

Freshbloom

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EXT. URBAN PARK - DAY

A small boating lake, surrounded by a path, the path dotted with benches so that people can stop and rest, and some people are doing just that.

In the far corner a kiddies play area, swings, slides and cries of childish glee. Parents keeping a watchful eye, chatting among themselves.

All around the park happy people absorb some much needed vitamin D.

Not everyone is happy though.

TRAVIS, 40s, sadness on his unshaven face, stops and sits on an empty bench.

He fiddles with the badge on his chest.

The word TODAY pulses slowly on the badge.

He tries to pull it from his t-shirt.

It doesn't budge.

He tries to remove it by twisting it.

KIRA (O.C.)
Can't do that.

Travis spins to the direction of the voice to find KIRA, early 20s, bright clothes, happy face, open demeanor, stood behind him.

TRAVIS
I know, but, well...

KIRA
Worth a go?

He shrugs.

KIRA (cont'd)
May I?

She points to the empty space on the bench beside him.

He shrugs again.

KIRA (cont'd)
Is it?

He shows her the badge - TODAY.

Ah. KIRA (cont'd)

Yep. TRAVIS

Snap. KIRA

She moves her jacket to reveal her badge.

TODAY

Shit, sorry. TRAVIS

She smiles again.

Why? KIRA

He shrugs.

It's not fair. TRAVIS

It's the balance. KIRA

Fuck the balance. TRAVIS

She laughs.

An OLD WOMAN glances over at them as she walks past.

Kira waves at her, Travis scowls.

Where's the balance there? She can barely walk. TRAVIS (cont'd)

You know how it works. KIRA

But, there's no justice. TRAVIS

That's true of most things. KIRA

How's that helpful? TRAVIS

KIRA
Fair.

Silence.

TRAVIS
Sorry.

KIRA
You keep saying that.

TRAVIS
Sorry.

They both laugh.

KIRA
I wonder.

TRAVIS
Wonder?

KIRA
When.

TRAVIS
I know. I don't know what to do,
should I try do something?

She shrugs, no easy answer for him.

She looks towards the happy children.

KIRA
Ice cream?

TRAVIS
What?

KIRA
The van, it's over there, we could
get some.

He gets up, a smile finally touches his lips.

TRAVIS
Yeah, my treat.

Kira joins him.

KIRA
Lead on.

They wander over to the ice cream van.

There's a small queue of people waiting their turn.

They get to the front.

Travis turns to ask Kira what she'd like.

Kira isn't there.

There's a slight shimmer, the merest hint of a human shape and a TODAY badge spinning in the air, gravity taking it to the floor.

ICE CREAM MAN (O.C.)

Hey mate, what'd ya want?

Travis turns to face the ICE CREAM MAN, 40s, disheveled and disgruntled.

He raises an eyebrow to Travis, asking his question again.

TRAVIS

Longer.