The wig business evolved to

the more general Black hair care

business. Of which South Koreans

currently control 60-80%.

**BACK TO SCENE - EXT. HARLEM STREET - DAY**

They finally stop in front of his father’s store. Posters of BLACK WOMEN in all styles--afros, weaves, braids, etc., adorn the windows.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

So this is it...



48.

Daniel turns to Tasha, tugs his tie from side to side nervously.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

So, you should know that my dad’s

really...

NATASHA

Daniel. It’s fine. I get it. All

parents are embarrassing.

Daniel averts his eyes. Tasha reaches out for the door, but he stops her.

DANIEL

Maybe you could just wait out here.

Tasha lets the door go, stunned. Daniel reaches for the door.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

I’ll be right back.

He sees the hurt in Tasha’s eyes, feels awful.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

I’m sorry, can I try that again?

Tasha gives him a big smile. Daniel opens the door for Tasha.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

After you.

**INT. BLACK HAIR CARE STORE - DAY**

A bell chimes as they enter. It’s small and crammed with rows of metal shelves and products. Dae, DAE HYUN, 50s, is busy ringing up a customer at the register.

DANIEL

Well, this is it... You need to go

to the bathroom or anything?

There’s one in the back.

Tasha shakes her head. He strangles the pouch with his hands. Nervous.

NATASHA

Want to show me around?

DANIEL

Not much to see. First two aisles

are for hair.

(MORE)

49.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Shampoo, conditioner, extensions,

dyes, lots of chemical things I

don’t understand. Aisle three is

make-up. Four’s equipment.

He glances at his dad, but he’s still busy.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

Do you need something?

Tasha touches her hair, suddenly insecure.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

I didn’t mean a product. We have a

fridge in the back with soda and

stuff.

NATASHA

1. ure.
2. hey walk down the hair dye aisle. Tasha stops in front of some boxes with brightly colored dyes, picks up a pink one.

DANIEL

Pink?

NATASHA

Why not?

DANIEL

Doesn’t seem like your style.

NATASHA

Shows how much you know.

DANIEL

I think you would look beautiful

with a giant pink afro.

NATASHA

The whole thing wouldn’t be pink.

Maybe just the ends.

He reaches for the box and now they’re both holding it and facing each other in an aisle that only has space for one.

DANIEL

It would look like strawberry

frosting.

Daniel pulls a few strands of Tasha’s coils. He smiles. She smiles back. A small moment.

50.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Oh, look. My little brother’s here.

Daniel jerks his hand from her hair. They both let go of the dye at the same time, and the box clatters to the floor.

1. harlie saunters down the aisle toward them, eyes filled with curiosity and a mischievous glee.
2. aniel hands the dye back to Tasha.

DANIEL

What’s up, Charlie?

CHARLIE

The sky is up, little brother.

(then, re: Tasha)

Who is this?

Charlie’s eyes are on Tasha. Daniel takes a deep breath and readies himself to say something, but Tasha jumps in.

NATASHA

I’m Natasha. A friend of your

brother’s.

CHARLIE

Oh, I thought maybe he’d caught a

shoplifter. We get a lot of those

in a store like this. I’m sure you

understand.

Tasha’s eyes widen, stunned by his rudeness.

DANIEL

Jesus Christ, Charlie.

Daniel angrily takes a step toward his brother, but Tasha grabs his hand, pulling him back. Daniel stops, links his fingers with hers and squeezes.

Charlie makes a big show of looking down at their joined hands and then back up at them.

CHARLIE

Is this what I think it is?

He claps his hands together with a loud smack and does a laughing two-step dance.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)

This. Is. Great. Yes. You know what

this means don’t you? All the heat

will be off me.

(MORE)

51.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)

When the ‘rents find out about this

I’ll be a boy scout again. Fuck

academic probation.

NATASHA

Wow. You’re an asshole.

He smiles as if Tasha’s paid him a compliment.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

(to Daniel)

Do your thing and let’s get out of

here.

She squeezes his hand. They turn away and run right into his father. Tasha pulls her hand away, but it’s too late.

DAE

(in Korean)

What are you doing?

DANIEL

Mom said I had to bring you this.

CHARLIE

Want me to help translate for your

friend?

DAE

(to Charlie)

I thought you didn’t understand

Korean.

Charlie shrugs.

CHARLIE

I get by.

DAE

(in Korean)

Is that why you failed out of

school? You only get by?

Charlie’s smile lessens. Embarrassment showing.

CHARLIE

(to Tasha)

Don’t worry, he’s not talking about

you. Not yet at least.

Dae’s face goes completely blank. He suppresses his anger and feigns a smile at Tasha.

52.

DAE

You want something before you

leave?

He clasps his hands, half-bends at the waist like he usually does for his customers.

NATASHA

No, thank you, Mr.--

DAE

Yes. Yes. You’re a friend of

Daniel’s. Take anything you want.

He pats at his pockets until he finds his glasses and peers at the bottles on the shelf.

DAE (CONT’D)

Not this aisle. Come with me.

Natasha and Daniel follow him helplessly while Charlie snickers. Dae finds what he’s looking for one aisle over.

DAE (CONT’D)

Here. A relaxer for your hair. To

make your hair not so big.

He pulls a tub from a shelf and hands it to her. Charlie laughs long and loud.

NATASHA

Thank you, Mr.--

DANIEL

Bae.

NATASHA

Mr. Bae. I don’t need any--

DAE

Your hair’s too big.

NATASHA

I like it big.

CHARLIE

Better get a different boyfriend.

Daniel glares at his brother.

DANIEL

We’re leaving.



53.

Daniel practically flings the pouch at his father. Then he reaches for Tasha’s hand and leads her toward the door.

CHARLIE

Thank you, come again.

**EXT. HARLEM - CONTINUOUS**

**CHYRON: 12:15PM**

Daniel sighs as he tugs Tasha up the block. She shakes her head. Daniel finally stops, hangs his head.

DANIEL

I’m sorry.

Tasha’s giggles turn into all-out laughter. She clutches her stomach as Daniel stares at her, unamused.

NATASHA

I don’t think that could’ve gone

any worse. Racist dad. Racist and

sexist older brother. And the

store! I mean the ancient posters

of those women and your dad

offering me a relaxer.

DANIEL

I’m glad you think this is funny.

NATASHA

Come on. Tragedy is funny.

DANIEL

Are we in a tragedy?

NATASHA

Of course. Isn’t that what life is?

We all die at the end.

DANIEL

I guess so.

He steps closer, takes her hand and places it on his chest.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

Seriously. I’m sorry. I’m sorry

about my family. I’m sorry about

everything, about the whole history

of the world and all its racism and

the unfairness of all of it.



54.

NATASHA

What are you even saying? It’s not your fault. You can’t apologize for racism.

DANIEL

I can and I do.

Tasha warms to his earnestness.

NATASHA

I get it. It’s hard to come from

some place or someone that you’re

not proud of... But you’re not your dad. Or your brother thankfully.

DANIEL

Thank you.

(beat)

I feel like I need a palate

cleanser now. What’s your favorite place to go in the city?

NATASHA

Hmm. There’s so many. But I guess

if I had to pick one, I’d say the planetarium.

DANIEL

Really? Never been.

NATASHA

Are you serious? Not even the obligatory fourth grade field trip?

Daniel shakes his head. Tasha looks at her phone.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

Then we have to go. There’s a twelve-thirty show if we leave now, we can make it.

**INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - LATER**

Daniel and Tasha sit side by side.

DANIEL

So, you ready for the next

question?

NATASHA

Oh boy...are we back to that?

55.

DANIEL

I’ll take that as a yes.

(searches)

Alright, here we go. How do you

feel about your relationship with

your mother and father?

NATASHA

You first.

DANIEL

Well. You met my dad...it’s

complicated. Of course I love him,

but you can love someone and still

have a not-so-great relationship

with them, you know?

(shrugs)

Sometimes I feel like we’re on

opposite sides of a soundproofed,

glass wall. We can see each other

but we can’t hear each other.

The train brakes suddenly and jostles them even closer together. She doesn’t move away.

NATASHA

And your mom?

DANIEL

Pretty good. She’s kind of like me.

She paints.

NATASHA

So she’s a delusional optimist too?

DANIEL

I guess so.

(then)

Now your turn.

Tasha rolls her eyes.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

I’ll make it easy on you. You can

just give me a thumbs up or thumbs

down, okay?

She nods.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

Mom?

Tasha gives the thumbs up.

56.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

Way up?

NATASHA

Let’s not go overboard. I’m

seventeen and she’s my mom.

DANIEL

Dad?

Tasha gives the thumbs down.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

Way down?

NATASHA

(beat)

It’s hard to love someone who

doesn’t love you back.

Daniel and Tasha fall silent as a STREET MUSICIAN carrying a VIOLIN boards the car. She starts to play Prince’s *“When Doves Cry.”*

Daniel nudges Tasha.

DANIEL

She’s playing Prince. Kind of a

coincidence, don’t you think?

Tasha rolls her eyes.

The Musician is so passionate and the tune is so infectious that an ELDERLY PASSENGER starts to loudly hum along. As the song goes on, OTHER PASSENGERS hum as well.

Daniel smiles big at Tasha as he joins in.

NATASHA

You’re so goofy.

The Musician finishes with a flourish and the car breaks out in applause. A true New York subway Moment.

The Musician takes a bow.

STREET MUSICIAN

Ladies and gentlemen, if you like

what you heard, I do accept tips.

Cash, credit or debit.

The Musician holds her hat in one hand and an iPhone with a card-reading square in the other as passengers head out.



57.

Tasha stops, pulls out a dollar and puts it in her hat. Daniel smiles and does the same.

**INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - HALL OF METEORITES - DAY**

Tasha and Daniel wander through the minimal dark space. Spotlights shine on Meteorites. Natasha runs her hand across the metal-cold surface of a pockmarked rock and she closes her eyes, fingering the divots. Daniel comes close, watching her. She turns to him, her voice a whisper.

NATASHA

This rock is 4.5 Billion years old.

Almost as old as our solar system.

Daniel smiles.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

Just think about that, before

humans ever existed, this object

was flying through the universe for

*billions of years!*

Daniel pauses, taken aback by her.

DANIEL

You’re like a kid in a candy store.

NATASHA

Just think, humans have only been

around for at most two-hundred-

thousand years. This rock has been

around for five-thousand times as

long as all of human history

combined.

DANIEL

The way you talk about this stuff,

you should be pursuing astronomy.

Natasha walks off into the darkness of the exhibition space.

NATASHA

There’s not a lot of jobs in

astronomy. Not like the other

sciences.

Daniel follows her, pauses in a pool of light.

DANIEL

But this is what you love.

Natasha stands in the darkness, just outside the spotlight.



58.

NATASHA

Cliche as it sounds, love doesn’t

put food on the table.

(then)

Isn’t that why you’re going to

Yale?

DANIEL

I don’t know how it is with your

family, but in mine, my parents

have a lot of power. And they’ve

already decided my fate.

Daniel walks back into the blackness. Tasha follows him. She looks at her watch.

NATASHA

Show’s about to start.

**INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - PLANETARIUM THEATER - LATER**

The night sky is projected on an ENORMOUS SCREEN. Tasha and Daniel stare up at the stars, transfixed.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The night sky... both beautiful and

mysterious.

Images of the Milky Way galaxy appear.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But the stars only tell part of the

story. You see this denser band of

stars? That’s the Milky Way. It's

our galaxy.

Daniel’s eyes go wide as he takes in the spectacle. Tasha notes his reaction and smiles to herself.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It’s big. So big that even at the

speed of light it would take

100,000 years to travel across it.

And this galaxy of ours contains

only about 100 billion stars.

The two of them are so caught up that everyone DISAPPEARS around them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Luckily the Milky Way is not the

only galaxy in the Universe.

(MORE)

59.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Many of the stars we see are

actually in whole other galaxies

very far away.

Daniel eyes Tasha’s hand on her lap.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

There are about 170 billion

galaxies, comprised of hundreds of

billions of individual stars.

Natasha’s elbow lightly brushes Daniel’s arm. She notices and they exchange a look, both embarrassed.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

There are more stars in the

universe than grains of sand on all

of Earth’s beaches combined.

Daniel looks down longingly at her hand. Reaches his pinky slowly towards hers.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Some may find this vastness, this

unending darkness, proof of our

insignificance. But I see it a

little differently.

Daniel’s pinky lightly touches her hand. A pause. Natasha freezes. Daniel withdraws his hand quickly.

NEIL DEGRASSE TYSON appears on screen, as if he’s standing in the middle of the universe. He’s our narrator.

TYSON (V.O.)

The most astounding fact to me is

the knowledge that the atoms that

comprise life on earth, the atoms

that make up our human bodies, are

traceable to the stars.

Daniel takes a deep breath, slowly brings his hand towards Natasha’s hand again.

TYSON (V.O.)

Stars that collapsed and then

exploded, they became the

ingredients for life itself.

Daniel’s fingers lightly cover Natasha’s fingers. A pause, his hand on hers.



60.

TYSON (V.O.)

So when we look up at the night

sky, we aren’t drawn in merely for

its beauty...we’re drawn in because

whether we know it or not, we are

all part of this universe, we are

all in this universe, but more

importantly, the universe is in

us...

Natasha reciprocates at last. She pulls her fingers around his and their hands intertwine. The tension building...

**INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - PLANETARIUM THEATER - LATER**

The lights are up. Daniel’s still blown away by what they just saw. Tasha’s distant. Both of them remain in their seats.

DANIEL

That was...really something.

Tasha doesn’t hear him. She checks the time on her phone again: **1:01 PM**. She slides her hand away from Daniel’s.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

Did I say something wrong?

NATASHA

No, it’s not you. Well, maybe it

is...Don’t you think it’s weird

that we’ve spent so much time

together today? I mean, we just

met. We’re practically strangers.

DANIEL

Honestly, I don’t think it’s weird

at all. Plus, you’ve met my

family...we’re definitely out of

the stranger zone.

Natasha softens. At ease.

NATASHA

Yeah, I guess. It’s just a lot to

take in.

DANIEL

I don’t know...I just feel

connected to you.

A beat. Natasha’s belly growls. Their laughter relieves the romantic tension.

61.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

You like Korean food?

EXT. KOREAN MARKETPLACE - DAY

1. usic plays as Daniel and Tasha make their way through the densely packed streets of Koreatown. Neon signs in Korean, street vendors, bicycles, and the smell of delicious food wafting in the air.
2. atasha sees Korean people exiting a building dragging big suitcases. She SIGHS, the weight of the world on her shoulders. Daniel notices. She brushes it off, moving on down the street. They take a quick SELFIE together as the music ends.

NATASHA

So how come you call yourself

Korean? Weren’t you born here?

DANIEL

People always ask where I’m from. I

used to say here, but then they ask

where are you really from, and then

I say Korea.

NATASHA

I don’t think you should say you’re

from Korea.

DANIEL

Why not?

NATASHA

Because it’s not true. You’re from

here.

DANIEL

I love how simple this is for you.

NATASHA

What do you mean?

DANIEL

Well, your solution to everything

is to tell the truth. I struggle

with my identity and you tell me

just to say what’s true.

NATASHA

Why not? It’s not up to you to help

other people fit you into a box.



62.

DANIEL

Do people do it to you?

NATASHA

Yeah, except I’m really not from

here. We left Jamaica when I was

eight. The first time I saw snow, I

was in homeroom and I was so amazed

I stood up to stare at it.

DANIEL

Oh no.

NATASHA

Oh yes.

DANIEL

Did the other kids--

NATASHA

Yep. It wasn’t pretty.

(shrugs)

But eventually this became home. I

love it here. I could stay in New

York for the rest of my life.

DANIEL

Well, you should.

Natasha deflects.

NATASHA

Well I’m not going to be around

much longer... You know, if I don’t

get some food soon. Where are we

going again?

Daniel stops in his tracks. Tasha follows his lead.

DANIEL

Turn around.

The pair stand at a nondescript doorway. Confused, Tasha looks to Daniel.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

Trust me.

He takes her hand and they head inside, the sound of people greeting them in Korean “*Annyeonghaseyo*” echoes.



63.

**INT. KOREAN RESTAURANT - DAY**

Daniel and Tasha sit at a booth in a small hole-in-the-wall joint. Tasha looks over the menu.

DANIEL

What do you think?

NATASHA

I’ll eat whatever you tell me to.

Daniel rings the little bell attached to the table and a WAITRESS appears almost instantly. She gives Natasha a quick look, turns to Daniel.

WAITRESS

(in Korean)

How can I help you?

DANIEL

(in Korean)

We’ll have two seafood soon dubu,

kalbi, and pa jun.

The waitress nods and then walks off.

NATASHA

There’s a bell?

DANIEL

Awesome, right? It takes all the

mystery out of food service. When

will my waiter appear? When will I

get the check?

NATASHA

Do American restaurants know about

this? Bells should be mandatory.

Daniel laughs.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

No, I changed my mind. Can you

imagine some jerk just leaning on

the bell demanding ketchup?

The Waitress returns and places the soup and two uncooked eggs on the table. She tosses paper-clad spoons and chopsticks into the center of the table.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

Oh, can I have a fork, please?

The Waitress gives her a disapproving look, then walks off.



64.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

Does this mean she’s not going to

bring me a fork?

Daniel laughs.

DANIEL

Don’t worry about her. Try this...

Daniel pulls the soup bowl towards him.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

This is soon dubu.

Tasha watches as he cracks the egg into the soup. She does the same, then dips her spoon in and takes a bite.

NATASHA

Mmm. It’s delicious.

Daniel smiles as Tasha does a little happy dance. He watches her eat, amused. A stream of traffic flowing through a door in the rear of the restaurant catches Tasha’s eye.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

What’s going on back there? This

some kind of Korean mafia joint?

DANIEL

Oh, no. That’s the norebang.

(off her look)

Korean karaoke.

NATASHA

Then why don’t I hear any music?

DANIEL

They have private rooms. Koreans

are all about embarrassing

themselves in private.

A beat, then a mischievous look comes over Daniel’s face.

NATASHA

Why are you looking at me like

that?

**INT. NOREBANG - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT**

A small, dimly lit room. Plush, red leather couches. A large, square coffee table sits in front of the couch. On it, a microphone and a remote. Next to the door there’s a large TV.

65.

Daniel pours over the thick song book, he’s been flipping for a while, agonizing over it. Natasha watches him.

NATASHA

Just choose a song.

DANIEL

This is norebang. You don’t choose

a song. A song chooses you.

NATASHA

How poetic.

DANIEL

Isn’t it?

NATASHA

I don’t know, most poems I’ve read

are about three things: love, sex,

or the stars. You poets are

obsessed with stars. Falling stars.

Shooting stars. Dying stars.

DANIEL

Stars are important.

NATASHA

Sure, but why not more poems about

the sun? The sun is also a star and

it’s the most important one. That

alone should be worth a poem or

two.

DANIEL

Being the most important star

doesn’t make it the most poetic.

Who wants to write about something

so domineering? I’d rather ruminate

on the romantic underdogs that play

in the night sky.

NATASHA

Domineering? You’ve got it all

wrong. The sun is a benevolent

star. A giver...it’s also our

greatest symbol of hope.

DANIEL

How’s that?

NATASHA

The brightest stars that we see at

night are often the light from

stars that have already died.

(MORE)

66.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

It’s sad, really. But the sun is

different. Everyday it brings

energy and life and hope to us.

Without it, we’d all be lost. I

think that’s something worth

writing about.

DANIEL

Hope, huh? I never pegged you to

believe in something as intangible

as hope.

NATASHA

Just a manner of speech. It only

means that something is possible.

The sun makes everything on earth

possible.

DANIEL

You know what? You’re right. I will

only write poems about the sun from

now on...

NATASHA

Good.

DANIEL

And sex.

Natasha rolls her eyes. He winks. Then starts flipping through the book. He pulls the rubber hand from his hair and tosses it on the table. Tasha tries not to stare.

NATASHA

Are you a good singer?

DANIEL

Not gonna lie. I am kinda good.

He grabs the remote to key in his song choice. Tasha smiles.

The music starts and Daniel slowly settles into a dramatic slump: feet planted wide, hair obscuring his bowed head and microphone held high in the air, ready to rock.

The opening chords of “Kiss” by Prince fill the room. He puts a hand over his heart and croons the first verse. It’s magnetic. As the song unfolds he embodies Princes’ sexual power in a completely fun and charming performance.

As Daniel’s sings, Tasha’s imagination takes over. BEGIN FANTASY MONTAGE:

67.

--Daniel and Tasha months down the road: lying in bed together laughing and eating cookies, Daniel playing Soccer with Tasha’s brother, Daniel and Tasha wandering Ellis Island together holding hands. And then years down the road, Daniel on one knee holding a ring out to a glowing Tasha. Walking down the aisle, cooking breakfast pregnant, pushing a stroller down the streets of New York arm and arm. The fantasy is of a whole life with Daniel, a beautiful life.

Daniel leans in while the songs plays without him and a cheesy guide track keeps crooning. They kiss. IN the middle of the cheesiest and most epic tiny room in the universe.

**ON CELL SCREEN: MEETING WITH FITZGERALD IN 30 MINUTES.**

She pulls away and stares intently at the message. It fills her with panic and dread. She’s not going to marry anyone. She’s not going to have kids with Daniel. This is all a sham. Her life is over, not starting. Daniel see her shift in attitude.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

Everything okay?

Tasha stares at him with fear and protective anger in her eyes. She almost whispers.

NATASHA

I gotta go.

1. he then bolts out of the room.
2. asha runs down the crazy hallways filled with colored lights and crazy patterns. Neon flashing in her face as she wells up with tears.

DANIEL

Hey - what are you doing?

NATASHA

I’m sorry. I gotta go.

DANIEL

Woah! Wait! What are you sorry for?

NATASHA

I just have to go. This all has to

stop Daniel.

Daniel chases her down the hall and she starts to run harder when she eyes a door at the end of a long hallway. She slams into the door at full speed.



68.

**EXT. NOREBANG/NEW YORK STREET - DAY**

Tasha and Daniel squint and shield their eyes as they crash out into the sunlight.

DANIEL

God, it’s bright out.

NATASHA

Back to reality.

With tears still in her eyes Tasha strides down the sidewalk clearly to get away from everything.

DANIEL

Wait, what just happened?

NATASHA

Nothing happened.

DANIEL

Bullshit. You’re acting completely

different. What changed?

NATASHA

Nothing’s changed.

Daniel catches up to her and Tasha looks away.

DANIEL

What are you so afraid of?

NATASHA

What are you talking about?

DANIEL

There’s something real here. I know

you feel it too.

NATASHA

Oh, you know how I feel? Do you?

You don’t know shit Daniel.

DANIEL

What’s your problem?

NATASHA

This. You and me. This thing. Well

this can’t happen. It’s over ok.

DANIEL

Hey don’t I have a say in this. I

know there’s something here.

69.

Natasha leans in and speaks low, with intesity.

NATASHA

Oh, well do you know that I’m not a citizen? Huh? So you know that my family is being deported tomorrow? Huh do you know that? Do you know that all this - whatever it is. It NOT meant to be. Do you know that part?

Daniel stares, silent. Totally blindsided.

DANIEL

What? You’re leaving the country? Why didn’t you tell me. It’s like this is all a lie?!

NATASHA

I didn’t lie to you. I just didn’t tell you everything.

DANIEL

I postponed my appointment because of you!

NATASHA

I didn’t ask you to do that.

DANIEL

But you didn’t say you’d be living in another country in less than twenty-four hours, either.

NATASHA

It wasn’t your business.

DANIEL

And it is now?

NATASHA

Look, Daniel. I told you not to

fall for me, okay? I tried.

DANIEL

No, here’s how you try. You open your mouth and you say the truth. Just say, “Daniel, I’m leaving the country.” “Daniel, don’t fall in love with me.”

NATASHA

You think a few kisses mean something?



70.

DANIEL

I think those kisses did.

NATASHA

Lets just end this. You have your

plans and I have mine.

DANIEL

Sure. Whatever. I get it. Just like

that. OK, Have a nice life.

Daniel grabs his jacket and strides away. Tasha watches him go.

**INT. BLACK HAIR CARE STORE - DAY**

Daniel walks into the store visibly upset. His dad’s busy with a customer. Charlie’s face goes into a full asshole smirk as he sees Daniel is alone.

CHARLIE

Where’s your girlfriend? She dump

you already?

DANIEL

Fuck you, Charlie.

Charlie stops smirking, takes a good look at Daniel, noting his tie and jacket are missing. Shirt untucked.

CHARLIE

Why. Are. You. Here. Little.

Brother. Shouldn’t you be

interviewing for Second Best School

today?

A beat. Daniel stares at Charlie, disgusted.

DANIEL

Why are you such an asshole?

Seriously. What’d I ever do to you?

CHARLIE

Is that what you came back for? To

whine about me being mean to you?

DANIEL

So you don’t have an answer? That’s

just the way you’re made?

CHARLIE

That’s right. I’m stronger. And

smarter. And better than you.

71.

Daniel glares at his brother, anger building.

DANIEL

If you’re so smart, what are you

doing back here, Charlie? Big fish,

small pond syndrome? Were you just

a tiny douchebag fish at BU?

Charlie clenches his fists. He gets right in Daniel’s face.

CHARLIE

You want to know why I don’t like

you? Because you’re just like them.

You and your mandu and perfect

Korean. We’re not even from the

goddamned country!

DANIEL

Wait. You’re mad because I like

dumplings and I speak Korean?

That’s your beef?

Charlie steps closer, gets in his face.

CHARLIE

No, my problem is you don’t have a

spine. You’ve always done what

they’ve told you to. You’re their

little golden boy. It’s pathetic.

DANIEL

Wow. I’m not even angry at you

anymore. I just feel sorry for you.

Charlie sees the pity in Daniel’s face. He grabs Daniel by the collar.

CHARLIE

Fuck you. You think anybody’s gonna

care about that shit at Yale?

(then, smirking)

What? You think you’re cool now

because you brought some black girl

in here--

Daniel PUNCHES Charlie in the eye socket, then recoils from the pain in his hand. Charlie stumbles back.

Charlie’s face turns from pain to surprise to rage. He punches Daniel in the stomach, then keeps coming. Daniel tries to block his face, but it’s no use. Charlie’s fist splits Daniel’s lip.



72.

He rears back, ready to deliver another blow, but Daniel blocks his face and knees Charlie in the groin. Hard. Charlie falls to the ground in agony. Their dad runs over.

DAE

(in Korean)

What’s going on here?

Their father eyes Daniel’s disheveled clothes and busted lip.

DAE (CONT’D)

1. et some ice for your lip.
2. e turns to Charlie.

DAE (CONT’D)

You hit your little brother? That’s

what you learn from America? To hit

your family?

Daniel gets up and goes to the--

**INT. BLACK HAIR CARE STORE - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Grabs a coke and presses it against his lip. He sits on the floor with his back against the door, breathing heavy. Looks to a mirror on the wall.

A KNOCK on the door.

DAE (CONT’D)

Daniel, come out here now.

Daniel puts the can back in the fridge and tucks his shirt in. He opens the door. His father is right there.

DAE (CONT’D)

I don’t care what your brother

says. The only thing that matters

is you go to school, you become a

doctor, you be successful. You find

a nice girl and have children and

you have the American Dream. You

don’t throw your future away for

temporary things you only want

right now.

DANIEL

But Appa, what if I don’t want the

same things you want?

His father holds up his hand, silencing him.



73.

DAE

Doesn’t matter what you want. If

you don’t go to Yale and become a

doctor, then you’re on your own.

A standoff. They hold eye contact. Neither budging.

Finally Daniel grabs his crumpled suit jacket, throws it on and marches out the door. Busted lip and all.

**INT. JEREMY FITZGERALD’S OFFICE - DAY**

Hannah greets Tasha as she enters.

HANNAH

Perfect timing, Miss Kingsley.

Follow me, please.

Hannah leads Tasha into the back office, knocks lightly on the door. JEREMY FITZGERALD, 50s, opens the door, a small bandage above his eyebrow and another around his wrist.

HANNAH (CONT’D)

Jeremy, Tasha Kingsley.

FITZGERALD

Come on in.

Jeremy smiles warmly at Tasha. Tasha enters hesitantly.

FITZGERALD (CONT’D)

(to Tasha)

Sit, sit, sit, sit. Sorry for the

delay. I reviewed your file.

Please, tell me how this all came

to pass.

NATASHA

I’m not sure where to begin...

Fitzgerald leans in.

NATASHA (V.O.)

...so I start with the night my

father ruined our lives.

**INT. NATASHA’S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK - NIGHT**

Tasha, Peter and Mrs. Kingsley sit around the small kitchen table as Mr. Kingsley clears the Chinese take out and pulls an envelope out of his pocket.



74.

MR. KINGSLEY

My family. Please do me the very

great honor of coming to see me

perform the role of Walter Lee

Younger in the Village Troupe’s

production of “*A Raisin in the*

*Sun.”*

He pulls out three tickets and proudly hands them out. But Mrs. Kingsley doesn’t take hers.

MRS. KINGSLEY

You and your foolishness. You can

keep your ticket. I’m not going

anywhere.

Mrs. Kingsley storms out. A beat later a DOOR SLAMS down the hall. Peter slumps in his chair.

MR. KINGSLEY

Don’t worry ‘bout your mother. She

don’t mean it, man.

NATASHA (V.O.)

But she did mean it. She didn’t go

with us. Said it was a waste of her

hard-earned money.

**INT. OFF BROADWAY THEATER - FLASHBACK - NIGHT**

Tasha and Peter sit front row with an empty seat between them. Stare up at the stage.

NATASHA (V.O.)

I want to be able to say that my

father was not good. That his

talents were only mediocre.

Mediocre would explain all the

years of rejection...

ON STAGE Mr. Kingsley gives a command performance. The audience, including his children, are entranced.

NATASHA (V.O.)

But he was excellent. Transcendent.

He belonged on that stage more than

he’s ever belonged with us.

LATER - The actors bow, with Mr. Kingsley center stage, soaking it all in.



75.

NATASHA (V.O.)

I’ve never seen him happier. And

I’m certain he will never be that

happy again.

LATER STILL - Mr. Kingsley stands center stage, staring off into the empty theater - save for Tasha and Peter. Peter breaks his father’s trance.

PETER

You ready, Pops?

Mr. Kingsley looks down at them with far-away eyes.

MR. KINGSLEY

You children go on ahead. I’ll see

you later.

**INT. BAR - FLASHBACK - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Mr. Kingsley drinks with his cast mates. They down shot after shot, enjoying the evening.

NATASHA (V.O.)

So instead of coming with us, he

went out drinking with his “fellow

actors.”

Mr. Kingsley finally downs his last drink and stumbles toward the exit.

**EXT. STREET - FLASHBACK - NIGHT**

QUICK CUTS: Mr. Kingsley drives down the street recklessly. A POLICE CAR turns the sirens on and pulls behind him.

On Mr. Kingsley’s face. Shit. He knows he messed up.

NATASHA (V.O.)

And though he only had three beers,

those three beers were enough to

change everything.

The POLICE OFFICER approaches the window and asks for license and registration.

NATASHA (V.O.)

In all the time he’d been here,

he’d never had one run in with the

law. But here he was, face to face

with cops, without the proper

paperwork to show.



76.

**INT. FITZGERALD’S OFFICE - PRESENT**

Fitzgerald’s still listening. Now puzzled.

FITZGERALD

Can’t believe he’d get behind the

wheel like that with so much at

stake.

NATASHA

I don’t think he was thinking about

anything but how happy... how *free*

he was in that moment.

On Tasha’s face. There’s more to it than she’s saying.

NATASHA (V.O.)

That was part of it, but not the

whole story...

**INT. NATASHA’S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK - NIGHT**

Tasha leans her ear against the door of her parents’ bedroom. INSIDE Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley argue.

MRS. KINGSLEY

When we met you said all my dreams

would come true. You remember that,

Kingsley? You’re a good actor

because you make me believe all the

pretty things you say.

MR. KINGSLEY

I’m tired of your dreams. What

‘bout mine? If it wasn’t for you

and the children, my life would be

better. If it wasn’t for you and

the children I would have all the

things I want. I’d be doing the

thing God put me on this earth to

do.

**IN THE HALLWAY -** Tasha slumps down as her father’s words hit her heart.

NATASHA (V.O.)

But I don’t tell Fitzgerald that

part-- that we are my father’s

greatest regret because we got in

the way of his dreams.



77.

**INT. FITZGERALD’S OFFICE - PRESENT**

Fitzgerald sits silent, hands steepled as he thinks.

NATASHA (V.O.)

I wonder how many stories like mine

has Fitzgerald’s heard over the

years. How many hopeless cases he’s

had to sit through...

Fitzgerald looks over one of the forms then gets a yellow legal pad out of his desk drawer, then jots something down.

Then he sits in silence for a long beat. His expression very hard to read. Tasha stares at him, nervously.

NATASHA (V.O.)

Each moment of silence is soul

crushing. I knew I shouldn’t have

listened to Hannah. Shouldn’t have

gotten my hopes up...

Then finally--

FITZGERALD

Miss Kingsley--

NATASHA

It’s okay. I know I’m out of

options. Thank you for your time.

Tasha moves to get up. But Fitzgerald waves her back down.

FITZGERALD

You’re never out of options.

NATASHA

What do you mean? Are you saying

you can fix this?

FITZGERALD

I’m going to go see a judge friend

of mine. He’ll be able to get the

Voluntary Removal reversed so at

least you don’t have to leave

tomorrow. After that we can file an

appeal with the BIA–the Board of

Immigration Appeals...

(checks his watch)

Give me a couple of hours. I can

make this happen. Just need to get

the judge to file by six o’clock.

Tasha’s taken aback.



78.

FITZGERALD (CONT’D)

I’ll call you when it’s all sorted

out.

NATASHA

But you think you can sort it out?

FITZGERALD

Yes. I’ve done it many, many times

before. You’ll be fine.

He smiles at her confidently. Tasha’s eyes light up. She throws her arms around him in a big, impromptu bear hug.

NATASHA

Thank you. You have no idea how

much this means to me. My family.

NATASHA (V.O.)

I should call my parents and tell

them, but right now, all I can

think about is Daniel.

**INT. DINER - DAY**

Daniel sits at an empty booth. Omar sees him and walks over, looks him up and down.

OMAR

Dude, what the hell happened to

you? Did you get robbed?

DANIEL

What?

(then realizing)

I got into a fight. With Charlie.

OMAR

Oooh! Finally! That dick’s had it

coming for a good ten years...

(a beat)

How’d your interview go?

DANIEL

Postponed it. For Tasha.

OMAR

Are you insane?

DANIEL

Yes. Probably. But then we got into

it and now I’ve lost her, too--



79.

Omar sits down across from Daniel.

OMAR

You’re such a drama queen. It’s

just a girl, man. There’s other

girls.

DANIEL

No. Not like her. I didn’t even get

her number.

OMAR

So Facebook her.

DANIEL

I don’t know her last name.

OMAR

So? If it’s in the stars, nothing

can stop it. Even your clumsy, no-

game-having ass, can’t fuck up this

good thing if it really was sent

down from Zeus or whoever.

DANIEL

Am I supposed to sit here and wait

for her to walk in the door?

OMAR

1. o, but you can retrace your steps.
2. r, better yet, Do you know where

she might be headed?

Daniel thinks. Then jumps up from the booth and runs out. **INT. 52ND STREET SUBWAY - DAY**

Tasha walks down the platform and onto the UPTOWN train.

**INT. 52ND STREET SUBWAY - DAY**

Daniel sprints down the platform, barely making it onto the DOWNTOWN train as the door closes.

We pull out to REVEAL Tasha and Daniel are in the same place heading in opposite directions.

Natasha’s on the UPTOWN TRAIN, back to the platform. Daniel’s on the DOWNTOWN TRAIN facing it.

The trains start moving in opposite directions.



80.

**INT. BLACK HAIR CARE STORE - DAY**

The bell on the door CHIMES with happy optimism as Tasha steps in. Looks behind the counter and sees Charlie on his phone. He barely looks up as Tasha approaches the counter.

NATASHA

Hey.

Charlie finishes with his text and finally looks up. His eye is red and swollen.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

Wow! That thing’s gonna be black

and blue by morning.

Charlie raises his hand and touches his eye self-consciously. His knuckles are bruised too.

CHARLIE

Daniel’s not here.

NATASHA

I know. I was hoping you could help

me find him. Do you have his cell

phone number?

Charlie leans back in his chair.

CHARLIE

You two get into a fight?

NATASHA

Do you have it or not?

He flips his phone end over end.

CHARLIE

What’s your deal? You got a Korean

boy fetish or something?

NATASHA

Charlie. Please. I have something

important I need to tell him.

CHARLIE

Tell me why I should.

Tasha thinks...

NATASHA

Well, think about how much trouble

I’ll cause for your brother. He’s

in love with me.

(MORE)



81.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

You give me his number, he chases

after me and you can just sit back

and enjoy the show while your

parents freak out on him. It’s like

you said-- it’ll take all the heat

off you.

Charlie throws his head back and laughs.

CHARLIE

That’s a pretty decent pitch.

Charlie takes a beat, considers this. Then he pulls up the number and shows it to a surprised Tasha.

**EXT. NEW YORK STREET/EXT. HARLEM STREET - MINUTES LATER** INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

Daniel stares down at a number he doesn’t recognize on his phone. Answers it anyway.

DANIEL

Hello?

NATASHA

Is this Daniel?

DANIEL

Natasha?

NATASHA

Yes, it’s me. Your brother gave me

your number.

DANIEL

Charlie? Yeah, right. Who is this?

NATASHA

Daniel, it’s me. It’s really me.

Daniel stands up, moving away from Omar.

DANIEL

Why are you calling me?

NATASHA

Just give me a chance to explain.

Daniel is still hurt from their fight.



82.

DANIEL

Are you sure I’m not a not a *waste*

*of time?*

NATASHA

Come on, Daniel. It’s complicated.

Meet me somewhere. Please?

Off Daniel’s look, he’s softening.

**EXT. 2ND AVE - MANHATTAN - DAY**

Montage of Natasha and Daniel walking and talking through the city. Natasha is explaining her deportation situation to Daniel. Quickly cut, this scene is set to a bittersweet musical theme. Daniel digests her story.

DANIEL

And I thought my home life was

complicated. What’s the good news

again?

NATASHA

Oh, a new lawyer thinks he can get

the order reversed...

DANIEL

Does that mean--

NATASHA

I *might* not have to leave tomorrow.

DANIEL

(beaming)

What? Seriously? No way!

Daniel LIFTS Tasha off her feet and SPINS her around.

NATASHA

He wasn’t a hundred-percent sure,

but there’s a chance.

DANIEL

I can’t believe it.

Daniel holds Tasha. Their eyes meet. Daniel tilts forward. Before he can kiss her, she pulls away with excitement.

NATASHA

I got an idea.

She takes his hand and leads him towards...



83.

**EXT. ROOSEVELT ISLAND TRAM STATION - MANHATTAN - DAY**

The little Roosevelt Island tram car glides over the East River and into the station. Natasha and Daniel buy tickets.

**INT. ROOSEVELT ISLAND TRAM - DUSK**

The tram is empty but for Daniel and Tasha. All of New York is in view. A breathtaking panorama.

DANIEL

Last time I was on this thing was

in second grade. And there was an

old guy who smelled like tuna fish.

NATASHA

I hate tuna fish.

DANIEL

Right? Now I’ve got an idea.

Daniel scrolls a playlist on his phone and presses PLAY. We hear PURPLE RAIN by Prince:

Tasha smiles. He’s cute. His striking looks illuminated by the setting sun. She looks awkwardly at the floor, then out the window, laughs. He takes her hand, pulls her close.

They dance slowly in the middle of the sky. The MUSIC PLAYS as We SWEEP around the car, all of New York City glimmering around them.

NATASHA

Is it gonna hurt if I kiss you?

DANIEL

It’ll be a good pain.

She pulls him in. Then, a kiss like no other. Sparks fly. Tasha opens her eyes. She pulls back.

NATASHA

All our kisses aren’t going to be

like that are they?

DANIEL

Like what?

NATASHA

You know. Insane.

Daniel smiles.



84.

DANIEL

I don’t know... maybe we should try

it again and see.

They kiss again, holding one another as the music continues to play. The entire city lit up at night. Lights twinkling in the surrounding skyscrapers, like stars in the sky.

**EXT. ROOSEVELT ISLAND - DOCK - NIGHT**

Manhattan glows across the East River. Tasha rests on Daniel’s chest, wrapped in his arms.

DANIEL

It’s getting late. Are your parents

going to be worried about you?

NATASHA

They’re okay...told them I was with

Bev tonight. What about your

parents?

DANIEL

I’ll deal with them later.

Tonight’s about us.

NATASHA

In that case...got any more of

those questions for me?

DANIEL

You’re not in love with me yet?

NATASHA

(smiles)

Nope.

DANIEL

Don’t worry. We’ve got time now.

Tasha nuzzles further into Daniel’s warm body.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

How about the dinner guest

question?

NATASHA

You mean who I’d invite?

DANIEL

Yup.



85.

NATASHA

Easy. Carl Sagan.

DANIEL

Who?

NATASHA

You’d like him...a scientist *and* a

writer. It was almost romantic how

much he loved the universe.

(then)

People think science is so cold,

but it isn’t true. It actually

makes you appreciate your life.

DANIEL

Meaning...

Tasha smiles, shifts her gaze upward to the heavens.

NATASHA

Think about it...the universe is

99.99999% empty space. Nothing but

rocks and burning stars spread out

over a billion galaxies--and yet

here we are, the two of us

together, looking out at the

universe. We won the cosmic lottery

just by being born...the time we

have on this earth is

extraordinary. It’s up to us to

make the most of it.

Daniel is speechless. Charmed by her words. They lock eyes.

DANIEL

I want to make the most of

everything...with you.

Daniel’s instincts take over. He kisses her.

A SHOOTING STAR begins a TIMELAPSE of the night sky, ending as the sun rises above the New York skyline.

**EXT. ROOSEVELT ISLAND - DOCK - DAY**

Tasha’s already up, watching the sunrise. Daniel’s ALARM goes off, waking him. Tasha greets him with a kiss.

TASHA

Good morning.



86.

DANIEL

I could get used to waking up like

this. How long have you been up?

TASHA

I wanted to see the sunrise. It’s a

perfect morning.

Daniel joins her. They look out to the city together. A beat. Then, a hint of dread on Daniel’s face.

DANIEL

I’d better go. My interview’s in an

hour.

TASHA

I’m coming with you.

**EXT. FITZGERALD'S BUILDING - MORNING**

Daniel hesitates at the entryway before going inside.

TASHA

Wait? What are we doing here?

DANIEL

My interview’s in the same building

as your appointment. Looks like

we’ve traded places.

TASHA

Really? What are the odds?

DANIEL

I keep telling you--

TASHA

Don’t say it.

DANIEL

I won’t rub it in this time. Will

you wait for me?

Of course she will. Tasha steps closer, straightens his tie for him. Daniel dusts off his pants.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

How do I look?

NATASHA

Like a poet in a suit.

Tasha pecks him on the cheek.



87.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

You got this!

Daniel takes a deep breath and heads in. Natasha hangs back.

**INT. FITZGERALD’S BUILDING - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Daniel taps on the door. Silence. He tries the handle. Locked.

Daniel SIGHS. Almost relieved. Then...

FITZGERALD (O.S.)

Daniel Bae.

Daniel presses his ear to the door. Checks the handle again.

DANIEL

(into the door)

Hello?

FITZGERALD (O.S.)

Behind you.

PULL BACK to REVEAL Fitzgerald, watching Daniel talking to the door. Daniel looks back and straightens up.

DANIEL

Oh--Umm... Hi.

FITZGERALD

Jeremy Fitzgerald.

DANIEL

Mr. Fitzgerald. It’s nice to meet

you.

Fitzgerald unlocks the door and opens it wide.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

Sorry...I thought--

FITZGERALD

No, I’m late. Come in and have a

seat.

**INT. JEREMY FITZGERALD’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Fitzgerald looks over Daniel’s application as he moves to his desk. Daniel sits and sees a file on the desk. “Natasha Kingsley.” Daniel stares, shocked.

88.

DANIEL

(interrupting)

Are you an immigration lawyer?

FITZGERALD

I am. Why?

DANIEL

I think I know one of your clients.

Daniel picks up Tasha’s file and Fitzgerald immediately snatches it back.

FITZGERALD

Don’t touch that. It’s privileged.

He pulls it as far away from Daniel as possible.

DANIEL

Sorry. You...you saved my life.

FITZGERALD

What are you talking about?

DANIEL

1. met her-- Natasha-- yesterday.
2. ust a handful of hours ago she

said she was being deported, but

then she met with you and you did

your lawyer magic, and now she’s

going to stay.

FITZGERALD

And how did that save your life?

DANIEL

She’s The One.

FITZGERALD

Didn’t you say you just met her

yesterday?

DANIEL

Yup.

FITZGERALD

And you know she’s the one?

Fitzgerald stares at Daniel skeptically.

FITZGERALD (CONT’D)

Why are you here?

89.

DANIEL

Um, I’m here for my admission

interview?

FITZGERALD

No, really. Why are you here? You

obviously don’t care about this

interview. You postponed it and now

you show up here in wrinkled

clothes, looking like you’ve been

in a brawl. It’s a serious

question. Why did you come here?

Daniel takes a deep breath.

DANIEL

Honestly? My parents made me. So I

guess I have to be here.

FITZGERALD

No, you don’t. You can just get up

and walk out that door.

DANIEL

I owe it to my parents.

FITZGERALD

Why?

DANIEL

(sighs)

My parents are immigrants. They

work all the time so my brother and

I can have the American Dream.

Nowhere in the American Dream does

it say you can skip college and

become a starving artist.

FITZGERALD

It says whatever you want it to.

DANIEL

Not in my family it doesn’t. If I

don’t do this, I get cut off. No

funds for college. No nothing.

FITZGERALD

Would they really do that?

Daniel FLASHES BACK to the image of HIS FATHER’S FACE as he gives Daniel the ultimatum.

DANIEL

Yes. He would.

90.

FITZGERALD

So I guess you have to be sure this artist life is worth it.

DANIEL

Haven’t you ever done something only because you’re obligated to? Just because you made a promise?

Fitzgerald’s eyes drift away.

FITZGERALD

Meeting your obligations is the definition of adulthood, kid. And today, I have to make a call that I didn’t want to have to make.

He pulls out Natasha’s file.

FITZGERALD (CONT’D)

I couldn’t do it.

DANIEL

Do what?

FITZGERALD

Stop her deportation.

(off Daniel’s look)

Your Natasha...she’s going to be deported today. I’m sorry, kid.

Daniel stares down at the file, incredulous.

FITZGERALD (CONT’D)

I tried everything--

DANIEL

You didn’t try hard enough.

FITZGERALD

Listen, I know you’re upset.

DANIEL

It’s not her fault her dad messed up. She’s been here all of her life. America is her home!

FITZGERALD

I wish there was something I could do. I’m planning on calling her after you and I are done here.



91.

DANIEL

You’re just going to call her and

tell her over the phone?

FITZGERALD

Does it matter how she hears it?

DANIEL

Of course it matters. I don’t want

her to have her heart broken by

someone she barely knows.

Daniel walks out, into the empty reception area. Fitzgerald follows.

FITZGERALD

So that’s it? No more interview?

DANIEL

You said it yourself. I don’t

really care about Yale.

FITZGERALD

Look, Daniel, Yale’s a big deal.

Going there could open a lot of

doors for you. It did for me.

DANIEL

And you’re still not happy.

FITZGERALD

What’s another half an hour to

finish this interview?

DANIEL

Time counts, Mr. Fitzgerald... But

you know that already.

Daniel storms off in search of Natasha.

**EXT. FITZGERALD’S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

Daniel walks through the sliding glass doors. His face is grim. Tasha takes notice.

NATASHA

What happened?

A beat.

DANIEL

I really love you.

92.

NATASHA

Daniel, what’s wrong?

DANIEL

You don’t have to say it back, but

I really do. I just want you to

know it.

Tasha’s phone rings. It’s Fitzgerald’s office.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

Don’t answer it.

NATASHA

I have to--

DANIEL

Please don’t.

His tone alarms her. Tasha lets it go to voicemail.

NATASHA

What happened in there?

DANIEL

You can’t stay here...

(beat, then)

My interviewer was your lawyer.

NATASHA

Fitzgerald?

Daniel nods.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

What did he say?

DANIEL

He couldn’t get the order

overturned.

NATASHA

But he said he could do it!

Daniel’s squeezes her hand and tries to pull her in, but Tasha pushes him away.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

Are you sure? Why were you even

talking about me?

DANIEL

Your file was on his desk.

93.

He grabs her hand again. Tasha pulls it back forcefully.

NATASHA

Stop. Just stop!

DANIEL

I’m sorry.

NATASHA

Just tell me what he said. Exactly.

DANIEL

He said the deportation order

stands. You and your family have to

leave. Today.

Tasha sits on the edge of the fountain. Daniel joins her.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

What are we going to do?

NATASHA

I should go home. Flight’s this

afternoon.

DANIEL

I’ll go with you.

(off her look)

I mean to your house.

NATASHA

I don’t think that’s a good idea.

My parents are there and I have too

much to do. You’ll just get in the

way.

He stands up and holds out his hand for hers.

DANIEL

Here’s what we’re not going to do.

We are not going to argue. We are

not going to pretend that this

isn’t the worst thing on earth,

because it is. I’m going with you

to your parents’ house. I’m going

to look at the place where you

sleep and eat and live and wish

that I’d known just a little sooner

that you were right here.

(beat, then)

Is that okay with you?

Tasha nods yes. They start walking toward the subway station.



94.

33

**INT. NATASHA’S BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY**

Daniel fidgets with his suit. Tasha feigns a smile.

DANIEL

Should I take my jacket off? I feel

like an idiot.

NATASHA

You don’t have to be nervous.

DANIEL

I’m going to meet your parents.

Now’s as good a time to be nervous

as any.

He unbuttons the jacket but doesn’t take it off.

NATASHA

The good thing is, you can screw up

all you want. You’ll probably never

see them again.

**INT. NATASHA’S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Tasha cautiously steps in, followed by Daniel. Peter packs suitcases as he sways to loud dancehall music.

MRS. KINGSLEY

Turn that music off.

Peter does just that as Tasha’s Mom sees her.

MRS. KINGSLEY (CONT’D)

Lawd, ‘Tasha. I been calling and

calling you for–-

Mrs. Kingsley notices Daniel and pauses.

MRS. KINGSLEY (CONT’D)

Who’s this?

NATASHA

This is Daniel.

Mrs. Kingsley zeroes in. Examines Daniel more closely.

DANIEL

Sorry to meet you under these

circumstances, Mrs. Kingsley.

Daniel shakes Mrs. Kingsley’s hand, then Peter greets him.

33

95.

PETER

(smiling wide)

’Tasha’s never brought a boy here

before.

Mrs. Kingsley waves Tasha to the side.

MRS. KINGSLEY

’Tasha, I need to talk to you.

NATASHA

Is it about Daniel? Because if it

is, we can just do it right here.

He’s my boyfriend.

Mr. Kingsley walks in as the words leave Tasha’s lips.

MR. KINGSLEY

1. ince when do you have a boyfriend?
2. hat’s what you been doing all day

and night instead of helping your

family pack up?

NATASHA

No. What I was doing was trying to

fix your mistakes.

MR. KINGSLEY

It don’t look nothing like that to

me.

(turns to Daniel)

You know the situation?

Daniel nods.

MR. KINGSLEY (CONT’D)

Then you know that now’s not the

time for strangers to be here.

NATASHA

He’s not a stranger. He’s my guest.

MR. KINGSLEY

And this is my house--

NATASHA

*Was* your house. You weren’t

responsible enough of a father to

keep it, remember? Or maybe you

couldn’t handle the responsibility

of being a father at all...

MR. KINGSLEY

What’s that supposed to mean?

96.

NATASHA

I heard what you told mom after the

play--

MRS. KINGSLEY

Baby. There’s no point in rehashing

all this now.

MR. KINGSLEY

No, man. No, man. I want hear what

she has to say to me.

Just as father and daughter square off. Daniel interjects.

DANIEL

Tasha, you don’t have to--

Mr. Kingsley pushes Daniel back.

MR. KINGSLEY

1. ay what you have to say, Tasha!
2. asha looks at Daniel, she wants to do this. She steps up to her father.

NATASHA

I heard what you said about me and

Peter... That we were your greatest

regrets. How could you say that

about your own children?

The steam comes out of Mr. Kingsley’s engine. He searches futilely for words...

NATASHA (CONT’D)

I’m sorry that life didn’t give you

all the things you wanted.

MR. KINGSLEY

I didn’t mean it ‘Tasha. It was

just talk. All of it was just–-

She holds up her hand to stop him. Tears pool in Mr. Kingsley’s eyes.

NATASHA

Maybe you were right. Maybe you

weren’t meant to have us. Maybe you

really were cheated.

MR. KINGSLEY

(shaking his head)

Was just talk ‘Tasha. I really

didn’t mean nothing by it.

97.

NATASHA

It doesn’t matter if you meant it

or not. Hearing you say those words

spoiled all the good memories I did

have of us. Made me wonder, did you

regret my existence when we were

watching cricket matches together?

Eating mint chocolate chip ice

cream after school? What about the

day I was born?

Tears stream from Natasha’s face. Daniel holds her. She pulls free from him, continuing.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

But I decided, you don’t get to

regret us. People make mistakes all

the time. Small ones, like getting

in the wrong checkout line. And big

ones like giving up... I saw the

play. That night, on stage you were

incredible. But in real life, all

you’ve done is quit on your family.

Leaving the rest of us to pick up

where you left off.

Mrs. Kingsley’s crying now too. Peter walks into her arms for a hug.

MR. KINGSLEY

‘Tasha, I’m sorry. You should have

never heard those words from my

mouth. When we came here, it was

supposed to be different... but

America has never been what they

said it was gonna be for me. I

can’t stand seeing your mother work

her fingers to the bone day in and

day out anymore than I can stand

the holes in your brother’s

sneakers. We’re immigrants, Tasha.

How can I be a man when the rest of

the world says that I am not?

Tasha wipes her brother’s face. Comforts him. Replies.

NATASHA

You decide who you are, that’s how.

That’s why we came here, not for

handouts, but to make our own

lives.

Mr. Kingsley holds his head in his hands. Ashamed. Tasha approaches, gently laying a hand on his shoulder.



98.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

Dad, I know what it cost you to

bring us here. But just because it

got hard, doesn’t mean we don’t

still need you. When we get to

Jamaica, you can’t give up. You can

be a father. A husband. And an

actor all at once. It’s up to you.

She hugs him. Mrs. Kingsley and Peter join in.

NATASHA (V.O.)

It wasn’t exactly the ending I was

hoping for this morning, but at

least we were on our way to being a

family again.

Tasha sniffs, then motions for Daniel. Together as one, they embrace.

34

**EXT./INT. CAB - DAY**

34

Peter looks out from the back of a cab as it drives off with Tasha’s family. On the curb, a CABBIE loads Tasha’s suitcase into the trunk of another cab. Tasha finishes a FACETIME with Bev as Daniel climbs into the backseat.

BEV (ON THE PHONE)

I’m booking my flight now!

Christmas in Jamaica is a thing,

right?

NATASHA (ON THE PHONE)

(laughs)

Yes, I believe so.

(beat)

I’m so sorry, Bev. It all happened

so fast.

The cabbie gets inside the car.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

I have to go. I’ll call you soon as

I land. Love you.

Tasha hangs up, then gets in the cab.

**INT. CAB - DAY**

Natasha looks out the window, soaking up her Bronx neighborhood one final time. Then she lays her head on Daniel’s shoulder.

99.

NATASHA

Do you think we would’ve worked out if I stayed?

DANIEL

No question. Do you?

NATASHA

Yes.

Daniel smiles.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

How hard would it have been for your parents?

DANIEL

It would take them a long time. Longer for my dad. I don’t think they’d have come to our wedding.

NATASHA

I have something to tell you.

DANIEL

What’s that?

NATASHA

You shouldn’t go to Yale and be a doctor if your heart’s not in it. If you want to be a poet and write your heart out, do that. There’s still time.

DANIEL

What about doing the practical thing?

NATASHA

Practicality is overrated.

DANIEL

Does that mean you don’t want to be a data scientist anymore?

NATASHA

I don’t know. Maybe not. You got me thinking. It’d be nice to do something I’m actually passionate about, like study the stars.

Daniel turns to her, surprised.

100.

DANIEL

What a difference a day makes.

They’re silent for a long beat.

NATASHA

So, how many more questions do we have left?

He takes out his phone.

DANIEL

Just one. And we still have to stare into each other’s eyes for four minutes.

NATASHA

We could do that or...we could just make out instead.

CABBIE

You guys know I can hear you, right?

(through the rearview

mirror)

I can see you too.

He laughs. Tasha and Daniel join in.

DANIEL

Okay, last question. Of all the people in your family, whose death would you find the most disturbing, and why?

NATASHA

My dad.

DANIEL

Why him?

NATASHA

Because he’s not done yet. What about you?

DANIEL

Yours.

NATASHA

I’m not your family, though.



101.

DANIEL

Yes, you are. In some other

universe maybe we’re married, with

two kids, or maybe two cats.

NATASHA

You always find the right words.

(beat)

You’ll make a great poet.

Daniel takes this in. The cab pulls to the curb.

**EXT. AIRPORT - DAY**

Tasha and Daniel stand at the curb, trying their best to keep it together. Prince’s “I Would Die For You” starts playing on the radio inside the cab.

DANIEL

You hear that?

Tasha cracks a somber smile.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

Three times in one day...what are

the odds?

Daniel winks. Tasha softens.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

So...are you ready for the finale?

Daniel sets his phone timer for FOUR MINUTES then takes both Natasha’s hands in his.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

I’m not sure if we’re supposed to

hold hands during this part but --

why not.

The clock runs. They stare into each other’s eyes, giggling a little at first. Tasha looks away but Daniel squeezes her hands just enough to get her to focus. As she stares in his eyes...

NATASHA (V.O.)

Daniel believes this is fate...

that everything aligned for us to

be in the right place at just the

right time. I don’t know that this

is fate.

(MORE)

102.

NATASHA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But I do know that a lot of events

had to transpire for us to be

standing here, right now, in the

middle of this vast universe.

That’s amazing.

They continue to stare, less self-conscious. Their smiles drift away as they catalog each other’s face. Tasha relives all the moments that led them here:

NATASHA (V.O.)

Because if I hadn’t been late to my appointment, I wouldn’t have met

Lester Barnes. And if he hadn’t

said the word ‘irie,’ I wouldn’t

have had a meltdown. And if I

hadn’t had my meltdown, I wouldn’t

have eventually met Daniel.

As she speaks, we see GLIMPSES of the day.

NATASHA (V.O.)

And if I hadn’t met Daniel, I may

have never known this feeling

that’s taking over me right now.

This feeling that can only be--

The phone timer BUZZES, bringing Tasha BACK TO REALITY.

NATASHA

Love.

(beat, then)

I love you, Daniel Bae.

DANIEL

I guess the questionnaire worked.

Tasha’s phone RINGS. She looks down. It’s her mom.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

You have to go...

She nods. But neither one of them moves.

NATASHA

I don’t know how to say goodbye.

Daniel’s eyes mist.

DANIEL

Then don’t...

On Tasha’s face, she has to.



103.

DANIEL (CONT’D)

This day can’t be all there is. It

just can’t--

Before he can finish, Tasha pulls him into a long, final hug. Then she reluctantly lets him go.

NATASHA

Bye, Daniel.

Tasha turns and walks off, leaving Daniel looking on, heartbroken, as she disappears inside the airport.

**INT. CAB - DAY**

Daniel gets in a cab and shuts the door. Slumps in his seat.

CABBIE

Where to?

DANIEL

I don’t care. Just drive.

**INT. AIRPORT - TICKET COUNTER - DAY**

Natasha and her family check their bags.

MRS. KINGSLEY

Get out your ID’s.

Tasha searches her purse, absentmindedly. Her heart still with Daniel.

**INT./EXT. AIRPORT - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY**

The cab approaches two paths: one to exit the airport, the other to return to the terminals. Daniel looks back and forth between the two paths. Then suddenly sits up.

DANIEL

Can you please circle back?

CABBIE

Did you forget something?

DANIEL

Yes, sir. Something really

important.

The cabbie takes the terminal exit and they circle back.

104.

INT. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Natasha and her family enter the long TSA security line. CLOSE ON her ticket. ONE WAY.

EXT. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

The taxi pulls up to Tasha’s terminal. Daniel hands the cabbie a few bucks and then takes off running.

INT. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Daniel sprints through the airport, searching for Tasha.

TICKETING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Daniel panting heavily, hair in his face. No Tasha. He looks up...

ON THE DEPARTURES BOARD

Countries from all over the world. He finds the flight to Jamaica. Daniel notes the gate. DARTS off.

INT. TSA SECURITY CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

Tasha and her family wait their turn in the TSA line.

ON DANIEL

Searching the crowded line for her. No Tasha. Then finally...

He spots a familiar AFRO in the crowd of people. He slows to a brisk walk, fixes his hair, then ducks under the stretched barriers, cutting the line.

CLOSE ON NATASHA

She’s lost in her own world, head down. Forlorn. Then...

DANIEL (O.S.)

‘Tasha!

She turns at the sound of her name.

ANGLE ON DANIEL

His eyes go WIDE...



105.

It’s TASHA! She looks on at Daniel, in disbelief.

NATASHA

What are you doing here?

DANIEL

Marry me. Then you can legally

stay.

NATASHA

Marry you? You can’t be serious.

(off his look)

You are.

DANIEL

You love me, right? Isn’t that what

you just said?

NATASHA

I do, but--

DANIEL

So we’ll elope and we’ll move

somewhere cheap... I’ll get a

crappy job and write at night...

and you can finish school and

graduate with your friends and then

become a data scientist or-- an

astronomer! You can do whatever you

want, Tasha. Just stay.

NATASHA

Daniel... listen. I do really love

you. But we have to be smart. We’ve

only known each other for a day. A

day. You keep saying we’re meant to

be, but what if we’re not?

An ANNOUNCEMENT drowns her out.

GATE AGENT (V.O.)

(loudspeaker)

*This is the boarding call for*

*flight 436 to Jamaica...*

Time’s up. Tears gather in Tasha’s eyes. She takes Daniel by the hand.

NATASHA

Right now, this is real life. The

plane waiting on the tarmac to send

me and my family back to Jamaica is

very real. I tried to stay...

(MORE)



106.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

I tried everything and I failed,

and now that’s it. I have to go.

Tasha lets a single tear fall down her face. Daniel wipes it off. They stand face-to-face in the security line.

DANIEL

I don’t want to lose you.

NATASHA

What happens next is up to us. We

decide our fate. There’s Facetime,

emails, Skype... we’ll figure it

out. We’re not going to give up,

okay?

Tasha plants a final kiss on Daniel’s cheek, then rejoins her family in the security line. Daniel looks on, distraught.

**INT. TASHA’S PLANE - DUSK**

Tasha stares out the window as the sun begins to set. Her mother pats her arm reassuringly.

MRS. KINGSLEY

It’s going to be okay, Tasha.

You’ll see...

Tasha manages a small smile. The plane ascends into the night sky. Tasha looks out the window watching the city fade.

NATASHA (V.O.)

From up here, the city lights look

like earth-bound stars. And I know

one of those stars is Daniel...

**INT. AIRTRAIN - DUSK**

Daniel sits on a train, watches a plane take off. Is it Tasha’s? He takes out his notebook and starts to write.

DANIEL (V.O.)

You come to me from another world.

He looks out the window as the airport fades into the distance.

DANIEL (V.O., CONT’D)

From beyond the stars and void of

space. Transcendent. Pure. Of

unimaginable beauty.



107.

**INT. TASHA’S PLANE - DUSK**

Natasha looks out the window at the city below. The plane climbs higher and higher, into the clouds.

DANIEL (V.O.)

You are the master alchemist. You

light the fire of love in earth and

sky in heart and soul.

**INT. AIRTRAIN - DUSK**

Daniel gazes out the window at all the buildings lit up with people inside, in their homes.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Through your star... All opposites

unite. More than a star.

**INT. TASHA’S PLANE - DUSK**

Natasha’s face looking out at the horizon. The glow of the sun hits her face just as it sets.

DANIEL (V.O.)

You are my sun.

**EXT. AIRTRAIN - NIGHT**

Drone shot of the little train snaking through Queens at night. The Manhattan skyline glimmers in the background.

DANIEL (V.O.)

My mom’s gonna be pissed when I get

home. And that’s fine. Because this

time next year, I’ll be someplace

else. I don’t know where, but not

here. And not Yale either. Am I

making a mistake? Maybe. But it’s

mine to make.

**BEDROOM - NIGHT**

SPLIT SCREEN: The two share stories of their day via SKYPE.

NATASHA (V.O.)

Over the next year, we tried hard

to make it work...



108.

**INT. KINGSTON HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY**

Tasha’s TEACHER hands her an exam back. It’s an “A.” Her new JAMAICAN BESTIE sees the “A” and gives Tasha a smile. In her bag, her phone lights up. A missed call from Daniel.

NATASHA (V.O.)

But time and distance are love’s

natural enemies.

**EXT. HUNTER COLLEGE - DAY**

Daniel sprints from the building, hops on his bike and pedals furiously.

NATASHA (V.O.)

And the days are full.

**INT. NYC RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Daniel runs in, throws on his waiter apron and gets ready for his shift. Nods to Omar who’s taking a dish out into the dining room. In his bag, his phone rings. A Facetime request from Tasha that goes unanswered.

DANIEL (V.O.)

It’s not that I wanted to let her

go...I had to.

**EXT. JAMAICAN TOWN - NIGHT**

Tasha and her NEW FRIENDS walk through a small town, having a good time. They’re surrounded by little stores and merchants selling their wares. She laughs at a CUTE BOY’S joke.

DANIEL (V.O.)

It wasn’t possible for her to live

in two worlds simultaneously. Heart

in one place, body in another.

**INT. BOOKSTORE OPEN MIC - NIGHT**

Daniel, now in his early 20’s, new hair cut, still sexy, stands at the mic, visibly nervous, reading his poem.

DANIEL

You are the master alchemist. You

light the fire of love in earth and

sky in heart and soul.



109.

NATASHA (V.O.)

I let go of Daniel to avoid being

ripped apart.

**INT. ASTROPHYSICS LAB - DAY**

Tasha, now in her early 20’s, engages her CO-WORKERS in a passionate discussion at work.

DANIEL (V.O.)

And as more years passed, we both

entered the adult world of

practicalities and

responsibilities...

**EXT. DANIEL’S APARTMENT - DAY**

Daniel reads a rejection letter from a publishing company. He’s heartbroken.

NATASHA (V.O.)

When my mom died, I thought of

him...

**INT. TASHA’S APARTMENT - DAY**

Later, still wearing her black funeral dress, Tasha looks at the norebang selfie of her and Daniel.

NATASHA (V.O.)

The magic of that day...

**INT. SECOND COMING RECORD STORE - DAY**

Daniel walks in.

DANIEL (V.O.)

...all the little coincidences it

took to get us to meet and fall in

love.

Daniel peruses the aisles.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Tasha often talked about the number

of events that had to go exactly

right to form our universe. She’d

said falling in love couldn’t

compete.



110.

Daniel picks up Lou Reed’s “Transformer,” smiles.

DANIEL (V.O.)

But I’ve always thought she was

wrong about that...

**INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT**

**CHYRON: FIVE YEARS LATER**

A FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT walks down the aisle checking on passengers. In the b.g., We SEE a pair of headphones atop a BIG CURLY AFRO that’s been dyed PINK at the ends.

DANIEL (V.O.)

Maybe our Universe was just taking

longer to form...

We MOVE IN. It’s Natasha, sitting in the aisle seat. A LITTLE GIRL (6) colors in her book of the COSMOS next to her.

The girl meticulously details an image of a STAR with a yellow crayon.

We HEAR Prince’s “Purple Rain” coming from Tasha’s

headphones. The Little Girl taps Natasha’s shoulder.

LITTLE GIRL

What are you listening to?

NATASHA

Just something I like to play when

I travel. Do you want to hear it?

The girl NODS. Tasha puts the headphones over her ears.

Natasha HUMS along to the music. A YOUNG MAN seated in front of them turns around. He peers back at them, his face obscured by the seat.

After a verse and a chorus or so, the Little Girl gives the headphones back to Tasha.

LITTLE GIRL

It’s nice, but I prefer Beyonce.

NATASHA

(laughing)

It reminds me of someone.

The CUTEST SMILE you’ve ever seen from the Little Girl.

111.

LITTLE GIRL

Is it a boy?

NATASHA

Maybe...

LITTLE GIRL

Do you love him?

YOUNG MAN (O.S.)

Of course she does...

Tasha looks up. REVEAL Daniel Bae standing there, five years older, staring her right in the face.

NATASHA

Daniel?

Natasha smiles WIDE. Daniel smiles back.

NATASHA (CONT’D)

Daniel.

Their eyes meet as both Tasha and Daniel keep beaming. Neither believing what they’re seeing is real. But it is. Despite the odds, this was meant to be. It was in the stars.

FADE OUT.