

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

Jason sits eating a lemon square. Becca is beside him. There's a tin of lemon squares between them.

JASON

You really made these?

BECCA

I did.

JASON

They're good. Still warm.

BECCA

I'm glad you like them.

They're still pretty formal with each other.

BECCA

So I've been reading that book. The parallel universe book?

JASON

Yeah? Did you like it?

BECCA

Yeah, it's interesting.

I don't know if I buy it -

the whole alternate reality thing -

I don't know. But it's interesting.

Did you have to do it for a school project?

JASON

No. It's research.

BECCA

Oh. Research.

*He considers her, then reaches for his backpack. He unzips it, and pulls out a handful of papers held together by a big binder clip. He hands the pages to her.*

*Becca looks down at what is obviously the hand-drawn comic book we've seen. The cover is very retro and Flash Gordon- esque. Becca reads the title - "Rabbit Hole."*

JASON

It's a comic book.

*She flips through the pages - more incredible pen and ink drawings: a strange space portal, science fiction action sequences, a pirate sequence, dinosaurs...*

BECCA

Wow, this is...impressive.

You did all this?

JASON

Yeah.

BECCA

Wow. It's amazing.

What's it about?

JASON A scientist, I guess. And his son. The father discovers this network of holes that leads to other galaxies and, um--

BECCA

Parallel universes.

JASON

Yeah, but the scientist dies.

So the son goes into this rabbit hole  
to try and find him.

But it's not him,

because he's dead,

so it's like another version of him.

*Becca is looking down at one panel of the comic book: it's one we saw earlier: the father and son playing ball on the front lawn, the mother with lemonade, and the boy behind the tree with the "?!" thought bubble over his head.*

JASON

I know it's kinda stupid, but...

BECCA

No.

JASON

No? Okay.

BECCA

Not at all. I would love to read it.

JASON (gets uncomfortable)

Yeah it's um...

*He reaches out and politely takes it back from her, then returns it to his backpack.*

JASON

Sorry. It's just...

it's not done yet.

But when it is done,

I'll let you read it.

BECCA (beat)

—  
Okay. Okay.

BECCA

I don't want feel you to uncomfortable. I--

JASON (interrupts her)

I might've been going too fast. (beat)

That day.

*Silence. Becca doesn't know what to say.*

JASON

I'm not sure, but I might've been.

So...that's something

I've been wanting to tell you.

*She just sits there and listens. Jason's confession is simple and quiet. There's nothing overwrought about it.*

JASON

It's a thirty zone.

And I might've been going thirty-one.

Or thirty- two.

I would usually look down,  
to check, and if I was a little over,  
then I'd slow down obviously.

But I don't remember checking on your block,  
so it's possible I was going too fast.

And then the dog ran out really fast,  
so I swerved.

I didn't know... I didn't know.

*A moment between them.*

JASON

I thought you should know.

I might've been going a little over the limit.

I can't be positive.

*Becca feels many things. But mostly she feels badly for him.*

BECCA

It's okay.

JASON

Okay.

BECCA

I know, okay?

JASON

Thank you.