

**Reading for June, Michelle, and Gigi:**

GIGI

The woman of the hour!

June smiles and does a little bow.

JUNE

I have returned.

GIGI

Did you go to the graveyard today?

June hesitates and shrugs.

JUNE

Maybe.

MICHELLE

You really need to stop going there...

Michelle looks to Gigi for back-up.

MICHELLE

...you're just torturing yourself.

JUNE

(quietly)

It's nice because it's always empty. You know I like being alone.

Michelle rolls her eyes. June doesn't notice.

MICHELLE

Anyway, how was work?

GIGI

Forget work.

Gigi shoves a bright pink cocktail into June's hands.

GIGI

Drink up babe. It's liquid courage.

June hesitates.

JUNE

I don't even know if I'm gonna-

Michelle interrupts.

MICHELLE  
You're going. You haven't been on  
a date in, like, ages.

Michelle affectionally rubs June's arm.

MICHELLE (continued)  
It's time to get back out there.

June takes a sip of her drink.

JUNE  
It's good.

Gigi beams, but waves her hands in nonchalance.

GIGI  
Of course it is.

### **Reading for Max / June**

MAX, cute, nerdy, awkward, sits alone at a table in the back, bouncing his leg. A glass of white wine sits in front of him. June checks her watch and puts on a smile. She waves and walks over to him.

He gets up and he hits the table, bumping his wine glass. He scrambles to clean up the spill.

MAX  
(flustered, cleaning up the  
spill)  
Hi! Oh my goodness, so  
embarrassing. I'm Max.

He wipes his palms on his pants and extends his hand to June.

MAX  
It's so nice to meet you. I've  
heard such great things.

June smiles politely and shakes his hand.

JUNE  
Likewise. I'm June.

MAX  
Like the month!

June nods in agreement.

JUNE  
Like the month.

MAX  
I love June.

Max scratches the back of his neck and shrugs.

MAX  
Actually, now that I think about  
it, last June I had more mosquito  
bites than I can count. Maybe I  
don't love June?

Max chuckles. June forces a laugh -- is this his attempt at a  
joke? She sits down across from him. He lifts his empty wine  
glass and turns it upside down. He smiles.

MAX  
So, what do you drink?

CUT TO:

**INT. RESTAURANT - LATER**

June swirls her drink in her glass. She listens as Max rambles  
on.

MAX  
...anyways, it's really quite  
fascinating, because the best  
players only play in really select  
tournaments, and it's all about  
strategy...

Max takes a big gulp of his drink.

JUNE  
Mhm.

MAX  
Am I boring you? Sorry, I can get  
carried away...

June shakes her head, she genuinely looks interested.

MAX  
Have you ever played chess?

JUNE  
No, never.

Max looks at June and shuts his mouth.

MAX  
Ok enough about me. How'd you end  
up here?

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June looks surprised.

JUNE

I um, I moved to the city a few years ago, and live with my friend Gigi, and Michelle, who you know, and um, I work a steady job, a 9-5... I like to read....

A beat. She looks at Max, who devours every crumb of information she serves him. He nods fervently, encouraging her to go on.

JUNE

I love the beach, but also the mountains, I grew up going to both and have never had a favorite between the two...

She reaches for his hand. He is flattered.

JUNE

Actually, Max. I'm really sorry, but I'm with someone.

He whips his hand back. He is hurt.

JUNE

I shouldn't have come-

MAX

What? Then why'd you come on this date?

He looks around.

MAX

Michelle said you were single...

June looks upset. She sighs.

JUNE

I'm really sorry, like I said-

MAX

I thought we were having a really nice time-

JUNE

Have a good night, Max.

June fishes around her purse, pulling a twenty-dollar bill out. She places it on the table, gives Max one last sympathetic glance, and beelines to the door.

**Reading for Oscar / June**

OSCAR  
I couldn't help but notice you.

JUNE  
That's awfully kind.

A beat.

June looks around.

JUNE  
But I'm also the only one here.

The man laughs. He extends his hand, his long fingers embellished with silver rings.

MAN  
I'm Oscar.

June reaches for his hand. Her hand looks dainty in his strong one.

JUNE  
I'm June. Like the month.

Oscar nods, like he is agreeing to something.

OSCAR  
June's my favorite month.

June smiles.

JUNE  
Mine too.

Oscar looks around. The graveyard is still empty aside from them. June sits quietly. Oscar points to the bench.

OSCAR  
Do you mind if I sit?

June moves over to make room for him.

Oscar pulls out two cookies and offers her one.

OSCAR  
I made them last night. From scratch.

June smiles and accepts it. She trusts Oscar.

JUNE  
Chivalry isn't dead.

Oscar shrugs.

OSCAR  
Call me old fashioned.

They sit and eat the cookies. It's quiet between the pair, but the silence is comforting.

June lifts up the cookie, nodding in appreciation.

JUNE  
Mmm.

OSCAR  
(Swallowing)  
So. Tell me about June.

June thinks for a moment.

JUNE  
What would you like to know?

Oscar thinks for a moment.

OSCAR  
What's a girl like you doing...

Oscar trails off and shrugs.

JUNE  
In a place like this?

OSCAR  
Well, yeah.

June shrugs and motions towards her unopened lunch bag.

JUNE  
It's a pleasant place to eat  
lunch.

OSCAR  
Yes. It is.

A beat.

OSCAR  
But that's not the real reason.

JUNE  
I guess not.

June glances to the tombstone.

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