

**CHATTING LOVE AWAY**

Written by

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**1 INT. DINER PARLOUR - AFTERNOON****1**

IRIS (24) reads a book at a table, in some sort of restaurant or dining parlor. TOM (26), who is sitting opposite to her, speaks to her.

TOM (O.S.)

What do think it's going to be like?  
The future?

She looks up, removing her glasses and leaving them at the table, as she looks up front (to him).

INSERT:

Sequence of intimate moments of the couple as they speak. First, it's daylight, Tom and Iris are in a park, she is doing cartwheels while he runs after her.

Then, it is night time and they are on top of a bridge hugging and laughing. Afterwards, they are in a couch, sitting on each side, touching each other by the feet. Laughing.

(Their voices are steep and sound oddly intellectual, as if they were part of an idea of a discussion, less than a memory or an actual event.)

TOM (V.O.)

I mean for us.... I wonder, if it's like that, does it even make sense that were together? Here, today, and for all the remaining time we're still going to have?

IRIS (V.O.)

I don't know... I wonder, is it worth to discuss love at all? Even whether it is true love or not? Or even when it isn't love at all...

TOM (V.O.)

It depends... If arguing means to try getting reed of uncertainties, or just to arouse them even more.

And love is an endless uncertainty  
anyway...

IRIS (V.O.)

Is it really? I wonder whether time,  
when it lingers on between two  
people, doesn't it calm things down  
a little? After all, trust between  
one another increases, and we get  
used to doubting less and less...

TOM (V.O.)

Boredom increases too... and old age  
comes as well... and the lack of  
excitements and stimulus that  
entices us to change and to pursue  
new and different things... and also  
the fear increases as well.

IRIS (V.O.)

So you're admitting that the  
sentiment of love is finite, aren't  
you? Would you think it impossible  
to persist and linger on, one way or  
another?

TOM (V.O.)

But it's not a matter of "one way or  
another", is it? Love only matters,  
as far as romance is concerned, in  
one particular form... however, if  
it stays immutable it's not only  
impossible as it is unnatural... if  
it were so, love wouldn't be a  
sentiment, but a life sentence!

IRIS (V.O.)

And with that, you admit that love  
can just simply end. Is that it?

TOM (V.O.)

To end... Endings are a distant and  
invisible future for whom is deep in  
love with someone in the present.  
But it's not because I can't see it,  
that it doesn't exist, right? And  
sooner or later, the end arrives.

CUT TO:

At that moment, the image settles on Tom standing alone under  
a thin rain, over a bridge.

IRIS (V.O.)

So, can you picture in your mind the  
day that you won't love me anymore?  
Just as an experiment.

FADE TO:

**2 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

**2**

(The image undefined, with sad background music, as the credits starts to roll.)

The focus gets clearer, as the blurred of the image becomes only the stain of raindrops against the window glass, seen from the inside of a living room. The furniture faces towards the window, which extends high up to the ceiling.

The image cuts to the opposite side of the same living room, where a girl is sitting on a couch. The sad music also stops. It cuts again to a close-up of her face. She is crying silently, and her face expresses chock.

It cuts again to her hand, that holds a glass of whisky.

CUT TO:

**3 INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT**

**3**

IRIS is walking in the middle of a crowd, in what seems to be a night club. Her surroundings are darker than usual, and the lights reflected on her keep changing colors. She approaches a bar.

IRIS  
Sorry mister, can I have a...?  
(The bartender doesn't  
seem to pay attention to  
her)

She looks frustrated. A TALL GUY (28) comes near her.

TALL GUY  
I'm sorry for my employee, he's on  
trial yet and he obviously hasn't  
been informed of our policy.

IRIS  
Excuse me?

TALL GUY  
That pretty women shouldn't be kept  
waiting for a drink. Or for that  
matter, to pay for it either.

He leans to grab a beer from behind the counter.

TALL GUY (CONT'D)  
There you go.

IRIS  
Thanks.  
(Looking a bit suspicious)

TALL GUY  
No problem, what's your name?

IRIS  
I'm Iris. What's yours?

TALL GUY  
Well, Iris, I suppose I'm the guy  
who's about to take you away to the  
VIP room...

She raises an eyebrow at him.

TALL GUY (CONT'D)  
...And change you whole fucking lif\*

At this moment, a long-haired version (with a ponytail) of TOM passes through them, bumping into TALL GUY while he is talking with Iris.

TALL GUY (CONT'D)  
Dude, watch it!

TOM  
Oh! Sorry, man. It is so fucking  
crowded in here...

TALL GUY  
There's beer all over my shirt now.  
What the fuck?! And look... you made  
her go away!

TOM  
Who?  
(Turns around seeing the  
back of Iris, who went the  
other way)

TALL GUY  
Fuck off, jackass!  
(Leaving)

Tom looks at the crowd and sees the back of Iris as she walks away.

CUT TO:

**4 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

**4**

There is a glass of a transparent liquid standing on a wooden table. Tom and Iris are in a restaurant sitting at it, facing each other. His hair is shorter than before and there is a more acquainted, routinesque aspect to the occasion, that implies this is a moment further deep in their relationship.

TOM

Do you drink all the time?

IRIS

Every time that I can... and it's not frowned upon. Is that a problem?

TOM

No, not really. I just...

She stares at him, searching for an answer.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'm just not used to it. I guess.

IRIS

Does it make you uncomfortable?

TOM

No. It's just that when I normally drink is because I'm somewhat caught up in some undesirable circumstances that I can't get out of. And I guess when someone does it out of any other reason it just makes me wonder.

IRIS

Do you worry?

TOM

About what?

IRIS

That I'm drinking when I'm with you because I'm bored?

TOM

No!

A moment passes.

IRIS

I'm thinking about quitting my job tomorrow.

TOM

What? Why?

IRIS

I don't know... It's driving me crazy! Whenever I think of all those people there, I just want to kill myself! They all seem to think like their stupid job is some sort of amazing thing...

She takes a sip.

IRIS (CONT'D)

You know what? If I'd ever hire someone to my fucking agency, I'd require at least some fucking sense of reality. But no, everywhere you go in Advertising people seem to think they're curing fucking cancer or whatever.

TOM

Well, you should definitely quit, then. Have you ever thought of changing majors?

IRIS

Yeah. I bet I will one day. But I don't think I'll ever be sure...

TOM

Really?

IRIS

I mean, yeah. You're never really 100 per cent sure of anything these days. Something always annoys or bothers you, or makes you feel trapped in some way. And then you quit!

TOM

Always? Does it have to be that simple? With jobs, yeah. But if you talk about people, I mean...

IRIS

Tom?

TOM

What?

IRIS

Would you stop looking into things  
that I haven't said?

TOM

It's not that. But that's not the  
point.

IRIS

Then what is the matter?

TOM

I just think that, no matter on what  
subject, sometimes you get so  
anxious in search of some ideal  
version "of what you're supposed to  
be", that you're expectations might  
actually become unreal.

IRIS

So you think that dreaming higher is  
stupid?

TOM

No! I just think that sometimes  
there's nothing really to aim for.  
For example, do you think there's  
only one love for each person? Only  
one person that is compatible to  
you, and one other for me? And if  
that's the case, is there even a  
point like, for us to be together?  
Here, today, and for the whole time  
that we still have?

IRIS

What are you trying to say now? Do  
you want to discuss our  
relationship? Because I think you're  
stretching it a little. It's nothing  
to do with that!

TOM

Come on, you know I'm not trying any  
of that. I just want you to see that  
sometimes you gotta get over some  
uncertainties in order to enjoy life  
better.

IRIS

But get over what? You've already  
said I should quit my job.

TOM  
And that you should.

IRIS  
Well then...

She stares at him for a moment and takes a sip.

CUT TO:

**5 EXT. BAR - NIGHT**

**5**

They are leaving a bar. Tom is visibly unstable and drunk. He is also with long hair again, indicating an earlier time. Iris hangs close, but lets him lead the way, with a half smile in her face, partly humored, partly annoyed.

They pass the bouncer and climb down the stairs fast. The grayish pavement sparkles in the ground. The only beacon of civilization among the seemingly empty warehouses in the street (the bar) stays behind them.

TOM  
Let's... stop for a second, now...

IRIS  
What?

TOM  
Wait, a minute... just want to try something...

He stops and leans on a few steps of a staircase on the street.

IRIS  
So this is how normally your dates go? Is that your move?  
(Looking a little annoyed)

TOM  
(Laughs)  
You mean me getting shit-faced? And making the girl leave the place afraid I'm going to barf on the waiter?

She laughs as he just looks at her for a moment.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Are you big on movies?

IRIS

Uh... well, yeah, probably...  
(Looking a bit suspicious)

TOM

Don't worry! I'm not going to throw  
you any sort of cinephile bullshit.  
I'm not THAT much of a poser.

(Laughs)

No, I just want to ask you. Do you  
believe in them? Like, when you're  
watching them?

She looks back at him, seeming extremely confused.

TOM (CONT'D)

Like, in those scenes where they're,  
like, in the edge of a cliff... and  
the guy is all acting like an idiot,  
and the girl is just looking down at  
him like... everything a person  
could ever want resumes itself on  
what that douche bag is talking  
about?

IRIS

Uh, I'm not sure...

He looks back at her.

IRIS (CONT'D)

What you're trying to say?

TOM

I'm not sure...

He looks down, laughing at defeat.

IRIS

Maybe you're trying to ask if I'm  
romantic or not...

TOM

Huh?

He tries to mutter words, but starts to twirl his face, as if  
feeling a stomach ache.

IRIS

Well, if that's what you're asking,  
I'm afraid, that's not the case.  
Listen, I'm not very good at the  
drunken philosophy that's going on  
here, but in the eyes of a sober  
person - or better said, a girl with

a certain tolerance for booze - all the shit you said just sound like bullshit to me. It's been quite a wild since I was the person who would believe that, and certainly it couldn't possibly, ever, be all I want in life...

TOM

Ok, ok. But, imagine that it's raining! Right? And there is a guy and a girl, out in the streets just talking. What do you say?

IRIS

But that still sounds like bullshit. Poorly written. Just unreal.

TOM

(Looking at her like she finally gets what he's saying)

Right!!!

Iris looks at him confused again.

TOM (CONT'D)

How would you describe that? Those moments for you? Like, how would it go down in your REAL life?

IRIS

What?

TOM

Like, let's suppose there's an audience right ... there!

(points his arms to the camera)

What needs to happen, here, in "your movie" for them to believe this moment means shit?

IRIS

You are a very weird drunken!

Pause.

TOM

Cheers to that!

IRIS

You don't have a drink.

TOM

Well, I clearly don't need one  
anymore!

And makes the gesture of a glass with his hand as he's  
drinking from it.

IRIS

You want to know what? I might not  
know what drives me on, but I have  
definitely figured out what your  
move is.

TOM

Excuse me?

IRIS

I do.

She leans down to the point her face is right in front of  
his.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Being the one who asks all the  
questions.

He stares at her back with dreamy eyes for one second.

IRIS (CONT'D)

You may even think he cares, that  
he's interested. But what he's doing  
is just leaving some room for the  
other person to talk and to be  
vulnerable. And that, my friend, is  
textbook flirting. I'm sorry to  
inform you.

TOM

But I'm the only one who's  
talking...

She rolls her eyes.

TOM

I wish I wasn't so drunk right now.

IRIS

You're definitely an interesting  
one, I'll give you that.

They remain sited on the sidewalk for a moment.

TOM

For me, it would definitely have to  
be on a gutter, outside of a bar.  
And there would have to be a skirt,  
with red flowers painted on it

The flowers on her skirt are red.

TOM (CONT'D)  
...and a light-green bakery across  
the street.

The bakery across the street has a light green facade.

IRIS  
Seriously?

TOM  
...And rain, definitely.

IRIS  
Ok.

She gets up on her feet.

TOM  
No, don't go!

IRIS  
Yes, we're going. I'm going to put  
you in a cab, come on.

TOM  
But this could be it, and you're  
missing it!

He looks at her with drunken innocence. She hesitates for a  
moment.

IRIS  
Stop talking shit!

TOM  
Hey, I know you believe it!

IRIS  
All right, that's it. You don't  
wanna come? Stay! But it is five in  
the morning on a fucking Tuesday.  
I'm going home.

TOM  
You should stay...  
(Standing up as well)

She walks away across the street, while he stares at her with a defeated face.

As she gets about 20 meters away from him, a couple of drops of rain fall over her. She startles and hesitates for an instant. And as if caught on a act, she starts to laugh at the rain, without turning back.

He notices it and starts to smile, opening his arms to feel the drops. He starts laughing and looks at her from across the street with expectation.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I knew it!!!  
(Yells at her)

She then turns, laughing at her resignation.

CUT TO:

**6 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING**

**6**

The sound of rain persists, as it is a rainy day going outside the window of a bedroom. The bed is unmade and there is a follow-up of close shots of feet intertwined, faces laughing underneath the sheets, holding hands.

TOM (V.O.)  
Do you remember what we talked that night?

IRIS (V.O.)  
What? At the bar?

TOM  
Yeah, I was so scared. I couldn't believe I'd said all those things to you...

IRIS (V.O.)  
You shouldn't have been... it was kind of adorable.

CUT TO:

**7 INT. BEDROOM - DAWN**

**7**

The same bedroom, but with the bed suddenly made up. Iris is standing on the other side of the room, seemly edgy.

IRIS

So after everything? After all we've been through. That's what you have to say? It's like I don't even see you anymore!

**8 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON**

**8**

The noise of rain can still be heard in the back. Now Tom is walking on a bridge by himself. There is a drizzle, but he walks calmly. He stops and leans on the edge looking down at the water. The drops seem to give the green water a odd shade of grey and silver, and blue.

IRIS (CONT'D)

The way you put it, it sounds more like a life's sentence not a feeling!

CUT TO:

**9 INT. CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON**

**9**

There is still the sound of rain, as we are swiftly removed to another scenario, where Tom looks absent minded through a different window also pointed out with raindrops.

TEACHER

Wilson in 1971 divided that species behavior into two groups: interference competition, when individuals tease others in order to bring them to act in their favor, for example, making them fall into a trap, or fight one another, etc. And exploratory competition, when individuals consume resources depriving others, but without any sort of direct confrontation...

Tom turns to his notebook, where he is drawing a men inside a boat, about to be devoured by a whale. Then the whale in the paper starts moving, and actually eats the little boat and its man.

CUT TO:

**10 INT. DINER PARLOUR - AFTERNOON**

**10**

They are at a dinner parlor. Iris is reading a book up front.

TOM (O.S.)

Have you ever thought of what the future is going to be like?

She looks up, removes her glasses and leaves them at the table, and looks up front (to him). Her face is kind of aloof, seemingly tired.

IRIS  
What do you mean?

INSERT:

**11 INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT**

**11**

They are in the night club where they met. Tom is getting squeezed between people trying to find Iris, that had just escaped the douche TALL GUY at the bar. He reaches out to her and she turns back at him.

IRIS  
(Turning around)  
No, I'm not going to the VIP room with you...

And she stares and sees he's not the one she was expecting.

TOM  
Sorry, I don't have a VIP room.

IRIS  
Who are you?

TOM  
Tom.

Extending his hand onto her. She smiles.

IRIS  
Tom. Do you wanna go somewhere?

**12 INT. DINER PARLOUR - AFTERNOON**

**12**

They are back at the dinner parlor.

IRIS  
And doesn't it bother you that you're staying here for good?

TOM  
Why would it bother me?

IRIS

No reason. I was just thinking,  
like...

Pause.

IRIS (CONT'D)

...On Wikipedia, when you have the place of birth and the place of death of the person. And I know it sounds stupid, but if I ever have a Wikipedia article about me, I would like for those places to be different. Like, when you have people who were born in one place and died really far away? Doesn't it make you wonder more about what's happened in between?

TOM

Possibly, yeah.

IRIS

And also, have you ever thought if you had already been, like, in the place where you're gonna die?

TOM

I don't know...

IRIS

Me too. I just know I want it be far away from here.

She looks down, reflexive. He looks at her for a moment.

CUT TO:

**13 INT. BUILDING/LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

**13**

We can hear the noise of rain again, now smoother. The light is deem upon the stares of Tom's building as there is no one but him climbing up.

He gets to his floor, all wet. It is not possible to distinguish his emotions as he looks impassible and tired. He opens the door, and we can see the inside of his apartment.

He turns around to close them, and then leaves the coat on the hanger nearby.

He then gives a few steps further, and then as if letting his bones dismantle, he lets himself fall into the floor.

The camera shows him with his head against the carpet. He looks sad now, but resigned. He closes his eyes.