

Love of Death, Death of Love
(Working title)

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EXT. SIDE STREET. DAY

We see a male (mid 20's) walking through a small town side street. He is relaxed and seems joyful; healthy. He is wearing a white shirt with jeans and light-coloured shoes. He walks past an alleyway.

Out of the corner, we see a young female (mid to late 20's). She is wearing a dark jacket teamed with dim tattered trousers and grubby white plimsolls.

She looks distraught, unhealthy, weak. She has a handkerchief in her hand. She clings onto it for dear life.

We see the young man walking further down entering a desolate alley way. She waits impatiently for him to disappear out of view. She then, abruptly, walks towards the same side street to catch up with him.

We see him walk past down the alleyway. She appears behind peaking around the corner gazing over intensely.

The young man walks further down. The young man walks down a blind corner.

She follows. She enters just a split second later only to find he disappeared. She looks around desperately to find him.

EXT. HIGH STREET. DAY

We see the young female walking down a main side street. The street is full of people going about their day to day affairs. Her head is hung low; fixated on the ground.

Out of the corner of her eye, she notices the young man we saw earlier with friends of his walking in the same direction just ahead. She rapidly turns her head to their direction. She wipes her eyes to acknowledge the situation.

She rushes over to the group of people. She dodges through the people walking in her way. She gets to the man and his friends. She pushes and shoves her way through the group. She grabs the man. She looks up and straight into his eyes. She instantly realises he isn't the person she wanted to see.

The man shrugs her arm off his. He stares a scouring look into her face. The woman leaves feeling anxious and embarrassed.

EXT/INT. COFFEE SHOP. DAY

The young woman walks down a quiet street with her arms cradling her elbows for comfort. She walks past a coffee shop on the other side ignoring it like the others.

She turns her head a second time only to notice the young man from earlier sat at a table reading a newspaper; sipping on a cup of tea.

The young woman crosses the road towards the coffee shop. She peers into the window. She wipes her eyes a second time to check.

As soon as she removes her hands away from her face, the man disappears.

A barista walks towards the table to clear and clean it. The barista scours a displeased look at the woman.

The young woman walks off feeling nervous and helpless.

INT. YOUNG WOMAN'S HOUSE. DAY

The sunlight is sieving in the the front room through the small slits of the blinds. It barely illuminates any part of the kitchen.

The young woman is sat on the floor backed a cupboard. She is cradling herself. She begins to twiddle her cigarette between her fingers. Tears begin to stroll down her face.

She takes a small picture frame from the work surface. She stairs into it forcefully.

In the picture, we see her and the young male she saw earlier in a loving embrace.

She lets the picture fall to the floor. Again. she cradles her arms and legs to her body.

She begins to bang her fist against the cupboard.

She repeats banging her fist against the cupboard, only louder.

She bangs her fist against the cupboard a third time, even louder.

She feels helpless; desperate.

EXT. GRAVEYARD. DAY

The young woman strolls into a graveyard. She holds a bouquet of roses in front of her chest.

She kneels down at a gravestone. Her mind is deep in thought.

She places the bouquet on the grave.

Subconsciously, she takes the picture of her and the mysterious young male she had in her house out of her pocket.

She looks at it tenderly. She meditates on it. Finally she places it on the gravestone.

Suddenly, out of the corner of her eye, she sees a white rose in the middle of the bouquet.

She picks it out of the bunch. She looks confused: puzzled.

She picks herself up to her feet and leaves the graveyard.

EXT. WOODS/MARSHLAND. EVENING

We see the young woman pacing her way through the woods and marshland. She looks sombre.

She is twiddling with the white rose. She looks rested.

Out of the corner of her eye, she sees herself and the young male exchanging a loving embrace and making their way through the woods in the distance.

She walks over to them. She begins to smile.

Her other self and the young man begin to dance. Their faces are full of joy.

She begins to dance in unison.

We see the two dance further away.

The young woman begins to dance more confidently. Her body opens up more. She is joyful.

END.