The Life and Death Story of Love in a Small Place

By

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FRANCIS (V.O)
She left for New York that same day. They never saw each other again. She quickly forgets that I even exist and tonight, I intend to write the saddest scene I can and I will proceed to play it out endlessly in my head.

EXT. PARK – LATE AFTERNOON

MARIANNE, young and pretty, she means business. Her delicate hand outstretched, a cigarette notched between two fingers. She struts down the sidewalk.

FRANCIS (V.O)
I am doing this for several reasons. Check that, I am doing this for only one reason. Marianne Martel.

She strolls through the afternoon breeze, her brown hair carefully bouncing off of her slender neck.

FRANCIS (V.O)
The love of my life. or as of twenty-minutes ago, was the love of my life. She was perfect. And now, as far as I know I don’t even exist to her anymore.

Her small ankles bending gracefully as she walks.

FRANCIS (V.O)
She may never remember my name again. This idea will always stay in my mind.

Marianne sits on a bench, lounging comfortably, her legs crossed. She puffs at her cigarette.

FRANCIS (V.O)
The scene will begin with a lovely lady sitting on a bench. She is smoking a cigarette of course because she has to be. It’s mysterious, elusive and unhealthy. She doesn’t care about anything, which only adds to her mystique.

She twists her neck to watch the CHATTY birds above her.
FRANCIS (V.O)
She is wearing a red dress. It
doesn’t scare her one
bit. Lounging peacefully a young
man approaches.

FRANKIE, just as young and just as handsome, his innocence
is obvious. He makes his way up the sidewalk.

Reaching the dark haired princess he stands awkwardly.

FRANCIS (V.O)
He stands next to her like a
stunned toad, unable to speak. He
sits.

FRANKIE
Have you been here long?

FRANCIS (V.O)
Small talk.

MARIANNE
No.

FRANCIS (V.O)
She will ease this on him slowly.

FRANKIE
I didn’t see your car.

MARIANNE
I walked.

FRANCIS (V.O)
Cold.

FRANKIE
I called you here today because I
want to talk. I want to talk about
us.

FRANCIS (V.O)
Easier said than done.

MARIANNE
About us?

FRANKIE
Yes. Us- And must you smoke that
awful thing?!
FRANCIS (V.O)
Of course she must— but she puts it out anyway. Maybe she does have a heart after all.

Marianne drops the cigarette on the ground, crushing it instantly with the toe of her shoe.

FRANKIE
I hate this.

MARIANNE
I know.

FRANKIE
Why is that some things change so suddenly. It’s as if nature just gives up and screams, FINE!

MARIANNE
You think nature is involved in this?

FRANCIS (V.O)
This can’t be good.

FRANKIE
I do. It’s hard to comprehend something so complex as love to be controlled by anything other than nature.

MARIANNE
Do we have no say?

FRANKIE
I believe only to a certain extent.

MARIANNE
And what about the extent of someone rejecting love?

FRANKIE
Do you reject love?

MARIANNE
I don’t think I know for sure yet?

FRANKIE
Why?
MARIANNE
Because some things even nature rejects.

FRANCIS (V.O)
She turns to him, her stare mentally penetrating his heart with the sharpest of daggers.

Marianne turns to face Frankie.
He can’t seem to sit still.

FRANKIE
I love you, Marianne!

MARIANNE
I know you do.

FRANCIS (V.O)
She doesn’t care. He’s lost.

FRANKIE
Is that it? All you can do is acknowledge me through pity? Don’t you remember anything? We had love! I swear it. I saw it and at one point in time you did too, I’m sure of it.

Beat.

FRANKIE
I can’t help but look at you and ask myself what would be worse, you saying the words or you not saying them at all.

MARIANNE
And what words would that be?

FRANCIS (V.O)
She preps for the final blow.

FRANKIE
That you don’t love me anymore.

Frankie grabs Marianne’s hand.

MARIANNE
I don’t.
FRANCIS (V.O)
KABOOM. There it is. Though he
doesn’t know it, she has found
somebody else. He grabs the back
of his neck looking for an answer,
possibly a knife to strike his own
chest.

Frankie strokes the back of his neck.

Marianne stands up. She looks down at the helpless
creature.

FRANCIS (V.O)
She stands up. Looking down at hervictim, she can only say 3 more
words.

MARIANNE
I’m leaving, now.

FRANCIS (V.O)
And that she does. Blasting in is
Dusty Springfield singing You Don’t
have to say you love me. Up the
sidewalk she drifts farther away,
stepping with confidence, she’s
done it, she’s broken yet another
heart.

She prances up the sidewalk, refusing to smile.

Frankie sits trembling on the bench. He rises in a rage.

FRANCIS (V.O)
Still sitting on the bench he has
nothing left, only one scream. His
lips say her name, "Marianne." She
doesn’t turn around. Her endless
walk to the unknown is not
unfamiliar. Only the music is
heard now. Blackness. Now
silence.

The screen goes black.

FRANCIS (V.O)
A narrator will begin to speak
after a short pause. In sadness he
will say, she left for New York
that same day. They never saw each
other again. She quickly forgets
that I even exist and tonight I
(MORE)
FRANCIS (V.O) (cont’d)
intend to write the saddest scene I can and I will proceed to play it out endlessly in my head.

THE END