

INT. CAR 37 - DAY

Ariana sits alone at her piano. She's got a small set of tools out and is making a small adjustment to something inside the instrument. Sam approaches and sits next to her. Watches.

SAM

How did you learn to do that?

ARIANA

What? Tune it?

SAM

It's not something you see musicians do.

ARIANA

Of course they do.

SAM

Not pianists. They've always got someone.

ARIANA

It was just something I picked up.

She watches.

ARIANA (CONT'D)

What.

SAM

When you don't want to talk about something you make it seem like I'm an idiot for asking.

ARIANA

You're being an idiot right now.

SAM

Really.

ARIANA

I'm just *here*, doing *this*. There's nothing to it. There's no story behind it.

(re the tuning equipment)

The strings are out of tune, the strings go back in tune. The world keeps spinning.

SAM

Who showed you?

ARIANA

Who cares?

SAM

I *didn't* care. But now I do. I was just talking. I was just looking for a reason to talk. To you. Now.

ARIANA

You never need a reason.

SAM

No?

ARIANA

What is going on right now?

SAM

Do you see anybody else here?

ARIANA

What do you mean?

SAM

Do you see anybody? Did you notice? Were you so *engrossed* in *tuning* that you didn't see everybody leave us alone? You. Who see's everything. Every fucking thing. We've been alone all afternoon and the whole time you've had your hands stuck inside that fucking piano *tuning* when you *know* why we're here. You know why we're alone. And so I have to think, there must be a reason why doing *that* is paramount. Why *that* cannot wait.

(beat)

Maybe you're not ready for this.

That sits for a moment. She thinks on it hard.

ARIANA

Maybe I'm not.

She didn't expect her to agree. Shit.

ARIANA (CONT'D)

I know I said the world keeps spinning but sometimes I think...no...it's not spinning anymore. It's stopped.

(MORE)

ARIANA (CONT'D)

It's stopped and every goddamn person we knew has just...flown up into the sky. Just gone. We keep circling around but everything else...everything else has fucking stopped.

(beat)

I see the ones born here. They don't walk like us. Do you see them? Their legs are different. The muscles. The way they're up on the balls of their feet. Sam they don't even feel the rocking. It's like solid ground to them.

(beat)

They're changing. *They're all changing. They're not us.*

SAM

Is that so bad?

ARIANA

Yes. It is. It's all out of tune. It's all out of tune and we can't fix it. No matter what we do.

SAM

I don't want to believe that.

ARIANA

I don't want to either. But I do.

She moves to go. Before she does, re the piano tuners:

ARIANA (CONT'D)

I taught myself.

(off her look)

I never knew who did it for me. Never bothered to know. Then he died. And By then nobody was around to help. It took me three months of playing out of tune before I got it close.

SAM

But you did--

ARIANA

Close. But I never got it right.

She gives a sad smile. And out she goes.