

BLACK MIRROR

"SAN JUNIPERO"

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

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INCLUDING THE FOLLOWING REVISIONS:

- ** PINK REVISIONS - DATED 23.11.15 **
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1 **EXT. SHORELINE - NIGHT**

1

It's 1987. Coastal California. Silhouetted mountains, moonlit sea. Lights twinkling near the shoreline.

We move closer to see the lights of the town of San Junipero. Streetlights. Nightclubs and bars. Cars drifting up and down the main street.

The vehicles date from 1987. There's a billboard advertising the movie *The Witches of Eastwick*.

We move closer:

2 **EXT. BARKER STREET - CONTINUOUS**

2

This is San Junipero's main drag.

Along the sidewalk we follow YORKIE, a slightly awkward woman in her early 20s, dressed so as not to stand out. Jeans. Sweatshirt. She wears glasses with black rims.

She's looking around, a little like a tourist, taking in the sights. There's a TV in a store window, showing a news report. The sound is inaudible, but the anchor introduces a clip of Ronald Reagan giving a speech about the Berlin Wall.

Yorkie looks at this for a moment until her attention is snatched away by a voice, a young male voice.

WES

Kelly, c'mon...

Yorkie looks round. There's a couple striding along the sidewalk. At least they look like a couple. The young man is called WES -- he's conventionally dressed, in a baseball jacket. The woman looks individual, almost arty. Intriguing. Attractive. This is KELLY. She's walking a step ahead of Wes, looking straight ahead, while he buzzes around her.

WES (CONT'D)

Kelly--

KELLY

I'm still walking Wes.

WES

We only got a couple of hours, you know, so let's use it--

KELLY

I am using it.

They walk through the door of a large bar / music venue called TUCKER'S.

Yorkie looks up at the sign for the bar. Then at the door. Gingerly, she pushes it open.

3 **INT. TUCKER'S - CONTINUOUS**

3

This place is a cavern. There's music playing on a sound system somewhere. *C'est La Vie* by Robbie Nevil or equiv.

Yorkie looks around. No sign of Kelly or Wes. It's bustling in here. Everyone dressed in the fashions of the day; a real mix of archetypes. Everything from preppy kids to prototype goths. It's like the cast of every John Hughes movie blended together.

Yorkie is a bit overwhelmed. She walks to a corner containing a number of video arcade machines.

There's *Rolling Thunder*. *Top Speed*. *Double Dragon*.

Yorkie is drawn to *Bubble Bobble*, a platform game in which the players control cartoon dragons that squirt bubbles.

She reaches into her pocket and seems almost surprised to find some quarters in there. She drops one in the slot and hits the 1 Player button.

We close in on the game screen. Catchy 8-bit music pipes up. Black starlit backdrop. Two cartoon dragons and a whirlwind of bubbles. And the following poorly-translated message:

NOW, IT IS BEGINNING OF A
FANTASTIC STORY!! LET'S MAKE A
JOURNEY TO THE CAVE OF MONSTERS!
GOOD LUCK!

The game begins. Yorkie seems to know what she's doing.

4 **INT. TUCKER'S - LATER**

4

Shortly afterwards, a young guy called DAVIS spots Yorkie on the *Bubble Bobble* machine. He's faintly nerdy. A bit like a young Rick Moranis. He's holding a drink with a straw which he seems ill-at-ease with. He's nodding his head in time to the music, badly.

Moments later, he's standing beside her, watching her progress over her shoulder. It takes him a while to pluck up the courage to speak.

DAVIS
You're good at this.

Yorkie doesn't look up.

YORKIE

Thanks. I've played it before.

Davis is thinking of something to say.

DAVIS

It's got different endings
depending on if you're in one or
two player.

She's focussing on the game.

YORKIE

Uh-huh?

DAVIS

Kind of the first game to do that.

Yorkie's just lost her last life.

YORKIE

Dammit.

Davis tries to interest her in the *Top Speed* cabinet.

DAVIS

(holding a quarter)

Oh. Do you want (to try) --?

Yorkie looks at the game. The racing game, depicts a red car thundering along a highway. The vehicle spins out of control in a shower of dust.

Yorkie stares at that for a moment -- it disturbs her. Then:

YORKIE

Uh, no -- thank you -- sorry it's
not you. I'm sort of...

(she gestures around)

Just want to get my bearings.

DAVIS

Uh okay. See you around.

Yorkie wanders off. Davis watches her leave, then drops a quarter in Bubble Bobble.

5

INT. TUCKER'S - BOOTH SEATING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

5

Yorkie now has a drink -- a Coke in a glass -- and is wandering deeper into the bar, looking around. *Heart and Soul* by T'Pau is playing.

She sits down at a table to people-watch.

Sipping her Coke, she checks out the comings-and-goings. Young couples. Preening jocks. Cool kids.

Suddenly Kelly walks past. She spots something in the distance, rolls her eyes a little, and abruptly sits down beside Yorkie. Yorkie looks at her, a little surprised.

KELLY
(quietly)
Go along with whatever I say.

YORKIE
Sorry?

KELLY
Whatever I say, go along with it.

Just then, WES appears, nearby. He opens his mouth to speak.

KELLY (CONT'D)
(to WES)
Okay, Wes? You're just pestering now. Do I have to red light you?

WES
(checking watch)
Two hours thirty-five -- there's not much time left.

KELLY
Wes --

WES
Last week, we had the most amazing--

KELLY
(cutting him off)
Last week was last week.
(indicating Yorkie)
I need to talk to my friend here, okay? Haven't seen her in a while.

Kelly puts a supportive arm round Yorkie. Yorkie is surprised but puts on a smile for Wes.

Wes goes to speak but Kelly interrupts--

KELLY (CONT'D)
Wes, she's sick. Like six months to live sick.

YORKIE
Five, actually.

Kelly looks at Yorkie, amused and impressed -- but then immediately having to hide this. She looks back at Wes.

KELLY
I need to catch up with her.
Private time.

Wes looks, considers protesting, then thinks better of it.

WES
Okay. Okay.
(to Yorkie)
Hey I'm sorry.

YORKIE
That's okay.

WES
(to Kelly)
I'll see you around.

KELLY
Sure.

The girls watch him leave.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Sorry for killing you. The whole
six months to live thing. Sorry --
five. Five was a nice touch.
(she holds her hand out)
Kelly.

YORKIE
Yorkie

KELLY
"Yurgi"?

YORKIE
(slightly louder)
Yorkie

KELLY
Like the dog breed?

YORKIE
(shy laugh)
Yeah.

Kelly thumbs in the direction of Wes.

KELLY
He's not a bad guy. I feel kinda
bad. Met him at the Quagmire, so...

YORKIE
What's a Quagmire?

Kelly looks at her. She decides Yorkie looks a little
innocent.

KELLY

If you don't already know what the Quagmire is, you probably don't want to know.

Kelly looks at Yorkie's empty glass.

KELLY (CONT'D)

You want another one?

YORKIE

Uh, I'm not sure --

KELLY

Yeah you do. Come on.

She stands up, beckons Yorkie to follow.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Do I have to tug your leash?

Yorkie smiles.

6

INT. TUCKER'S - BAR - LATER

6

A few moments later, the girls are at the bar, on bar stools. Kelly leans forward to get the attention of the barman, who has blonde hair. *Walk Like An Egyptian* is playing.

KELLY

(to barman)

Hey. Blondie?

Mock-offended, the barman points to himself.

BARMAN

I'm "blondie"?

KELLY

You are. Jack and Coke, times two.

YORKIE

Oh no. Mine was just Coke.

KELLY

(ignoring that, to barman)

Times two.

Blondie starts fixing the drinks. Kelly turns to Yorkie, and looks at her slightly strangely.

YORKIE

What are you doing?

KELLY

I'm 'regarding' you.

YORKIE

Feel like I'm being... analysed.

KELLY

Shhh.

(she's reached a
conclusion)

Why the glasses?

Self-consciously, Yorkie touches her glasses.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I mean I like them, they totally
work on you, but do you need them?

I mean do you --

YORKIE

Yeah the lenses don't do anything.

KELLY

Knew it.

YORKIE

I wore glasses back in school but I
guess now they're kind of a comfort
thing --

KELLY

Old times' sake.

(beat)

I'd figured they were kind of a
fashion statement --

YORKIE

Really?

KELLY

- but then the rest of your outfit
is... Not.

Yorkie looks down at her clothes, a tad self-conscious.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Don't take that wrong. It's
refreshing. I mean look around.
People try so hard to look how they
think they should look.

The clientele *do* look like they're trying too hard.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Looks they probably saw in some
movie.

Kelly lightly touches Yorkie's glasses.

KELLY (CONT'D)
But I like these. They're
authentically you.

Yorkie is shy.

YORKIE
To be honest I think I wear them
for something to hide behind.

KELLY
(dry)
Something transparent to hide
behind. Okay.

Just then Blondie puts the drinks on the bar.

KELLY (CONT'D)
(to Blondie)
Thanks.
(to Yorkie)
Cheers.

Yorkie clinks glasses and takes a sip. The taste of the Jack
Daniel's makes her cough a little.

YORKIE
(coughing)
That's --

KELLY
(incredulous)
Never tasted it before?

Yorkie doesn't answer at first. Sips more, a bit embarrassed.

YORKIE
No. I just-- haven't had it in a
while. It's good.

Kelly is 'regarding' her again.

KELLY
Do you live here?

YORKIE
No, but --

KELLY
A tourist?

Yorkie waves her head as though to say "kind of yes, kind of
no", uncertain how to answer.

KELLY (CONT'D)
We'll go with tourist. So you're
new here?

YORKIE

First night.

KELLY

First night! Well okay.

She clinks her glass against Yorkie's.

The music changes. The opening of *What Have You Done For Me Lately* by Janet Jackson (or equiv). Kelly laughs and claps.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Oh my God! Ha!

(laughing)

We HAVE to dance to this.

She takes a huge gulp of her drink.

YORKIE

With each other?

KELLY

Uh huh.

Yorkie glances at the dance floor. People uninhibited, laughing, enjoying themselves. Then she looks back at Kelly.

YORKIE

Dance floors are not 'me'.

KELLY

Ah let's not limit ourselves...

She takes Yorkie's hand and starts to lead her toward the dance floor. Yorkie pulls back, hesitant.

YORKIE

I can't-

KELLY

My ass you can't, c'mon--

YORKIE

I'll look dumb and-

KELLY

Just follow my lead.

And she leads Yorkie toward the dance floor.

7

INT. TUCKER'S - DANCE FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

7

The chorus of the track is in full swing. Kelly dances -- carefree. Yorkie is quite awkward. Almost just standing, watching. She looks around, trying to vaguely move her shoulders in time but it's painful to watch. Kelly leans in.

KELLY
(raised voice over music)
Copy me!

She starts to perform a dance move, pretty much lifted from Janet Jackson -- nothing too elaborate -- indicating Yorkie should copy her.

Yorkie starts to follow suit. She's getting better. Kelly laughs and nods.

KELLY (CONT'D)
You got it!

Yorkie starts to smile. Hesitancy giving way to enjoyment. Kelly shows her another move - she copies it -- and another. It's almost like Simon Says.

Then Kelly ups her game, performs a more flamboyant, somewhat provocative, writhing move.

Other people on the dance floor start to notice. They're enjoying the scene -- not in a malicious or mocking way -- but laughing appreciatively.

Yorkie can't match that. She glances around, self-conscious. Kelly is oblivious. For a moment we hold on Yorkie as she watches Kelly lost in the moment, enjoying the attention of the other dancers.

Yorkie, a little sadly, backs away, then leaves.

Kelly doesn't notice at first. Then she looks around just in time to see Yorkie leaving.

8

EXT. TUCKER'S - ALLEYWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

8

Yorkie opens a fire door and exits the building - to discover it's raining. She stays beneath the awning. Kelly emerges.

KELLY
Hey. Why'd you run away?

YORKIE
Sorry -- I said I'm not much of a dancer.

KELLY
No shit. Like a frightened horse on a frozen lake back there.

Yorkie goes to walk off.

KELLY (CONT'D)
I'm kidding.

Yorkie turns to look at her, an eyebrow raised.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Half kidding.

(beat)

Sorry I pushed you into it.
Saturday night's once a week, it's
like no time, I get impatient.

Yorkie sits down on a low wall (or equiv), with a sigh.

YORKIE

It's not that; everyone was
looking.

KELLY

Looking-?

YORKIE

(indicating the two of
them)

You know? Two girls, dancing.

KELLY

Okay: one, folks are way less
uptight than they used to be, and
two, this is a party town, no-one's
judging.

Kelly looks down at herself, at her own body. Does a slightly
ridiculous 'sexy' move.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Face it, if they were staring it's
because I. Am. Bodacious.

That makes Yorkie laugh a little.

YORKIE

You're stupid.

KELLY

Thank you.

Yorkie looks up at the night sky.

YORKIE

I've never been on a dance floor
before.

KELLY

Never? As in whole time you've been
alive, never?

YORKIE

Never.

KELLY

What are you, like, Amish? That's one sheltered existence you got there.

Yorkie shrugs.

YORKIE

As far as my family's concerned I can't do anything.

Kelly sits down beside Yorkie.

KELLY

Yeah. Well. No-one knows about even half the shit I get up to.

(beat)

With your folks, it's from a place of love, though right? They worry.

YORKIE

They don't worry. Just the concept of me *enjoying* myself... That would blowwww their minds.

Kelly looks at Yorkie for a moment. Yorkie is kicking her legs against the wall, absentmindedly. Kelly looks at her legs.

KELLY

What would you like to do? That you've never done?

She sidles in, a little closer. Yorkie smiles, a little excited, a little shy.

YORKIE

Uh...

(looking up)

Oh so many things.

KELLY

San Junipero's a party town. All up for grabs.

(beat)

Midnight's two hours away.

Kelly's inched in a little more. Yorkie is almost shaking now, with nerves and excitement.

YORKIE

That's not long.

Kelly brushes some hair away from Yorkie's neck. Then leans in and talks quietly, almost in her ear.

KELLY

Why waste time sitting here?

She puts her hand on Yorkie's inner thigh. Yorkie exhales, as if with vertigo.

Then she abruptly stands up, very flustered.

YORKIE

I - uh -- I -- listen --

Kelly isn't offended, immediately takes it with good grace.

KELLY

It's okay.

YORKIE

No, I mean --

(hand over eyes)

Dammit

(eyes open again -- trying
to get words out)

Look, I -- ah -- you seem --

KELLY

Really, it's okay.

YORKIE

(babbling)

I'm engaged. I have a fiancé.

KELLY

At your age?

YORKIE

Yes. I know. Yes.

Kelly is almost amused by Yorkie's embarrassed flustering

YORKIE (CONT'D)

He's a good guy. He's a nice guy.

KELLY

Good guy nice guy--

YORKIE

He *is* a good guy

KELLY

Rootin' tootin' straight up guy--

YORKIE

Greg, he's called Greg-

KELLY

And is Greg here?

YORKIE

No he's --

(she indicates "somewhere
else")

KELLY
Elsewhere?

YORKIE
Yeah.

KELLY
Uh-huh.
(beat)
You want to go to bed with me? We
could be back at mine like--

She clicks her fingers.

YORKIE
I never did anything like that.

KELLY
(smiling)
All the more reason.

Yorkie agonizes for a moment.

YORKIE
I... You're nice. I can't.

KELLY
(shrug)
Okay.

YORKIE
I can't. I-

Kelly is still good-natured.

KELLY
I get it.

YORKIE
I have to go.

KELLY
(indicating the rain)
In this?

YORKIE
It's been great to meet you.

She holds out her hand. To shake hands. Kelly looks at her hand, amused. Then shakes it.

KELLY
Likewise.

Then Yorkie turns and starts to walk away, quickly. Kelly watches her leave for a moment, still slightly amused.

Her hair is slicked back, her face is now heavily made-up -- reminiscent perhaps of the 'band of supermodels' in Robert Palmer's *Addicted to Love* video.

She looks at her face. It's not her.

YORKIE

No.

Finally she tries something else. A bit more confident, a bit more glam than before, but still "her". She puts on her glasses.

12 **EXT. KELLY'S PLACE - EARLY EVENING** 12

Meanwhile, elsewhere, Kelly is leaving a house -- a kind of clapboard beach house -- and walking towards her car, a red Jeep.

She climbs in, revs the engine.

Sign O' The Times starts playing on the stereo.

She reverses out of the driveway and goes to drive forward, but suddenly Wes is there, in the road.

She pulls a face. Not entirely unkind, but unimpressed and impatient. She guns the engine and drives around him.

13 **I/E. KELLY'S CAR - HIGHWAY - SUNSET** 13

Kelly's car roars along the highway, Prince at full volume. She taps the steering wheel in time.

14 **EXT. TUCKER'S - REAR CAR LOT - LATER** 14

Now it's getting dark. Kelly's jeep rolls into the car lot and pulls to a halt. She climbs out, locks the door, turns around -- and there's Wes.

KELLY

What the hell, Wes?

She starts to head for the bar. Wes follows.

WES

Look, okay, I know--

KELLY

I'm red-lighting you. For real, okay?

WES

No! Don't.

KELLY
Then stop this.

WES
Just hear me out.

Kelly stops. This is no fun now.

KELLY
How many girls you think there are
in San Junipero? Hundreds?
Thousands?

WES
I don't care --

KELLY
I'm saying there's plenty of other
girls for you Wes. Ones you could
actually settle down with.

WES
The locals, they're like dead
people--

Just then a nearby party-going group walk past -- a woman,
whoops.

KELLY
A little lively for dead people-

WES
I don't want some boring romance
like, Jesus, put us in the
retirement home, deal--

KELLY
(interrupting)
Well if you just want someone to
fuck, there's options, hang out at
The Quagmire again --

WES
It's not just sex--

KELLY
It was just sex--

WES
We made a connection--

KELLY
Wes? Truly: it was just sex.

Wes is a little wounded.

WES
But. No...

Kelly takes his hand.

KELLY

I'm done with attachments. I went
down that road. For a long time.
And it's -- I can't do that again.
No roots.

She puts a hand on his cheek.

KELLY (CONT'D)

We had fun. I'm sorry.
(beat)
Enjoy the town for God's sake.

Wes nods. He knows he's beaten. Kelly heads for the bar.

15

INT. TUCKER'S - BAR - LATER

15

Living in a Box by *Living in a Box* is playing.

Kelly is at the bar. A dude called HARVEY, who looks like he's trying to emulate *Miami Vice* era Don Johnson but not quite nailing it, sidles over to her. She looks up.

HARVEY

Hey.

Kelly's not too interested. But she's polite.

KELLY

Hey.

HARVEY

Waiting for someone?

KELLY

Not really.

Harvey sits beside her.

HARVEY

Get you a drink?

KELLY

Sure.

A small distance away, we find YORKIE, dressed in her regular attire, watching Kelly, plucking up the courage to approach. From Yorkie's perspective, Kelly is listening to Harvey. When we're closer up, we can see Kelly is a tad bored. Harvey's saying stuff like:

HARVEY

... so it was micro-surgery I
guess, I mean both my kneecaps were
just kinda worn down...

Back to Yorkie. She seems to be exhaling, calming herself, mentally counting down.

Then she starts walking over.

Meanwhile, Harvey has noticed the chorus to *Living in a Box*.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Never got this song; kinda weird.

Kelly looks around and spots Yorkie. She smiles and holds her arm out to Harvey.

KELLY

Shall we dance?

HARVEY

Uh, sure --

She leads him toward the dance floor. Yorkie stops walking and watches. As they approach the dance floor, *Need You Tonight* by INXS comes on.

Kelly dances to the chorus. Aware she's being watched.

Yorkie watches, wanting to walk over, and failing.

16

INT. TUCKER'S - BOOTH AREA - LATER

16

Kelly sits in a booth with Harvey, while he talks sports.

Yorkie sits alone at a table across the way, with a drink.

The jukebox is playing Club Nouveau's cover of *Lean On Me*.

Yorkie glances over at Kelly. Kelly is looking at the table. Yorkie looks back at her drink.

Then back at Kelly. This time Kelly is looking at her. Sipping on a straw.

Flustered, Yorkie looks back down. Kelly smiles faintly.

She leans in to Harvey, interrupting him.

HARVEY

... I mean I guess if at the time
I'd put that money into, like
computing, caught that first wave,
woulda been a different story -

KELLY

Gotta use the bathroom.

She stands up and walks toward the ladies restroom.

Across the way, Yorkie watches her go. Kelly glances at her as she leaves.

Yorkie gets up.

17

INT. TUCKER'S - LADIES RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

17

There's no-one else here. Kelly is standing in front of the mirror checking her hair. Yorkie enters. She stands beside her. Just stands there for a moment.

No-one says anything.

Then:

YORKIE

I don't know how to do this.

Kelly is still looking in the mirror. Mock innocent:

KELLY

Do what?

YORKIE

Just help me. Can you just --

Kelly looks at her.

YORKIE (CONT'D)

Can you make this easy for me?

Kelly touches her face.

KELLY

You want to get in my car?

Yorkie, looking at the floor, nods.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Then let's do that.

18

EXT. TUCKER'S - REAR CAR LOT - MOMENTS LATER

18

Kelly leads Yorkie out via the fire escape. Walks to the car. She opens the passenger door. Yorkie hesitates, staring at the car a moment.

KELLY

I got to lift you up and put you in?

Yorkie gets in.

19

I/E. KELLY'S CAR - FREEWAY - LATER

19

Kelly is racing, at speed, down the freeway. A coastal road. Yorkie winces slightly as they skid around a bend.

KELLY
(voice raised over the engine)
Relax. What's the worst that's gonna happen?

Yorkie looks out of the window. Then back at Kelly.

YORKIE
How long have you been here?

KELLY
Sorry?

YORKIE
(raised voice)
How long you been here?

KELLY
In San Junipero?

YORKIE
Yeah.

KELLY
Ah...
(thinking)
Couple months.
(beat)
Plan is: long enough to enjoy myself.
(she looks at Yorkie)
Guess I'm a tourist like you.

Yorkie looks out the window again.

YORKIE
Yeah.

She looks a little troubled. Kelly can't see this. But after a few beats she notices Yorkie is facing the other way.

KELLY
Hey.

Nothing.

KELLY (CONT'D)
You okay?

YORKIE
Yeah.

Yorkie turns around. Kelly is looking straight at her, not watching the road.

Suddenly Yorkie sees headlights coming straight for them. Their car has drifted into the oncoming lane.

YORKIE (CONT'D)

Shit!

Kelly quickly tugs the wheel, sending the car off the road, along a dusty bank.

Yorkie looks terrified.

The car skids to a halt.

Kelly looks at Yorkie, who's ruffled, breathing fast. Suddenly Kelly claps her hands, laughs once.

KELLY

Sorry but --
(laugh)
Man your face.

Yorkie laughs nervously.

Kelly starts the engine again.

20 **EXT. KELLY'S HOUSE - LATER** 20

Kelly's jeep is parked outside her home. Kelly and Yorkie are entering the front door.

21 **INT. KELLY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 21

They walk inside. Yorkie looks around. It's a nice place. Yorkie looks around a moment.

YORKIE

Wow.

KELLY

You like it?

Yorkie is looking around.

YORKIE

It's just so big -

KELLY

Reminds me of where I grew up.

Yorkie spots a small photo of a woman aged around 40 on a mantelpiece. A photo of a dark-haired woman smiling, beneath a handmade sign reading HAPPY BIRTHDAY ALISON.

YORKIE

With your mom?

Kelly gently turns Yorkie away from the photo, to face her instead. Then she starts kissing Yorkie. After a moment's hesitation, Yorkie reciprocates.

22

INT. KELLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

22

It's dark in here. The two women lay down on the bed, Kelly leading Yorkie.

Kelly's hand moves to unbutton Yorkie's jeans.

YORKIE

(breathless)

You'll have to show me --

KELLY

Good.

They kiss passionately.

23

INT. KELLY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

23

Afterwards, they lie side by side in the darkness, looking up at the ceiling.

KELLY

You never slept with a woman before?

(beat; strokes Yorkie's hair:)

That's not a critique. I mean that was fucking awesome.

YORKIE

Never with a woman.

(beat)

Never with anyone.

Kelly is astonished.

KELLY

Not anyone? What, in town, or --

YORKIE

No-one nowhere.

She turns, smiling.

YORKIE (CONT'D)

Guess you deflowered me.

KELLY
I "deflowered" you?
(laughs)
What is this, Merrie England?

YORKIE
(affectionate)
Shut up!

KELLY
You've had relationships though?

YORKIE
(no)
Uh-uh.

KELLY
Hello, you got a fiancé...

YORKIE
It's - that's - complicated-

KELLY
Yeah I'll say.

There's a silence. They hold hands.

YORKIE
When did you know? That you liked women?

KELLY
Uh, I like men too.
(jokey raised fist)
Equal rights!

YORKIE
Okay. But when did you know? Did you always... know?

Kelly looks at her. She doesn't usually open up to conquests. But there's something about Yorkie.

KELLY
I was married to a guy. A long time I was married.
(beat)
I always 'knew', I mean, I would be attracted to other girls, co-workers, friends. Some waitress who'd serve me...
(she laughs at the memory)
There were crushes. My God were there crushes.

Her face hardens slightly.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Never acted on any of it. Never did anything. I was in love with him. I really was in love with him.

This is hard for her.

KELLY (CONT'D)

But he chose not to stick around.

Yorkie slides closer. Strokes Kelly's hair. There are tears glistening in Kelly's eyes now.

KELLY (CONT'D)

So now it's me. And I'm passing through. And before I leave I'll have a good time.

(beat)

I'm just gonna have a good time.

Yorkie leans over and gives her a kiss. Kelly is embarrassed, possibly even annoyed by the vulnerability she's just displayed.

She glances at a clock radio by the bed. It's 11:59 PM.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Time's nearly up.

YORKIE

Then let's lie here.

They lie, in the dark, without speaking, for a full fifteen seconds.

The clock radio hits 12:00 AM and we cut abruptly to black.

24 **EXT. BARKER STREET - NIGHT**

24

CAPTION: **ONE WEEK LATER.**

The *Witches of Eastwick* billboard has been replaced by a poster promoting *Spaceballs*.

Yorkie, smiling, passes the store window with the TV in it. There's a trail for the *Max Headroom* TV show on it.

She heads for Tucker's.

25 **INT. TUCKER'S - CONTINUOUS**

25

Yorkie heads into the bar and looks around. There's no sign of Kelly.

She explores the arcade section. No sign of her there either (or DAVIS, come to that).

She checks out the booth area and the dance floor. Nope.

Finally she sits by the bar, sipping a Coke and looking around. But Kelly's still not there.

I Wanna Dance With Somebody is playing, loudly.

Eventually she leans to speak to Blondie, the barman. Has to shout to be heard.

YORKIE
You seen Kelly?

BARMAN
What's that?

YORKIE
Kelly.

BARMAN
Haven't seen her all night.

Yorkie looks around again.

BARMAN (CONT'D)
You tried the Quagmire?

YORKIE
What *is* the Quagmire?

26

EXT. SECTION OF ROAD - NIGHT

26

Yorkie stands beside the road, almost the middle of nowhere. She looks at a napkin in her hand, with a scribbled map on it, given to her by the barman.

In front of her is a gate, with a dirt track behind it. Beside it, on a small pole, is a sort of entry buzzer with the word 'QUAGMIRE' where the residential name would be.

She pushes the button.

INTERCOM VOICE
Uh-huh?

YORKIE
Hi -- I'm looking for someone --

INTERCOM VOICE
Good luck with that.

Click. They've gone. Yorkie pushes the button again.

INTERCOM VOICE (CONT'D)
(bored)
You want in?

YORKIE
 (hesitant)
 Yeah.

INTERCOM VOICE
 You sure?

YORKIE
 Uh, yeah -- I -

There's a buzz. The gate is unlocked. She opens it and steps through. In front of her, down the end of the track, in the distance, she sees The Quagmire.

27 **EXT. THE QUAGMIRE - NIGHT**

27

This must be the place. For one thing, it has a big neon sign that says QUAGMIRE.

The Quagmire looks and sounds hard-core. Like a roadhouse from an 80s action film mixed with a German techno club. Harley Davidsons parked outside. *You Gotta Fight For Your Right To Party* blaring from within.

Two men are making out in the back of a pickup truck parked to one side.

Yorkie looks at all this, daunted. What the fuck?

28 **INT. THE QUAGMIRE - MOMENTS LATER**

28

Yorkie walks in and almost leaves immediately. The interior of the club looks like a transgressive music video. There are people dancing in cages. With snakes.

It's steamy, transgressive and weird in here. Like walking into the video for *Relax* by Frankie Goes to Hollywood.

A man with a shaved bald head, wrapped in chains, wearing nothing but a tight jockstrap, and pulling an absurdly serious face, dances directly in Yorkie's path, like he thinks he's a frickin' art installation. She goes to step round him and he dances in her way.

She steps the other way and he finally relents.

Yorkie looks around, in search of Kelly. This is part pick-up joint, part fantasy-fulfilment dive bar. People making out in the corners. Exploring / flaunting their sexuality any way they can.

Yorkie looks at all this, daunted. What the fuck?

A couple sidle over to Yorkie. A man and a woman, both in their mid-twenties. Both dressed as sailors.

MAN
(loud over the music)
Hey.

WOMAN
Wanna have fun?

YORKIE
I'm okay thanks.

She walks away. Now the music is *Something Against You* by The Pixies.

It's claustrophobic. Stuffed corridors. She finds herself squeezing past more people. The further she ventures in, the more warren-like it gets. At one point she passes a room in which some kind of orgy seems to be taking place.

Then another area -- from the doorway, glimpsed over shoulders, and between arms, she can see there's some sort of bare-knuckle fight going on. (NB no blood.)

29

INT. THE QUAGMIRE - CONTINUOUS

29

Yorkie turns away and almost walks straight into WES, who's striding past clutching a bottle of beer.

WES
Woah, hey.

YORKIE
Sorry.

Their eyes meet.

WES
I know you from somewhere.
(beat)
Tucker's.
(beat)
Kelly's friend, huh?

YORKIE
(nodding)
You know where to find her?

WES
How would I know that?

He starts to walk away.

YORKIE
You're her friend.

WES
Was a friend.

YORKIE
Has she been here?

WES
No.

A beat. He looks at her. A penny drops for him.

WES (CONT'D)
You too, huh? Well --

He drinks his beer in a kind of toast.

Yorkie looks flat. This is no use. She's about to leave when Wes takes pity on her.

WES (CONT'D)
Try a different time. Seen her in
'80. Mid 90s. '02 one time.
(beat)
She's worth a shot, right?

He raises his bottle again. Yorkie turns toward the exit.

30 **EXT. BARKER STREET - 1980 - EVENING**

30

CAPTION: **ONE WEEK LATER**

But on Barker Street, as the evening sun burns amber, earlier period cars are driving by. They date from 1980.

The billboard now advertises the doomed Village People movie *Can't Stop The Music*.

Yorkie, exactly the same age, but dressed subtly differently, her styling befitting the year 1980, strides past the store with the TV in the window, which is showing a scene from the *Who Shot J.R?* storyline in *Dallas*.

She heads purposefully for Tucker's.

31 **INT. TUCKER'S - CONTINUOUS**

31

Funkytown by Lipps Inc pounds from the speakers as Yorkie looks around. Everyone is dressed in the styles and fashions of 1980.

But there's no sign of Kelly.

She walks past the arcade section, which features *Pac Man*, *Rally-X* and *Missile Command*.

And there's DAVIS, the games nerd. He's styled like a young Bill Gates, and has just completed a game of *Battlezone* when he spots Yorkie.

DAVIS

Hey.

Yorkie recognizes him.

YORKIE

Oh, hey.

Davis indicates the Pac Man cabinet.

DAVIS

Golden age, right?

YORKIE

Right.

She's still looking around.

DAVIS

You playing, or..?

YORKIE

Sorry. Looking for someone.

Davis nods.

DAVIS

Maybe next time?

There's a brief cut to black. Then:

32 **EXT. BARKER STREET - 1996 - NIGHT**

32

CAPTION: **ONE WEEK LATER**

The billboard? *Independence Day*.

A '96 Ford Contour slides by.

Yorkie -- again, the same age, but now styled almost like a slacker - walks past the store, which now has a Sony Trinitron in the window, relaying a news story about the Atlanta Olympics.

Yorkie looks up at the Tuckers sign. Which has changed. It looks more... 90s.

33 **INT. TUCKERS - CONTINUOUS**

33

Full screen, we see part of the intro to the Namco arcade game *TIME CRISIS*, which looks like an early Playstation attempt to recreate the movie *Die Hard*. We pull out just as Yorkie walks past.

Deeper into the bar, the music system is playing *Killing Me Softly* by The Fugees.

Yorkie walks over to watch as they dance to some hi-energy Japanese pop.

Kelly's doing well, as is Davis.

As the music comes to an end -- they're both awarded a *GREAT!* ranking. Kelly high-fives Davis, and looks around.

She locks eyes with Yorkie. Looks unsure of herself for a moment. Her smile drops. Then she turns to Davis.

KELLY

Excuse me. Ladies' room.

She starts to head off. Yorkie is in hot pursuit.

By the restroom, she catches up with her.

YORKIE

No. You wait a minute.

KELLY

(irritated)

Why are you here?

YORKIE

I was looking for you. Where did you go?

KELLY

Felt like a change of music.

She starts fiddling with a Nokia 7650. Yorkie immediately snatches it from her and throws it across the room.

YORKIE

How the hell is this your era?

KELLY

(pointing after phone)

I was looking at that.

YORKIE

You hid from me.

KELLY

1) I did not, 2) I owe you zero and
3) see point 2.

She storms into the ladies restroom.

Yorkie is right on Kelly's heels.

YORKIE

It's not about who owes who, it's about manners.

KELLY

Hah!

YORKIE

You don't know who I am. You don't know what this means.

KELLY

(indicating "the world")
This means fun. Or it should do.
(indicating "you and me")
And *this*. This is not fun. Okay.
This is not fun.

Yorkie stops fighting. Her eyes are wet.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Okay. Look. Don't (do that).

YORKIE

So you don't feel bad?

Kelly doesn't know what to say.

YORKIE (CONT'D)

Maybe you should feel bad. Or at least feel something.

She turns and leaves. Kelly sighs.

Turns and looks at herself in the mirror.

Then she punches the mirror, hard. It splinters. Shatters.

Kelly looks down at her hand. No blood.

She looks at her reflection in the mirror, which is now unharmed.

38

EXT. TUCKERS - ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

38

The fire door is flung open as Yorkie stomps out. She paces in a circle for a moment, upset and uncertain, not knowing what to do.

She spots the fire escape, snaking up the side of the building.

39

EXT. TUCKERS - FRONT - SHORTLY AFTERWARDS

39

Shortly afterwards, Kelly emerges from Tuckers, looking for Yorkie. She looks around and can't see anything.

KELLY

Yorkie?

She starts heading for the main street to see if she can find her. All she can see is a couple, sitting on the hood of a car, looking up at something high up, behind her. She paces over to them.

KELLY (CONT'D)

You seen a girl, mid-twenties,
brown hair, glasses?

The girl half of the couple just points up and behind Kelly.

Kelly turns. Standing on the roof of Tuckers, on the very edge, is Yorkie, looking down at the sidewalk.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Aw jeez.

As Kelly turns to head for the fire escape, the GIRL turns to the GUY.

GIRL

Why's she up there anyhow?

He shrugs a little.

GUY

Newbie testing the boundaries.
Dumbasses pull that shit a lot.
(he nudges her)
Not that I'm against tourists.

The girl giggles.

40

EXT. TUCKERS - ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

40

Kelly clammers off the top of the fire escape. Yorkie is sitting on the edge now, calmly, legs dangling over the side.

Kelly makes her way towards her.

KELLY

Please tell me you got your pain
slider set to zero.

Yorkie continues to stare out at San Junipero.

YORKIE

Think so.

Kelly takes off her heels and sits down beside her.

KELLY

Okay, listen --

Yorkie cuts her off. Points down at the sidewalk, the people.

YORKIE
How many of them are dead? Like
what percentage?

KELLY
As in full timers?
(shrug)
Eighty. Eighty-five.

Yorkie nods.

KELLY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

YORKIE
I'm not gonna jump--

KELLY
I know, I'm sorry whatever. It's --
in the time I've been here --
(sigh)
I'm just visiting, you know? And
it's -- I didn't want to... I said
I wouldn't -- I don't know --
'do'... feelings...
(beat)
You freaked me out.

She takes Yorkie's hand.

KELLY (CONT'D)
I don't want to 'like' anyone. So
you've been...
(laughs gently)
... just totally fucking
inconvenient.
(beat; squeezes her hand
harder)
Is that -- I mean --

Kelly is getting emotional now.

KELLY (CONT'D)
I don't know how long there is, and
I can't -- I -- I wasn't prepared
for this, for you, for wanting
something so--

Abruptly Yorkie turns to her, and they kiss passionately.

Clock reads 11:55 PM. The decor in Kelly's room is slightly different. 2002 style. There's a poster for the Salt Lake City Winter Olympics on the wall.

The bed is in disarray. We move toward the balcony.

On the balcony, the women stand, Yorkie wrapped in a bed sheet, Kelly in just a man's white shirt. Hair ruffled. San Junipero in the distance. Kelly leaning over the side, smoking a cigarette. Yorkie breaks the silence.

YORKIE

Can't believe I'm getting married next week.

KELLY

Next week? To 'nice' Greg. Sure you're going through with that?

YORKIE

I have to.

KELLY

You *have* to?

Yorkie thinks for a moment.

YORKIE

He really is a good guy. I mean my family don't approve but they can't stop us.

(beat)

I know he pities me, that pisses me off, and that's not fair...

Kelly kisses her cheek.

KELLY

Shhh.

Yorkie thinks for a moment.

YORKIE

You said you didn't know how long there is. Back on the roof. "I don't know how long there is". What was that?

Kelly tenses up a little. Leans back and exhales.

KELLY

They tell me three months. It's spread basically everywhere.

(beat)

They've said three months before, six months ago, so y'know, what do they know?

She looks at the cigarette in her fingers.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Doesn't even taste of anything.

She flicks it over the edge. There's a silence. Yorkie strokes Kelly's hair.

YORKIE

So -- you're gonna stay here? Pass over, go full time?

Kelly shakes her head.

KELLY

No. When I'm done, I am done.

YORKIE

But that's -- I mean why --?

KELLY

Richard -- that's -- my husband's name was Richard -- he died just two years ago. So he had the opportunity to stay in San Junipero, pass over. Didn't take it. Didn't want to take it.

YORKIE

Why wouldn't anyone take it?

KELLY

He -- we both -- he had his viewpoint. There were things he believed, and things he didn't believe *in*, and this place was one of them. Wouldn't even visit, take the trial run.

YORKIE

Shit, I wasn't sure I wanted to try it out, but -- like without this place I'd never have met someone like you --

KELLY

Yeah you could have --

YORKIE

I wouldn't --

KELLY

We could've met outside all this--

YORKIE

You would not have got me at all. At all.

(beat)

If you really met me, I mean if you REALLY met me, you wouldn't like me--

KELLY

Try me.

YORKIE

-- or you wouldn't -- you wouldn't
spend time with me -- you'd --

KELLY

(more forcefully)
Try me.

Yorkie looks at her.

YORKIE

There's no point. Where are you?
Houston...

KELLY

Carson City. Nevada.

Yorkie says nothing.

KELLY (CONT'D)

So come on, I "showed you mine".
Where are you?
(beat)
I can just look it up--

YORKIE

Santa Rosa. CA.

KELLY

That's no distance--

YORKIE

It's, what, 200 miles--

KELLY

I like to travel. When they let me,
which is not often.

YORKIE

So they won't let you anyway and--

KELLY

Oh I'll make them let me-

Yorkie hardens.

YORKIE

I don't want you to. I don't want
you to see me.
(emotional)
I mean I'm scared-

KELLY

And I'm dying. I am dying. Whatever
you are can't scare me.
(beat)
Let me come visit. I wanna say hi.

Kelly looks down. There, lying in bed, is an exceptionally frail woman in her 60s.

Grey hair, and not much of it. She's in a neck brace. She can't move. Her eyes are open. Her mouth is frozen in a blank expression -- neither a smile nor a grimace. She's looking at Kelly from her fixed position.

Kelly, for a moment, doesn't know quite what to do.

She walks nearer. Takes a seat beside the bed.

She looks at Yorkie.

Takes her hand.

ELDER KELLY

Hi stupid.

She squeezes her hand.

ELDER KELLY (CONT'D)

It's good to see you.

She strokes Yorkie's hair and kisses her on the forehead.

46

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LATER

46

A little later, Laura is helping Kelly along the corridor when a kindly, overweight hospital porter named GREG (mid 40s), catches up with them.

GREG

(to KELLY)

Hi -- is it -- Kelly?

ELDER KELLY

It is.

He holds out a hand.

GREG

I'm Greg.

Kelly stares at him for a moment.

ELDER KELLY

You're Greg?

(beat)

Well holy shit.

GREG

You know I think it's great you came in person before she passes over; I mean even her folks don't visit no more so --

Kelly is shocked.

ELDER KELLY
She's *passing over*?

There's a beat. Kelly looks lost in thought. Greg looks at Laura -- "what do I do?" -- Laura looks back -- "I don't know".

Finally:

ELDER KELLY (CONT'D)
When?

Greg waves an arm in the direction of the hospital canteen.

GREG
Uh let's go grab a coffee.

47

INT. HOSPITAL CANTEEN AREA - LATER

47

Elder Kelly sits opposite Greg at a small table. They both have trays in front of them. The detritus of snacks nearby. Disposable coffee cups.

GREG
She didn't tell you.

ELDER KELLY
No.
(beat)
No she did not.
(beat)
Said she was just visiting.

GREG
More like sampling the trial version.

Kelly stares down into her coffee. Greg fills the silence.

GREG (CONT'D)
I mean I only known her the past three years. We talk on the combox. She told you how she ended up quadriplegic? And how long she's been that way?

Kelly's face says no, she didn't.

GREG (CONT'D)
So one night, she's 21 -- comes out to her folks. They're a little 'uptight' about it you might say. Tell her they don't want a gay daughter.

(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)

It's not natural and so forth. They fight, she gets in her car, runs it off the road. Boom.

ELDER KELLY

When she was 21?

GREG

More'n 40 years back. It's been her whole lifetime basically.

(beat)

So the whole San Junipero system's been a big deal for her. The biggest deal.

He takes a bite of sandwich.

GREG (CONT'D)

The hospital didn't have a subscription -- some of us held a crowd-sourcing campaign. Took us a year but we got the money.

(beat)

Course till she passes over, goes permanent, she's got the five-hour weekly limit - but I guess you're the same.

ELDER KELLY

(nods)

They ration it out. They don't trust us with more.

GREG

I mean they say you go crazy if you have too much. Never leave your seat, disassociate your body from your mind...

Kelly is warming up slightly.

ELDER KELLY

Like that doesn't happen in every senior home already.

(beat)

System's there for therapeutic reasons, officially, at my place. "Immersive Nostalgia Therapy". "Plunge you into a world of memories"; helps with Alzheimers. That's what they say.

Greg stops eating for a moment and looks at her.

ELDER KELLY (CONT'D)

That's not my problem incidentally.

He smiles and raises a coffee cup.

GREG
Small mercies.

Kelly wants to address something.

ELDER KELLY
So. This 'marriage'..?

Greg finishes his coffee and exhales.

GREG
State's got a triple-lock on
euthanasia cases.
(counting on fingers)
You gotta have sign off from the
doc, the patient, and a family
member. Stops people passing over
just 'cause they prefer San
Junipero flat out.

Elder Kelly sardonically looks around the dowdy canteen.

ELDER KELLY
Who'd want to leave all this
wonder?

Greg chuckles lightly.

GREG
Heh. Anyhow Yorkie's family? Big
time religious. Don't come fuckin'
see her -- pardon my tongue -- but
they're big time religious. And
they won't sign.

ELDER KELLY
But a spouse can override that.
Hence the wedding bells.

GREG
(nods)
You got it.
(beat)
Got a pastor coming in tomorrow
A.M., she's scheduled to pass
tomorrow afternoon.

ELDER KELLY
'Scheduled to pass'. Let's just
call it dying.

GREG
If you can call it dying.

ELDER KELLY
Uploaded to the cloud. Sounds like
heaven.

GREG

I guess.

ELDER KELLY

You gonna wear a suit?

GREG

(laugh, shaking head)
Ceremony's in my coffee break.
(beat)
I never married, so I figured
what's the harm?

Kelly watches him eat for a moment.

ELDER KELLY

You're a good man.

He shrugs.

GREG

Least I could do, right?

Kelly thinks.

ELDER KELLY

You think you could hook us up to
the system, now, just for a little
while, before she passes?

GREG

You can still see her afterwards. I
mean then she's 'no limits', she's
full-fat permanent San Juniperan--

ELDER KELLY

I know, but -- can you?

Greg stops eating.

GREG

We're meant to stick to the five
hour cutoff. Once a week--

ELDER KELLY

But you can bend that. They let us
have more on birthdays and
Thanksgiving. Special occasions.

GREG

Seriously, it's so tight they--

ELDER KELLY

Night before her wedding, that's a
special occasion.

Greg thinks.

ELDER KELLY (CONT'D)

I only want a moment.

Greg buckles.

GREG

You brought your...

(gestures)

Connector with you?

ELDER KELLY

(nodding)

I call it a 'bipper'.

48

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - LATER

48

Kelly sits in a chair in the corner of the room, a box about the size of a paperback book in her hands. She opens it up and there's a small, extendable device within, something like a cross between a set of earphones and a stethoscope.

Greg, meanwhile, is affixing an identical device to Yorkie, a nodule touching her temple, in the bed.

He looks at Laura, the woman who accompanied Kelly here.

GREG

(to LAURA)

Ma'am, watch the door.

(to KELLY)

You got five minutes. No more.

ELDER KELLY

Thank you.

Kelly positions the device in place and touches the button on a small handheld controller.

A small blue LED embedded in the device nodule starts to glimmer.

49

EXT. KELLY'S HOUSE - DAY

49

1987. It's Kelly's San Junipero house, during daylight hours. She opens the door, and there, looking a little confused, is Yorkie.

KELLY

Hey. Over here. Hurry!

Yorkie looks round.

YORKIE

Not been here during daylight hours before.

(MORE)

YORKIE (CONT'D)

(beat)
It's warm.

Kelly walks outside to join her. They hold hands and walk along the sand.

KELLY
So I spoke to Greg.

YORKIE
Uh-huh.

KELLY
You're passing over tomorrow.

YORKIE
Couple hours after the wedding.
(looks around)
So I guess technically I'm
honeymooning here. Forever.
(beat)
I'm sorry I didn't tell y--

Kelly puts a finger to Yorkie's lips.

KELLY
I'm gonna say something crazy.

YORKIE
Okay.

Kelly goes down on one knee. Right there.

KELLY
Wanna marry me instead?

Yorkie looks stunned.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Just -- Greg seems great, but --
why not someone you've... Connected
with...?

Yorkie drops down, and kisses her.

KELLY (CONT'D)
That a yes?

50

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - FOLLOWING DAY

50

A pastor is reading the words of the marriage ceremony, as Kelly sits beside Yorkie, holding her hand. Greg and Laura look on.

PASTOR

...to be your lawfully wedded wife,
to have and to hold, in sickness
and in health, in good times and
woe, for richer or poorer...

51 **INT. PRIVATE ROOM - LATER**

51

An official-looking member of staff holds out a translucent tablet, with a consent form on it. Using her forefinger, Kelly taps a consent box [for 'spouse']; her consent is registered.

The official looks round at a doctor. Gives the nod.

In the bed, Yorkie is hooked up with the 'connector' device.

There's also a new tube attached to her arm. The doctor holds a syringe. He looks at Kelly.

Kelly, sitting beside Yorkie, is stroking Yorkie's hair. She nods.

The doctor presses the syringe. An opaque white fluid travels through the snaking pipe, into Yorkie's arm.

The winking LED on the connector starts to go into overdrive.

Close up on Kelly stroking Yorkie's hand.

A screen indicates her vital signs have finished.

Greg draws a sheet over Yorkie's face.

52 **EXT. BEACH - LATER**

52

It's a deserted beach. Daylight hours. A small cove. White sand. Yorkie, alone, walks along the shore, closing her eyes and feeling the warmth of the sun.

She picks up a stone and skims it into the water. Feels the breeze and smiles. Sits down on the beach. Clenches and unclenches her toes in the sand.

She removes her glasses. Looks at them for a moment and drops them on the sand.

Looks up and watches the sea and the skies.

53 **EXT. SIENNA TRUST ASSISTED LIVING - DAY**

53

The vehicle has drawn to a halt. Elder Kelly is being helped out of the vehicle by Laura.

54 **INT. SIENNA TRUST ASSISTED LIVING - KELLY'S ROOM - LATER** 54

Elder Kelly, sitting in an armchair, is coughing -- painfully and deeply.

With Laura's assistance she slips on the connector device and sits back in her arm chair.

One more cough.

LAURA

You sure you're alright?

Kelly nods, and indicates for Laura to hit the button. She closes her eyes.

55 **EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - SAN JUNIPERO - NIGHT** 55

Yorkie stands by the side of the road, waiting.

Kelly pulls up in her 1987 jeep, *I Need Love* by LL Cool J on the stereo. Her car has a bow on the front. She's wearing a white wedding dress.

Yorkie laughs and claps her hands.

KELLY

You didn't dress up to see me? Come on...

Suddenly Yorkie is also in a white wedding dress.

YORKIE

Better?

Smiling, Kelly opens the car door. Yorkie climbs in and they drive off. There are tin cans affixed to the back, bouncing and sparking off the road.

56 **EXT. UPPER RIDGE - LATER** 56

The jeep sits parked in an isolated spot looking down over San Junipero below. The two women sit side by side on the hood, looking out at the lights down below. Crickets chirping.

Yorkie looks up at the moon, and back out at the lights.

YORKIE

Looks so real.

She raps on the hood.

YORKIE (CONT'D)

Feels so real.

She turns round and kisses Kelly. Then jumps off the hood and starts dancing in the dirt.

KELLY
(laughing)
What are you *doing*?

YORKIE
I love it! I just --

She does a cartwheel and ends up looking out into the night. The wind blowing through her hair.

YORKIE (CONT'D)
(quieter)
I love it.

KELLY
You've been here before.

YORKIE
Yeah but now I *live* here.

She turns to look at Kelly, smiling.

YORKIE (CONT'D)
Be with me.

KELLY
I'm with you now.

YORKIE
That's not what I mean.

Kelly tenses up.

YORKIE (CONT'D)
Pass over. When you're ready, when it's your time. Pass over.

KELLY
Yorkie --

YORKIE
Stay here, with me--

KELLY
Can we just enjoy tonight --

YORKIE
(checking watch)
It's ten to midnight, you're out of here in ten and we gotta wait a week to meet again.

KELLY
You know, I'm just a visitor--

YORKIE

For how long? Couple months? Then what?

KELLY

We're not discussing this--

YORKIE

Then you'll be gone, just gone. You could have forever.

KELLY

Forever, who can even make sense of forever --

YORKIE

However long you want then, you can remove yourself like that--
(clicks fingers)
It's not a trap, it's -- look at it.

She gestures around. Then she raps the hood of the car again, insistently.

YORKIE (CONT'D)

(rapping hood)
Touch it.

Kelly gets off the car, starts heading for the driver's door.

KELLY

I'm going.

Yorkie grabs her arms, turns her around. She takes Kelly's hands and puts them on her own (Yorkie's) face.

YORKIE

It's real. This is real.
(beat)
And this.

She holds gestures to the wedding ring on her finger, smiling.

YORKIE (CONT'D)

Uh-huh?

KELLY

C'mon, you know that's a gesture --

YORKIE

You married me--

KELLY

To help you pass over, as a...
kindness --

YORKIE

Not so kind to leave.

Kelly breaks off.

YORKIE (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry but -- I've got
this chance, we got this chance --
I want to share it with you.

Kelly is heading back to the car

KELLY

I said I made my choice.

YORKIE

What is it? What, you feel bad
'cause your husband isn't here?

KELLY

Don't.

YORKIE

Well that was his choice. He chose
to turn this down--

KELLY

Please--

YORKIE

It's like he left you. I mean he
could've passed over here but, no --
he left you.

That makes Kelly instantly angry. Hard to control it.

KELLY

You don't know what you're saying.

YORKIE

You should be mad at him, not
whipping yourself with guilt--

Yorkie goes to take her hand again.

KELLY

Get off me.

Yorkie tries to pull her back

YORKIE

You can't see it - what he did, it
was selfish, actually--

Kelly slaps her. Yorkie holds her cheek, shocked.

There's a silence. Then:

KELLY

(angry)

Forty nine years. I was with him for *forty nine* years. You can't *begin* to imagine -- you can't know -

-

She's letting it all out.

KELLY (CONT'D)

The bond. The commitment. The boredom. The yearning. The laughter. The love of it. The fucking love. You just cannot *know*. Everything we sacrificed. The years I gave him, the years he gave me. Did you think to ask? Did it occur to you to ask?

Yorkie is silenced. Kelly is increasingly emotional, and angry.

KELLY (CONT'D)

We had a daughter. Alison. Always difficult, always beautiful. Died at 39 years old, bless her heart, and Richard and I, we felt that heartbreak as *one*. You think you're the only person ever suffered, go fuck yourself.

YORKIE

I didn't know--

KELLY

Didn't think to. Y'know when he was dying Rich said to me -- when they offered him this, to pass over, pass through, serve eternity in this fucking graveyard you're so in love with -- he said how can I? When she missed out, how can I? And so he went.

(beat)

And I wish I could believe he's with her now, they're together, but I don't. I believe they're nowhere. Like you said, gone. Just gone.

Yorkie goes to embrace her, but Kelly physically pushes her away.

KELLY (CONT'D)

No. I pitied you and that's the truth. I pitied you. And now you give me some sales pitch about how fuckin' peachy 'forever' could be..

Yorkie moves closer.

YORKIE

I'm sorry--

KELLY

You want to spend forever
somewhere nothing matters? End up
like Wes; all those... lost fucks
at the Quagmire, trying anything
just to feel something? Go ahead.
But I'm out. I'm gone.

She pushes Yorkie aside -- jumps in the car, guns the engine.

YORKIE

Kelly, I'm sorry --

But it's too late. Kelly roars away.

57

I/E. KELLY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

57

Crying, Kelly roars along the highway at full throttle. The clock on the dash reads 11:58. She's flying at full speed. 'Just Married' cans sparking furiously against the tarmac.

She swerves around a corner, narrowly avoiding a set of headlights. Slams her foot harder on the accelerator.

Up ahead, a section of road gives way to a drop. Before it are a set of concrete bollards.

Kelly looks at this. Aims the car right for it.

The car thumps into the bollards. Dead stop. Glass fragments spray around Kelly as she flies through the windshield--like a rag doll fired from a cannon.

She skids across the tarmac and comes to a halt in the centre of the road, a broken heap.

She lies still for a moment. All is silent.

Then slowly, she sits up. She's dusty -- but physically unharmed. She looks up at the night sky. At the moon.

Then a hand reaches down to help her up.

She looks round. It's Yorkie.

Kelly looks at the outstretched hand. Looks up at Yorkie.

The clock on the dash clicks to midnight.

Yorkie stands alone in the middle of the road.

58 **INT. SIENNA TRUST ASSISTED LIVING - KELLY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Elder Kelly, sitting in a chair, suddenly lurches forward slightly, as though rousing from a dream. She reaches for the 'connector' nodules on her temples and takes them off.

In the corner of the room sits Laura, asleep with an e-book on her lap.

Elder Kelly rubs her eyes a little. Leans back against her chair and sighs.

59 **EXT. SAN JUNIPERO - NIGHT** 59

Yorkie, alone, is walking along the middle of the road. She looks up at the sky.

We fade out. Then fade up on:

60 **EXT. SIENNA TRUST ASSISTED LIVING - MORNING** 60

Time has passed. Bright, burning sunlight glints off the walls of the Sienna Trust nursing home.

61 **INT. SIENNA TRUST ASSISTED LIVING - DAY** 61

Elder Kelly sits in a main lounge area. An oxygen tank attached to her nostrils.

At other tables there are seniors playing dominos. Staring at the walls.

62 **INT. SIENNA TRUST ASSISTED LIVING - DAY** 62

In her room, Elder Kelly is having another coughing fit. Painful, sharp. It comes to an end. Laura rubs her back.

63 **EXT. SIENNA TRUST ASSISTED LIVING - EVENING** 63

Elder Kelly sits outside, watching the sun set. She seems at peace.

ELDER KELLY
(indistinct)
Well okay then.

LAURA
Huh?

Elder Kelly just looks at her for a moment.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Kelly?

ELDER KELLY
I said "well okay then".

Laura just looks puzzled.

ELDER KELLY (CONT'D)
All things considered I guess I'm
ready.

Laura's more confused.

LAURA
For what?

ELDER KELLY
For the rest of it.

And she smiles.

Cut to black. Then:

64 **EXT. TUCKER'S CAR LOT - 1987 - DAY** 64

Yorkie climbs into a black Toyota MR2 and drives out of the car lot. She slides a cassette into the deck and hits play.

It's Belinda Carlisle, *Heaven is a Place On Earth*.

BELINDA CARLISLE
*Ooh baby do you know what that's
worth?
Ooh heaven is a place on Earth.*

65 **INT. SIENNA TRUST ASSISTED LIVING - KELLY'S ROOM - DAY** 65

Kelly is lying in bed, a tube delivering clear liquid into her forearm. Connector nodules in position on her temples.

BELINDA CARLISLE
*They say in heaven, loves comes
first.
We'll make heaven a place on Earth.*

She closes her eyes.

The LEDs on the nodules go crazy.

66 **EXT. SAN JUNIPERO HIGHWAY - DAY** 66

Yorkie races along the highway in her car, stereo continuing to blare.

BELINDA CARLISLE
Ooh heaven is a place on Earth.

67 **EXT. GRAVEYARD, PRESENT DAY - DAY**

67

Laura and a gaggle of seniors stand at the side of a grave as a coffin is lowered down.

BELINDA CARLISLE
*When I feel alone
I reach for you
And you bring me home.*

The headstone reads:

HERE LIES

ALISON CECILIA BOOTH aged 39 years

RICHARD ALLEN BOOTH aged 74 years

And the final name, recently etched:

KELLY JANE BOOTH aged 73 years

68 **EXT. KELLY'S HOUSE - SAN JUNIPERO - DAY**

68

Yorkie pulls up outside. Kelly runs down the steps and leaps into the car. Maybe they kiss.

BELINDA CARLISLE
*When I'm lost at sea
I hear your voice
And it carries me.*

69 **EXT. SAN JUNIPERO HIGHWAY**

69

The two women roar along the freeway at speed.

BELINDA CARLISLE
*In this world we're just beginning
To understand the miracle of living*

70 **EXT. TECHNOLOGY CAMPUS - DAY**

70

We're suddenly looking at the entrance-way for a tech company campus in Silicon Valley in the present day. The name is TCKR Systems.

BELINDA CARLISLE
*Baby I was afraid before
But I'm not afraid anymore.*

