

Love leaving town

written by

Christina Katsiadakis

E-mail: [xkatsiadakis@gmail.com](mailto:xkatsiadakis@gmail.com)

EXT. DUSK CITY

A strange wind blowing. An outlandish light, too bright to be radiating from the setting sun.

Dog howls echo, but no dogs to be seen.

INT. DUSK ROSIE'S KITCHEN

ROSIE, 25, pretty, voluptuous, wearing just a t-shirt, is standing in front of her open fridge. Not much in there. A lonely apple, a half opened bottle of wine, some grated cheese.

ROSIE

Well, either we will starve or we will go out to dinner.

DAN, approaches from behind. Same age, messy hair, thinking eyes.

He slips his hands around her waist from behind.

DAN

Let's see what we can do here, because I am not planning to go anywhere.

A weird breeze comes through the open window, making them both shudder.

Dan goes through the empty cupboards. He finds a pack of pasta.

DAN (CONT'D)

So, amore, Italian it is.

She watches him, amused and turned on, as he pours water into a large pot and turns the stove on.

DAN (CONT'D)

Now we have some time to kill.

He hugs her and she wraps her legs around him. They move to the couch, take their clothes off and sink into each other.

Water is starting to heat up.

EXT. DUSK STREET

EVE and CARL, a very elderly couple, are walking hand to hand, supporting each other. They both look grim.

EVE  
 ( trying to sound  
 optimistic)  
 We will get through it, my love.

CARL  
 (grim)  
 Maybe we will, maybe we won't.  
 Maybe it is time.

They stop, squeeze hands and bring their heads closer.

A young man coming from behind, bumps into them.

YOUNG MAN  
 Be careful, boomer.  
 ( provoking them)  
 If you can still get it up, find a  
 younger cunt.

The vulgarity of words provokes almost physical pain. The young man disappears, laughing.

Carl needs some time to catch his breath. They take a few more steps.

CARL  
 I think I need to sit down for a  
 bit.

They sit next to each other at the closest bench.

The breeze brings a piece of paper around their feet, but they do not pay attention.

EVE  
 Are you OK?Are you in pain?

Carl reassures her by shaking his head.

INT. DUSK MARGARET'S APARTEMENT

MARGARET is standing in front of her mirror, putting the final touches on her make up. She is maybe 25, maybe 35 ageless like a Madonna.

Her flatmate, INES pokes her head in her room. She is also all made up.

INES  
 (almost surprised)  
 You look hot.

MARGARET

Still, I don't feel like going.

INES

You are coming. He is nice, you will see. And I need a sidekick.

Margaret marches unwillingly towards the door and grabs her bag.

Over the wall, in the next apartment, the first notes of a cello practicing. At the sound, Margaret freezes. She gets off her heels and leaves her bag by the door.

INES (CONT'D)

You cannot possibly be serious.

MARGARET

(her mind already at the music)

Another time.

INES

This is really fucked up. You are really fucked up.

Margaret walks to her music stand and picks up her violin.

MARGARET

I know you will understand.

She is smiling at her friend at an effort to charm her.

INES

You are a freak. Don't wait up.

Ines bangs the door behind her.

Margaret plays a few notes on her violin.

The cello responds.

Margaret touches the wall, as if she could touch the person on the other side.

The breeze from the window scatters the music sheets. She picks them up.

The first notes of Ravel's Sonata for Violin and Cello.

Margaret smiles.

EXT. NIGHT MONTAGE OF SCENES IN THE CITY

Crowded spaces.

Faces of people fake smiling, pretending to laugh or shouting at each other.

An ugly vision of humanity.

EXT. DUSK STREET BENCH

Eve gives a nudge to Carl.

EVE

Are you feeling better? It is time to go home.

CARL

I feel tired. Go on. I will catch up.

Eve chuckles.

CARL (CONT'D)

Are you making fun of me, young lady?

EVE

I will not go on without you. Let's just sit for a bit.

She leans on his shoulder.

A dog howls in the distance.

An orphan shadow flatters by.

Eve shudders.

INT. DUSK APARTEMENT

The duo continues to play.

Even though they do not see each other, their coordination is almost perfect.

Margaret's phone pings. She looks at it without stopping the music.

Ines has sent a photo of her partying with 2 boys in a crowded space and a message: You are missing out.

INT. DUSK ROSIE'S APARTEMENT

Rosie raises her head from Dan's naked chest and walks to the kitchen.

She starts laughing.

He joins her and starts laughing too.

All the water has been evaporated from the pot.

ROSIE

Well, it is a good thing that we did not start a fire.

DAN

I had completely forgotten about this.

ROSIE

What are you going to feed me now?

Her phone blips. She picks it up looks at a photo and shows it to him.

ROSIE (CONT'D)

See. People are out. Eating food. Proper food.

DAN

Wow, you are unpleasant when you are hungry.

She smiles and slowly lifts her eyes to meet his. They stare at each other, letting the feelings sink in. They need nothing more than this present moment.

She puts her arms around him and kisses him passionately.

ROSIE

We could share the apple.

DAN

How biblical of us.

They sit naked by the window overlooking the city, sharing the apple.

A howling dog in the distance.

EXT. NIGHT MONTAGE OF SCENES IN THE CITY

More images of people in crowds. Close ups of mouths insulting, shouting. Hands pushing.

The howl of a dog turns into a human scream.

INT. NIGHT ROSIE'S APARTMENT

Rosie is sleeping naked on Dan's chest. A scream wakes her up. She looks around. Another one.

She moves to get up, but Dan's arms hold her close.

ROSIE  
Did you hear that?

DAN  
(half asleep)  
Whatever it is, go back to sleep.  
We are safe here.

Rosie nestles in his arms again.

DAN (CONT'D)  
(still sleeping)  
I love you.

ROSIE  
I love you too.

INT. NIGHT MARGARET'S APARTMENT

The music concert for two is still going strong.

A high violin note turns into a scream and Margaret freezes.

She stops playing.

Silence.

The cello across the wall get annoyed and stings its strings.

Margaret takes up the musical phrase again.

EXT. NIGHT CITY

Screams continue over the city. Some lights go off.

INT. DAY ROSIE'S APARTMENT

Rosie opens her eyes and listens. Unnatural silence.

She gets up, naked and gets to the window.

Vultures in the air are the only thing moving.

ROSIE  
This is weird.

DAN  
Come back to bed.

ROSIE  
It feels like it is just you and me  
in the world.

DAN  
I'd be OK with that.

EXT. DAY BENCH

The light gets in Eve's eyes and wakes her up.

She opens her eyes. No one in the street.

Images of a disaster movie that no one has watched. A few cars that seem to have been abandoned in a hurry. The doors open, in the middle of the street.

Some blood spills on the street and walls.

Vultures flying over head.

Eve brings her ear close to Carl's mouth.

CARL  
What? Did you think I was dead?

She slaps his shoulder.

EVE  
You are impossible!

CARL  
Did we sleep outside? Aren't you  
ashamed of yourself, young lady?

They get up looking around, in disbelief.

CARL (CONT'D)  
What on earth happened here?

EVE

Let's just get home.

INT. DAY MARGARET'S APARTMENT

First morning light hits Margaret's violin.

She stops to look at the light. The cello stops too.

Silence.

Margaret walks to the door. Steps across the wall follow her.

She opens her door. The other door opens too.

MATTY, same age as her, is standing in front of her.

MARGARET

Hi.

They take each other's hand and walk to the elevator. Blood stains everywhere.

EXT. DAY STREET

Margaret and Matty step out of the building, holding hands.

Images of distraction. And no one there.

Carl and Eve pass slowly in front of them.

Margaret and Matty walk further down the eery street.

In a distance, another couple walking by, hand in hand.

Coming towards them, a woman walking her dog.

Over the city, vultures fly.