

AN ACQUAINTANCE OF LOVERS IN SURREAL REQUIEM

AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY FOR A SHORT FILM

By

IAN THURSTAN

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5TH DRAFT

ianthu1989_@hotmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. THE DIABOLQUES BAR - MARS, 2038 - NIGHT

8:49pm

MILO and PAIGE sit in The Diabolques bar, second table on the right. The room is busy, but not crowded; a distinct smell of fresh furnished mahogany lines the table. There is a low hum of music playing from a jukebox in the background. Four old men sit playing cards ten yards away as a young brunette, slender in figure, wearing a white shirt and accommodating black trousers and shoes scatters around the room delivering drinks. Milo brushes his hands through his hair and smiles towards Paige. He briefly stands up to remove his coat, revealing a white suit neck shirt, black tie and matching braces. His hair, parted to one side, is neat, however ruffled to not appear overly professional. Paige is wearing a black, medium leg cut dress with a low cleavage cut, typically defining her slender and defined figure. Paige pours a glass of red wine for both herself and Milo and relaxes into her chair.

PAIGE

It's great to see you Milo. I can't believe how much you've changed. You seem so different.

MILO

Different, what do you mean?

PAIGE

I'm not sure. I can't put my finger on it but there's something.

Milo pauses for a moment. He stares at Paige curiously.

MILO

You're probably right, I have changed. I've felt disjointed for months. The hardest thing to come to terms with is just accepting things for what they are.

Milo's eyes begin to look around the room, taking quick glances at Paige's body.

PAIGE

How are you handling things right now? I heard you got really depressed when she died.

Milo lowers his head toward the ground, speaking into his glass.

MILO

(emotional)

Yes, I did, it was devastating losing her. She was so important to me, more important than anything has ever been.

PAIGE

(sympathetic)

I'm sorry, if you don't want me to ask about it I obviously understand.

Milo looks up into Paige's eyes.

MILO

Its ok, I've realised over the past year since her death that I need to be able to talk through things to feel closer and appreciate her for the life she had, rather than the pain it causes me.

Milo looks into his glass and takes another look around the room. Paige looks at Milo.

MILO (CONT'D)

So many things have changed. Everything around me feels so different, but inside I can't become a different person. I can't seem to let myself rest. I suppose it's better to talk about these things sooner rather than later. The more I seem to leave it, the more difficult it becomes to move on.

PAIGE.

I'm not sure what to say, or even if I can say anything.

Paige finishes her drink and pours another glass for herself and Milo.

MILO

Don't worry; I don't expect you to be able to say anything, just having someone to listen too helps a lot. For once in my life I felt secure and felt like I belonged somewhere. I wasn't just a person who was passed in the street. I wasn't just a friend, I was something to someone. For once, I was depended on.

Paige looks up and down Milo studying his face and body.

MILO (CONT'D)

I wish I could take those memories away, just or a while, just so I could think straight and appreciate her for what she gave me while she was alive.

PAIGE

She sounds like she was a very unique and caring person. She obviously made a great impact on you.

MILO

Yeah, she did. There will never be anything anyone can say to make me feel reconciled; I just hope one day that time can help heal things. My life has just become a meaningless notion since then. I just wonder aimlessly in my own thoughts looking for answers as to why I was unable to help.

PAIGE.

Don't do that. Don't make it seem like you're the cause of something beyond your control. You know deep down that there would have been nothing you could have done.

MILO

Maybe, but maybe blaming myself allows me to always keep her as a memory. I'm so afraid of forgetting her. Every day I wake up and feel part of her slip away, and it doesn't matter how many

(MORE)

MILO (CONT'D)

Photographs, videos and memories there are, there all psychological, There not her. They are not her emotions. They are nothing but connections to something which is no longer here.

PAIGE.

Stop it. Don't drown yourself in pity. One day you will realise everything that happens is always beyond our control. Everything in life happens for no reason apart from that it can. There is no logic to reason, it just happens. I don't want it to ruin your life and I don't want to see such a wonderful person be torn apart by his own neurosis.

Milo sits quietly looking at the table.

MILO

You're right. I don't want to be that person either. I want to be able to move on with my life. That's why I wanted to see you. I don't want to lose any other friends or keep myself enclosed.

Milo pauses for a moment and looks up into Paige's eyes.

MILO

Another drink?

PAIGE

Definitely.

FADE OUT:

INT. THE DIABOLQUES BAR - MARS - NIGHT

10:27pm

Milo and Paige are still sitting at the table drinking wine. Time has passed and the tone of the night continues to be calm and friendly. The bar is now full of vibrant life; young couples dancing intimately, while a live jazz band begins to set up on stage. Milo undoes the top button of his shirt and loosens his

tie. He smiles at Paige and lifts his glass up towards the centre of the table.

MILO

I never complimented you earlier.

PAIGE

Why would you compliment me?

MILO

Because your very beautiful... sorry, I should never of said that. I think I'm a bit drunk.

Paige laughs.

PAIGE

Don't worry about it. I think I've had too many as well and it's still really early.

Milo looks down at his watch.

MILO

Is it? Christ, this for me is late, shows what a woman I am. No offence obviously.

PAIGE

Not from where I'm standing.

Paige smiles as she leans her hands out onto the table, placing them over Milo's.

MILO

You trying to seduce me?

PAIGE

(whispers)

Maybe.

Milo laughs gently, and then drinks a full glass of wine.

MILO

I'm really going to feel that in the morning.

PAIGE

Well then I think we should have another.

MILO

(laughing)

Another? I won't even be able to walk out of the bar at this rate. How is it you're able to drink me under the table with such a small body like that.

PAIGE

I guess there's a lot more to me than you think.

Paige smiles and continues to look at Milo. Milo closes his eyes for a moment while Paige looks on curiously.

FADE OUT:

INT. THE DIABOLQUES BAR - MARS - NIGHT

11:22PM

We see Milo and Paige sitting comfortably together, looking slightly spaced out. The room is quiet while the band takes a short break.

MILO

It's quiet tonight. I love it when it's like this.

PAIGE

Like what?

MILO

Peaceful, it helps me think more clearly.

Paige takes a sip of her drink while moving her eyes across Milo's face.

PAIGE

I agree. It's more intimate and relaxing, especially when we are both drunk.

MILO

(laughs)

Yeah, I guess it is.

MILO looks into his wine glass, studying it as if it were an important piece of art. Paige looks at Milo as she pulls her head forward and kisses him n the cheek.

Milo
What was that for?

PAIGE
What was what for?

MILO
The kiss.

PAIGE
I don't know, I just kind of felt like it. Did you mind?

MILO
(surprised)
No, not at all.

PAIGE
Then don't complain, think yourself lucky you had such a sexy women compliment you.

MILO
(grins)
You think you're sexy.

PAIGE.
HEY, sod yourself u cheeky git. I was actually looking for a compliment, not that you'd ever click onto that.

MILO looks on in amusement.

Milo (V.O.)
Rule number one. Never give in straight away. Of course I clicked in, what does she take me for, a retard... no audience member answer that... It's a fool's tactic and one that doesn't often work, unless of course she was too drunk to even pull her own trousers down, but hey that's not the point, I'm not that kind of guy. Anyway, back to the story.

Milo

I think you look really beautiful tonight if I'm honest. I've thought that all night. I can't stop looking at your eyes and listening to your voice. There aren't many women like you who can be so beautiful yet so kind at the same time and I truly mean that.

Paige begins to blush and shuffles herself into a comfier position.

PAIGE

(smiles)

That's better; it's about time you recognised.

PAIGE (V.O.)

Wow, that was intense. Is it him or the drink that's making me aroused. God I hope it's the drink, kind of.

PAIGE

I feel really drunk.

MILO

(Sarcastically)

Really? I don't know how. You don't think it has anything to do with consuming a small Russians fleet worth of alcohol in a couple of hours?

PAIGE

Ha ha, very fucking funny mister, I can hold my drink.

Milo laughs. Paige laughs sarcastically back at him.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

I think I should give it a rest for a moment.

MILO

Don't be silly, everyone knows that drinking more will sober you up. Hear, have another.

PAIGE

What. How would that help? That is the complete opposite of help. Where did you hear such a ridiculous idea?

MILO

Wikipedia.

PAIGE

(laughing)

What kind of idiot writes something so daft?

MILO

My kind of idiot, and by that I mean, me. But that's not the point, the point is drinking can only encourage are night to get better, right?

Paige, although knowing that drinking more will not help, pours another glass of wine and tilts it up towards Milo's head, following her eyes toward his groin.

PAIGE'S (V.O.)

Rule one; let them think they have the upper hand. It's always fun to play along. Come on, did you honestly think I wasn't going to take the drink.

PAIGE

Have you liked tonight?

MILO

Yeah I have, it's really been nice to just have a conversation with somebody, other than myself, despite whether the conversation makes sense or not.

Paige smiles and moves her body over the table and brings her head close to Milo. She draws her head up close towards Milo's ear.

PAIGE

(whispers)

Then let's go and have a little more fun.

MILO

What did you have in mind?

MILO'S (V.O.)

Rule two, always let them decide, it gives them the dominance.

PAIGE

Wait and see.

PAIGE'S (V.O.)

Rule two. Once you've established you're interested, keep them waiting. It can only make the climax of the story even better.

Paige smiles and moves her body back into her original position, pulling her hair back at the same time.

FADE OUT:

INT. THE DIABOLQUES BAR - MARS - NIGHT

12:36am

Paige and Milo are laughing and falling into each other. Paige stumbles and pushes herself and Milo onto the ground. Milo lifts Paige up off the floor and draws her close up towards his chest. Paige smiles, grabs his hand and pulls him back over to the bar. The bar is lined with the same fresh finished mahogany as the table and has five chairs padded with red leather scattered around it. Milo sits on one as Paige balances on his knee and orders four more shots of tequila.

DISSOLVE:

INT. THE DIABOLQUES BAR - MARS - EARLY MORNING.

1:49am

Paige and Milo are on the dance floor holding each other as they listen to the live band play slow jazz. Their bodies are close together, their heads resting against each other.

PAIGE

You still drunk?

MILO

Yeah, you?

PAIGE

I'm dancing with you aren't I.

Milo laughs as he puts his hand around Paige's waist. He looks into her eyes as she wraps her arms around his neck and brings her lips in towards his.

PAIGE

(whispering)

Is this better.

MILO

Much.

PAIGE.

(whispering)

Good.

Paige turns her body and aligns her bottom up against Milo's groin. She holds his forearms as she twists her head round and places them on the bottom of her hips.

PAIGE

Do you mind walking me home? It's cold tonight and I could really do with a friendly face near to me.

MILO (V.O.)

Oh come on like that wasn't a blatant hint.

Milo places his head on her shoulder and closes his eyes. Jazz music is still playing in the background. The night seems warm and comfortable inside the bar.

MILO

Of course I will.

PAIGE

Thank you...

FADE OUT:

EXT. MESSALINA ROAD - MARS - EARLY MORNING.

Paige and Milo stumble down Messalina road disorderly. Paige wraps her arms around Milo to hoist herself up into an appropriate manner. The sky is rich with an overtone of warm red and orange, stars fluttering across the night sky, perpetuated by the low flicker of street lights. The cafe and shops to the left seem still in the distant night as a homeless man lies cuddling his blanket like it were a loving women.

PAIGE

WOW. Look at the stars and the colour.

Milo laughs.

MILO

It's like you've never seen Mars before. This is just like any other night.

PAIGE

No its not, I'm with you for one and drunk for another. Don't you think it's beautiful... how something so powerful as the universe can appear so calm? Don't you remember as a kid on earth, walking through the streets and imagining what else was out there, all these ridiculous ideas and fantasies of new parallel worlds?

MILO

Not really. As a kid I was more interested in action men to tell you the truth.

Milo and Paige continue to walk down the street in a calm but disorientated manner.

MILO (V.O)

What the hell is she on about? I hope this is the alcohol and I haven't accidently stumbled across a beautiful woman who is going to take me home and show me her rock collection.

Paige and Milo continue to walk side by side.

PAIGE (V.O.)

What the hell am I on about? Ok, come on, deep breaths; don't fuck up something good hear. See, normally I would introduce a third rule, but only enough as to not seem like I'm desperate. Maybe I should skip that part.

Paige laughs and stumbles over uncontrollably giggling.

MILO

Hey, you ok. You have no idea what you're talking about do you. You're just saying anything to fill the silence.

Paige looks at Milo and smiles softly as she drops her eyes and head down towards the ground and falls against the side of a wall. Sliding down, her skirt rides up to reveal black underwear. Milo can't help but notice.

PAIGE

Probably, But don't you just ever think of the past. The times when you wish you could have changed things, taken things back,

(irate)

Not slept with that one random guy who turns out to be a complete jerk and fuck your best friend in your own house and own bath, only TO BE CAUGHT WITH HER SLUTTY LEGS BETWEN HIS WITH THE EXCUSE, SORRY I THOUGHT YOU WERE OUT.

PAIGE takes deep breaths and stares out into the night sky, fighting back tears.

MILO

I don't think we're talking about me anymore are we, unless I'm suddenly and a woman who apparently seems to enjoy the risqué approach to telling your best friend "I straddled your boyfriend".

Paige laughs and sobs at the same time. She pulls Milo down toward the side of her and rests her head on his shoulder.

PAIGE

Tonight has been weird, wonderful don't get me wrong, but weird. We have gone through so many different emotions, so many random conversations.

MILO

Isn't that what life is anyway, nothing more than random conversations. Things that are meaningful to us and not others... things that can mean nothing more and less to anybody else, but still be wonderful to us.

Milo turns his head and places his hand onto Paige's cheek. He stares lovingly into her eyes.

MILO

(smiles)

You remind me so much of whom I used to be. Thank you for that. You're the first person who has made me feel good in a very long time.

Paige smiles and wipes away the tears from her face.

PAIGE

Good, I'm glad, and thank you so much for being a great friend, for helping me either forget, or bring out my emotions or just whatever the hell you've managed to do, thank you.

MILO

No problem. So, we both agree were pathetic and depressed and need some comfort in our lives?

Paige laughs and hugs Milo.

PAIGE

Agreed.

MILO

Good, come on then, let's get you home.

Milo puts his arms around Paige's hips and head under her right arm as he lifts her up into a firm standing position. He steadies her off and releases his grip.

MILO

You think you will be ok now?

Paige smiles and stares forward into the street. She lifts her left foot forward and begins to walk, holding extreme concentration on an imaginary line ahead of her.

PAIGE.

I think I'll manage.

Paige and Milo continue to walk down Messalina Road, passing empty shops and derelict buildings. The streets are surprisingly clean and reflect beautifully off the red and orange sky. Paige turns left onto Tracy Avenue, continues to walk another fifty yards and then stops, turns and waits.

PAIGE

This is me.

Milo draws up side by side to Paige, turns his head left and looks at the door number.

MILO

Seven one eight Tracy Avenue. Good number.

PAIGE

Would you like to come in? I have a bottle of tequila, unopened too, or coffee whichever takes your fancy.

MILO

Yeah I'd love to, but I don't really feel like having another drink.

Paige moves in towards Milo and places her hand next to his. She lifts up onto her tiptoes and brings herself eye level with his, her lips centimetres away.

PAIGE

(Whispering)

Then what do you feel like doing.

Milo holds his gaze and position, wrapping his left hand round towards her lower back.

MILO

I think you want me.

PAIGE

Why do you think that?

MILO

Because you're wearing black underwear.

PAIGE

So, what does that have to do with it?

PAIGE (V.O.)

Never underestimate the simple power of persuasion.

MILO

A woman doesn't wear black underwear on a night out unless she wants somebody else to see them.

PAIGE

And you think you're that guy.

MILO

I may be being a bit presumptuous, but I don't see anybody else, do you?

PAIGE

That defiantly is presumptuous.

Milo and Paige wrap their arms around each other quickly and begin to kiss passionately. Milo falls over onto the door step with Paige lying on top of him. They continue to kiss as both fumble up the steps and open the door, falling into the porch entrance.

INT. PAIGE'S HOUSE - MARS - EARLY MORNING

Paige turns and pushes the door shut, then drops down and kneels over Milo's body. She puts her arms across his and draws them towards the floor, interlocking her hands. She tilts her head forward and softly bites his bottom lip, then begins to caress his neck with light, soft kisses.

PAIGE

(kissing at the same time)

I've wanted you for such a long time. That first day we came to mars, do you remember? We were walking alongside Chi Wang River...

(lifts up to take a breath)

You were amazing in every way. Any conversation you made interesting, even something as trivial as the weather, just like tonight. It felt like I was on the Chi River again, stuck in a symphony of surreal requiem, feeling numb and happy with the direction I was going. You're the only person to ever make me feel like that.

Paige undoes his tie and shirt, pulling it back over his arms, rubbing her hands over his broad shoulders and stomach. Milo lifts his arms over to the centre of her back, gently sliding his fingertips down the centre of her vertebrae. He stops just short of her underwear line as she begins to kiss his chest sensually.

MILO

I shouldn't be feeling like this, I shouldn't have these emotions towards you. I feel as if I'm betraying her.

Milo attempts to lift Paige off his body but she persists and holds him down by the wrists.

PAIGE

Do you honestly think she would have wanted you to be alone for the rest of your life?

PAIGE leans towards MILO'S ear.

PAIGE

(whispers)

Do you honestly think she would have never wanted you to make love to another woman? To withhold that desire, that lust, that passion, that sexuality. Do you honestly not want to fuck me, undress me and lay beside me?

PAIGE lifts up straight and begins to gently loosen her grip and undo her dress. She casually relaxes her shoulders and lets it slip down to her waist and begins to unhook her bra. She lifts up off Milo's chest and grabs his hand to pull him up. As she stands up, her dress slips down to her feet, revealing black laced underwear and nothing more. She leans back against the door frame. Milo stares at her.

MILO (V.O.)

(Nervous and confused)

What do I do, look at her. She's right in front of me. Ok think, just try and ignore her. Think about others things, rainbows, snow, butterflies... perfectly formed breasts. Fuck, shit how can resist that, it's almost like I'm being told to sleep with her, like I have no choice. Why is this so difficult to decide... more importantly, why can't I pull my eyes away.

Paige walks towards Milo and grabs hold of his trousers, pulling him towards her hips. She slowly begins to undo his belt and slides her hand down his groin.

PAIGE

By the feel of things I'd say he's already given into desire... Take me up stairs... make love to me... help me feel alive again, I know that's what you want too.

Paige sways past Milo and holds out her hand as she begins to walk up the stairs. Milo waits for a moment, staring at her body, then turns and follows into the bedroom.

INT. PAIGE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MARS - EARLY MORNING.

Paige and Milo begin to make love on the bed. She lies underneath him, her legs wrapped around his chest crying out in ecstasy. Her leg begins to spasm at the tip of her toes as she rolls Milo over onto the bed and becomes the dominant lover. She grabs hold of his wrists and begins to bite down on his neck. Blood begins to seep out of his wound. She draws her nails up his wrist and bites his bottom lip, tearing it down the centre. Milo lies comfortably, unacknowledged of the pain.

MILO (V.O.)

(relaxed)

This numbness and pain, it's different today. I can't feel the pain of my wife, the disorientation in my mind, it feels calm. This state of requiem, what a wonderful feeling. Finally, after all this time, it's taken away... Finally, I can relax.

Paige bites his ear as Milo's gaze draws tears in his eyes. He relaxes his arms, places them onto the bed and stays motionless. As Paige reaches orgasm she falls on top of him, his blood covering both their bodies. She rolls onto her side, placing his arm around her neck and hugs him gently.

PAIGE

I love you.

MILO

I love you too...

DISSOLVE:

INT. Orion, 2068 - NIGHT

8:49pm

An OLD MAN is standing in a room. The walls are dark brown scattered with contemporary and post modernistic art, depicting pictures, of friendship, love, hate, redemption, remorse, statuary, salvation, pain, lust and desire. The old man is standing in front of the paintings.

OLD MAN (V.O)

How painful love can be, this pervasive element in our lives that can bring so much joy and sadness at the same time. Throughout all my travels it is something that has never changed.

He rubs his hand up against his neck and face, then turns and walks over to the other side of the room. He sits on a chair and pours a glass a red wine, quietly swirling it around his glass.

OLD MAN (V.O) (CONT'D)

We go through life thinking of so many things we can change, so many things which seem meaningless at the time, but once they are gone, all we wish for is to have them back. I wish for such a day. Just one day that I could feel you around me again, to draw me out of this state of requiem, no matter what the cost.

The old man stands up out of his chair and walks over to a painting reminiscent of Paige.

OLD MAN (V.O) (CONT'D)

All my life I've felt so low,
Shut away from this worldly glow,
Closing my eyes, watching butterflies
flutter,
You opened my eyes to this bewildered
mutter.
As the jazz singer blues, and creates a
new session,
You rhythm and voice become my
discretion.
We'd talk for hours passing the time,
Laughing and joking, dropping each line,
So you fall to my arms, so peaceful and
quaint,
Telling me stories of your past
restraint.
Then you drop me a line, a cue if you
will,
And with no hesitation, I answer at will.
From that moment on, till this present
day,
I have always been faithful, to what my
heart may say,
So I speak from the heart, this poem I
write,
Unconditional love, I give outright.

Until we meet again my darling... I will
always love you.

FADE OUT:

