

INT. WINE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Elizabeth and Graham sit mid-conversation. The street has just calmed after the elephant chaos. Elizabeth glances outside again, to see JACK is still at the pavement café, nursing a drink alone now.

A quiet, almost melancholy beat.

GRAHAM  
So, where were we?

ELIZABETH  
Elephants. Infidelity. Olives.

Beat.

GRAHAM  
Right.

Suddenly, a low, resonant TRUMPET SOUND rolls through the air, not car horns, not traffic, but something harmonic, deep and ancient. Everyone in the wine bar pauses while outside, a LAND RIDER (a sleek white horse) trots slowly down the street. Elegant, impossibly clean. The traffic parts for it.

GRAHAM  
Is there a parade I missed?

ELIZABETH  
I'm sorry, I'm far too sober for this shit!

The horse stops directly outside the window to face Elizabeth, holding her gaze.

Beat.

Its mane ripples in an unnatural, shimmering way. Light begins to bend around it as its horn emerges, spiralling, crystalline. It transforms, not just into a unicorn, but something more luminous, mystical and radiant. Its name seems to form in the air like smoke:

AURELITHAR.

The Unicorn of Second Chances. Elizabeth blinks.

ELIZABETH  
...What the...

The entire wine bar goes silent. Outside, Jack slowly stands, he sees it too. The creature bows, specifically, to Elizabeth.

GRAHAM

Do you know that Unicorn?

ELIZABETH

I barely know myself.

AURELITHAR rises, circles once in the street, it's hooves making no sound, and then, it rears, leaps impossibly high, mid-air, its body dissolves into cascading colour. It stretches across the sky becoming a radiant, full rainbow. The trumpet harmony swells, as soft choir-like undertones. The rainbow fades slowly into the clouds, as complete silence settles. Then, APPLAUSE. Spontaneous, confused. A woman outside wipes away her tears.

JACK

...Right.

Inside the wine bar, Graham sits stunned.

GRAHAM

That was... almost biblical.

Elizabeth's lips twitch. She's fighting it, she fails, she laughs, not hysterical, not bitter, but genuine.

ELIZABETH

Of course it bowed to me.

GRAHAM

You're taking that personally?

ELIZABETH

I need something to.

Suddenly, more harmonic trumpets as four white LAND RIDER STALLIONS trot into view in perfect formation. Pulling an ornate golden chariot as it glides down the high street like a Renaissance painting on wheels, while the crowd gathers again. Phones up, JACK steps aside slowly as it passes, inside the chariot, no driver, just glowing ambient light.

GRAHAM

I'm going to need stronger wine  
to deal with all this.

The chariot stops directly outside the wine bar window.

Beat.

A tiny, glowing winged creature appears mid-air. A small FAE, sparkling, laughing musically. It flies around the chariot in loops, giggles echo like wind chimes.

ELIZABETH

Oh, for fuck's sake!

The Fae does a little mid-air twirl as it blows what looks like glittering dust at Graham. Graham sneezes violently hard to spill wine all over himself. The wine glass shatters and the entire wine bar jumps. Elizabeth bursts into laughter again.

GRAHAM

This is absurd!

The Fae giggles louder. It grabs the reins mid-air, while the four stallions rear perfectly in unison. The chariot spins once gracefully and then gallops down the street at impossible speed, vanishing at the corner. Silence again, before someone outside shouts:

VOICE

Is this an ad?

Another voice:

VOICE 2

It's performance art!

Jack stands in the street looking up at the fading sky and then toward the wine bar window, Elizabeth is still laughing. Their eyes meet again, but this time, no hostility, just bewilderment. GRAHAM dabs wine off his shirt furiously.

GRAHAM

This town is unstable.

ELIZABETH

It's expressive.

GRAHAM

You're smiling.

Elizabeth realises she is.

ELIZABETH

I haven't done that in days.

GRAHAM

Because of a unicorn?

ELIZABETH

Because something bowed to me.

Beat.

Graham studies her.

GRAHAM

You still feel invisible.

That lands. Outside, a man in the crowd suddenly trips over a traffic cone, colliding into three others like dominoes. Full slapstick collapse. Jack instinctively helps them up. Again, Elizabeth shakes her head.

ELIZABETH  
He attracts nonsense.

GRAHAM  
You attract myth.

Beat.

GRAHAM  
Which one sounds more  
interesting?

Elizabeth watches Jack through the glass, he's wiping dust off a stranger's jacket and laughing awkwardly, still a mess, still him.

ELIZABETH  
My life used to be predictable.

GRAHAM  
And now?

She watches the sky where the rainbow faded.

ELIZABETH  
Now it's theatrical.

Beat.

Graham straightens up.

GRAHAM  
Do you want theatrical?

Elizabeth looks back at him. Considers. Outside, Jack looks up one more time to a small sparkle barely visible, that flits across the air where the Fae had been. He squints, then shakes it off. Inside, Elizabeth smiles softly.

ELIZABETH  
I don't know what I want.

Beat.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
But I don't think it's  
accounting.

Graham sighs.

GRAHAM  
I was afraid of that.

Outside, someone shouts:

VOICE  
The elephant's back!

Jack flinches, Elizabeth laughs again, real,  
unfiltered.

CUT TO BLACK.