


A CLASSICAL ENDING

BY

CHRISTOPHER CARVER

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Christopher Carver



BLACK SCREEN:

DING! The unmistakable sound of a text message notification.

SHEETS RUSTLING. HIS & HER GROGGY GROANS.

FADE IN:

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - BEDROOM AREA - MORNING

A smartphone screen pulses through dim, blurry vision. Slowly the focus sharpens.

GLUCK'S "ORFEO ED EURIDICE, WQ.30: DANCE OF THE FURIES" BEGINS PLAYING.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN.

A text message glows beneath the name: PRESTIGE TALENT. It reads, "You booked it! Congrats, Nathan! Shooting in London for 3 weeks!"

As the *frantic high strings start*, NATHAN (28), leaps up and exclaims the thrilling news to his girlfriend, ZOE (27), still lying in bed. However, we don't actually hear the exchange as their entire conversation is silently choreographed to the music.*

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

In step with the music, Nathan pulls Zoe out of bed and cheerfully spins her around. However, Zoe doesn't seem to share in Nathan's sense of joy. Suddenly, on the down beat, we see her say something to Nathan that catches him off guard.

Nathan stops dancing with Zoe and instantly begins lashing out at her. Within seconds, the euphoric event quickly devolves into a heated argument. Nathan on one side expressing his displeasure; Zoe on the other, walking around the apartment appearing to reference her belongings. Her clothes in an overnight bag, her toothbrush in the bathroom, and a coffee mug she grabs from a kitchen cabinet that she sets on the counter.

Then, it happens- Nathan pushes it too far and words are said that can't be taken back. The look on Zoe's face says it all- it's over! Zoe packs up her bag and storms out of the apartment, slamming the door behind her.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM AREA - CONTINUOUS

Nathan walks to the window overlooking the outside walkway. He watches Zoe leave, as the music fades out.

DISSOLVE TO:

CHYRON: ONE MONTH LATER

PÄRT'S "SPIEGEL IM SPIEGEL" BEGINS PLAYING.

INT. NATHAN'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nathan opens the front door of his apartment with luggage in hand. He's fashionably dressed with a Union Jack scarf over his shoulders. He pauses for a moment and surveys the quiet, dark apartment.

INT. NATHAN'S STUDIO APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

He notices his clothes slung over the back of a chair. His neatly made bed. A lonely tea kettle sitting on the stove, and Zoe's coffee cup on the counter. The apartment is exactly as he left it.

He steps further into the space and sets his luggage down before swiping his finger through a collection of dust that has gathered on a shelf. He reaches into his pocket and retrieves his phone. No new messages.

He glances at the window where he watched Zoe leave before sauntering over to peer out into the night. After a sullen beat, he checks his phone again then sulks across the room and sits at the foot of his bed.

INT. NATHAN'S STUDIO APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN

Nathan scrolls to Zoe's old text thread. Her final message decries, "You're an asshole and always will be! Never contact me again!"

He anxiously fixates on the screen, then starts to type, hesitates, makes a revision, hovers his finger over SEND- and presses it.

The music fades out, as Nathan sinks back into his bed. Each passing second now feels like an eternity, while he stares blankly into space. Then-

DING!

Nathan springs up and looks down at his phone. The smile on his face vanishes as quickly as it appeared. Zoe's response flatly asserts, "I'm seeing someone."

Blindsided by the blunt disclosure, Nathan desperately tries calling Zoe. However, she doesn't answer. Panicked, he starts frantically pacing around the apartment.

CUT TO:

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

EXT. ZOE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Nathan stands out front of Zoe's apartment door, as a steady drizzle slowly soaks him and the bouquet of roses he's holding. Suddenly, Zoe's door swings open. There stands, the NEW GUY (30s); shirtless, fit, and taller than Nathan.

SHASTOKOVICH'S "STRING QUARTET NO. 8 IN C MINOR, OP. 110, 3RD MOVEMENT" BEGINS PLAYING.

The New Guy stands silently inside the doorway. Nathan stands silently in the rain. Synchronized with *the striking violin chords*, they eye each other up and down, waiting for the other to speak first. Neither does.

As *the cello is introduced*, Zoe enters frame over the New Guy's shoulder. In a continuous motion, she signals for him to go inside while turning her focus to Nathan, who is getting wetter by the second.

ZOE (SILENT)

What do you want?

We clearly see her mouth the words, yet, like earlier, their conversation is articulated through the music.

EXT. ZOE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Nathan attempts to hand the bouquet of flowers to Zoe but she doesn't accept it.

NATHAN (SILENT)

I'm so sorry, Zoe. I tried calling...
Your text... I had to see you.

ZOE (SILENT)

You should leave.

Sensing Zoe's hostility, Nathan starts to grovel. Very quickly his apologetic pleas for reconciliation become increasingly desperate. Zoe, however, is steadfast in her resolve; replying only occasionally with a stinging barb.

As the music and their imbroglio gain intensity, the steady drizzle transitions into a hard rain. Then, abruptly, *the music stops*.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Goodbye, Nathan.

Zoe shuts the door, as Nathan stands dumbstruck in the deluge.

EINAUDI'S "OMBRE" BEGINS PLAYING.

EXT. ZOE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Refusing to accept her dismissal, Nathan silently shouts emphatic pleas at Zoe's door. For a brief moment, he forgets himself then he spies ZOE'S NEIGHBOR (70s) on her phone, staring at him through her window.

He quickly regains his composure and slinks back off to his car, dropping the bouquet in a trash bin along the way.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Drenched and drained, Nathan hunts for his keys, only to have them drop in a puddle next to his car. He stares down at them. Yet before he can bend over and pick them up, he slumps against the car door and begins sobbing.

He then slowly slides down the side of the car, and splashes down defeated into the same puddle as his keys.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NATHAN'S STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER

Nathan walks through his front door. Tear-soaked and dripping wet, he pauses for a moment and surveys the quiet, dimly lit apartment. His unmade bed, the lonely tea kettle on the stove, and Zoe's cup on the counter.

INT. NATHAN'S STUDIO APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Nathan mopes over to his sofa, shedding wet clothes along the way. By the time he plops down, he's only wearing boxers.

FAST-FORWARD: As Nathan sits dolefully on the couch, the ambient light in the room transitions from day to night.

DING!

INT. NATHAN'S STUDIO APARTMENT - EVENING

Nathan catapults off the couch to his hands and knees. He searches through wet pants' pockets for his cellphone, and locates it.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN

A text from Prestige Talent declares, "You received an offer for a pilot! Call me!"

GÓRECKI'S "THREE PIECES IN OLDEN STYLE, 1ST MOVEMENT" BEGINS PLAYING

Crestfallen it's a not a text from Zoe, Nathan retreats to his previous emotional state before slowly standing and making

his way toward the bathroom. As he opens the door and crosses the bathroom threshold, we -

CUT TO:

GÓRECKI'S "THREE PIECES IN OLDEN STYLE, 2ND MOVEMENT" ABRUPTLY INTERRUPTS THE 1ST MOVEMENT.

MONTAGE:

Nathan, dressed in military fatigues, exits a sound stage door on a studio back lot. He walks stoically toward a trailer, opens the door, and...

...steps through the entrance of a theater in a dapper tuxedo. He poses on a small red carpet, smiling softly as flashbulbs explode, before exiting through a velvet-draped walkway...

...and appearing from behind a curtain on a late-night talk show, wearing casual attire. The HOST (40s) greets him with a smile. Nathan shakes hands, humbly acknowledges the off-camera guests, then walks through another door...

...before entering a house with a view of the LA Skyline.

THE CODA OF GÓRECKI'S "THREE PIECES IN OLDEN STYLE, 3RD MOVEMENT" BEGINS AS THE 2ND MOVEMENT FADES OUT.

INT. HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

The space is minimalist, tasteful. Nathan, sharply dressed and a bit older, closes the door and places a script on a side table. Suddenly, a DOG rushes to greet him. He kneels to pet his furry friend- he's home.

DING!

INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nathan peers down at his phone and the music instantly shifts, as a thousand thoughts and emotions flash across his mug. However, his facial vacillations quickly wane with the rhythm of the music, and a warm, hopeful smile slowly appears.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN

Zoe's text simply reads, "Hi."

Nathan looks up at the sun shining in the windows. We linger on the gleam in his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.