

YESTERDAY'S BOY

Written by

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EXT. NORWICH COUNCIL ESTATE - DAY

A hush clings to the narrow lanes of brick terrace houses, their chimneys puffing gentle trails into the rose-tinted sky. Frost rims the rooftops, catching the first light like spun glass.

Milk bottles wait quietly on stoops. A curtain stirs. Somewhere, a kettle whistles behind frosted glass.

COMMUTERS move like shadows – scraping windshields, breath clouding in the cold air – as the estate stirs to life.

This is working-class Norfolk: humble, proud, and quietly enduring. A place of washing lines and worn doorsteps. A place where ghosts might hum softly between the bricks.

From a kitchen window, a radio plays – the distant strains of "Here Comes the Sun" drifting into the morning air.

INT. BRENNAN HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

A modest kitchen, but lived-in with love. Faded birthday cards and crayon drawings cling to the fridge, curling at the corners.

On the windowsill, photographs cluster like a chorus – holidays, scraped knees, sunlit smiles caught mid-laugh.

Steam curls from a chipped mug in TOM BRENNAN's hand – early 40s, sturdy, soft around the eyes, dressed in a high-vis vest. He gulps his tea, checks his watch.

Across from him, RACHEL BRENNAN (40s) wears the tired dignity of an NHS nurse. Her uniform is creased from the night shift. She spreads jam on toast with quiet, practiced grace, as if she's done this in her sleep a hundred times.

At the table, ELI BRENNAN (10) taps his fingers against the wood – not idly, but with uncanny intent. Not a beat. A rhythm.

The sound builds, layers. Syncopated. Intuitive. Almost too sophisticated.

It's *Come Together*, but filtered – translated into fingertips and table grain.

Tom pauses mid-sip. Rachel stills the knife.

They exchange a look.

RACHEL

Eli, love... where did you learn that?

Eli glances up, blinking as if waking.

ELI

Learn what?

RACHEL

That rhythm. What you're playing.

He looks down at his fingers, like they've acted on their own.

ELI

I don't know. It just... sounds right.

Tom kisses Rachel's cheek, ruffles Eli's hair on the way out.

TOM

See you tonight. Try not to save too many lives.

RACHEL

Can't promise anything.

The front door clicks shut.

Rachel watches her son, head tilted. Eli's back at it – drumming, lost again. A different pattern now. Stranger. Just as precise.

She sets the toast down and listens, unsure if she's hearing rhythm... or memory.

INT. MEADOWVIEW PRIMARY SCHOOL – CLASSROOM – DAY

Sunlight slants through dusty blinds, catching chalk flecks in the air.

The room is cheerful, cluttered, alive with colour. Posters on tooth-brushing and the carbon cycle cling to the walls – a collage of lessons past.

Twenty-nine CHILDREN hunch over notebooks, pencils scratching softly. A symphony of quiet.

Eli sits near the back, unusually still. His brow furrowed, pencil moving in swift, confident strokes – not words, but shapes. Curves. Shadows. Gates.

MRS WHITFIELD (50s), kind, always behind on marking, moves down the rows with a smile that hides her fatigue.

MRS WHITFIELD
Remember, Year 5 - creative writing
should come from your imagination.
Write about something that
interests you.

She passes behind Eli, then pauses.

The smile fades into something more uncertain.

INSERT: ON THE PAGE

A detailed sketch fills the paper - iron gates, curved and elaborate, beneath a cloudy sky. Figures stand just beyond them, more shadow than person. In the margins: childlike handwriting, carefully looped.

"Shadows gather where strawberries dream,
Echoes call from the in-between."

MRS WHITFIELD (CONT'D)
That's... very imaginative, Eli.

ELI
(without looking up)
It's from a dream, I think.
Sometimes I dream about places I've
never been.

She crouches beside him, genuinely intrigued now. Her eyes scan the gates again - too detailed for a ten-year-old. Not fantasy gates. Real ones.

MRS WHITFIELD
And the gates? Do you know what
they're called?

ELI
Strawberry Field. In Liverpool. But
I've never been to Liverpool.

Mrs Whitfield lingers a moment longer, her expression unreadable. Then she stands.

MRS WHITFIELD
Well. Keep going. There's
something... special in the way you
see things.

She walks on.

Eli taps the pencil – three soft beats – then shades the sky.

INT. BRENNAN HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen's been quickly tidied – plates stacked, tea towel draped over a chair.

Rachel, dressed smartly for an evening out, checks her watch. Tom, freshly shaven and wearing his best casual clothes, grabs his keys from the counter.

Eli enters in a clean button-up, slightly too big at the shoulders. His hair's been combed with water, unevenly. In his hand: a slim folder of papers, edges curled from handling.

TOM

There he is. You look smart, mate.

Rachel smiles, proud but trying not to make a big deal.

RACHEL

Is that your music?

Eli holds up the folder.

ELI

I wrote it down. Just in case.

He hands it to her.

Rachel opens the folder. Sheet music. Handwritten. Precise. Melodic notation, rests, chord markings. Not guesswork. Not scribbles.

Tom leans in behind her. They both stare. A few measures are titled:

"Echoes – verse 1"

"Bridge – 'A boy with a song in the light'"

RACHEL

This is beautiful work, Eli. Did you copy it?

Eli shakes his head.

TOM

Whose song is it?

Eli frowns, confused.

ELI

Mine. I made it up.

RACHEL

This is pretty sophisticated to be learning at school.

ELI

I didn't learn it at school. It just... comes to me.

He says it like someone who's tied a shoe or drawn a bird – simple, unremarkable.

Rachel blinks, trying to smile. She closes the folder gently, like it's fragile.

RACHEL

Right. Let's get going then.

Rachel places a gentle hand on Eli's back, guiding him forward. The three of them move toward the hallway.

EXT. NORWICH COMMUNITY CENTRE - NIGHT

The building stands like a memory softened by time – faded red brick, crooked windows, and a hand-painted sign that reads: "Open Mic - All Welcome."

A warm haze glows from within. Condensation steams the windows.

Locals drift toward the entrance in padded coats and bobble hats, clutching takeaway coffee and folded leaflets.

Faint voices rise and fall – a community coming together out of habit, not excitement.

The Brennans approach. Tom carries a small basket over one arm. Rachel follows Eli, her eyes on the sheet music he holds like a prayer. Eli's gaze stays fixed on the door.

The glow from inside spills out as the door opens. A single guitar note rings out, then dies.

INT. NORWICH COMMUNITY CENTRE - CONTINUOUS

The room smells of old wool and memories. Yellowed walls sigh under the weight of damp seasons and decades of well-meaning gatherings. Mismatched chairs line up like tired soldiers, legs uneven, backs squeaking when leaned upon.

The smell of instant coffee mingles with heating pipes gone cold. A battered upright piano anchors the far wall – its keys the colour of old teeth, its wood scarred and proud.

MRS PEMBERTON (60s) knits in the front row, her needles keeping a steady, percussive rhythm.

MR MILLER reads through the program while his grandson, OLLIE (15), slouches beside him, scrolling through his phone.

In the back row, CLAIRE ASHWORTH (40s) clutches a chipped mug of tea. She's a woman who once believed music could change everything – and now isn't so sure.

On stage, DAVE STEVENS (50s), the kind-hearted MC with a voice like gravel and optimism, taps the mic.

DAVE

Let's get started, shall we? I'll
kick us off with a bit of light
comedy. Warm us up.

He grins, aware his jokes are older than most of the audience.

DAVE (CONT'D)

So I went to buy some camouflage
trousers the other day... but
couldn't find any!

A few chuckles. Claire manages half a smile. Mrs Pemberton doesn't look up.

At the back, Eli sits between Tom and Rachel, knees bouncing slightly. His hands twitch in his lap – fingerpads drumming silent chords, moving without thought.

ELI

(quietly, to himself)
Wow, how did I get here?

Rachel hears him, leans in.

RACHEL

What, love?

Eli looks up, startled.

ELI

I don't know. It just... popped
into my head.

INT. NORWICH COMMUNITY CENTRE - LATER

A teenage guitarist strums the last chord of a well-meant, slightly out-of-tune Oasis cover. A smattering of applause.

Dave returns to the mic.

DAVE

And last but certainly not least,
young Mr Eli Brennan.

Eli rises slowly, the folder tucked under one arm. Tom leans toward him.

TOM

You've got this.

Rachel gives Eli's hand a squeeze as he passes.

RACHEL

We're right here, love. Just play.

Eli nods faintly, then walks toward the piano like someone entering an old cathedral – small, quiet, reverent.

Tom and Rachel watch, breath held.

Eli reaches the piano. The bench wobbles slightly as he sits. His feet dangle, not quite touching the floor.

He opens the folder. His sheet music lies before him, his own careful notation across each line. He smooths the pages gently, then places them on the stand with quiet ceremony.

His fingers hover above the keys – poised, respectful, as if greeting something sacred.

The room buzzes with distraction – voices still murmuring, someone unwrapping a sweet, a phone lighting up quietly.

Then –

The first note.

Soft. Fragile. Almost too gentle to register. But the chord that follows lands with precision – melancholy and warm.

Conversations falter. Heads turn.

Mrs Pemberton's needles stop mid-row. Ollie looks up from his phone. Mr Miller jerks awake.

Eli sings.

ELI
(singing)
There are streets I recall
Through all my years, though some
have shifted...

Claire's tea mug stops halfway to her lips. She knows these words – has sung them herself countless times. But these aren't quite the same words.

ELI (CONT'D)
(singing)
Some forever, some long gone
In the fields where I once ran
free...

CLAIRE
(whispers)
Is that... No?...

And yet it fits. Feels older, somehow. Fuller.

Eli's left hand finds the bass – low, resonant, rhythmic. The way Lennon used to play in Hamburg, anchoring the chaos. His right hand weaves melody lines with uncanny grace.

ELI
(singing)
I see the crowds that call my name
In places I have never been
And lights that fall like summer
rain
On stages I have never seen

Rachel grips Tom's hand, tight. He doesn't pull away – instead he threads his fingers through hers, eyes locked on his son. His chest rises and falls like he's remembering to breathe only when Eli pauses.

ELI (CONT'D)
(singing)
A woman with dark hair
Whose laugh lingers in my dreams
She makes me feel both safe and
scared
Nothing is quite as it seems...

The room has fallen silent, awe and unease hang together, taut as a wire.

Claire leans forward, heart pounding.

Rachel's eyes glisten; she swallows hard, caught between pride and dread.

Tom blinks rapidly, fighting tears he doesn't want anyone to see.

The final chord lingers – just long enough to feel like a question.

Then –

Applause. Sharp. Sudden. Too loud.

Eli jerks as if struck. His hands leap from the keys, eyes wide. He clutches his shirt just below the left collarbone, the sudden attention almost unbearable.

Dave hurries across the stage, concerned.

DAVE

You okay, son?

Eli nods quickly, forcing a smile that doesn't quite reach his eyes.

ELI

I'm fine. Just... the clapping startled me.

DAVE

Well, you've earned it.

Eli slips from the piano bench, his small frame seeming to fold in on itself. He walks past the scattered chairs toward his parents.

MRS PEMBERTON

(calling out)

Lovely, dear. Very... original.

Ollie leans toward him.

OLLIE

That was... actually cool.

Eli glances at him, surprised, then nods, grateful.

Tom wraps both arms around his son as if shielding him from the noise. Rachel joins them for a group hug, her face radiant with fierce, protective pride.

The three of them exit together, a quiet bubble of warmth in the aftershock of something no one quite understands.

Claire remains frozen. Her tea has gone cold. She stares at the empty bench. The silent piano.

CLAIRE
(whispered)
How is that possible?

No one answers.

But somewhere – in memory, in echo, in magic – she hears a voice. Just a whisper.

JOHN LENNON (V.O.)
We all shine on... like the moon
and the stars and the sun... we all
shine on...

INT. BRENNAN HOME - ELI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A boy's room by all appearances – model planes hang frozen in flight from the ceiling, football posters curl slightly at the corners, well-thumbed adventure books sprawl across the floor like sleeping animals.

But on the small desk beside the bed lies something else – Eli's school notebook, pages aglow in the soft amber of a bedside lamp.

The open spread reveals musical notation, drawn in a child's hand but impossibly complex. Chord progressions that ripple with nuance. A melody line that climbs, hesitates, then falls in a minor key. Not copied. Composed.

Eli lies awake. Hands tucked behind his head. Eyes open. Listening to something only he can hear.

He hums softly – just the ghost of a tune.

"Look at Me" – fragmented, half-remembered, like a memory that isn't his own.

The ceiling above him flickers with moonlight filtered through his curtains, the shadows of the planes shifting gently as if they're moving.

In the doorway, Rachel appears, wrapped in her nightgown. Her face is tired, but soft with wonder she doesn't yet know how to name.

RACHEL
Time for sleep, love.

ELI
Can't sleep. My brain's too noisy.

RACHEL
Still thinking about tonight?

ELI
I wasn't scared... I'm used to an
audience but I don't always like
it.

Rachel crosses the room and sits on the edge of the bed. She sees the open notebook, the looping staff lines, the precise accidentals.

She doesn't comment. Instead, she closes the notebook carefully, like a sacred text.

RACHEL
Why not?

Eli shrugs, the moment gone.

Rachel leans down, brushing a hand through Eli's hair. She kisses his forehead.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
You were wonderful.

She switches off the lamp. Darkness settles gently around them.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Sweet dreams, my love.

She leaves, pulling the door mostly shut behind her.

Eli is left in the hush.

He hums the tune again, just one line.

ELI (V.O.)
Look at me...
Who am I supposed to be?

His voice trails into silence.

Outside, the wind stirs the night. Inside, the music waits.

INT. BRENNAN HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room glows softly, warm in the way only lived-in spaces can be. A lamp spills a pool of light across the floral duvet. Tom sits propped against a small mountain of pillows, a novel open in his hands.

Rachel enters, her nightgown whispering at her ankles. She pauses a moment, watching him – a figure of ordinary peace in an extraordinary night. Tom looks up.

TOM
How's our boy?

RACHEL
Awake. Hyped. Still humming. "Look at Me," I think.

She slips beneath the covers beside him, propping herself against the pillows to mirror his posture. Tom closes the book, his hand resting on the cover.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Do you remember the first time? The neighbour's guitar?

Tom smiles, nostalgia etched in the lines around his eyes.

TOM
Yeah. He was seven. Picked it up like he'd just put it down.

RACHEL
Not from us, is it?

TOM
No, I can't even whistle in tune.

He places the novel on the bedside table.

TOM (CONT'D)
And the things he says... talking about Strawberry Fields like he knows the place. Sure. Kids get obsessed but sometimes...

She reaches behind her, draws one of the pillows free, and holds it to her chest – a small anchor.

RACHEL
His gift is part of him. We can't stop that.

TOM
No.

He rubs his face, weariness and wonder sharing the space.

TOM (CONT'D)

But how do we protect him from it?
It's like we opened a door... and I
don't think it closes.

RACHEL

He's still our Eli.

She leans over to drop the extra pillow on the floor -

TOM

And all we need is love.

Rachel pauses, reconsiders, then turns back to swat him with the pillow.

Tom catches it midair, wraps his arms around her, trapping the pillow between them.

They collapse sideways in a heap of laughter and low light, two people trying their best to hold joy and worry at once.

INT. CLAIRE'S FLAT - NIGHT

The flat hums with the weight of abandoned dreams.

Stacks of vinyl records teeter on every surface - Bowie, The Kinks, Carole King, Lennon, The Beatles - each sleeve worn soft by years of handling.

Faded concert posters cling to the walls like ghosts of another life. A Stratocaster leans in the corner, its strings slack and dusty. Another guitar lies open on the table, innards exposed, half-fixed, half-forgotten.

Claire sits at her old electric keyboard, eyes narrowed, brow furrowed in focus.

She plays. Eli's bass line from "Echoes." Clumsy. Hesitant. Fingers stumbling over the rhythm she heard so clearly in that boy's hands.

She frowns. Tries again. The melody doesn't sing. Not the way he made it sing.

She exhales sharply, turns to the record player, and lifts the stylus from its cradle.

"In My Life" plays on vinyl - needle crackling softly, that familiar melancholy guitar walking gently beneath Lennon's voice.

Claire closes her eyes a moment, letting the melody wrap around her.

She opens them again – grabs a pencil, starts scribbling musical notation. Crosses them out. Starts over. Trying to capture what she heard, but the notes on paper can't hold the mystery.

The music continues.

JOHN LENNON (V.O.)
(faint)
Some have gone... and some
remain...

Claire pushes the sheet music aside and pulls her laptop across the cluttered table.

A photo slips from a Bowie biography: Claire (20), opening for a Lennon tribute band. She stares at her younger self, then types: "Child musical prodigies"

Pause. Delete.

She types again: "Impossible memories in children"

She hesitates, then deletes.

Her fingers linger above the keys. Finally, she types: "Reincarnation cases documented." She hits Enter.

The screen fills with search results:
"Mozart at 5 - A Genius Emerges"
"Child Savant Syndrome and Memory"
"The Strange Case of James Leininger"
"Children Who Remember Past Lives"

Claire scrolls and scrolls – frowning. Nothing fits. Not what she saw. Not what she heard. Not Eli.

The vinyl crackles as the song ends. The silence feels heavier than the music.

Claire sits back in her chair, lost in the space between reason and wonder. Between what is and what might be.

Her eyes drift to the piano, then to the stack of records beside it. Her hand hovers over one – Double Fantasy – but she doesn't pick it up. Not yet.

FADE TO:

TITLE CARD: "TWO WEEKS LATER"

MONTAGE - LIFE CONTINUES

EXT. BYPASS CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Steel teeth bite into wet Norfolk earth.

Tom operates the excavator with steady hands, the machine groaning like a beast at work.

He pauses, sweat on his brow despite the cold. Taped to the dash: A photo of Eli and Rachel. Eli grins, gap-toothed, pure light.

Tom stares at the photo - at who his son was - then shifts the lever and digs deeper.

INT. HOSPITAL - CARDIAC WARD - DAY

Monitors beep softly like a mechanical lullaby.

Rachel moves from bed to bed, checking pulses, adjusting tubes. Her body tired, her movements automatic.

At the nurses' station, she checks her phone.

TOM (TEXT)
How's your night? Eli wants to wear
glasses.

Rachel types, smiling faintly.

RACHEL
He doesn't need glasses.

She stares at the screen a moment too long, smile fading.

INT. BRENNAN HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Steam rises from a plate of spaghetti. A warm light pools over the kitchen table.

Eli sits still, fork untouched, staring down at the mince.

RACHEL
(to Eli)
Eat up, love.

ELI
I don't eat meat.

Rachel pauses, caught off-guard.

TOM
Eli, eat your dinner.

Eli doesn't answer, just crosses his arms.

The plate cools in front of him. The orange squash glows like stained glass.

INT. MEADOWVIEW PRIMARY SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Mrs Whitfield holds up a history book - black-and-white photos of warplanes, soldiers, fire.

Most children lean forward. Eli leans away.

MRS WHITFIELD
Eli, please open your book.

He doesn't.

She steps closer, firm but kind.

MRS WHITFIELD (CONT'D)
Eli?

But he's already looking out the window - face distant, expression far too old for ten.

EXT. NORWICH HIGH STREET - DAY

Cold sunlight. Busy footpath.

Rachel and Eli walk side by side. She carries a cloth shopping bag. He walks barefoot inside his shoes - too quiet for a boy his age.

They pass a man wearing a Liverpool FC jersey.

ELI
(to the man)
I was born in Liverpool.

The man chuckles, nods, walks on.

Rachel gives the man a quick, embarrassed smile, then looks down at Eli.

RACHEL

Eli, you were born in Norwich. At
the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital.

Eli frowns. He looks back at her, lost.

ELI

Was I?

They continue walking. Rachel watches him now – not just as a mother, but as someone looking at a puzzle she thought she knew how to solve.

END MONTAGE

INT. BRENNAN HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The hum of evening settles over the house.

Rachel stirs a pot on the stove – steam curling into the low lamplight. Tom sets the table with the practiced rhythm of routine. Outside the room, a guitar drifts – slow, gentle chords winding through the doorway like a lullaby.

RACHEL

Today he told someone he was born
in Liverpool.

She serves up dinner – bangers and mash on two plates, baked beans and mash on a third.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

And he won't touch meat now. He
never used to be fussy.

TOM

The things he says... they're
getting more specific.

RACHEL

Should we be worried?

TOM

I don't know.

RACHEL

Maybe we should talk to someone.

TOM

What would we even say?

Rachel doesn't have an answer. She listens to the melody from the sitting room.

TOM (CONT'D)

Our son is too talented? He thinks he's John Lennon? Perhaps he just idolises the guy. Millions do.

Still worried, she places the plates on the table.

RACHEL

Eli! Dinner's ready!

The guitar stops. A moment later, Eli enters, holding a colourful flyer like it's something fragile. He places it on the table, carefully.

They sit down around the table and begin eating.

ELI

I got this at school.

Tom picks up the flyer and reads:

TOM

"NORFOLK COUNTY YOUTH TALENT SHOW -
St. Margaret's Secondary School."

ELI

Can I enter?

Rachel reaches for the flyer, looking it over with motherly scrutiny.

TOM

More performing? In front of strangers?

Eli shrugs, not defensive – just hopeful.

ELI

I want to play music.

Tom studies his son.

TOM

What do you want to be when you grow up?

ELI

(without hesitation)
Happy.

The answer lands like a soft chord in a quiet room. Both parents go still for a beat. They exchange a glance.

RACHEL
It's just local kids. I suppose
there's no harm.

TOM
What's the prize?

ELI
(reading)
£50 gift voucher... and a trophy.

TOM
Guess we'll need to clear a shelf.

Eli beams – pure, surprised joy. He jumps up and throws his arms around each of them in turn, unselfconscious.

INT. BRENNAN HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

Rachel starts clearing plates. Tom moves to help her. Eli is halfway to the hallway when –

TOM
Hey, Eli... who's your favourite
band?

Eli turns, already smiling.

ELI
The Beatles.

TOM
Who's in The Beatles?

ELI
John, Paul, Ringo and George.

Tom nods, amused. But Eli isn't done.

ELI (CONT'D)
John was the smart one. He knew how
to make people think. But he was
scared of getting old.

Tom stills, dish towel in hand.

RACHEL
How do you know that?

But Eli is already gone, slipping down the hallway, the moment vanished with him.

Rachel stares after him, the question still hanging.

INT. BRENNAN HOME - ELI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eli sits cross-legged on his bed. The guitar rests against him, a natural extension of his small body. He strums gently – not a full song, just the bones of one.

He tests chord progressions. His lips move silently, forming words that haven't come yet. Then:

ELI
(singing quietly)
Through the dark, I'll find my way
Yesterday's boy, but I'm here today

He pauses, frowns slightly, tries a different chord progression. Better. He continues, building something new.

INT. CLAIRE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Claire scrolls her phone. Stops.

On her screen: a photo of a colourful flyer – "Norfolk County Youth Talent Show – St. Margaret's Secondary School." The post reads: "Can't wait to see young Eli Brennan perform again!"

She sets the phone down, reaches for her diary, flips to the date, and writes: "St. Margaret's Secondary – Eli performing."

The ink finishes its line–

MATCH CUT TO:

The school sign: "ST. MARGARET'S SECONDARY."

EXT. ST. MARGARET'S SECONDARY SCHOOL - NIGHT

A red-brick building slouches under cold halogen light. Its windows glow dimly, reflecting the night like tired eyes. The architecture is utilitarian – uninspired, unloved – but tonight, its corridors carry the low hum of anticipation.

Cars pull up one by one. Doors creak open. Nervous CHILDREN step out in costumes and coats, carrying violins, guitars, a plastic magician's hat. Their PARENTS murmur reassurances and tug scarves into place.

The Brennan family's silver hatchback pulls up near the entrance – clean, compact, with a faint hum like it's trying not to wake the world.

Rachel parks smoothly. The engine cuts out with a whisper.

Tom steps out first, brushing a crease from his jumper.

Rachel follows, checking Eli's collar. Eli, small and solemn, climbs out last – his guitar case held tight against his side like a second heart.

They walk together toward the gymnasium doors. The night air is cold. Their breath curls like smoke.

A few steps behind them, Claire's car pulls in. She sits for a moment before opening the door. She sees them instantly.

The boy. The parents. The case. Recognition flickers across her face – not surprise, but confirmation. She follows, not too close.

A breeze stirs litter on the pavement – paper programs, crushed leaves, a torn balloon ribbon – all tumbling toward the entrance, where something impossible is about to unfold.