Marcus sits opposite him. The same way.

The caravan is quiet. The river moves outside.

MARCUS
Notice it.

Don't name it. Don't explain it. Just notice it.

LUCA
I notice it.

MARCUS
Good. Now don't act.

Just sit with it. As long as it takes.

The river moves. The light changes. Neither of them moves.

CUT TO:

LOCATION — INT — GAS STATION — NIGHT

A long slow pan. The gas station at night — the kind that's open when nothing else is. Fluorescent light, too bright, buzzing. Aisles of snacks and drinks and motor oil and birthday cards and cheap plastic toys. Everything for sale, nothing anyone needs.

We pass the shelves. Crisps. Chocolate. Energy drinks. A spinning rack of sunglasses. A fridge humming. A display of air fresheners shaped like trees.

A radio plays somewhere behind the counter. Low. A song nobody's listening to.

The pan keeps going. Aisle two. Tinned food. Pasta. A shelf of reduced items, yellow stickers. A mop bucket in the corner, dirty water.

The floor is lino. It's been mopped. It's still not clean.

We pass a display of lighters. A rack of newspapers, yesterday's headlines. A basket of things nobody bought.

The pan slows. Aisle three. Cigarettes behind the counter — we're coming round to the front now. The till. A bowl of loose change. A lottery ticket dispenser. A sign that says NO ID NO SALE.

The attendant comes into frame — young, tired, behind the counter, not looking up from his phone.

GAS ATTENDANT
How can I help you ma'am.

The pan keeps moving. Past the counter. To the customer.

AME stands at the till. Dark coat. Hair tied back. She's looking at the

cigarettes behind him. She's been in here before. She knows what she wants.

AME
Twenty Marlboro. The red ones.

The attendant turns. He gets them down. He puts them on the counter.

She pays. He takes the money. She takes the cigarettes. She puts them in her pocket.

AME
Thanks.

She turns. She walks towards the door. She doesn't look at the shelves. She doesn't look at the attendant. She doesn't check her phone. She's already gone before she's out the door.

The automatic doors slide open. The night outside. The forecourt.

CUT TO:

LOCATION — EXT — GAS STATION FORECOURT — CONTINUOUS

The forecourt. Pumps. A car at the far pump, idling. Old. Dark. A shape in the driver's seat — a man, but we don't see his face. Just the back of his head, a hand on the wheel.

Ame walks across the forecourt. She doesn't hurry. She gets in the passenger side. The door closes.

The car sits for a moment. Then it pulls away. Slowly. Out onto the road. The tail lights go.

The pan stays on the forecourt. The pump. The empty space where the car was. The fluorescent hum. The night.

CUT TO:

LOCATION — INT — MARCUS'S CARAVAN — DAY

THE FIRST SESSION

The caravan. Late afternoon. The light is going. The tea is cold. Neither of them has touched it.

Luca is sitting on the floor. His legs crossed. His hands on his knees. His eyes open.

Marcus is sitting opposite him. The same way.

The river moves outside.

MARCUS
You get caught.

Luca looks at him.

MARCUS