

LOVE IN LOVE

Written by
Elizabeth Ditty

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Elizabeth Ditty
izzi.ditty@gmail.com
+1 816 547 8990

FADE IN:

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

A WOMAN examines the little burgundy number she's wearing in the mirror. She runs her hands over her curves, turns to make sure it clings in the right places. It does. She rips the tag off the dress and exits.

CASHIER'S COUNTER

The Woman hands the tag to the CASHIER, 40s, dowdy, in need of a makeover. She looks the Woman over but says nothing, rings her up. As she hands her the receipt, SOMETHING GOLD darts past.

The Cashier stumbles as a GOLDEN ARROW hits her square in the chest, then fades into nothing. Her features soften. She smiles, looks past the Woman to the...

COLOGNE COUNTER

Another golden arrow, another stumble: the COLOGNE SELLER, balding, 50s, looks toward the Cashier.

CASHIER'S COUNTER

The Cashier and Cologne Seller stumble toward each other, embrace, kiss -- clumsy but sweet. The Woman's eyes hunt. She spots him: a MAN IN A WHITE SUIT exiting the store. The chase is on.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Woman bursts out the Department Store doors. She looks left. Sidewalk filled with people. Another ZIP OF GOLD takes her vision to the right. A YOUNG COUPLE fall against the wall, kissing. Another THWIP. An OLD COUPLE embrace like long-lost lovers.

The Woman's brow furrows. There! The Man in the White Suit strings another arrow to his Ivory Bow. She hurries his way.

Couple after couple embrace, spout "I Love Yous," kiss, hold hands. She fights her way through them, breaking them apart only for each couple to spring back together like magnets. She breaks into a jog, giving up on grace, doing everything she can to get to the Man in the White Suit.

He turns a corner. She kicks off her heels and sprints. She barrels

AROUND THE CORNER

and comes face to face with a LEAD ARROW, its tip a broken heart, split by a vicious-looking black lightning bolt. She looks past it to the Man in the White Suit, her face a plea for mercy.

TITLE CARD: "BUT I LOVE YOU."

The Man's face fills with pity, maybe a tinge of regret. His bowstring loosens, if only an inch. She takes it as a sign, moves toward him. The bowstring goes taught again. She freezes. His face is firm.

TITLE CARD: "TO BE IN LOVE WITH LOVE IS A FOOL'S ERRAND."

Her face: panic. He looses the arrow. She watches it sink into her chest and fade. She looks up. He's gone.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Woman walks without purpose, carrying her shoes. Her burgundy dress is no longer pristine, but dirty and frayed.

And then the rain starts. She tries to hail a cab; it zooms by. In the back she spots two lovers kissing.

She gives up, too downtrodden to go on, and takes a seat on the curb. As she fixates on a growing puddle, SOMETHING GOLD zips by above her head.

FOOTSTEPS approach. She sees something RED in the reflection of the puddle. She looks up.

A MAN CARRYING AN RED UMBRELLA stares down at her with tender concern. He offers her his hand. She smiles, takes it. She stumbles into him, and he pulls her close to keep her out of the rain. A meet-cute straight out of the movies.

As they walk down the street, they pass the Man in the White Suit, acknowledging him as nothing more than a stranger with a polite nod. He turns and watches them, only for a second. Something akin to a sad smile plays at his lips. He continues on.

FADE OUT.