

# **'What Happened in May'**

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## **Synopsis:**

When May meets Reme in a dream, she thinks it's a simple chance encounter. But with his constant reappearance in her dreams, cracks begin to form between May's perception of reality and her imagination. May faces a devastating reality - did she ever wake up?

## **EXT. FOGGY FOREST - DAY**

We open on establishing shots of a few short trees somewhere on the moors, disguised within a layer of fog. It feels disconcerting, yet oddly mesmerising. A young woman emerges from this fog, wearing a full set of coloured pajamas. This is **MAY**, and she is lost. We cannot see her face yet, as she comes to a stop by a wind bent tree. She looks around and is suddenly aware that she's not alone. She turns slowly, revealing her face and the camera follows her gaze as she spots a man nearby, with his back turned to her.

**MAY** takes tentative steps towards the man, and she notices as she gets closer that he appears to be around the same age as her. **MAY** stops short, wary of the man. He is now also aware of **MAY**, and turns to see her behind him. This is **REME**, although he doesn't know that yet. He smiles at **MAY**, oddly relaxed compared to **MAY**.

## **REME**

(Cheerfully) Hey there.

**MAY** stares curiously at him, confusion written across her face.

**MAY**

(Cautiously) H..Hi. Who..uh. *Who* are you?

**REME**, still smiling lightly, shrugs.

**REME**

I don't know. (Pause) Who are *you*?

**MAY**

(Confused) I'm.. May.

**MAY** looks around their surroundings.

**MAY (CONT)**

So, uh.. Where exactly are we?

**REME** looks around too, his smile is gone yet bemusement is written across his face.

**REME**

I don't know. (A pause) Bit weird though isn't it.

**MAY** looks at her surroundings, and down at her own attire. She is wearing her pyjamas. She touches the edge of her sleeve. Puzzled, she shifts her gaze and focuses on **REME**. **REME** casually slots his hands into his pockets. She raises her eyebrows.

**MAY**

I think I might be dreaming.

**REME**

Okay... so this is all a dream then ...huh.

**REME** looks around again, withdrawing a hand from one pocket, gesturing towards the open space as he speaks at **MAY**.

**REME (CONT)**

Is this uh.. what you normally dream about?

**MAY**

Not really... (She scratches the back of her head) This is quite different to the standard 'falling from the top of a skyscraper' ones I normally get.

**REME**

(Turns to look at her & smiles)  
Sounds a lot more interesting than this place.

**MAY** smiles a little.

**MAY**

You're the first person I've met who'd enjoy falling off a skyscraper.  
(She looks around the surroundings again)  
This place looks like a good stalking ground for a serial killer.

**REME**

(Laughing) Good thing I'm not a serial killer then.

**MAY** lets out a small laugh with **REME** and looks at him curiously.

**MAY**

Yeah.. that's good.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAY'S HOUSE - DAY**

**MAY** is laid upon her bed, stretched across her covers in her pajamas from the dream. Waking up peacefully, she lays in bed, staring at the ceiling, recalling the odd dream she had.

A look of contemplation crosses her face. How can a dream feel so real? She eventually stands up and leaves the room. She brews a cup of tea once she's fully dressed, and after she finishes it she leaves her house for the day.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAY'S HOUSE - LATE EVENING**

**MAY** enters through her bedroom door, flinging her rucksack on the floor. The camera cuts quickly as she hangs up her coat on her door, before getting changed into her pajamas. Closing her wardrobe door as she finishes changing, she drops onto her bed, letting out a huff of air as she hits and lays atop her sheets. She starts to close her eyes.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FIELD OF FLOWERS - DAY**

**MAY** & **REME** sit underneath a beautiful sun filled blue sky, which makes their surroundings burst with the colours of the numerous amounts of flowers on the ground, swaying softly in the light breeze. They are both by no means close to one another, **MAY** ensuring there is a decent gap between them as they sit. They are both sitting happily in silence, lost in their own thoughts. One of these thoughts crosses **MAY**'s mind.

**MAY**

Did your parents ever give you a name?

**REME** looks across towards **MAY**, his chirpy demeanor we've already seen fades slightly. He furrows his eyebrows in concentration.

**REME**

I uh... didn't know my parents. I don't really remember much.

**MAY**

(Frustrated) Well, you've got to know *something*..

**REME** moves himself a bit closer towards **MAY**, as she crosses her arms in frustration.

**REME**

(looking at her) May, I'm being honest. I don't remember anything before this...

(He gestures at their surroundings)  
place. It's kinda like I've been here my whole life. (Pause) If that makes sense.

**MAY** keeps her arms crossed and puffs her cheeks up, before blowing out of them slowly.

**REME (CONT)**

I just can't remember.. And, if anything, it's your fault.

**MAY** unfolds her arms, raising her eyebrows towards **REME**.

**REME (CONT)**

(Calm, explanatory) Well, you said it yourself - this is a dream, which means that you came up with the whole concept of me.

**MAY** considers this, her expression softens.

**MAY**

I guess that makes sense. If it's my dream like you said, and (She throws up air quotes) I've *deprived you of a back story*, then ...the least I can do is give you a name now, right?

**MAY** shoots a playful look at **REME**. **REME** considers this, before nodding eagerly and smiling. **MAY** gives him a tiny smile in return, and she considers briefly, keeping her eyes locked on him for maybe a second too long, feeling somewhat more comfortable around him.

**MAY**

I think... I think you look like a  
Reme.

**REME**

(Testing the name out loud) "Reme"?

**MAY** nods. **REME** considers this, before breaking out into a smile and nodding with approval. He jumps up from where he's sat; closing the remaining distance between himself and **MAY**, extending a hand towards her jovially.

**REME**

Hi May! I'm Reme.

(He pauses & returns **MAY**'s warm  
smile from earlier)

Nice to meet you.

**MAY** laughs as she takes **REME**'s outstretched hand and shakes it in a handshake.

**MAY**

Hi Reme. It's nice to meet you too.

They hold hands for a little longer than normal, but **MAY** breaks it off quickly once she realises. **REME** sits back down and smiles at **MAY**. She returns the smile and they both go back to their happy silence. **MAY** lets out a sigh, enjoying being surrounded by the colour and light breeze of the field.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAY'S HOUSE - DAY**

A series of rapid shots and cuts of **MAY**'s day - her alarm clock going off; eggs frying inside a pan, her doing the dishes and eventually settling at night with her sitting at her desk, typing at a laptop/reading a book and taking notes, in her pyjamas, illuminated by a single desk light. She gradually lowers her head onto the desk. As soon as her head hits the desk, her eyes shut.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PINE FOREST - DAY**

**REME** & **MAY** are walking together amongst the pine trees. **MAY** is walking slightly ahead of **REME**, who's busy firing off questions at **MAY**.

**REME**

Let me get this right, you're the first person in your family to go to university??

**MAY** talks as she continues ahead of **REME** towards a pine tree.

**MAY**

Yeah, but it's not that much of a big deal. Well it wasn't to my parents anyway.

**MAY** stops at the base of the pine tree, pulling at the bark as she circles around it. **REME** just stops short, looking and listening to **MAY**.

**MAY (CONT)**

They would've preferred it if I'd gone straight into work like they did.

**MAY (CONT)**

They hated my choice even more when I told them I found a girl I really liked there...

**MAY** has stopped pacing now, and is fiddling with a bit of tree bark in her hand as she stands close to the trunk of the tree. **REME** gazes at her curiously, pursing his lips.

**REME**

I'm sorry. But surely you've proved them wrong?

**MAY** fixates more on the part of the tree she's fiddling with.

**MAY**

(Pause) What do you mean?

**REME**

I mean was it a waste? Going to university. Not doing what your parents had done at your age?

**MAY** fiddles again with the bark, considering things in her head as she leans against the trunk of the tree. **REME** looks at her patiently. **MAY** once again puffs her cheeks and lets out a slow breath of air.

**MAY**

I'm not my parents. I think that the experience I've had... the friends I've made... It was worth it.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAY'S BEDROOM - DAY**

**MAY** wakes up, the same smile she gave **REME** in her dream still across her face. She gets up from her bed, the camera remains on the now empty spot. A few seconds pass and the light changes to indicate the day has come to an end, the camera hasn't moved at all. We see her entering the frame again, assuming the same position as before, smile still on her face, ready to sleep.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FIELD OF blossoming TREES - GOLDEN HOUR**

The sky is lit up with the orange glow of a setting sun, capturing everything inside its rays within a golden picturesque painting.

It is beautiful, and silent. This silence is broken ever so slightly by **REME** & **MAY** walking amongst the blossoming trees. **REME** is laughing at something **MAY** just said.

They both come to a stop at a tree, and **REME** drops to the ground, laying on his back. **MAY** remains standing, propping herself up against the tree.



From his position on the ground, **REME** looks up between the branches of the tree at the amber sky.

**REME**

This.. really is beautiful. Any logic behind how your brain chooses these places?

**MAY**

Nope, not at all. But I'm not complaining.

**REME**

Me neither.

(He gives a big grin towards

**MAY**)

**MAY** falls back, using her elbows to prop herself up as she lays on the grass and looks up as well. **REME** brings his hands up behind his head, still laying down.

**MAY**

(Thoughtfully) I've been wondering -

**MAY** lifts an elbow and leans on one side, facing **REME**.

**MAY (CONT)**

How do you always end up in the same spot as me?

**REME** raises an eyebrow at **MAY**, before breaking into a fit of laughter.

**REME**

How would I know? It's your dream.

**MAY** goes quiet considering this. She is obviously shaken a little bit, as the gears turn in her head trying to figure out an explanation.

**MAY**

It's just ...y'know. A bit weird.

**REME** props himself up on one side, facing **MAY**.

**REME**

Everything's a bit weird. Dreams are  
always weird, but most of the time  
they mean nothing.

This gets a small smile from **MAY**, but she goes back to  
thinking almost immediately. She looks around. It doesn't feel  
warm and picturesque like it used to. She feels uneasy.

**MAY**

Yeah (a pause) It is weird.

**MAY** stares off vacantly into the distance. **REME** is briefly at  
a loss for what to do. Seeing some petals next to him on the  
ground, he picks up a handful and flings them gently towards  
**MAY**.

**MAY** is caught off guard by the petals, one landing near her  
mouth  
making her splutter. She playfully glares at **REME**.

**MAY**

You dick.

They share a laugh, returning back to their silence, gazing  
upon the sky. **REME** decides to play the same trick again,  
grabbing a petal & blowing it towards **MAY**'s face. **MAY** flinches  
slightly as the petal makes contact with her face; closing her  
eyes, provoking a wry smile from her. She keeps her eyes shut  
for a couple seconds of stillness, until she opens her eyes  
and her smile fades into an expression of slight worry.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAY'S HOUSE - EVENING**

**MAY** is eating dinner by herself; or more accurately, playing  
with the contents of her plate. A pea drops off her plate and  
lands on the floor. She looks at it, furrowing her brow with  
frustration. The camera lingers on the green pea on the floor.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FOGGY FOREST - TWILIGHT**

Although it's a beautiful twilight, something feels... different. The air is charged with nervous anticipation. **MAY** is alone in the middle of all of this. The beauty of the surroundings is lost amongst the fresh feeling of isolation **MAY** feels with a gust of wind raking across the trees. She calls out into the rapidly growing darkness.

**MAY**

Reme? Reme! REME!

**MAY** takes a few steps forward, looking all around her. There is no sign of **REME**. Another gust of wind rustles the trees. It's darker now. **MAY** sits herself down, pulling her legs up to her chest. Although she's alone, she is by no means inconsolably close to tears. It's just a dream. She looks around her surroundings curiously. Her curiosity is replaced with confusion, and then resignation. She remains seated, as the camera begins to move away from her.

CUT TO:

**INT. MAY'S BEDROOM - DAY**

**MAY** wakes with a start from her sleep. The camera lingers on her face. Sadness and hurt is visible behind her eyes. She just stares blankly at her ceiling.

CUT TO:

**INT. LAUNDRETTE - DAY**

**MAY** sits as she waits for her washing, headphones in, blasting the music of *Nova Grey* in an attempt to distract herself from the whirlwind of emotions ripping through her head. She moves her arm a little to a more comfortable position, briefly revealing her set of pajamas underneath her jacket. Her clothes spin around in a washer, creating an almost soothing repetitive background noise.

She lifts her head up to look around after the passing shadow of another customer takes her out of her trance. Someone who looks strangely familiar is about to head out with his bag of washing. She freezes, afraid to take another look, contemplating the probability it could be **REME**.

**MAY** can't see the man's face from where she's sitting. But she's positive it's him.

She gets up, aware he's about to leave. She hastily clambers her way down the walkway, approaching the man just as he was about to walk through the door. **MAY** reaches out and touches him on the shoulder.

**MAY**

Excuse me -

The man turns slowly to face **MAY**, but we never get to see his face.

**EXT. BEACH - AFTERNOON**

**MAY** & **REME** sit next to one another on a beach. Once again, despite the scenery and bright colours of the sky, something feels wrong. **MAY** is wearing the same clothes from the Laundrette. Both of them are already in conversation, **MAY** hastily trying to tell **REME** everything.

**MAY**

Where were you? I was shouting your name..

**MAY (CONT)**

(Muted)

I'm telling you, it was where we first met. I was completely alone.

**REME**

I didn't hear anything...

**MAY**

I was shouting your name.

**REME**

You're almost treating it like real life. Don't forget you're just--

**MAY** rolls her eyes and glares at **REME**.

**MAY**

*Dreaming?* (Pause) Yeah, and it's my fault that I didn't dream you into that dream.

**REME**

May, I am not saying -

**MAY**

Then, how could you explain Me seeing you in the laundrette, a place that's supposed to be real? I could've sworn it was you...

**MAY** crosses her arms in frustration at her own confusion. They both sit in silence. **REME** clutches his arm with one hand.

**REME**

Maybe that was also a part of a dream, since you only see me in your -

**MAY**

Dreams. I know..

**REME** shifts his gaze from the horizon to **MAY**; worry written across his face, his eyes open & apologetic. **MAY** unfolds her arms, puffs her cheeks and lets out a long exhale.

**MAY (CONT)**

I'm sorry. It's all a bit weirder than normal. I'm just freaking out a little.  
I went up to you, as you were walking out, and... -

**REME** looks at **MAY** curiously. (Pause)

**REME**

And? Was it me?

**MAY** raises her legs up to her chest, wrapping her arms around them.

**MAY**

I - I don't remember.

**REME** gives **MAY** an empty stare.

**REME**

What do you mean you don't remember?

**MAY** meets **REME**'s stare with open, trembling eyes.

**MAY**

(Her voice quivers slightly) I mean -  
I remember literally nothing after I  
touched the person's shoulder.

**REME**

Nothing?

**MAY**

(Pause) Nothing.

They both sit in silence. **REME** leans back and gazes out towards the horizon. He's unerringly calm compared to **MAY**. **MAY** picks up a pebble and starts fiddling with it.

**REME**

Hm. Maybe you'll remember soon. You  
might remember everything when you  
wake up.

**MAY** is focused on the pebble in her hands. As she moves it between her fingers she notices the sleeve of her jacket and the pajamas underneath. She drops the pebble. Her breath catches in her throat. She stares at her sleeve as the camera focuses on it.

**MAY**

(Hushed, trembling, wide-eyed) Reme?

**REME** continues staring out towards the horizon, with a neutral face, unaware of **MAY's** change in demeanour.

**REME**

Hm?

**MAY**

I... don't think I'm gonna wake up.

**REME** looks across at **MAY**, surprise written across his face. **MAY's** face is ashen, close to tears. The peaceful serenity of the beach contrasted by **MAY's** realisation.

The sound of water lapping the shore is deafening. Everything is. A heavy silence, pierced by natural sounds lingers around this beach and both **REME** & **MAY** are within it.

**CREDITS**