Logline: A sense of loss and belonging brings two strangers together in the most unexpected way.
FADE IN:

EXT. - A DESERTED PEARL STREET, NEW YORK - NIGHT

The SOUND of HIGH HEELS hitting the pavement. FAY, early 30’s, blonde, a trader in a business suit, is walking fast, apparently talking to herself.

    FAY
    No. No! Get it done. I said the shares need to get in by twelve a.m. That’s twelve a.m. Hong Kong time not Eastern, you -

She takes a deep breath to calm herself but doesn’t slow down. She looks straight into the empty street and gestures angrily.

    FAY (CONT’D)
    Get it done. Now.

She rips off the earpiece and continues hurrying down the street, the SOUND of her HEELS echoing.

INT. - FAY’S OFFICE - DAY

Fay is pacing around in circles on a plush red carpet. She is talking out loud but we can’t hear the words, only the SOUND of DRUM BEATS that slowly build up to match her pace.

The furniture around her appears blurred as her movement becomes rhythmic.

The clouds outside move serenely past.

INT. - FAY’s APARTMENT - DAY

The clouds break for the afternoon sun.

Fay is tying her shoelaces on an expensive running shoe propped on an ornate wooden table. There is a phone on the table, with a red dot blinking insistently.

She presses the button near the blinking dot.

    MARTIN (V.O.)
    Fay. How many messages do I have to leave you? Call me back please. Don’t run away from me again.
Fay finishes tying her laces and jumps up, jogging in place. She grabs her keys by the phone and runs out the door.

**EXT - CHELSEA - DAY**

Fay runs through a sea of people and disappears.

MIKAEL, late 60’s, a retired professor from the country Georgia, struggles to make his way through this sea of people. His fists are clenched while elbows and backpacks shove him aside.

He bumps into a SMALL GIRL. He stops, bends down and picks up a yoda doll, handing it to her. She gives him the postcard he dropped.

The photograph is a faded, black and white one of a house in the middle of a field. The postmark reads - TBILISI, GEORGIA, 1993.

Mikael takes it, puts it in his coat pocket and smiles. For a moment, the crowds around him disappear.

**EXT. - OUTSIDE THE COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY**

Mikael and GEORGIY, 68, a small man in a wheelchair, are playing chess on an old wooden chess board.

Mikael moves his queen to trap Georgiy’s king.

MIKAEL
Check mate.

GEORGIY
Ah! You have the luck of the devil you do. You always escape.

MIKAEL
Not everyone did.

GEORGIY
I’ll get you next time.

MIKAEL
We don’t have much time left.

Mikael looks at Georgiy with a smile. This a joke they’re used to. They both laugh wryly, Georgiy wheezing a little.
EXT. - CHELSEA - DAY

Fay dodges through a slow moving crowd on the pavement and impatiently waits for the traffic to pass by, jogging in place.

The light turns green and she runs to cross the road. As she is running across, the SOUND of TRAFFIC fades and she can hear the faraway SOUND of DRUM BEATS.

A YOUNG BOY, teenage, with dreadlocks, is playing the drums on the opposite side. As she runs towards him, he changes to MARTIN, a tall, dark man in his 30’s wearing a trench coat. He winks at her. The SOUND of DRUM BEATS become louder.

She stops in her tracks, horrified. The crowds push by her. She turns and jogs back to the other side.

EXT. - THE PARK - DAY

Fay runs into the park and passes by a playground where CHILDREN are playing. She turns her head to the other side and jogs past. She passes by a fountain and runs on the path around the fountain.

Mikael is sitting on a bench beside the fountain. He is smoking a pipe. Rings of smoke disappear into the clouds in silence.

There is a loud COUGH. Fay stops to tighten her laces, looking at Mikael in disgust. She begins running around the path. SOUND of DRUM BEATS follow her pace. She sees the path curve round and round, faster as trees pass by in a blur in her periphery.

EXT. - THE PARK - DAY

Mikael is sitting on the same bench, writing in an old notebook. The photograph of the house is his bookmark.

The SOUND of DRUM BEATS and Fay runs past, not looking at Mikael. The path in front of her stretches and everything else blurs.

A sudden gust of wind and the photograph flutters in Fay’s path. She neatly sidesteps it without looking down and continues running.

Mikael gets up slowly and walks to the photograph. He falls on the floor and cradles it.