

PARADISE

Written by

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EXT. BEACH - BRIGHTON - SUNSET

A WIFE (31) and HUSBAND (33) sit shoulder-to-shoulder, knee-to-knee, side by side on this long stretch of stones.

Before them, the sun melts out across the horizon, lighting up the clouds and the sea in deep oranges and purples.

The husband leans his head over onto the wife's shoulder.

HUSBAND

You're my wife. I'll go anywhere
with you. Anywhere.

The wife looks out at the water, watches a flock of birds swarm this way and that, intuitive and free.

WIFE

I think that's kind of the point,
actually: I don't care where I go,
I just don't want to go with you.

The birds swoop and dip, a black wash against dusking sky.

The husband nestles in at the wife's shoulder.

HUSBAND

I'll stand by you. I promise.

The wife looks away from the birds, scans the beach for walkers, young couples, dogs dancing in sea spray.

WIFE

And I'm telling you I need to *stand*
alone. As in, *not with you by me*.

The husband turns, kisses the wife's neck, forgiving.

HUSBAND

I know you don't mean that.

The wife pulls away from the husband, stands, faces him.

WIFE

I really fucking do, you giant
piece of needy good-for-totally-
fucking-nothing, mummy-loving,
vacant, basic shit. SUCK MY DICK.

The husband stares back, blank.

HUSBAND

I'm thinking we get Chinese?