

Black screen.

The DING of an airplane intercom. Then, the din of complaining passengers slowly rising.

FADE IN:

INT. AIRPLANE - ECONOMY CABIN - DAY

A frustrated flight attendant on the intercom to the pilot blocks an aisle.

Boarding passengers, burdened with luggage and dressed for November weather in Baltimore, backlog behind her.

Whatever she's saying to the pilot is drowned out by the couple arguing O.S.

ANGLE ON the couple, WAAN BEECROFT (Asian woman) and CHAI BEECROFT (Black man), both late-20s, dressed elegantly.

Waan's petite frame is form-fitted in a long dress. Chai sports a well-tailored three-piece. At odds with their explosive anger.

Veins show from their temples, index fingers pointed like weapons. Spittle shoots from their mouths as they scream over each other unintelligibly, until --

WAAN

You never fucking tried, Chai! I asked you for one thing!

CHAI

One thing? Really? One thing? You asked for ten since we got to the airport!

WAAN

You wouldn't even give me the window seat! Pathetic.

CHAI

I'm pathetic now?

Waan nods.

They're arguing like they're the only ones on the plane, and with the other passengers staring in silence, it feels like they are.

CHAI (CONT'D)

If I'm pathetic, it's because you
make me, Waan, with your double-
fucking-standards!

FREEZE FRAME

Alternate between CHAI'S POV of Waan mid-scream and WAAN'S
POV of Chai mid-scream:

CHAI (V.O.)

There she is -- the love of my
life, the apple of my eye, my one
and only, my sweet.

WAAN (V.O.)

Aww, babe.
(to audience)
Waan means "sweet" in Thai.

CHAI (V.O.)

I didn't believe in soulmates until
I met you. You changed my whole
sense of purpose.

WAAN (V.O.)

Can you believe we're still married
after all that? Ten years and
counting, and the last three have
been totally blissful.

CHAI (V.O.)

We had to go through some trials
and tribulations to get here.

WAAN (V.O.)

(laughing)
True.

CHAI (V.O.)

We hadn't always been so miserable.

WAAN (V.O.)

No. It was good, right? In the
beginning?

CHAI (V.O.)

In the beginning, it was perfect.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. GRASSY KNOLL - NIGHT

SUPER: "A FEW YEARS EARLIER"

Waan and Chai are lying on a blanket in summer clothes staring at a clear evening sky.

Chai takes a long drag from a joint, ballooning his chest and cheeks, before passing it to Waan.

WAAN

You ever remember there being stars
in the sky?

A measly couple stars hang above. One even goes out. The other might be an aircraft.

CHAI

Nah.
(rolling toward her)
You're the only star I need.

He wraps her in his arms, kisses her neck.

WAAN

So much cheese.

CHAI

(between kisses)
Good thing...I'm not...lactose
intolerant.

WAAN

(laughing)
Oh my god, get off me.

She playfully nudges him away, but he doesn't stop kissing her. She inhales the joint, smiles to herself.

His kissing tickles her neck, so she rolls on her side to kiss him back, passionately, sloppily.

WAAN (V.O.)

We were babies then.

CHAI (V.O.)

We'd only been dating a month.
Things happened so quickly.

MONTAGE of brief scenes over the next few years:

-- Various dates (eating cotton candy at a carnival, watching a scary movie, playing arcade games, rollerskating, go-kart racing, reaching the peak of a rollercoaster),