

EXT. HIKING TRAILS. EVENING.

COLIN, 39, and NANCY, 38, are walking along the winding, dusty trails holding hands.

Colin has his phone in his other hand and is reading from it.

COLIN
How do you feel about Lady Gaga?

Nancy shrugs.

NANCY
Take her or leave her.

COLIN
What about Taylor?

NANCY
James, or Swift?

COLIN
Swift.

NANCY
Pfft. Pass.

Nancy grabs the phone from Colin's hand, and starts reading it.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Madonna, Ray of Light?

Colin lets go of her hand, and stops walking.

COLIN
I like that song!

Nancy stops walking, and turns to face him.

NANCY
Ugh, Ray of Light - Ray of Shite more like. I hope you put Vogue on there. I can give the world one final show of my sweet dance moves.

Nancy starts Vogue-ing.

Colin rolls his eyes, grabs his phone back and shoves it in his coat pocket.

The ground beneath the couple starts to shake. The sound of car alarms, and dogs barking in the distance can be heard.

They both look to the top of the trail.

NANCY (CONT'D)
I guess that's our cue.

COLIN
Yeah, let's go watch the world
burn.

They grab each other's hands once again and start walking further up the tree lined trail.

EXT. TOP OF THE HIKING TRAIL. EVENING.

Colin and Nancy emerge at the top, and there before them is a dozen other couples all sitting quietly together on blankets looking up at the sky.

Nancy gives a nervous smile, and wave to the couples as she and Colin walk passed them to a vacant spot near the edge.

Colin takes a blanket out from his backpack and spreads it out on the grass. They both sit on it, and cuddle closer to one another.

Nancy grabs a bottle of wine, and two glasses from her backpack and fills each glass nearly to the rim.

Colin grabs his phone, and two pairs of headphones out of his coat pocket.

They snuggle even closer to one another, each with a drink in hand.

They give each other a gentle kiss on the lips, then Nancy looks down at the phone.

NANCY
You brought a headphone splitter,
right?

Colin's face drops.

COLIN
Son of a -

CUT TO:

INT. COUPLE'S LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

A black headphone splitter lays on the desk. On the monitor next to it is a Spotify playlist entitled "Tunes To Die For".