

# A LOST IMAGE By Elisa Di Napoli

## 1. EXT.CITY.NIGHT.

A *woman*, black hair, expressionless face, dressed in a long winter coat walks out of the darkness and into the shadows of the night. The city lights are growing darker on the empty streets. Alone, she walks slowly, measuring every step to the sound of her heartbeat.

All is silent except for the sound of her footsteps on the pavement.

Her breath, shallow and slow, forms white shapes in the cold night air. She looks like she does not know where she is going but trusts she is going where she needs to be.

The city is asleep.

A full moon is seen in the centre of the sky.

## CUT TO

VARIOUS SHOTS OF CITY STREETS as she wonders alone accompanied by the presence of the moon.

## 2. EXT. CITY BUILDING. NIGHT

After a while she gets in front of a building. Here she stops and looks at the windowpanes.

The moon is reflected in one of the windows.

Standing still she looks at it for a long time as if asking it some question.

The moon stares back at her.

Then she turns around and walks on.

## 3. EXT. OUTSIDE CAFÉ. NIGHT

A few steps ahead a light shines inside a shop window. It is an empty café.

It looks inviting so she moves towards it.

The café is very stylish. Red fake leather seats accompanied by small black tables are scattered on a checkered black and white floor.

Nobody is inside.

## 4. INT. CAFÉ. NIGHT

She gets in, takes some money out of her pocket and puts it on the counter. A woman *café worker* comes out to serve her.

The *woman* orders something (black tea) and goes to sit down.

The *café worker* takes the order and disappears again.

The *woman* waits.

Outside the window a pedestrian crossing rhythmically blinks its orange light on and off. She notices there are second hand shops on the other side, closed and dark.

Then her tea arrives.

She carefully places one spoon of sugar into the cup and pours some milk over, stirring clockwise. She watches the milk mix with the tea in slow motion until there is only a brown liquid in the cup. Then she puts her spoon down and scans the café again.

Nobody inside yet. Only classy furniture looking cold and pretty like pieces of design gear in a modern art exhibition.

A beat.

She fumbles in her bag and takes a book out, opening it in the middle.

The book says: .

Love. A word used and misused by those who confuse it with passion, obsession, need.

Then there is a poem.

Who can tell me what love is  
If a sure warm feeling  
Or a raging fire  
Who can tell me if love is caring  
Or craving  
If it is desire to have  
Or desire to give

Her eyes are suddenly caught by something moving outside the window.

CUT TO:

5. EXT. OUTSIDE CAFÉ. NIGHT

An *old man*, dressed in rags, is crossing the street muttering to himself. His eyes look drunken and lost. He can't see her looking at him and soon vanished back into the darkness.

CUT BACK to 4

She resumes her reading.

Who can tell me what love is  
If it's wanting nothing for ourselves  
Or is it passion?  
Is love accepting all, no matter whether  
It's what we ask for,

Or is it finding what we need the most  
And cherishing it till it's lost

Sounds of screaming outside.  
She turns her head to see where it is coming from.

CUT BACK to 5

A *young girl* and a *boy* are arguing on the other side of the street.  
Angry, she is shoving him away from her, kicking him and shouting at him.  
He is trying to stop her but she runs away. The he disappears too somewhere  
into the shadows.

CUT BACK TO 4

She returns her attention onto the book.

Who can tell me what love is  
A sweet dream to cure affliction  
Or a nightmare of frustration  
Does everybody need to be loved  
Or do they need someone to love  
Does everybody only need to love themselves  
Or does it need to be somebody else

They say you only come to know  
When you grow to be mature  
Perhaps love is all this or maybe nothing  
I wish I could know for sure

She turns back to her tea but puts it down again without drinking it. It is now  
cold. A shadow has entered the cafe.

A *young man* is sitting on one of the red chairs in front of her and is looking  
outside.

She follows his gaze and sees what he is looking at.

CUT BACK TO 5

A *middle aged man* and a *middle aged woman* fashionably dressed are  
walking side by side next to the window. Each of them is lost in their own  
thoughts. They look ahead as if alone, their eyes glassed over. Their bodies  
touch while their souls remain far away.

CUT BACK to 4

The *young man* in the cafe is staring at the *middle aged man* and *middle aged*

*woman* outside sitting perfectly still.

The *woman* is staring at him, her book slowly closing in her hands, her pupils widening.

CUT TO :

6. INT. WHITE ROOM. NIGHT

The room is candle lit and devoid of furniture.

The *woman* is standing opposite the *young man*.

They face each other looking into each others eyes.

Their brows touch, in silent understanding.

Something invisible is being exchanged from one on to the other and then back again.

They turn.

Side by side now, their hands glued together, they are facing straight ahead, their eyes closed. Time has ceased to exist while their hands are bound together.

7. EXT. CITY BUILDING. NIGHT

The *woman* and the *young man* are standing in front of the same tall building of scene 2 .

They are clasping each others hands.

Both their faces are reflected in the windowpane in front of them. They are looking at the moon. Her face is locked into the same expression of question she had in scene 2 .

C.U. of the young man's mouth as he utters a word with no sound. It spells:

Love-

*She* blinks.

He has disappeared.

CUT BACK to 4

The *young man* is not in the cafe anymore.

A shadow swiftly passes her by.

Without a moment hesitation *she* takes her bag and rushes into the street.

8. EXT. STREET. NIGHT

The *young man* appears as a vague shape slowly melting back into the dark.

The *woman* follows him, walking rapidly, keeping pace.

Unaware of being followed, *he* keeps on walking. And so does she, until the

lights of the city give way to the unlit passages of suburbia.

#### 9. EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE. NIGHT

*He* stops walking in front of a house. Some steps give access to the main door. He climbs up as she watches from a distance. The door opens and he disappears inside. A light is switched on, then switched off again. She keeps on watching.

Sitting on the pavement she looks up at the moon covered and uncovered by grey clouds. She stares at its round face wane as the hours pass and the sky starts turning lighter.

Then *she* stands up.

*She* turns her back to the house and walks away.

The streets, still empty and silent bare witness to her return journey, and watch her go the same way she has come.

The lights of the city grow dimmer and the darkness grows thinner as she recedes back into the night's shadows only to disappear into them and go back to where she's come from, reversing the actions she performed in the opening sequence.