

# A PALETTE OF EMOTIONS

EPISODE 101: "What is love? Baby don't hurt me."

written by

Michael Carrithers



Story #1  
**TERRY**

DARKNESS. THE SOUND OF KIDS SINGING "HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU".

OPENING TITLES.

INT. FAMILY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Forty-four colorful birthday candles sitting on top of a chocolate cake are blown out in one long steady breath.

Children's enthusiasm rustles through the cute apartment filled with little framed vibrant drawings. Each piece of furniture is a different color and the rugs themselves could be considered pieces of art.

Laura (44), a brunette with dyed blonde eyebrows and a cute earthy style, emerges from behind the smoke of the candles. Her dimples show as she smiles, radiating a specific joy that fills the room with positive energy.

Sarah (47), short curly hair and piercing blue eyes, seemingly the more serious of the two, hands Laura a big knife.

Laura takes the knife and starts cutting up pieces of the cake. Lawrence (8) and Sandra (9), two kids with the energy of four, jump up to the cake with empty plates ready in their hands. They grin at Laura, bursting with excitement.

Laura hands them a piece of cake each and they immediately dig into it. Sarah gets the next piece and she sets it aside.

Laura licks the cake bits off of her fingers.

LAURA

Mmm! Delicious! Isn't it?

She turns to the kids, and they nod with their mouths full, little pieces of cake falling down as they chew. Laura and Sarah laugh.

SARAH

It's time to give mommy her gifts.

LAURA

It's okay. Let them finish.

The kids get up from the table and run into the other room.

Sarah pulls out a wrapped gift from under the table and places it on the plateau, flashing a cheeky smile at Laura.

LAURA (CONT'D)

What is this? I told you that I already have everything I need right here. I mean, the four of us in this amazing little apartment? What more could I wish for...

Laura gently strokes Sarah's hand, prompting Sarah to give her a soft kiss on the palm.

SARAH

You'll see. It's a surprise. Just a little something.

The kids run back screaming. Lawrence is holding a piece of paper and Sandra a ceramic cup.

LAURA

What do we have here?

Lawrence hands Laura his paper. It is a drawing of four people in the sea.

LAWRENCE

This is a picture of you, mommy and Sandra. It's from when we were swimming in the sea on holiday in Greece.

LAURA

It's beautiful! Come here.

Laura hugs Lawrence tightly and kisses him on top of his head repeatedly. Sandra jumps in and hands Laura a ceramic cup.

SANDRA

This is a ceramic cup I made for you in the ceramics class.

LAURA

You're so talented! I love it.

Laura envelops Sandra in a warm hug, planting a gentle smooch on her cheek, drawing out giggles from Sandra. Afterward, Laura turns her attention to Sarah.

LAURA (CONT'D)

And what did mommy make me?

SARAH

Mommy BOUGHT you something.

Laura playfully starts booing Sarah, prompting laughter from the kids who eagerly join in. Undeterred, Sarah takes her gift and presents it with a smile to Laura.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
 Hope you like it.

Laura begins unwrapping her gift, stealing glances at Sarah with a playful curiosity. As the wrapping gives way, she reveals a stunning burgundy terry cloth robe adorned with gold initials 'LD' embroidered on the back.

Laura gasps for air, her eyes welling up with emotion. She presses the robe to her face, enveloping herself in its softness.

LAURA  
 So soft! It's everything I've dreamt of.

SARAH  
 I always saw you eyeing it whenever we walked past the store.

LAURA  
 Thank you.

LAWRENCE  
 What is it?

LAURA  
 This is a beautiful terry cloth robe, son.

Laura holds the robe in front of her, taking a moment to inspect it closely.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
 A beautiful terry cloth robe.

INT. FAMILY APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Laura and Sarah are having a bath together. Candles dispersed around them, flickering in the dark. Their shadows hang above them like guardian angels. Sarah is massaging Laura's feet.

SARAH  
 Did you enjoy your birthday?

LAURA  
 Very much so.

Laura closes her eyes and relaxes her body.

SARAH

I'm glad you liked your gift. I was nervous I'd pick the wrong one.

Laura opens her eyes and perks up.

LAURA

I love it! The color. The material. The hand-stitched golden initials. It's perfect.

Sarah chuckles.

SARAH

I'm glad you love it. I didn't expect such an extremely positive reaction, to be honest.

Laura smiles at Sarah.

LAURA

No, I really appreciate it. Thank you for being so thoughtful.

Laura leans in, locking eyes with Sarah in a profound gaze.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Now it's my turn.

She blows Sarah a kiss, winks, and then disappears beneath the water. Tiny bubbles start making their way up the surface and towards Sarah's lap, she starts giggling and pulls Laura's head back up.

LAURA (CONT'D)

You'll wake up the kids.

They both laugh and start kissing.

Laura steps out of the bath and walks over to a hanger, where her terry cloth robe patiently awaits her. While putting it on she shivers with excitement, it is almost sexual. She walks back to the bath, offers her hand to Sarah and helps her out of the bath. She kisses her tenderly and lays her on her back on the floor in front of the bath. She hunches over her and covers their wet bodies with the robe.

INT. FAMILY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

The alarm clock rings, and Sarah promptly turns it off. Laura, still bundled up in her robe, and Sarah gradually awaken in their bed, exchanging yawns.

SARAH

I'll go wake up the kids.

Sarah gets up and walks out of the room.

Laura continues to roll from side to side in bed, savoring the fresh air of a new day with each inhale. Though on the brink of getting out of bed, she can't resist cuddling the robe, holding onto its comfort a little while longer.

The kids run into the room and jump on top of the bed, disrupting her little moment.

LAURA

You little stinkers!

Laura starts tickling the kids and they laugh uncontrollably.

INT. OPEN-SPACE OFFICE - DAY

Seated at her desk, Laura diligently types on her computer, mirroring the focused activity of those around her. The rhythmic sounds of clicking and typing dominate the area, drowning out any other noises.

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY

Laura stands by the coffee machine, lost in thought, waiting for her coffee. As the machine finishes its brewing, the steam fills the air. However, Laura's mind remains elsewhere, and she doesn't notice that her coffee is ready. Her co-worker BETTY (26), short skirt and long blonde hair, comes in.

BETTY

May I?

Betty points to the coffee machine. Laura stares at her and slowly realizes that she is in the way.

LAURA

Oh! Of course. Sorry.

Laura takes her coffee and walks back into the open-space office.

INT. OPEN-SPACE OFFICE - DAY (CONT'D)

Laura gazes down at her desk, glancing around, and gradually sinks into her chair. The monotonous hum of the office environment weighs on her, causing her eyelids to grow heavy.

Suddenly, from the next desk over, a CO-WORKER WITH AN ANNOYING VOICE starts talking into a phone. The irritating professional tone of her voice pierces through Laura's ears.

CO-WORKER WITH AN ANNOYING VOICE

The pick-up on Thursday has been  
scheduled for 4:40 a.m. in order  
for an arrival at the airport  
roughly two hours before departure.

Laura reaches into her purse, retrieving a pair of headphones. Swiftly, she plugs them in, plays some music, cranks up the volume, and immerses herself back into her work.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Laura bolts out of the building with the speed and determination of an Olympic 400-meter dash runner, her pace accelerating with each stride as she covers more distance.

INT. FAMILY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Laura slams the door behind her, drops her purse to the ground, kicks off her shoes, and dashes towards the bathroom.

INT. FAMILY APARTMENT - BATHROOM - EVENING

Laura discards her clothes, one piece at a time, letting each garment fall to the floor, until she is completely naked. She reaches the closet, retrieves the terry cloth robe nestled among the towels, and slips it on. Inhaling deeply, she closes her eyes, a serene smile gracing her face, before exhaling calmly. Finally, she can relax.

INT. FAMILY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Laura is lounging in her robe, watching a TV show on the sofa, while the kids peacefully slumber beside her in their pajamas.

Sarah enters the room, brushing her teeth. Laura catches sight of her, and a shared smile brightens the moment between them.



Sarah runs off and comes back with a polaroid camera. She takes a picture of Laura and the kids.

Laura grabs the TV remote and switches off the TV. The sudden silence prompts the kids to stir and wake up.

LAURA  
Time for bed, kiddos.

INT. FAMILY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah and Laura are in the bed looking at the polaroid picture of Laura and the kids.

SARAH  
You guys are so fricking cute.

Sarah kisses Laura on her cheek.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I just want to eat you up.

Laura chuckles and places the picture on the nightstand beside the bed.

Sarah dims the lights and positions herself atop Laura. The two share tender kisses, engaging in a heartfelt make-out session.

LAURA  
The robe is perfect. It feels like it's been tailored for my body.

SARAH  
Glad you like it.

Sarah kisses Laura on each part of her body. She stops and lifts up her head.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Take it off and turn around.

Laura strokes her robe.

LAURA  
Actually... I'd like to keep it on.

SARAH  
Seriously?

Off Laura's playful look...

SARAH (CONT'D)

Fine!

Sarah buries her head into Laura's crotch. Laura holds onto her robe.

INT. FAMILY APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING

Laura steps out of the shower, wraps herself in her robe, and dries her hair and face with a towel as she walks towards the mirror.

SARAH (O.S.)

We're leaving for school!

LAWRENCE (O.S.)

Bye bye! Love you!

SANDRA (O.S.)

Bye mom!

LAURA

Have a nice day!

SARAH (O.S.)

Don't forget to pick them up from practice!

LAURA

Of course!

In front of the mirror, Laura begins applying her makeup.

INT. FAMILY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Whistling, Laura, clothed in her robe, slings her purse over her shoulder and strolls to the door. She slips on a pair of high heels before confidently stepping out.

INT. OPEN-SPACE OFFICE - DAY

Laura strides into the office in her high heels and a robe. Instantly, the office falls silent. All eyes turn toward Laura as she makes her way to her desk. The onlookers, their faces trying to conceal a hint of despicement, force smiles when Laura glances in their direction.

She settles into her chair at her desk, powers up her computer, plugs in her headphones, and with a few clicks of the mouse, she immerses herself in her work, typing away with focused determination.

Thank you for reading the preview of my screenplay.

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Michael Carrithers  
carrithersmichael@gmail.com



Story #2  
**GROW A TAIL**

EXT. TWO-LANE ROAD - NIGHT

A car is driving frantically down the road, its lights illuminating the asphalt and road markings ahead. Trash metal tune beats out of the car stereo. It is the middle of nowhere.

SHAMBLES (30), a blonde hippie punk chick dressed in a white top with a crazy print, piercing in her nose and damn big earrings is hunched behind the steering wheel.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

In the darkness, a man with a beard and semi-long hair covered by a bandana, BURT (30), is running through the woods in a manic fashion. He is sporting very short shorts and a suave jogging shirt. He is not in great shape, heavily panting.

Burt is not stopping, he looks back over his shoulder every once in a while, as if someone or something is chasing him.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Shambles speeds up. The flip-flops on her feet are each doing their own thing, the left one is dancing to the beat while the right one is pushing the gas pedal to the ground.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT (CONT'D)

Burt continues to run, skillfully dodging branches and swatting away insects that circle around his head.

When he finally runs out of the forest, Burt stops for a second to catch his breath.

He looks back into the forest, leaning on his knees with the weight of his upper body on the palms of his hands. Then, he glances back ahead, noticing a bright light in the distance.

Burt runs towards the light.

INT. CAR - NIGHT (CONT'D)

Shambles seems to be constantly speeding up.

Until...

The car emits a strange gurgling noise and begins to decelerate.

Shambles notices the gas light is on and starts smacking the steering wheel with her fists, angrily mumbling something under her breath.

That is when she notices a bright light ahead – an illuminated GAS STATION.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Burt is almost out of breath, but the light is so close now!

He squints his eyes, straining to see what lies ahead.

The blurry distorted lights finally merge together to produce the shape of a GAS STATION.

Realizing what the light is gives Burt a breath of fresh air, infusing new energy into his tired feet.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Shambles's old ass car sputters and pulls over to the gas station.

She passes the gas filling tanks and parks behind the building, on the opposite side of the road.

Shambles carefully opens her door. Suddenly, a sweaty man bolts past her, almost knocking the ground.

SHAMBLES

What the fuck...

Shambles shakes her head in frustration and closes the car door. She proceeds to walk around the corner, keeping close to the wall, until she enters the gas station.

INT. GAS STATION - RESTROOM - NIGHT

Burt washes his face with cold water, relishing the sensation like a baby hippopotamus, sticking his entire head underneath the faucet.

He washes his hairy armpits and then reaches for the towel to dry his hair.

With a big sigh of relief, Burt walks out of the door.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Burt walks out of the bathroom in slow-motion, tossing his wet, shiny hair in the air and skillfully tucking it behind his ears.

Shambles is sitting at the lone table beneath a broken light, leisurely sipping on a frappuccino.

Their eyes lock. They observe each other like wild animals in the prairies of Africa.

Burt suddenly turns toward the jukebox and starts selecting a song. Shambles bites on her straw, her eyes never letting go of Burt.

He picks an old-school rock tune, swiftly turns around on his heels and performs a walk-dance toward Shambles.

BURT  
(pointing to the free seat  
across Shambles)  
May I?

Shambles laughs and nods. There is something innocent about the way she does it, though her appearance definitely contradicts any innocence.

SHAMBLES  
You're the crazy guy that almost  
ran me over out there.

BURT  
Sorry about that. When I'm in my  
jogging gear I have only one speed  
limit. And that's... to the max.

Shambles gives Burt a long look until he realizes that what he said sounded more stupid than cool.

BURT (CONT'D)  
(offering his hand)  
Burt.

Shambles looks at his wet hand. Burt notices and promptly starts drying the hand on his hairy thigh.

Once sufficiently dry, he pulls the hand back over the table again. Shambles squeezes his hand, surprising Burt with her strength.

SHAMBLES  
Shambles.

BURT  
Interesting name.

SHAMBLES  
I was born in a slaughterhouse.

Shambles takes a sip of her drink, Burt observes her.

SHAMBLES (CONT'D)  
Also, my life is in shambles, so...  
it fits.

Burt mirrors her expression, nodding approvingly, respecting the honesty.

BURT  
Same here.

SHAMBLES  
So your dad was a big Burt Reynolds  
fan, I suppose?

Burt chuckles.

BURT  
My dad... My dad was a big fan of  
beer. What happened is, he got piss  
drunk during my birth. In his  
words: it took too long and he got  
bored. When it finally came to  
writing my name on the birth  
certificate he got surprised by his  
own big-ass burp and then I guess a  
light bulb appeared above his head  
and he was like "That's it!" My mom  
then managed to turn the P into a T  
somehow.

Shambles laughs.

Police lights illuminate the gas station, with sirens wailing  
in the background. Both Burt and Shambles quickly jump under  
the table.

The police cars dart past the gas station and disappear in  
the distance.

SHAMBLES  
Just an ordinary jogger, huh?

Underneath the table, divided by the rod holding the table  
top above their heads, they study each other intently.



BURT  
I'm what you might call a peculiar  
jogger.

SHAMBLES  
Aha, sure.

Shambles begins crawling back onto her seat, and Burt follows  
suit.

BURT  
Well, why were YOU hiding  
underneath the table.

Shambles sips on her frappucino.

SHAMBLES  
You first.

Burt hesitates, then pulls an energy bar from his shorts. He  
tears it open and takes a big bite.

BURT  
Fibre.

He chews on his snack, deep in thought.

BURT (CONT'D)  
So! One beautiful day I went for a  
run...

FADE TO:

EXT. UPSCALE SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Burt jogs through an upscale residential neighborhood with  
immaculate driveways and manicured lawns.

BURT (V.O.)  
... you know, just a typical run-of-  
the-mill jog. I was smiling,  
envisioning my future. My legs were  
gradually starting to burn up. Oh,  
how I love that feeling.  
(beat)  
Anyway, all of a sudden, out of  
nowhere, my stomach starts making  
these weird noises.

Burt slows down abruptly, glancing in every direction with a  
sense of urgency, holding onto his stomach.

Spotting an open driveway, he waddles like a duck towards the main door in a desperate dash.

BURT (V.O.)

I see this open gate. So I think to myself "I'll run towards the door, ring the bell, a nice middle-aged blonde woman in tennis apparel will open the door, she'll understand the situation, smile, and let me into the house to use their bathroom."

Within meters from the main door, Burt shrieks, grabbing his butt and squeezing it in a desperate attempt to control the situation.

BURT (V.O.)

I just couldn't make it to the door.

Burt, in an act of desperation, pulls down his shorts to his ankles, squats down, and starts doing his deed right in front of the main entrance. A huge sense of relief washes across his face.

BURT (V.O.)

So I'm squatting there like a horny cat unloading this load underneath myself and all of a sudden this cute little girl opens the door. She looks at me, I look at her. We study each other... She then moves her eyes towards the humongous shit on her driveway and starts screaming her lungs off.

A CUTE LITTLE GIRL (9) opens the main door, looks at Burt for while and starts screaming.

Burt frantically pulls up his shorts and sprints away.

BURT (V.O.)

I pull up my shorts and get out of there as fast as I can. And as I'm running...

Burt dashes through the neighborhood, his face shifting from panic to a smile. The smile widens, growing even bigger until it transforms into a psychotic laugh echoing through the surroundings.

Burt cannot stop laughing.

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Michael Carrithers  
carrithersmichael@gmail.com



Story #3  
**DENDRO**

EXT. HILLTOP - DAY

NICHOLAS (30), sporting a thick beard and big round glasses, wears three backpacks slung over his shoulders. He gazes at a tree with an amazed and tender look in his eyes.

TITLE: "DENDRO"

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nicholas stands in the living room, adjusting the crooked frame of an old painting depicting a forest.

Suddenly, the apartment door opens. Nicholas turns around.

Enter THERESA (26), a charming young lady with a gorgeous smile that could light up anyone's day. She holds a bunch of bags covered in high-end brand logos in her hands.

THERESA  
Hi, hon. I'm home!

NICHOLAS  
Hey!

Nicholas walks up to Theresa and gives her a kiss on the cheek. He then looks at the bags.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)  
What have you got there?

THERESA  
Oh, nothing special.

Theresa looks at Nicholas and smiles.

THERESA (CONT'D)  
Just the usual.

Nicholas takes the bags from her and walks toward the couch.

NICHOLAS  
We've talked about these unnecessary expenditures.

He places the bags on the couch.

THERESA  
They're not unnecessary.

Theresa takes off her jacket while Nicholas walks towards the table and picks up a bottle of red wine.

NICHOLAS  
Look what I've got here, your  
favorite.

Theresa smiles and walks towards Nicholas.

THERESA  
That's not an unnecessary  
expenditure?

Nicholas hides the bottle behind his back, face as long as a  
fiddle. Theresa with a satisfying smirk on her face, point  
Theresa.

THERESA (CONT'D)  
Oh, come here you.

Theresa walks to Nicholas and hugs him. Nicholas hugs her  
back, holding onto her with one hand and gripping the wine  
bottle with the other. While being embraced, his gaze remains  
focused on the forest painting on the wall.

THERESA (CONT'D)  
I missed you. Today was such a long  
day.

Theresa leans back while still holding onto Nicholas, smiles,  
and kisses him.

NICHOLAS  
Missed you too.

Theresa takes the bottle of wine from Nicholas and places it  
back on the table.

THERESA  
You know what? I have an idea.  
Let's have a shower and go straight  
to the bedroom. We can leave the  
wine for tomorrow.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Nicholas wanders through the forest. He is looking around,  
focused, carefully picking up little branches and twigs.

He stops to smell the fresh air and seems to be in his element.

Nicholas looks down and sees something on the floor, he looks at  
it and smiles. He bends over and picks it up.

He continues to walk through the forest, assembling something in  
his hands.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

The water boils loudly on the stove.

Theresa chops vegetables on a wooden board, preparing dinner.

Nicholas walks into the kitchen, hiding something behind his back.

THERESA

Just in time for dinner.

Nicholas approaches Theresa with a joyful dance, a palpable excitement in his movements. Sneaking up from behind, he attempts to add a touch of seduction and romance to the moment.

NICHOLAS

I've got something for you.

As Theresa turns around, anticipation written on her face, Nicholas presents her with a flower arrangement crafted from twigs and branches gathered from the forest.

Theresa forces a smile.

THERESA

I see you've been in the forest...  
again.

Theresa takes the flower arrangement from Nicholas, and in return, she gives him a swift kiss.

THERESA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

NICHOLAS

It's beautiful, isn't it?

THERESA

Yes, very... dinner is almost  
ready.

Nicholas retrieves a vase from the kitchen counter, and Theresa places the flower arrangement into it.

Nicholas walks away, cradling the vase with a contented smile. Theresa gazes after him, lost in her own contemplation.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Theresa and Nicholas sit at the table with food in front of them. Nicholas pours red wine into their glasses.

They clink their glasses together, sharing a moment of joy as they enjoy their dinner.

THERESA

So, I've talked to the wedding planner today.

Nicholas eats without lifting up his head.

NICHOLAS

Aha.

THERESA

(excited)

She said that she would help me find that Italian wedding dress I wanted so much.

Nicholas, while eating, looks at Theresa, and this time he is the one who forces a smile.

NICHOLAS

That's great.

THERESA

And all of my bridesmaids are going to have simple dresses. So, it'll really, really pop out!

NICHOLAS

You'd pop out wearing anything.

Theresa blushes.

THERESA

Thank you honey. I Love you.

Theresa smiles and leans over the table to kiss Nicholas. Nicholas looks at her with mouth full of food.

NICHOLAS

Me too.

Theresa picks up her wine glass, gets up from the table, walks towards the gramophone, and turns it on.

Nicholas looks at her, then back at his food. Setting down his cutlery, he picks up his wine glass with one hand and offers the other to Theresa.

Theresa leads Nicholas to the middle of the living room, dancing together, laughing, and sipping on wine between dance moves. They share kisses while dancing, enjoying their time together.



INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Theresa falls back onto the bed, her head hitting the pillow, and Nicholas lands on top of her.

He begins by kissing Theresa's neck and moves down to her collarbone, then her arm. As he continues, he gradually turns his head to the side of the bed and notices the flower arrangement in the vase.

Nicholas extends his arm to pull the flower arrangement out of the vase. He takes it into his hand and starts gliding it over Theresa's naked body.

Theresa is slightly confused, but in the heat of the moment she is willing to enjoy the kinkiness of it all.

Nicholas slowly, but surely starts to shift his focus from Theresa onto the flower arrangement. He gets more and more aroused. Theresa starts to feel uncomfortable, raises her eyebrows, and looks at Nicholas.

Nicholas does not notice her and starts kissing and nibbling on the flower arrangement, while still being on top of Theresa. Theresa freezes and looks at Nicholas, slightly repulsed. Nicholas raises the flower arrangement and starts rubbing his head in it.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

The first rays of the morning sun shine through the bedroom window.

Theresa looks at the sleeping Nicholas with disappointment in her eyes.

THERESA

I'm off to work.

She shakes her head, grabs her bag, and walks out of the room, slamming the door behind her, leaving Nicholas and the flower arrangement behind.

Nicholas wakes up and opens his eyes. He notices the empty space next to him.

NICHOLAS

(confused, yawning)

What? Have a nice day.

Nicholas crawls out of the bed.

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Michael Carrithers  
carrithersmichael@gmail.com



Story #4  
**SOULMATES**

INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY/NIGHT

MAGGIE (75), a little lady with grey hair and a few missing teeth, is having a sleepless night. She is laying on her back looking into the ceiling. The room gradually brightens as the new day unfolds, yet her eyes reflect a sleepless night.

INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY (CONT'D)

The apartment has pristine white walls adorned with a myriad of plants, creating a small botanical garden. A single bed occupies the space, accompanied by a large mirror and a smaller one.

Maggie sits up on the edge of the bed, the contours of her bare back revealing the wisdom and experience of her years, similar to the weathered bark of an ancient tree. She lingers there, taking her time before starting another day.

Eventually, Maggie stands up and makes her way to the mirror. As she appears in front of it, confusion and a hint of fear cross her face. She shifts from side to side, staring intently into the mirror, as if searching for something.

*The camera pans to the mirror, revealing that there is no reflection of Maggie in the glass.*

Maggie starts touching her body, reassured by the sensation of feeling herself.

She walks to the other mirror in the apartment. Nothing. No reflection. Maggie touches the mirror and confirms to herself that it is real. Frustrated, she slaps her face and looks again. Nothing. Desperate, she pinches her forearm as hard as she can.

MAGGIE

Ouch!

Maggie realizes that she is, in fact, not in a dream, and yet there is still no reflection. Frantically, she puts on her clothes, takes her bag, and leaves the apartment, slamming the door behind her.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Maggie walks out of the building into a busy street. Some people are wearing masks, while others are not. It is the middle of a pandemic. As Maggie makes her way through the streets, people just walk past apathetically.

A YOUNG MAN (20) walks past her in a fast manner and shoves into Maggie, slightly but strongly enough to throw her off balance. He then continues to walk without noticing.

MAGGIE

Sorry...

Maggie turns back around and continues walking. She moves through the crowds, surrounded by people, yet everyone is engrossed in their own world, no one connecting with each other.

It is as if the people are not only blind to Maggie, but to one another as well. Maggie glares at the crowds, her face contorting into an angry grimace. Frustrated, she storms away from the indifferent masses.

MONTAGE:

-- Maggie walking through the streets of the city.

-- Maggie continues her journey, leaving the city behind.

-- Maggie strides along the outskirts of the city with determination, her pace firm and unwavering.

-- Maggie walks in the middle of nowhere.

-- Maggie walks in a forest.

-- Maggie walks through a plain.

-- She walks and walks, until she arrives under a hill. Maggie looks at the hill, tired, exhausted.

-- Maggie takes a deep breath and starts walking up the hill.

EXT. HILL - DAY

Maggie gets up the hill, drops her bag and falls to her knees, catching her breath. She lifts up her head and looks around. Contemplating.

Maggie gets up and takes a few more deep breaths, channeling the focus of a long jumper preparing for a leap... then she thunderbolts towards the edge of the rocky hill.

The atmosphere shimmers for a moment as an ethereal voice, THE DIVINE VOICE, resonates around Maggie.

THE DIVINE VOICE (V.O.)

Stop! Is this really the path you wish to tread?

Maggie stops and looks around. But she sees no one.

MAGGIE  
Who said that?!

THE DIVINE VOICE (V.O.)  
It's not your time yet, Maggie.

Maggie looks up to the sky.

MAGGIE  
Oh great, now I've got the universe  
talking back to me. What's next? Is  
the moon gonna start reciting  
Shakespeare?

THE DIVINE VOICE (V.O.)  
You jest, Maggie, but there's  
wisdom in the breeze and lessons in  
the stars. Why stand at the  
precipice when life still offers  
its enigmatic dance in the form of  
love?

Maggie stands at the edge of the cliff, she looks up and  
frowns.

MAGGIE  
Dance? Honey, I've been through  
more waltzes than the senior center  
on bingo night. Love's just a  
fantasy they sell in cheap romance  
novels.

THE DIVINE VOICE (V.O.)  
Love is woven into the fabric of  
existence. It transcends time and  
space.

MAGGIE  
Right, so you're saying there's  
some mystical, cosmic connection  
waiting to sweep me off my  
orthopedic shoes?

Maggie's frustration grows.

THE DIVINE VOICE (V.O.)  
Perhaps you could call it a cosmic  
symphony of souls. Love could take  
on various forms you know - a  
bird's chirp, a plant's scent, even  
the wag of a dog's tail.

Thank you for reading the preview of my screenplay.

If you're interested in reading more or discussing potential collaboration, please feel free to reach out to me.

Michael Carrithers  
carrithersmichael@gmail.com