

ELLIPSE

Written by

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INT. SPACIOUS CAFE - DAY

REMY (early 30s, bedheaded, closed book) is sitting at a corner booth sketching in a small notebook, his friend, PERRIN (also 30s, a lanky stray-cat) is sitting opposite him.

PERRIN

Well it's spacious, I'll give you that. There's a... an atmosphere.

Remy looks up as a beachball-sized PLANET whooshes over their heads. He looks out over the cafe and we see more, a WHOLE SOLAR SYSTEM complete with planets, moons and a ring of asteroids circles the room.

Remy smiles as he looks to the centre of the solar system, not a sun but a waitress, ÉLOISE (late 20s, charming and personable in a way she knows will get her tips) glowing with a golden light. Perrin notices Remy looking at Eloise.

PERRIN (CONT'D)

Oh, I see. So what's she like?

REMY

What? No! I don't know. I haven't-

Éloise (no longer glowing) arrives at their table with their orders. A soup for Perrin and a croque madame for Remy. The egg on Remy's meal has two yolks.

ÉLOISE

A double yolk. Looks like your lucky day, chéri.

Remy blushes. Éloise smiles at them both and wanders off. Perrin looks at Remy for a moment, thinking to himself.

REMY

Wait, what are you thinking?

Perrin smiles broadly and stands up.

REMY (CONT'D)

Perrin! Don't you-

Perrin walks over to Éloise and speaks to her, we don't hear what they are saying but they both look over at Remy who tries desperately to avoid eye contact. Perrin leaves the cafe, smiling at Remy and Éloise walks to Remy's table and sits opposite him.

ÉLOISE

Hi, name's Éloise.

REMY

Ah, Remy.

ÉLOISE  
Whatcha drawing there, Remy?

REMY  
Nothing, I-

Éliose pulls down the top of the notebook. There is a sketch of her drawn on the top page.

ÉLOISE  
Is that me? It's really good.  
Though, there's no way my arse is  
that big.

REMY  
What? It's not big, I mean, I  
haven't been, I didn't...

ÉLOISE  
I'm just playing with ya,  
Rembrandt... You know, if you like  
the soup so much you should have  
ordered it. It's good.

REMY  
I'm sorry?

ÉLOISE  
Your friend said I need to guard  
his soup from you while he fed the  
parking metre. He was lying wasn't  
he?

REMY  
Oh, yeah sorry... He has a way.

ÉLOISE  
He does at that.

The ANGRY CHEF pokes his head out of the kitchen.

ANGRY CHEF  
Éliose! Service!

She smiles and gets up. She stops and turns around to Remy.

ÉLOISE  
Just one thing. Your friend. Is he  
seeing anyone?

Eight planets, dozens of tiny moons and a ring of gravel-like  
asteroids all clatter to the floor and Remy, smile plastered  
to his face, shakes his head.

REMY  
No.