

BREAKING UP

written by RhysDS

10 February 2025

EXT. PARK - DAY

JIM is a sad man. He waits on a park bench with a single white rose. His phone rings.

JIM
Kate?

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

Driving along, KATE is cheery and calling on speakerphone.

KATE
Jim! So sorry, work's been hell!

INTERCUT JIM/KATE

JIM
When do you think you'll get here?

KATE
Half an hour? What are we meeting for, anyway?

JIM
I just wanted to hang out and, you know, talk-like.

KATE
Why the park, though?

JIM
Just somewhere neutral.

KATE
Yeah, you love nature. It's one of the things I love about you.

Quiet.

KATE
Jim?

JIM
Still here. Listen, maybe you don't have to come meet me.

On her side, the call's all crackly and incoherent.

KATE
What?

JIM
There's something I've been struggling to say face-to-face.
(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

These things are never easy,
feelings get hurt, and that
doesn't make either of us the bad
guy or selfish or a prick--

Kate's call connection is getting worse by the second.

KATE

I don't understand a word you're
saying.

JIM

Basically, I'm not feeling a
connection.

KATE

I think it's a bad connection!

JIM

So we agree. We've had fun but we
should consider breaking up.

KATE

I can't hear you clearly. You're
breaking up on me.

JIM

That's just it. We should see
other people.

KATE

Oh, sweetie, you don't bother
people. Listen I'll be there as
fast as I can, or if you want to
come over I can do that thing you
like that always cheers you up.

The call is crystal clear just long enough for Kate to hear:

JIM

No! It's over! We're done! You
smell like sour milk and I don't
want to see your face again. Like
ever!

He pauses, waiting for the inevitable backlash.

JIM

Hello? Kate?

Jim throws his phone on the floor and stamps on it.

Kate has stopped the car. She stares agog at her phone.

KATE

Prick!