

Yesterday, I Tripped in the Yard & Fell 10 Feet Down

written by

Alex Waugh

A LOVE LETTER TO MARS

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EXT. LOVER'S LANE (PLAYGROUND) - A TRANSLUCENT NIGHT

The stars are out tonight. Warm summer winds have whisked every cloud in the sky into a thin gray haze encompassing the entire troposphere. The moon has never taken up more of the night sky, almost as if it were leaning into the Earth for a kiss.

Below, just beneath the crust of the moon and the cusp of the ego, two little lovebirds sit atop a dented playground slide. They take up the same amount of the space at the mouth, their size dwarfed by the massive full moon before them.

MARS (19, cheerful and earnest until scrutinized) sits left. An untouched red-white-blue popsicle her begun to drip down her hand.

MOON (19, an air of cautious hesitance veiling his excitable nature) sits right. He clasps the pocket notebook in his right hand with an iron grip, a purple balloon tied to the ring finger of the same hand.

Two bent party hats rest between them. Their strings snapped. Their pinkies interlinked.

EXT. ST. SUMMER STREET BEACH - SUNSET

MARS

Do you ever get so excited that you
lose your sense of self?

The second Mars opens her mouth, the two find themselves on a warm beach laid before a setting sun. Neither seem to notice. Moon's eyes dart left, inquisitively. Mars's stay locked on the sun, totally enraptured.

MOON

Sense of- like do something you
wouldn't normally do?

Mars doesn't react, only motioning to adjust her heart-shaped sunglasses.

MARS

No- or, well, sort of? But not
really. More like losing your
senses that inform yourself, like
touch, sight, smell-

MOON

Smell???

MARS

Yeah, smell. It's when everything starts to feel less real, like a dream or a song or a flurry of... of... of "I don't knows!"

EXT. FAREAWAY TOWN SIDEWALK (RAINY) - LATE AFTERNOON

Under a pelting barrage of rain, Moon leans a little closer, more under Mars's umbrella than his own. It's a little harder to hear.

MOON

"You don't knows?"

Mars rolls her eyes, pacing around a blue mailbox. Moon struggles to keep up with her umbrella, the rain drenching his hair.

MARS

Well I KNOW, it's just an "I don't know." It's not really something you can quantify-

MOON

Well, I get a flurry of "I don't knows" sometimes, but... I don't know..

MARS

You don't know?

Moon's eyes drift away from Mars. The distance between them grows. He surrenders.

EXT. LOVER'S LANE (PLAYGROUND) - A TRANSLUCENT NIGHT

Two little lovebirds sit atop a dented playground slide, slightly further apart than before.

MOON

I don't know what you mean.

For once, a silence. Mars stares out at the open field below the moon. A heavy SIGH pours out of her nose.

MARS

(annoyed)
...Okay.

Another silence. A long one.

EXT. DOGBORNE LAKE (CAMP SITE) - LATE NIGHT

Mars looks away from the campfire to face Moon, a hint of mischief in her eyes.

She lifts her hand to admire it in the moonlight, its glimmer peeking just beyond the tree line.

Abruptly, Mars wraps her thumb in a closed fist.

MARS

Did you know you can break your
thumb ligament *super* simply just by
doing this?

Mars pretends to CRUSH her thumb under the weight of the other four fingers.

Moon cringes, disgusted. Instinctively, he grabs Mars's wrist, stopping her.

MOON

What? Don't do that. What are you
doing? Stop doing that.

An oddly toothy grin from Mars.

MARS

(through a smile)
Only if you start paying attention
to me.

Mars grins as wide as she can, her smile as bright and cold as the celestial body above them. It pulls Moon in as much as it pushes him away.

MOON

Sorry. I'm really trying,
seriously- you're just so...

MARS

Distracting-?
(beat)
Oh.
(another)
Yeah.

MOON (CONT'D)

Confusing-
(beat)
Oh.
(another)
Yeah.

Incessant GIGGLING fills the forest. It takes a while for the wind to calm them down again.

Their eyes meet, the two sharing a mutual silly smile.

INT. QUINN DARROW COMMUNITY CENTER (ICE RINK) - NOON

A skittish Moon takes baby steps around an ice rink, his arms spread wide.

MOON
You have a funny way of breaking
the ice.

Mars clutches the rail, insistent on taking the rink's outermost edge.

Moon begins to find his footing on the ice.

MARS
(deadpan)
That would never happen, I don't
break ice. I hate ice.

MOON
...

MARS
(committed)
Top ten things I would never do, #1
is break the ice. Every time. No
exceptions.

MOON
...

MARS
It all started when I was 8 years
old and a kid skated over my hand
in the ice-

MOON
(sick of it)
You've gotta be kidding me.

Exasperated, Mars throws her hands in the air in a way that almost seems exaggerated. Almost.

MARS
I'm serious! This is a serious
story! I was 8 years old and
Hannah, ugh HANNAH, Hannah skated
over my hand in the ice rink during
a rehearsal-

Mars loses her footing, quick to grab the rail again.

Moon, lifeless, starts blowing into his hands to keep warm.
He's begun moonwalking across the rink.

MOON

Uh huh.

MARS (CONT'D)

-and chunks of the ice got into the cut and it was horrible! Awful even! One of the worst feelings! Traumatizing! I'm traumatized to this day!

Moon swerves to face Mars, his arms preemptively crossed.

MOON

And yet you were going to do the thumb ligament thing?

MARS

Well, that's different.

EXT. CROWSWORN HIGH SCHOOL (ROOF) - EARLY NIGHT

Mars, having finally retired the bit, goes back to staring at the night sky through a telescope.

Moon's eyes stay on Mars, before glancing up to the sky. He twiddles his thumbs, his back pressed against the guard rail.

He looks like a dumbass...

MARS

God, I love stargazing.

MOON

("nonchalant")

Same.

Mars glances away from the telescope with a knowing look.

MARS

(unamused)

Rude.

MOON

Huh?

The look immediately sours to a glare.

MARS

Mega rude.

Moon throws up his palms up, trying to handwave the assumption away.

MOON

Oh! No, no, I'm not being
sarcastic, I-

Mars crosses her arms, tilting her head to the side.

MARS

We're lying now?

Moon's eyebrows furrow as he scrunches his face together in a mixture of confusion, frustration, and exhaustion.

MOON

(on the brink)

Wha- oh my g- RELAX!!!!

Mars is taken aback by Moon's volume. Instantly, her hand clasps her mouth, doing everything she can not to laugh.

MARS

(shaky, muffled)

Nuh uh.

MOON

WHY???

MARS

(shaky, shrugs)

You either get it or you don't.

Moon, baffled, bewildered, broken, at last, snaps.

MOON

AGAGSDHAGDHASGDH GASJDG!!!!

The sudden switch in character finally cracks Mars. She starts hysterically laughing at his little meltdown.

MOON (CONT'D)

It's all I want to do, actually!!!
It's all I think about, being out
here, stargazing with you, is that
what you want to hear!?

Moon flails his arms to keep up the show, the pocket notebook now glaringly obvious to anyone with eyes.

MOON (CONT'D)

I have tons of dreams about it!
Loads! About that specifically!
That and all the other niche things
we could possibly do together!

(MORE)

MOON (CONT'D)
 U.F.O. hunting, drive in movies,
 riding the satellite express,
 literally anything and everything
 at all! Is that okay?!? Do I pass
 now, is that good?!?

Mars's laughter dies down, replaced with heavy, laborious breaths. They're more alike than it seemed. And so, Mars mirrors him.

MARS
 ("nonchalant")
 That's good. Sounded real. I'm glad
 you dream about me. Or whatever.

Moon rolls his eyes and stares back at the sky. Mars shifts her focus to Moon's notebook.

MARS
 So... is that your dream journal?

Moon calmly pulls his head down. Ice cold eyes.

MOON
 I think I hate you right now.

MARS
 So I'm right!

MOON
 No, you're actually **NOT**. You're
 actually **WRONG** actually! **IDIOT!**

The words sink in. Slowly, Mars grabs her chest as if she's been stabbed a thousand times.

MARS
 ...oh. i... sorry...

She starts sniveling under the weight of this rejection.

MARS
 i just... wanted to take an
 interest... so i thought...

She feigns crying remarkably well for someone who never took a theater elective.

Moon's eyes give way to his empathetic nature.

MOON
 Mmm. Mmmmmmmmmmmmm.

Against his better judgement, he holds out his notebook. His grip hardly loosens.

MOON (CONT'D)

Fine. You can skim through it.

MARS

I want you to read something actually.

Her tone is jarringly normal. Realizing he's been had, Moon pulls back, defensive.

MOON

Read something?!? I'm not gonna re-!

Mars reacts accordingly and quickly. She turns the sniveling up to 11.

MARS

...oh... sorr-

MOON

STOP, STOP, FINE OKAY FINE.

Moon clears his throat, slowly opening the book. Mars eagerly awaits, her hands folded straight out.

MOON (CONT'D)

It's not a dream journal just so you know... It's more like a... normal... journal. With poems sometimes. So it's probably not what you're-

MARS

No, that's fine, read a poem.

Mars forces her smile as wide as it goes. She might be terrifying...?

MOON

I sold you the shadows under my eyes for 10 gold pieces.

(beat)

Mars, this is stupid-

MARS

Shut.

MOON

Marley, seriously, I-

To Moon's dismay, Mars puts a finger to his mouth. The moment lasts for both a second and forever.

Mars pulls her finger away, gently gliding it down to the notebook to tap the page twice. She looks back at Moon.

Moon begrudgingly meets Mars's eyes. He has no choice.

INT. WRIGHT OPERA HOUSE - STAGE - LATE EVENING

A spotlight flips on.

Moon stands center stage for an audience of one. His eyes drift down to his poem, now in the form of an audition manuscript.

MOON

...I sold you the shadows under my
eyes for 10 gold pieces.

(hesitant)

...I stared and stared at wilting
lotus flowers till my eyes went
bloodshot. I let you draw me
however you wanted, and kept my
eyes shut until you were done. I
woke up with thick mascara and fake
lashes just as you had planned.

(warmer)

The me I saw in the mirror and the
me I saw in your pupils were
completely different people. I fell
in love with the me bordered by the
wallpaper of your irises.

(beat, relaxed)

...And the way you'd shine whenever
you asked-- "What is it, pretty
eyes?"

The air picks up a new chill that went unfelt till now.

Mute crickets.

Suddenly, from the front row, a barrage of quick, polite
APPLAUSE breaks through the ambiance.

MARS

(clapping)

yayyy...!

MOON

(clapping)

yayyy...

A shared, knowing silence.

MARS (clapping) Yayyy...!	MOON (CONT'D) (clapping) Yayyy...!
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Their subdued laughter warms the theater again. Moon hops off the stage to join Mars in the front row.

MARS (CONT'D)
That was beautiful M, really.
Classic material for sure.

MOON
(flattered)
Classic is another word for boring.

MARS
BZZZT! WRONG! Classic is another
word for classic.

Mars makes a large X with her forearms.

MARS (CONT'D)
It's cool! It made me feel all
jittery and fluttery as you kept
going! Like your voice turned to
piano keys!

Mars shoots a sly smirk, obnoxiously biting her lip.

MARS (CONT'D)
It almost felt like a confession~

Moon immediately gives 100% to appear as stoic as possible.
It's an overcorrection.

MOON
(deadpan)
What gave you that idea? I don't
even know what that word means.

MARS
You don't know what confess means?

Moon's stare buckles under the pressure. His eyes veer up and to the left.

MOON
I'm not a conman, so why would I?

MARS
Do not mock.

Mars inches closer to Moon. Just barely, but enough. His eyes draw back to her.

MARS

I've dreamt up stories like that too. Daydreamt them. Dreams where I'm stargazing, sunbathing, sea seeking. All kinds of things really. With all kinds of people. You're even in a few of them!

Suddenly, Mars freezes, her eyes ballooning. She's said too much. She refuses to hold Moon's gaze.

MARS (CONT'D)

Only a few though...

Mars's eyes drift down, the weight of her thought sinking in.

MARS (CONT'D)

...I have one I keep coming to actually. Kinda weird one. It's just me floating through space. With a popsicle. Just like this.

Mars flings around her melted popsicle, nearly slipping it off the stick. Its drops staining the velvet red seats.

Her movements turn ever so slightly erratic.

EXT. THE TROPOSPHERE (AURORA) - MIDNIGHT

The two sit upon a puffy pink cloud floating high in the atmosphere. Moon sinks into it as Mars waves her popsicle like an airplane.

MARS

My popsicle freezing, and melting, and refreezing as I drift between the layers of the atmosphere. Floating out of the thermosphere and into the aurora. My presence encompassed the whole night sky, and the world was completely, totally, mine! I could do anything, be anything I wanted!

Mars pushes away from the cloud, floating through the air. Moon watches in silent befuddlement, still struggling to even sit straight.

MARS (CONT'D)

(uncontrollably)

And it just gets so exciting, and everything I've ever wanted just comes into focus and feels so attainable, so achievable, and it just gets to this point where I lose my sense of self again and then-

Mars's rant is abruptly cut short by a painful, almost dangerously sharp INHALE.

And then her words start tumbling out as excitedly before.

MARS (CONT'D)

And then I have to keep breathing and breathing and breathing just so I have enough air to stay conscious through it all.

Moon tries to swim back through the cloud. The distance between them couldn't be any more apparent.

MARS (CONT'D)

It all swirls together you know? It all just turns into the same shade of sherbet mush and I get this intense rush of nostalgia for the memories I haven't even had yet!

Mars excitedly glances back at Moon, now a foot deeper in the cloud than he was. The eye contact turns awkward.

Everything is so silent. The BEEPS of the overhead satellite are almost intelligible.

MARS (CONT'D)

That's such a happy thought.

A wave of comfort washes over the air. A familiar wind returns to protect them from the world.

EXT. LOVER'S LANE (PLAYGROUND) - A TRANSLUCENT NIGHT

Two little lovebirds sit atop a dented playground slide. They take up the same amount of the space at the mouth, their size dwarfed by the massive full moon before them.

Mars sits left. Moon sits right.

MARS

This is real.

The soft CHIRP of crickets gives a gentle percussion to wind's ambience. Moon breathes it all in.

MOON
...This is real.

The scorching heat of Mars almost burns him. She turns to face him as he stares straight ahead, lost.

MARS
So.

INT. WRIGHT BALLROOM - LATE EVENING

The two cling just as close on a crowded dance floor.

MARS (CONT'D)
How do you feel right now?

Mars twirls in a cerulean ball gown, her jewel encrusted butterfly clip glimmering.

Moon pulls her into the black tux the Men's Warehouse employee picked out specifically for him.

MOON
(slyly)
Someway or another.

MARS
Someway or another?!? Buddy, this is real! This is happening! Tell me how you feel!

A meditative silence strangles Moon as he searches for the right words to say.

MOON
I feel like I owe you.

MARS
Ick.

Moon winces. He nervously opens an eye, scared to try again.

MOON
I want to be your guardian angel?

MARS
Strike two.

Moon's fingers dig into the side of his head. He racks his brain for the answer she's looking for.

EXT. LAURA'S FLORAL GARDEN (WEDDING) - DAY

The two stand together, hand in hand, enveloped by floral decor. A doll wedding officiant stands between them, holding Moon's open pocket notebook.

MOON

I think I'm falling in love with
you.

An unexpected surprise. Mars effortlessly flusters. Her reaction flusters Moon even more.

MARS

Shut up! Before I throw up
butterflies!

MOON

(happily)
Gross~

Mars gently hits him in the shoulder, fingers first.

MARS

(laughing)
You're sooo immature!

Mars's laugh triggers a slight coughing fit. Moon hands her the handkerchief from his tux pocket to cough into.

INT. OUR DREAM HOME (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

A much older Mars puts her hand to her throat before pushing the handkerchief back to a much older Moon. The two sit in bed beside each other, surrounded by bloody tissues.

MARS

I swear, you make me sick.
Lovesick, but definitely still
sick. Definitely definitely.

Moon rests his head on top of her, returning the gesture she gave him oh so long ago.

MOON

So... how do you feel right now?

Mars lingers on the question for what feels like forever.

MARS

Here's the thing-

Everything suddenly shifts to a rose tint. Mars's voice fades out and piano keys begin to speak for her. Moon's mind fills in the blanks of what she's saying.

All locations and timelines converge into one, alternating between scenes in tandem with the melody.

In tandem with each scene change, he hears a little more of "her" voice beneath the music.

BEGIN FIRST PERSON POV:

EXT. ST. SUMMER STREET BEACH - SUNSET

Beach Mars raises her sunglasses and faces Moon with comical puppy eyes. She clasps her hands together before resting her cheek against them. The sun glistens off of her skin.

BEACH MARS

My feelings about you are really,
REALLY complex.

EXT. FAREAWAY TOWN SIDEWALK (RAINY) - AFTERNOON

Rainy Day Mars has thrown her umbrella to the side, completely drenched by the onslaught of rain. The streams of water stain her mascara all the way down her cheeks. But in a pretty way...?

RAINY DAY MARS

We're a self fulfilling prophecy.

EXT. CROWSWORN HIGH SCHOOL (ROOF) - NIGHT

School Roof Mars pushes the telescope away from Moon, her hand softly pressed against his cheek. Gently, she pulls him closer to her face.

SCHOOL ROOF MARS

I'm relieved to be in love with
someone as unattainable as the
stars.

INT. QUINN DARROW COMMUNITY CENTER (ICE RINK) - NOON

Ice Rink Mars floats effortlessly across the rink, hand in hand with Moon. She grasps his other hand and pulls him in closer, laughing to herself.

ICE RINK MARS

I fell down the stairs into the
arms of my betrothed, call that
love at first flight!

EXT. THE TROPOSPHERE (AURORA) - MIDNIGHT

Troposphere Mars floats through pink cotton candy clouds. She
mindlessly waves her hands around with effortless grace.
Every word she utters is hypnotizing.

TROPOSPHERE MARS

blah blah blah blah blah blah
blah-

INT. WRIGHT BALLROOM - LATE EVENING

Mars stays clasped in Moon's hands, following his lead in a
poofy ball gown. Her gaze doesn't shake, endlessly infatuated
just looking at him. She gently rests a hand against his
heart.

BALLROOM MARS

It was always gonna be you and me.

EXT. LAURA'S FLORAL GARDEN (WEDDING) - DAY

Wedding Mars holds a hefty bouquet of red, pink, and orange
flowers to her chest. Her bountiful diamond ring sparkles
radiantly with a faint rose tint. She smiles so widely.

WEDDING MARS

Living is pulling a trigger.

EXT. LOVER'S LANE (PLAYGROUND) - A TRANSLUCENT NIGHT

The gradient of the world turns back to a harsh, celestial
blue. Mars's smile has been irradiated, replaced with a
serious, but empathetic look. Her eyes plead with Moon.

MARS

So let's pretend a little longer.
Trust me. Trust in me.

END FIRST PERSON POV.

Moon nods stupidly, completely blinded by his perception of
the supposed here and now. Mars's stern tone persists.

MARS

Before I go, I got you something.

Mars reaches for a brown paper bag to her right. She rests it in her lap and reaches inside.

MARS

I've done a lot of thinking about whether or not it was even worth doing this, but in the end, I feel it's only fitting, y'know?

Moon's eyes narrow, vaguely confused in spite of the overwhelming heat of THIS moment.

MARS (CONT'D)

I present to you: my whole heart!

EXT. BLANK SPACE.

The world becomes an empty canvas. Devoid of color, direction, sense of place, and significance.

Everything falls away in the shock of what lays before Moon.

Mars cups a BEATING human heart in her hands.

It bleeds profusely, drizzling through her fingers.

The whole night has gone rancid.

Time falls in on itself, Moon seeing every imagined future and scenario FLASH before his eyes in an overwhelming, frightening, obvious, expected, all consuming, inevitable, unescapable fashi-

POP

EXT. LOVER'S LANE (PLAYGROUND) - A TRANSLUCENT NIGHT

Everything stops.

Mars is gone. Her only trace being a small pool of blood, already draining through the playground's plastic-metal plating.

The world's greatest disappearing act. Unrepeatable, yet repeated for the 3rd time.

So many things boil inside of Moon, bubbling and bubbling. So many combinations of words, letters, phrases, feelings, sights, sounds, special moments, all rising up and up and up and up and UP and **UP** until, finally, **something** comes out-

MOON
(childish)
Aw man...

...

And the world goes on.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT