

BEFORE THE SUNSET

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD. DAY

A clear blue sky overlooks a long, winding road. The road dissects a picturesque countryside.

A beat-up old car snakes along at high speed. A feel-good rock song plays from the radio.

Both the car and music seem out of place against the peaceful landscape.

INT/EXT. CAR [TRAVELLING]. DAY

With her head out of the side window, passenger RACHEL COLLINS (22) beams. Her eyes scrunch closed against the wind. Her long brown hair trails behind her.

SIMON APPLEBY (26) drives. His gaze switches between the road ahead and Rachel - a goofy smile on his face.

The speedometer hovers on 80 mph.

Rachel slaps the roof and sings along to the music.

Simon keeps the beat with his fingers on the steering wheel - his attention mainly on Rachel.

The car spins around a corner.

Rachel squeals with laughter.

RACHEL
Faster! Faster!

Simon shakes his head.

His foot presses on the accelerator.

The speedometer moves past 90 mph.

Rachel forces her eyes open. She holds her hand in front of her face and admires the diamond ring on her wedding finger.

The car spins around another corner -

- The tyres skid
- The car slides onto the opposite lane
- Rachel sees a car coming straight towards them

Black...

INT. HOUSE, BEDROOM. DAY

Rachel's eyes snap open.

She sits up in a double bed. Simon stirs beside her.

SIMON

What's the matter?

He sits up too - concern on his face as he sees the fear in Rachel's eyes.

SIMON

The same dream?

Rachel nods.

RACHEL

They seem so real.

Simon pulls her to him and wraps his arms around her.

SIMON

You're okay. They're only dreams.

Rachel breaks away from his embrace.

RACHEL

It's just for those first few moments when I wake up - I can't tell which one is the dream and which one is real. You ever get that?

SIMON

Sure, sometimes... Does this feel real?

He kisses her lips.

Rachel smiles and kisses him back.

SIMON

Or do I feel like a dream too?

RACHEL

I'm serious. It scares the hell out of me.

SIMON

Listen, you're real. I'm real. This bed's real. And that ring on your finger's real. Does anything else matter?

Rachel smiles and gets to her feet.

RACHEL
I guess you're right.

She walks into the bathroom.

On the bed, Simon's face goes into spasm for a few seconds. When it's over he appears normal.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Don't forget, we've got
that party tonight at Josh
and Beth's.

SIMON
Listen, you're real. I'm
real. This bed's real. And
that ring on your finger's
real. Does anything else
matter?

Rachel walks back into the room - concern on her face.

RACHEL
Simon... are you alright?

Simon's face goes into spasm again - this time for longer. When it's over, he appears fainter, almost transparent.

SIMON
Listen, you're real.
Listen, you're real.
Listen...

RACHEL
Simon... stop it.

Simon's face keeps going into spasm and then relaxing. Each time he gets fainter.

Finally, he disappears entirely.

Rachel stands frozen for a moment - disbelief...

The wall behind her disappears, leaving a black abyss in its place.

Rachel spins behind her and screams.

INT. HOSPITAL, RACHEL'S ROOM. DAY

On a large screen, the previous scene continues.

The real Rachel lies on a hospital bed in the centre of the room.

Her head is shaved - revealing two thick scars.

Wires, attached to her temple, lead to various computer apparatus that surrounds her.

Within the circle of apparatus, Simon stands, staring at the screen.

SIMON

Stop it. What the hell's
going on?

On the screen, the other walls disappear. Rachel crumbles to her knees in the centre of the floor, surrounded by nothingness.

TWO DOCTORS pull wires from Rachel then reconnect them.

The screen goes blank.

SIMON

Do something..

One of the doctors checks Rachel's vitals on a monitor while the other doctor uses a computer keyboard.

The screen springs back to life - Rachel emerges from the bathroom with a towel wrapped around her. Simon waits for her on the bed.

One of the doctors, DR. ANDREW PEARSON (34), walks over to Simon. His face betrays guilt and concern.

DR. PEARSON

I'm terribly sorry about
that, Mr. Appleby. I can
assure you, Rachel is
perfectly fine.

Simon looks unsure. He glances between Rachel on the screen and the one lying on the hospital bed.

DR. PEARSON

Please, trust me. While
that must have been very
scary for you to witness,
Rachel will be completely
unaware that it has even
happened now.

SIMON

Are you sure about that,
doctor?

DR. PEARSON
I'm certain. The only thing
affected by that... glitch...
was the environment she was
in. A bug in the data
caused everything to be
kicked out and reset. Her
BP, her heart-rate, all
remained stable throughout.

Simon shows relief. He looks down at Rachel on the bed.

DR. PEARSON
You could use a coffee?

SIMON
I could probably use
something stronger... yeah, I
can make do with a coffee.

Dr. Pearson leads Simon out of the room.

INT. HOSPITAL, WAITING ROOM. DAY

Simon sits in a corner chair, his head in his hands.

Dr. Pearson takes a seat opposite, two cups of coffee
in his hands. He nudges Simon then offers him one of
the cups.

SIMON
What the hell have I signed
Rachel up for, doctor?

Dr. Pearson takes a sip of his coffee. He watches Simon
over the brim.

DR. PEARSON
Why did you agree to this,
Mr. Appleby? Why did you
decide to take part in the
trial?

SIMON
Shit, I don't know. My head
was all over the place... I
couldn't stand the idea of
being without her.

DR. PEARSON
You still feel that it's
bringing her comfort?

SIMON

I feel like it's bringing
me comfort - or, at least
it was, before that... I
think I've made a stupid,
selfish, decision, okay?

DR. PEARSON

I don't think you've been
selfish, Simon.

INT. HOSPITAL, RACHEL'S ROOM. DAY

Rachel lies on the hospital bed. Sensors are connected
to all of her major muscle groups.

Her muscles flex... relax.

DR. PEARSON (V.O.)

Your decision has allowed
Rachel to remain active.
Both physically...

EXT. TENNIS COURT. DAY

Rachel, sweat on her brow, runs up to the net.

She volleys the ball for the win.

She raises her arms in victory.

Simon stands on the other side of the court.

DR. PEARSON (V.O.)

... and mentally.

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Rachel and Simon sit on either side of a table. A chess
board is set between them.

Rachel moves her queen.

INT. HOSPITAL, RACHEL'S ROOM. DAY

Rachel's closed eyes. Unmoving..

INT. HOSPITAL, WAITING ROOM. DAY

Dr. Pearson stands up.

DR. PEARSON

You've given her a chance,
Simon. You've given her a
chance to come out of this
the same person.

Simon looks up at Dr. Pearson, his eyes red.

SIMON
It's not me though, is it?

DR. PEARSON
How do you mean?

SIMON
In there - it's just some
program. A string of data
based on me.

Dr. Pearson sits back down.

DR. PEARSON
That was something I wanted
to discuss with you.

A ray of hope in Simon's eyes.

DR. PEARSON
It's in the early stages... I
was thinking another day or
two, really. More tests -

SIMON
What is it?

Dr. Pearson stares at the table...

Finally, he turns his eyes up to Simon.

DR. PEARSON
For you to go in. I think
I've found a way.

Simon's eyes widen.

INT. HOSPITAL, RACHEL'S ROOM. DAY

Simon lies on a bed beside Rachel.

A doctor connects wires to Simon's temple in the same
way they are connected to Rachel.

Dr. Pearson stands at the back of the room.

DR. PEARSON
You will be able to hear
what's going on here,
Simon. That's why I want
you to wear these.

Dr. Pearson hands Simon a pair of headphones.

DR. PEARSON
I want you to immerse
yourself, as much as
possible, in Rachel's
reality.

Simon places the headphones on his ears.

Simon looks straight up at Dr. Pearson as the doctor's
lips move again but the words cannot be heard.

Simon turns his head to the side - to Rachel.

DR. PEARSON
(through microphone)
If I need to contact you, I
will use this microphone.
That way you will only be
disturbed if necessary.

Simon reaches over to Rachel and takes her hand in his.

DR. PEARSON
Are you ready, Mr. Appleby?

Simon smiles. Moves his head straight again. Nods.

An oxygen mask is placed over his mouth and nose.

Simon's vision fades... to black.

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Rachel sits on the sofa. She sips a glass of wine.

Simon stands in the doorway of the kitchen. He watches
her as she laughs at the show on the television.

Rachel looks over to Simon and flashes a bright smile.

RACHEL
What are you standing,
watching me for? Stalker!

Rachel chuckles but Simon does not respond.

RACHEL
Hey... weirdo.

Rachel waves to Simon.

Simon snaps out of it and lowers his gaze as he grins.

RACHEL
Welcome back to reality.

Simon sits down beside Rachel. He turns to face her and
takes her hand in his.

RACHEL
... Ok. You're kind of
freaking me out here.

SIMON
I'm sorry, it's just... I've
missed you.

RACHEL
Oh yeah, those two minutes
you were in the kitchen?
Killer!

Rachel laughs. Simon continues to gaze into her eyes.

RACHEL
Seriously, Simon, what's
going on?

Simon hesitates. He lowers his gaze.

RACHEL
If you've got something to
say, just say it -

SIMON
Ok, ok... if you knew
something about someone...
about someone you loved,
but you weren't sure how
they would take finding it
out, would you tell them?

RACHEL
What are you talking about?

SIMON
Would you want to know?
Would you want to know if...
if things weren't as they
seemed?

Rachel shows a confused face.

DR. PEARSON (V.O.)
Be careful, Simon.

SIMON
If this wasn't real. If you
weren't sitting here -
neither was I -

RACHEL
Whatever you've been
smoking, honey, I want
some.

DR. PEARSON (V.O.)
I'm pulling you out, Simon.

SIMON
You're in a -

Simon vanishes.

INT. HOSPITAL, RACHEL'S ROOM. DAY

Simon opens his eyes. Dr. Pearson stands over him.

DR. PEARSON
What the hell were you
thinking, Simon?

Simon pulls the wires from his head as he sits up. He gets to his feet, unsteadily.

DR. PEARSON
We have absolutely no idea
how she would react to
learning the truth. It
certainly wouldn't be
positive - not finding out
like that anyway.

Simon staggers towards Rachel. Stares down at her.

Tears well in his eyes.

Slowly, he crumbles. His emotions break down the barriers he's built against them, like water breaking down flood gates.

He buries his head into Rachel's chest.

Dr. Pearson watches - an internal fight between anger and sympathy.

DR. PEARSON
You need a break, Simon.
You need to get home and
get some rest.

Simon composes himself - straightens himself up.

Dr. Pearson places his hand on Simon's shoulder.

DR. PEARSON
Yes, some sleep and a
change of clothes. It will
do you the world of good.
We can have a conversation
when you get back.

Simon finally looks away from Rachel - to Dr. Pearson.

DR. PEARSON

Listen to me, Simon. I know this is hard but you're doing the right thing... the right thing for Rachel and for yourself.

SIMON

I don't know about that, doctor. It felt so cold in there. It felt so... so...

Dr. Pearson turns away from Simon - frustration painted on his face. He composes himself and turns back.

DR. PEARSON

This is not an ideal situation for either of you. Would you rather she was alone? Would you rather she was alone in the darkness?

Simon looks to the monitor - Rachel snuggles in to the artificial Simon on the sofa.

DR. PEARSON

If you think she would be happier someplace else, we can do something about that. Go home. Sleep. Get some rest!

Simon lets out a long sigh - his gaze still on the monitor.

INT. CAR [TRAVELLING]. NIGHT

Simon leans his head against the window and stares out into the darkness.

JOSH BRADLEY (26) drives. He glances, occasionally, to Simon with concern.

JOSH

You can tell me about it, you know that, buddy?

SIMON

Yea, I know... it's just...

Josh nods.

SIMON

Thanks for the lift though, I appreciate it.

JOSH
No problem at all, Si -
anytime.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK. NIGHT

The car parks up at the side of the road.

The passenger's side door opens and Simon steps out.

INT/EXT. CAR. NIGHT

Josh turns to face Simon.

JOSH
You sure you don't want me
to come in with you? Keep
you company?

SIMON
I'm just going to hit the
sack, Josh. Thanks all the
same.

JOSH
Well, like I say, anytime...
for a lift, some company,
whatever.

Simon forces an attempted smile.

SIMON
Thanks pal. See you later.

He closes the door and walks towards the apartment
block.

INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT

The small apartment shows no sign of care. Clothes are
piled in corners or scattered aimlessly on the floor.

Simon walks inside.

He walks to the sofa - the same sofa as in the virtual
world - and falls onto it.

His gaze falls on some dusty holiday brochures, piled
up on a table, in front of the sofa. He smiles.

INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT. FLASHBACK

Rachel sits on the floor surrounded by the scattered
holiday brochures.

Apart from the brochures, the room is much tidier.
Small, but cosy. Cared for.

Simon sits on the sofa and watches Rachel.

SIMON
So, anywhere take your
fancy?

RACHEL
Are you kidding? We can't
afford anything like this.

Simon leans forward, looks over Rachel's shoulder at a luxury resort in the brochure.

SIMON
Let me worry about the
money. We can save up or I
can get another job.

Rachel turns around and looks up at Simon.

RACHEL
It would take us years to
save up this sort of money,
Simon.

Simon moves down beside Rachel and puts his arm around her. They both look at the brochure.

SIMON
You know, your dad would
give you the money.

Rachel stares at Simon - shocked.

SIMON
What? He would.

RACHEL
You really think I would
ask my dad for money?

Rachel pulls away from Simon.

RACHEL
After the way he treated
you? The way he's always
treated me? I don't want
anything to do with him.

SIMON
I know that. You wouldn't
need to talk to him. You
wouldn't even need to see
him. I could call him..

Rachel stands up and paces the floor.

RACHEL
He'd come slithering back
into my life, Simon. It's
what he does.

Simon glances back down to the brochures then up to Rachel. A defeated look on his face.

SIMON
I just want to give you the
honeymoon you want, Rach.
The honeymoon you deserve.

Rachel takes a moment then smiles down at Simon. She squats down on her knees and wraps her arms around him. Face to face.

RACHEL
The honeymoon I want is
anywhere with you.

Rachel kisses Simon. He smiles and kisses her back.

SIMON
So, the caravan park down
the road's okay then?

RACHEL
Ha - bloody - ha.

Rachel wraps her legs around Simon. She rests her head on his shoulder.

RACHEL
No, just some place we can
be alone. Maybe a beach and
some sun.

Simon strokes her hair as he gazes at the scattered pictures of resorts.

SIMON
I'll sort something out.

He kisses the top of her head.

INT. APARTMENT. DAY. END FLASHBACK

Simon sits up and grabs a handful of brochures.

He skims through them eagerly.

He settles on one and stares at the pages with a smile.

A photograph of paradise...

The sound of the ocean gently rushing in to the shore.

EXT. BEACH. DAY

The same white sand and clear ocean from the picture.

Rachel sits on the shore, her legs stretched out in front of her - feet in the water.

She watches the water rush in and cover her toes.

Simon runs from the water towards her.

He jumps on her and they roll on the sand.

Simon lies on top of Rachel. Smiles down at her in mock victory. She grins back at him, slightly out of breath.

RACHEL
This is heaven.

INT. HOSPITAL, RACHEL'S ROOM. DAY

Rachel's body lies unconscious on the bed. Simon's body lies unconscious on a bed next to her.

EXT. BEACH. DAY

Simon shakes his head - splashing Rachel with his wet hair.

He chuckles as she fights against it.

RACHEL
Let's never leave here.

Simon's smile drops.

RACHEL
What is it?

Simon forces a smile back to his face.

SIMON
Nothing. You're just a bit sappy, don't you think?

Rachel shows mock outrage and flicks sand at Simon.

SIMON
Just kidding..

They kiss.

DR. PEARSON (V.O.)
Simon, we're coming to the end.

Simon closes his eyes and holds Rachel.

DR. PEARSON (V.O.)
Preparing final connection
void. Three... Two... One -

Simon disappears.

Rachel lies on the shore alone.

She sits up and looks out into the horizon.

INT. HOSPITAL, RACHEL'S ROOM. DAY

Simon's eyes flash open.

He sits up and disconnects the wires from his head.

SIMON
We could have lasted longer
that time, doc. There was
no interference, nothing..

Dr. Pearson shines a light into Simon's eyes and checks
his pupils.

DR. PEARSON
I've told you before,
Simon, we have to get you
out before there are any
issues. It has to be a
smooth transition... both
ways.

Dr. Pearson puts two fingers to Simon's neck.

Simon, impatiently, waits for Dr. Pearson to finish.

SIMON
I know that but it was
fine. We could have gone
another five minutes, easy.

Dr. Pearson shakes his head then writes on a clipboard.

DR. PEARSON
How did Rachel seem to you,
Simon? Responsive? Alert?

SIMON
She seemed fine. She was
just Rachel. When can I go
back in?

Dr. Pearson writes more... looks over the clipboard at
Simon.

DR. PEARSON
You've just come out,
Simon.

SIMON

I feel fine. Just, when can
I go back in?

DR. PEARSON

Go get some rest, Simon.
We'll talk about it
tomorrow.

Simon stares at Dr. Pearson for a couple of moments.. he gets to his feet, kisses Rachel's cheek, then walks out of the room.

Dr. Pearson watches the door close.

He waits a few moments..

Dr. Pearson checks Rachel's monitors.

With a solemn expression he makes further notes on his clipboard.

INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT

Simon sits at the kitchen table. He takes a long drink from his beer bottle.

Josh leans against the bench, a beer in his hand.

JOSH

It's so strange being here
without Rachel.

Simon looks across at him - 'thanks'.

JOSH

Sorry... it's just you guys
were - are inseparable.
Shit, I should just shut
up, shouldn't I?

Simon nods and takes another swig of beer.

JOSH

So how are things going at
the hospital? I still can't
get my head around it...

Simon finishes his beer. He stands up and gets another couple out of the fridge.

He hands one to Josh then retakes his seat.

SIMON

It's weird. It was crazy to
start with, but you get
used to it.

Josh takes a seat opposite Simon.

JOSH
I mean, can you feel things? Can you feel if Rachel touches you?

Simon looks down at his beer bottle.

JOSH
I'm sorry, you don't have to tell me shit. We can just shoot the -

SIMON
It's like a dream. The last dream you remember, could you feel things?

JOSH
I dunno, probably not.

SIMON
But at the time, when you were in the dream, could you feel things?

Josh thinks long and hard about it.

JOSH
... I don't know.

SIMON
It's like that.

Josh nods, accepting that answer.

SIMON
I just miss her still though. I think it's worse now I have access to her. I know it's possible for me to go and be with her now. I could get in the car, go to the hospital... fifteen minutes and I could be holding her.

JOSH
You can't spend all your life in there though, can you?

Simon takes a long swig of beer.

JOSH

Is she showing signs of getting better? Do they think she's going to wake up?

SIMON

They don't tell me much...

JOSH

It's been what now... two months? Shit, has it been two months?

Simon nods.

JOSH

That's a long time, Si.

A long, awkward silence.

JOSH

You ever think about what you would want? I mean, if it was you?

SIMON

What I would want?

JOSH

If it had been you that got hurt...

SIMON

What, would I want to be 'experimented' on?

JOSH

I didn't mean it like that, Si. It's just... I don't know if I'd want -

Simon stands up.

SIMON

You don't have to think about it though, do you? You just go home and Beth's waiting for you -

JOSH

Listen, Si, I just meant you need to consider what you think Rachel would want. It's been two months - maybe it's not helping any.

SIMON
It's helping.

JOSH
I thought the doctor's
didn't tell you much?

Simon slams his beer down on the bench. His eyes rage.

SIMON
Listen, why don't you just
get the fuck out?

Josh holds his hands up defensively.

JOSH
Shit, Simon, I don't want
us to fall out over this. I
should mind my own
business. I'm sorry.

SIMON
Yes, you should mind your
own business. Now, are you
going to get the fuck out?

Josh nods... puts his beer on the table and walks towards
the front door.

JOSH
I'm sorry, Simon. Look
after yourself.

He leaves.

Simon stares at the closed door - rage still in his
eyes.

He picks up his beer bottle and goes to throw it
against the wall - stops himself.

SIMON
Fuck!

He tosses the bottle back onto the bench.

INT. HOSPITAL, RACHEL'S ROOM. DAY

Simon's red, bloodshot eyes stare straight ahead. The
headphones on his ears create perfect silence...

DR. PEARSON
(through headphones)
Are you sure you're up to
this, Simon? You aren't
looking too good.

SIMON

I'm fine.

Dr. Pearson places the mask over Simon's face.

Simon closes his eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL, DR. PEARSON'S OFFICE. DAY

Dr. Pearson sits behind his desk. A grave expression.

DR. PEARSON

Simon, Rachel has been a participant in our trial for three months now.

Simon stares across the desk at Dr. Pearson. His eyes are blank - bloodshot with dark rings around them.

DR. PEARSON

Over that time, I'm sorry to say, she has made little progress.

Dr. Pearson waits for Simon to contribute... he does not.

DR. PEARSON

In the early stages, there was an improvement in her mental capacity. Muscle mass deterioration was also slower than in most coma cases...

Dr. Pearson glances down at the files on his desk then back across at Simon.

DR. PEARSON

I'm sorry, Simon, they are ending the trial. The improvement has just not been enough to warrant the cost...

Dr. Pearson, again, waits for Simon's input.

Simon stares blankly across.

DR. PEARSON

Simon, will you please say something?

SIMON

... when can I go back in?

Dr. Pearson lowers his gaze. The emotion shows in moist, guilty eyes.

DR. PEARSON

I don't think you understand me, Simon. They are ending the trial. You aren't going to be able to go back in.

Simon's eyes finally show signs of understanding.

SIMON

But... but they can't do that. They can't just stop it.

DR. PEARSON

Unfortunately, Simon, that's exactly what they can do.

Simon, fear in his eyes, stares at Dr. Pearson.

DR. PEARSON

It will take a number of days transition. It may even be a week before we are at the stage of dismantling the equipment... I can have a word... see if you can maybe visit her one more time?

Simon stands up and storms out of the office.

INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT

Simon sits on the sofa - a half empty bottle of whiskey on the table in front of him.

He watches the video of his and Rachel's wedding on the television as he sips his whiskey.

The phone rings beside him.

Simon clumsily reaches for the phone, picks it up.

SIMON

(slurring)

What is it?

Simon stands up. The phone drops from his hand..

INT. CAR [TRAVELLING]. NIGHT

Simon, tears in his eyes, stares out of the windscreen as he drives.

Car horns sound.

EXT. ROAD. NIGHT

Simon's car speeds, haphazardly, along.

INT. HOSPITAL, RACHEL'S ROOM. NIGHT

Simon darts into the room. He stumbles - nearly falls.

SIMON

Is she okay? I'm not too late?

Dr. Pearson stands next to Rachel's bed while a NURSE tends to her.

DR. PEARSON

There's not long, Simon.

Simon moves to Rachel and takes her hand.

SIMON

Doctor, you have to put me back in... I have to say goodbye to her.

Dr. Pearson squirms at the suggestion.

DR. PEARSON

Simon, I told you, they said no. Some of the equipment isn't even here...

Simon stands and turns around to face Dr. Pearson.

SIMON

Can you do it? Is it possible?

Dr. Pearson hesitates...

DR. PEARSON

Yes, Simon, it's possible.

SIMON

Then, please... please can you allow me to say goodbye to my wife?

Dr. Pearson reluctantly nods.

DR. PEARSON

We'll have to be quick.

Simon smiles... returns to Rachel's side.

INT. HOSPITAL, RACHEL'S ROOM. NIGHT

Wires attached to Simon's head.

Simon rests back in a seat by Rachel's bed.

Dr. Pearson works on the only piece of apparatus still in the room.

DR. PEARSON
Ok, Simon.

Simon closes his eyes...

EXT. BEACH. DAY

Rachel stands on the shore. She looks out into the ocean - a beautiful sunset.

Simon walks slowly up behind her.

SIMON
Rachel...

Rachel turns to face him. She breaks into a smile.

SIMON
Don't... you're not going to like what I need to tell you.

RACHEL
I don't understand..

INT. HOSPITAL, RACHEL'S ROOM. NIGHT

The electrocardiogram lets out a long, constant beep.

NURSE
Doctor!

A doctor rushes to Rachel...

EXT. BEACH. DAY

The long beep continues.

Rachel stares at Simon in disbelief.

RACHEL
What do you mean this isn't real? Ofcourse it's real.

All the commotion of the hospital can be heard.

SIMON
Rachel, you have to understand, I did this for you. I just didn't want you to be alone.

Rachel falls back onto the sand.

Simon rushes to her.

SIMON
Rachel. I love you.

Rachel's eyes close...

RACHEL
I love you too... Simon.

Her body disappears.

Simon falls onto the sand where Rachel lay.

INT. HOSPITAL, RACHEL'S ROOM. NIGHT

Rachel lies still on the bed.

Simon sits by her side, his head on her chest as he sobs.

Dr. Pearson stands behind him, his hand on Simon's shoulder.

INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT

Simon sits on the sofa, the wedding video plays on the television screen.

The bottle of whiskey on the table is almost empty.

With tears in his eyes, Simon sips the whiskey.

On the screen, Rachel poses for photographs... laughs... smiles at the camera.

Simon reaches for the remote and turns the television off with a sigh.

He places his empty glass on the table and lies down.

Slowly, his eyes close...

The sound of water rushing at the shore.

A smile creeps onto Simon's face.

FADE OUT.