

**OUR WORLDS COLLIDE**

Written by

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The bustling city street is alive with energy. Crowds line the sidewalk, all pushing toward the glowing entrance of a packed nightclub. You weave through the throng of people.

TEXT OVER BLACK: Pleasure

Two women walk ahead: one, a modestly-dressed HOMEBODY, hesitates, while the other, a scantily-dressed PARTYGOER, charges forward with purpose.

PARTYGOER

Come on! Hurry up, slowpoke!

The PARTYGOER quickens her pace. The HOMEBODY lags behind, looking unsure.

The PARTYGOER stops, turns back, and catches her friend's hesitant expression. Her excitement shifts into mild irritation.

PARTYGOER (CONT'D)

Ugh, come on!

She grabs the HOMEBODY's hand and pulls her forward. They dodge and squeeze through the crowd of eager patrons toward the nightclub entrance.

They stop abruptly, staring at the line—a long, writhing snake of partygoers stretching endlessly down the block.

PARTYGOER (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

Ugh, don't worry. My cousin knows the bouncer.

She marches straight to the front of the line, the HOMEBODY trailing awkwardly behind. The BOUNCER, a burly man with a clipboard, watches their approach with a bored expression.

PARTYGOER (CONT'D)

(slick)

What's up, man?

The BOUNCER barely looks at her, his tone flat and uninterested.

BOUNCER

Name?

PARTYGOER

Okay, look—I'm not on the list, but—

BOUNCER  
(cutting her off, firm)  
Back of the line.

PARTYGOER  
Oh, come on, just let us—

The person next in line groans loudly, rolling their eyes.

STRANGER 1  
(snapping)  
Come on! Move it!

PARTYGOER  
(irritated)  
Shut up, asshole!

BOUNCER  
(sharply)  
Back of the line or leave.

The PARTYGOER looks to the growing line, her frustration bubbling over. She glances at the HOMEBODY, who shuffles awkwardly, avoiding eye contact.

PARTYGOER  
(sighing)  
Whatever.

Leaning close to the HOMEBODY, her tone turns sly.

PARTYGOER (CONT'D)  
(low, determined)  
Follow me.

Without waiting for a response, the PARTYGOER drags the HOMEBODY away from the front of the line. They disappear into the crowd before slipping into a shadowy nearby alley, unnoticed.

The HOMEBODY and the PARTYGOER slip into the nightclub through the back door, weaving their way to the front. The air is thick with pulsing beats and flashing lights. They pass a sea of ecstatic attendees, lost in the rhythm of the night. The PARTYGOER strides forward eagerly, instinctively leaving the HOMEBODY trailing behind.

Reaching the edge of the crowd, the PARTYGOER pauses, scanning the vibrant scene. People are dancing with abandon, immersed in a world far removed from their everyday worries.

The HOMEBODY catches up, and the two stand side by side, taking in the electric atmosphere.

PARTYGOER  
(grinning)  
See? Aren't you glad I dragged you out?

HOMEBODY  
(with a small shrug)  
I guess.

PARTYGOER  
(laughing)  
Come on, tonight's all about having fun! But listen, I'm not gonna babysit you. You've got to get out there and make some friends. I'll be around if you need me, but... you know, have fun.

Before the HOMEBODY can respond, a group of stylish PARTY GIRLS saunter over. Their polished smiles and airy laughs exude an air of practiced perfection.

PARTY GIRL 1  
(overly enthusiastic)  
Oh my gosh! What's up?!

PARTYGOER  
(smirking)  
Not much, same old.

The PARTY GIRLS let out a forced laugh that barely reaches their eyes. The PARTYGOER gives them a slightly puzzled smile.

PARTY GIRL 1  
(grabbing the PARTYGOER's arm)  
Come on! They've got those cute drinks with the little umbrellas.

The PARTYGOER glances at the HOMEBODY, a mix of encouragement and apology in their expression.

PARTYGOER  
(softly)  
Enjoy yourself, okay? Go have fun.

With a warm smile, the PARTYGOER lets the PARTY GIRLS pull her away, leaving the HOMEBODY standing awkwardly on the edge of the lively crowd.

After a moment of hesitation, the HOMEBODY navigates cautiously through the pulsating throng of hard-partying attendees. Her shy demeanor creates an almost tangible contrast to the euphoric atmosphere, carving a path through the chaos.

#### MONTAGE - CROWD CHAOS

**Synchronized Dancers:** The HOMEBODY awkwardly squeezes past a group of synchronized dancers, their exaggerated moves filling the floor.

**IMPROV:** Dancers improvise wild, humorous dance moves, overreacting dramatically if bumped into.

**Photo Opportunity:** The HOMEBODY stumbles into the frame of a GROUP selfie. The flash goes off, momentarily blinding her as the GROUP strikes enthusiastic poses.

**IMPROV:** The GROUP improvises funny and awkward remarks, insisting the HOMEBODY join them and teasing her bewildered expression.

**Unexpected Dance Partner:** A STRANGER, completely absorbed in the music, spins around and accidentally grabs the HOMEBODY's hand. They pull her into an impromptu dance.

**IMPROV:** The STRANGER alternates between apologetic laughter and enthusiastic encouragement, attempting to coax the HOMEBODY into joining the fun.

#### END MONTAGE

Weaving her way through the crowd, she inadvertently stumbles into the lounge section, a quieter but equally disheveled area littered with bottles, empty glasses, and half-eaten plates of food.

Spotting an empty table, she sits down and takes a moment to survey her surroundings, her unease growing with every glance.

Moments later, a group of ROWDY MEN swagger over to her table, their laughter carrying an unsettling edge.

ROWDY MAN 1

(smooth)

You lost, little lady?

Startled, the HOMEBODY jumps to her feet.

HOMEBODY

(shy)

I'm sorry!

She moves to leave but realizes the men have encircled her, blocking her escape.

ROWDY MAN 1  
(teasing)  
Where you going?

ROWDY MAN 3  
(begging)  
Come on.

ROWDY MAN 2  
(insisting)  
Yeah, stay with us.

Their laughter turns mocking, creeping into something darker. The HOMEBODY's eyes dart to a small gap between them. Without hesitation, she lunges forward, forcing her way through with surprising determination.

ROWDY MAN 1  
Hey!

The ROWDY MEN give chase, their pursuit weaving through the thrumming club floor. The HOMEBODY dodges, bumps, and squeezes past oblivious attendees, the music pounding in her ears.

The HOMEBODY emerges out of the crowd—she is a couple paces from the poised and enigmatic ARTIST, flanked by his two imposing loyal BODYGUARDS as he sits at a table, observing the euphoric atmosphere.

Standing to his left, the fiercely independent and captivating FEMALE BODYGUARD scans the surroundings, her presence commanding despite her relaxed posture. To his right, the stoic MALE BODYGUARD remains a silent sentinel, his focus sharp, his stance unyielding.

For a brief moment, she freezes, unsure where to turn.

The ROWDY MEN, still in pursuit, barrel toward her but collide into the ARTIST's table instead as she dodges out of the way. The BODYGUARDS react instantly, stepping in front of their boss with practiced precision. The ROWDY MEN falter, their confidence evaporating into nervous glances.

FEMALE BODYGUARD  
Hey!

ROWDY MAN 1 raises his hands in an awkward show of sincerity.

ROWDY MAN 1  
I'm so fucking sorry.

The HOMEBODY watches as the group's bravado melts into wide-eyed apology, their demeanor shifting under the weight of the ARTIST's silent authority.

FEMALE BODYGUARD

Don't you all have something better  
to do than scare women?

The ROWDY MEN exchange nervous glances, their fear palpable.

MALE BODYGUARD

(seeking orders)

Boss?

The ARTIST, barely sparing them a glance, speaks with cold indifference.

ARTIST

I don't care.

FEMALE BODYGUARD

(to the ROWDY MEN)

Time to go.

The ROWDY MEN plead incoherently, but the BODYGUARDS escort them out with firm resolve. The HOMEBODY exhales shakily, still standing behind the ARTIST, who remains calm and unreadable.

Now alone with him, she hesitates, uncertain of what comes next.

3

### **INT. NIGHTCLUB - WOMEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

3

The PARTYGOER rolls up a dollar bill, her movements quick and focused. On the sink counter, a small pile of cocaine sits in stark contrast to the chaotic hum of the party beyond the bathroom door. The PARTY GIRLS hover nearby, dipping their fingers into the powder, each taking a turn.

As the PARTYGOER lowers the rolled-up bill to her nose, preparing to sniff, PARTY GIRL 1 suddenly blocks her path with a hand.

PARTY GIRL 1

Shouldn't you be out there with  
your friend?

The PARTYGOER pauses, glaring up at her, irritation flashing in her eyes.

PARTYGOER

She can handle herself.

PARTY GIRL 1  
(doubting)  
Oh yeah?

The PARTYGOER hesitates, but does not move.

PARTYGOER  
(irritated)  
Move.

PARTY GIRL 2  
(mocking)  
Why don't you go get her? We've got plenty.

The PARTY GIRLS giggle, feeding off the tension.

PARTY GIRL 1  
If you want to party, go ahead. But don't act like you care about her.

The PARTYGOER grits her teeth, pushing past the group to reclaim her spot at the counter.

PARTYGOER  
(coldly)  
Yeah, whatever.

She hunches over again, rolling the dollar bill between her fingers before taking a deep, heavy sniff.

Suddenly, a series of sharp gunshots cuts through the muffled thump of the club music, shattering the atmosphere.

The PARTY GIRLS freeze for a moment, eyes wide with shock, before panic sets in. A wave of screams floods the air as the crowd erupts in chaos. People shove and scramble, tripping over each other in their frantic scramble to escape the restroom.

Amid the madness, the PARTYGOER remains still, her head hung low over the sink. Her fingers grip the edge, her face a mixture of frustration and regret, as if she is suddenly aware of the weight of her choices.

A car sat idling in a shadowed alleyway just outside the nightclub, its nose pointed away from the chaos. The distant thrum of bass was now overpowered by piercing screams as panicked patrons poured into the streets. The crowd surged in frantic waves, their terrified faces illuminated by the flashing strobe of club lights spilling onto the pavement.



Police cars crept toward the front entrance. Their sirens wailing, but movement hindered by the sea of fleeing bodies. The scene was pure pandemonium—a cacophony of fear and desperation.

From the shadows, the GUNMAN emerged. Keys clenched tightly in hand, he moved with a calculated urgency, blending into the frantic energy around him. His movements were inconspicuous, his strides swift. Reaching the car, he unlocked the door, slipped inside, and pulled it shut with a quiet finality.

For a moment, the chaos outside was muffled, replaced by the hum of the engine and his own ragged breaths. He leaned back in the seat, inhaling deeply, exhaling as if shedding an unbearable weight.

The key turned in the ignition, and the engine roared to life. With practiced efficiency, he fastened his seatbelt, the click of the buckle sharp in the confined silence. Shifting into gear, he pulled away from the alley, merging into the night and leaving the chaos far behind.

5

**INT. GUNMAN'S CAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

5

The GUNMAN sits alone in his car, parked in the middle of a desolate lot under a flickering streetlight. His thumb scrolls aimlessly through his phone contacts, the faint glow of the screen casting shadows on his weary face. Suddenly, the device buzzes in his hand, the UNKNOWN number flashing on the screen.

With a heavy sigh, he answers and switches to speakerphone, his voice taut with tension.

UNKNOWN

Is it done?

GUNMAN

Yeah... it's done.

UNKNOWN

Good. It's a shame though really.  
Over art...

GUNMAN

(guilt-ridden)

Yeah, but some girl got hit too.

UNKNOWN

These things happen. All you can do  
is make sure it doesn't happen  
again.

GUNMAN

No. No, I don't think there's going to be a next time.

UNKNOWN

What?

GUNMAN

I'm done! I'm out!

UNKNOWN

(slowly, coldly)

You know it's not that simple.

GUNMAN

(distraught)

I don't care! I'm over this shit.

The look in her eyes...

His hand trembles as he tosses the phone onto the passenger seat. Tears begin to stream down his face, his chest heaving with guilt and regret.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)

(voice crack)

Her fucking eyes...

UNKNOWN

(annoyed, cutting through the silence)

Alright, alright. I'll handle it.

GUNMAN

(through sobs)

Thank you.

UNKNOWN

I'll be in touch.

The line goes dead with a sharp click. The GUNMAN slumps forward, his head in his hands, sobbing as remorse overtakes him. The emptiness of the parking lot amplifies his grief, the faint hum of the engine—the only sound accompanying his despair.

TEXT OVER BLACK: Regret

The GUNMAN remains seated in his car, now dark and lifeless, parked under the dim glow of the flickering streetlight. His tear-streaked face glistens in the faint light as he takes a gun out of his pocket with trembling hands. He stares at it, his eyes heavy with despair, the weight of his guilt and regret pressing down on him like an unrelenting storm.

After a long, harrowing moment of hesitation, he raises the gun. Slowly, deliberately, he places the barrel in his mouth, his lips trembling as he steadies his grip. His finger brushes against the trigger.

Eyes shut tightly, he pulls back the hammer, its metallic click sharp against the suffocating silence. The world around him fades into a murky, indistinct haze, his thoughts a chaotic whirlwind of fear, sorrow, and doubt.

Then—he pulls the trigger.

CLICK.

Nothing.

The GUNMAN exhales shakily, his breath hitching as he lowers the gun to his lap. His grip loosens, and the weapon slips slightly from his hand. The car is silent now, save for the faint sound of his unsteady breathing. He leans back against the seat, staring blankly ahead, his mind numb as the seconds stretch into an unbearable eternity.

Suddenly, a sharp knock on the window shatters the silence.

Startled, the GUNMAN looks up to see a POLICE OFFICER standing outside. The officer, a rookie barely out of the academy, wears an expression of nervous concern.

The GUNMAN's tear-filled eyes meet the officer's. His face, a portrait of raw, unguarded anguish, says everything he cannot.

6      **INT. THE ROMANTIC'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

6

The bathroom glows with pristine brightness.

From behind the shower curtain, we hear the kind-hearted hopeless ROMANTIC, singing passionately. Her voice fills the small space, lively and unrestrained.

Steam rises, softening the room. The curtain stays drawn, offering her privacy.

7      **INT. THE ROMANTIC'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

7

The bedroom glows softly under the warm light of a bedside lamp. The ROMANTIC steps inside, wrapped in a towel, with damp strands of hair clinging to her shoulders. In one hand, she carries a bottle of lotion.

She sits at the foot of the bed, where her phone rests beside her. Setting the lotion bottle down on the bed, she picks up her phone and scrolls through her music library. After a moment of searching, she selects a song. Music fills the room, the deep bass resonating from the surround sound speakers, creating a soothing atmosphere.

She sets the phone aside and crosses to the dresser. Pulling out a soft pajama set, she tosses it onto the bed, followed by a set of undergarments.

Returning to the bed, she sits down and unravels the towel, revealing her soft, damp skin. Reaching for the bottle of lotion, she squeezes a generous amount into her palm and begins applying it to her feet.

Her hands move slowly, rubbing the lotion into her ankles and working her way up her legs. Her strokes widen as she massages her thighs, her touch both deliberate and methodical.

She moves to her torso, smoothing the lotion over her stomach in gentle, circular motions. Then, her hands glide upward to her chest, her movements steady and unhurried.

Finally, she turns her attention to her arms, starting at her shoulders and working down toward her fingertips. Her hands glide over her skin with care, the music underscoring the intimacy of the moment.

8

# **INT. THE ROMANTIC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

8

The living room is cozy but cluttered—blankets tossed on the couch. The ROMANTIC, now dressed in the pajamas, lounges on the couch. She absentmindedly munches on potato chips, the crinkle of the bag competing with the glow and hum of the television.

Her phone rests in her hand, the screen lighting up her face as she scrolls through it with little interest.

In the background, a movie plays at a low but steady volume, just enough to fill the silence. Suddenly, the screen flickers. The movie cuts out, replaced by a breaking news alert that pierces through the room, shattering the quiet rhythm of the moment.

The ROMANTIC breaks her focus away from her phone.

## **TELEVISION**

Breaking news... Shots have been  
fired at a popular downtown  
nightclub.

(MORE)

TELEVISION (CONT'D)  
Police have apprehended the alleged  
shooter, but say they are still  
seeking any information as to-

A sudden, firm set of KNOCKS at the door cuts through the  
air. The ROMANTIC freezes mid-bite, her eyes darting toward  
the door.

9

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

9

The ARTIST stands between by his BODYGUARDS outside the  
ROMANTIC's apartment door. His calm demeanor masks a  
simmering impatience, betrayed only by the subtle clench of  
his jaw.

The BODYGUARDS, alert and tense, sweep their sharp eyes  
across the desolate hallway, every shadow and sound  
scrutinized with cold precision.

ARTIST  
(quiet)  
Knock again.

The FEMALE BODYGUARD hesitates, then raises her fist and raps  
firmly on the door. The sound echoes down the quiet hallway.

ARTIST (CONT'D)  
(firmer)  
Okay, go.

She steps forward, pulling out a lock-picking tool. With  
practiced precision, he works the lock. A soft click breaks  
the silence as the door swings ajar.

FEMALE BODYGUARD  
(exaggerated)  
Ta-dah!

The ARTIST takes a deep, steadying breath, brushing past the  
BODYGUARDS as he steps inside. The door clicks shut behind  
him with a quiet, final thud, leaving the BODYGUARDS to  
resume their watch on the other side.

TEXT OVER BLACK: Desires

10

**INT. THE ROMANTIC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

10

The ARTIST kneels by the front door, methodically untying his  
shoes. The faint glow of the muted television flickers across  
the dim room, casting long shadows.

Out of nowhere, the ROMANTIC leaps onto The ARTIST's back, screaming and flailing wildly.

ROMANTIC  
(shrieking)  
You thought you could break into my-

The ARTIST stumbles under her assault, swatting at her arms in an attempt to dislodge her.

ARTIST  
Hey—wait!

They lose their balance and crash to the floor. The ROMANTIC lands on top of the ARTIST, pinning him down, triumphant.

ROMANTIC  
Ha, I've got you now!

ARTIST  
No one answered.

ROMANTIC  
Well, listen! I don't care if you  
are some famous artist or whatever!  
Give me one good reason why I  
shouldn't call the cops!

The ARTIST remains silent, his expression unreadable.

ROMANTIC (CONT'D)  
(pointing, serious)  
That's not helping your case, you  
know.

Still no response.

The ROMANTIC's breath catches as she notices something on her hand. Her eyes widen in horror.

ROMANTIC (CONT'D)  
(hysterical)  
What the fuck?!

She scrambles off the ARTIST, staring at her hands—smudged with blood.

The ARTIST props himself up on his elbows, watching her reaction.

ROMANTIC (CONT'D)  
(panicked)  
Take it off!

The ARTIST sits up slowly, wincing as he shrugs off his jacket. Blood stains his sleeve, spreading dark and wet against the fabric.

ROMANTIC (CONT'D)  
(gasping)  
Oh my...

Without hesitation, she rushes to him, grabbing his arm and pulling him to his feet.

ROMANTIC (CONT'D)  
(frantic)  
Come on.

She half-drags the ARTIST toward the bathroom, her mind racing as the blood continues to seep.

11

**INT. THE ROMANTIC'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

11

The ARTIST leans heavily on the bathroom counter, staring blankly into the mirror. His reflection is a ghostly blur. The sound around him seems muffled as he begins to feel the effects of his blood loss.

The ROMANTIC, frantic, crouches by the cabinet beneath the sink, tossing out bottles and boxes.

ROMANTIC  
(frustrated)  
Fuck! Where is it?!

The ARTIST sits on the edge of the bathtub, arms draped over his knees, watching her without a word.

ROMANTIC (CONT'D)  
(triumphantly)  
Got it!

She emerges from the cabinet with tweezers, a roll of gauze, a box of bandages, a peroxide bottle, and a bag of cotton balls clutched in her arms. Setting them down on the counter, she takes a seat on the toilet lid, her expression softening as she reaches for his hand.

ROMANTIC (CONT'D)  
(gentle but determined)  
Okay, this is going to hurt... and  
I'm definitely not a doctor, so...

The ARTIST glances at her, his eyes tired but filled with a resigned sort of calm. He nods, trusting her voice.

12

**INT. THE ROMANTIC'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

12

The ARTIST is asleep on the ROMANTIC's bed, wearing one of the ROMANTIC's clean sweatshirts. His injured arm is wrapped in gauze, the bandage stark against his pale skin. The room is dimly lit, the shadows heavy around him.

The ROMANTIC enters, moving quietly. She checks on The MAN's arm, her fingers gentle as she inspects the makeshift bandage. Her eyes are slightly red, traces of tears glistening on her cheeks as she wipes them away hastily.

The ARTIST stirs, his eyelids fluttering open.

ARTIST

(groggy)

Hey, I'm sorry about all this.

ROMANTIC

(sniffles)

No, it's not that. It's my boyfriend... well, ex-boyfriend.

ARTIST

(softly)

What?

Suddenly, a THUMP at the front door shakes the moment.

13

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

13

The BODYGUARDS stand outside the ROMANTIC's apartment, roughly detaining the ROMANTIC's abusive EX-BOYFRIEND. The FEMALE BODYGUARD clamps a hand over the EX-BOYFRIEND's mouth, muffling his protests.

The EX-BOYFRIEND's muffled cries echo through the empty hallway as the guards take their positions. The MALE BODYGUARD scans the hallway, making sure no one is watching. They shove the EX-BOYFRIEND into the building's stairwell, force him down onto the cold stairs, and close the door behind them.

FEMALE BODYGUARD

(whispering, hand still  
over the EX-BOYFRIEND's  
mouth)

I'm going to take my hand off you  
now, okay?

The FEMALE BODYGUARD removes her hand from his mouth.



EX-BOYFRIEND  
(confused, terrified)  
What the fuck?! I'm here to see my  
girlfriend!

The BODYGUARDS exchange a look of confirmation.

MALE BODYGUARD  
(coldly)  
Nobody in or out.

EX-BOYFRIEND  
(anger rising)  
What?

FEMALE BODYGUARD  
(matter-of-fact)  
Hey, we're just the messenger.

The EX-BOYFRIEND's anger flares, his fists clenching.

FEMALE BODYGUARD (CONT'D)  
(calmly, but firmly)  
Look, we don't make the rules. This  
is just for your safety. Besides,  
if you were looking to get lucky...  
you're definitely not. Not with  
that attitude.

The EX-BOYFRIEND rises abruptly, his posture tense, eyes  
locked on the FEMALE BODYGUARD. He takes an aggressive step  
toward her, seething with rage.

Before he can close the distance, the MALE BODYGUARD shifts  
smoothly into action. His hand moves to his waistband with  
practiced precision, revealing the unmistakable gleam of a  
gun. The weight of the moment silences the room, the tension  
thick enough to cut with a knife.

FEMALE BODYGUARD (CONT'D)  
(emphasizing)  
You don't want any more trouble,  
now, do you?

The EX-BOYFRIEND's demeanor falters.

FEMALE BODYGUARD (CONT'D)  
(coldly)  
Now, get the fuck out of here.

The EX-BOYFRIEND runs away in defeat, fleeing the apartment  
building.

14

**INT. THE ROMANTIC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

14

The ARTIST and ROMANTIC are sitting together on the couch. The ROMANTIC is watching television, leaning her head on the ARTIST's shoulder while he scrolls through his phone.

The ARTIST's phone RINGS, jolting the quiet. It is the ARTIST's problematic EX-GIRLFRIEND. The ROMANTIC glances up, playfully nudging the ARTIST, trying to distract him from the call.

ARTIST  
(answering, distracted)  
Hello?

The ROMANTIC playfully squares up to the ARTIST, her fists raised in a light-hearted boxing stance. Her movements are sharp and professional, her form flawless. Despite her skill, each punch lands softly, with deliberate gentleness, as though testing the waters.

The ARTIST remains steady and composed, entirely unfazed, his focus unwavering.

ARTIST (CONT'D)  
(briefly)  
I'm with a friend.

The ROMANTIC starts performing the detachable thumb magic trick, her fingers moving with exaggerated precision and flair. She leans in, trying her best to draw the ARTIST's attention, her expression playful and animated. But no matter how much effort she puts into the act, the ARTIST remains unmoved, his focus unshaken.

ARTIST (CONT'D)  
(resolute)  
No, thanks. She's letting me hang  
out here.

The ROMANTIC launches into an impromptu lightsaber duel, her movements animated and dramatic. She mimes unholstering an invisible lightsaber, igniting it with a sharp whoosh. She swings at the ARTIST with exaggerated strikes, spinning and parrying an imaginary opponent.

The ARTIST, however, remains utterly unfazed, his focus locked elsewhere, refusing to engage.

Undeterred, the ROMANTIC escalates her performance. She acts out being struck, clutching her side and staggering backward. She drops the invisible weapon with a gasp, then pretends to be lifted off the ground by an unseen Force choke, clutching her throat and flailing for effect.

Despite her theatrical display, the ARTIST remains stoic, unmoved by the spectacle.

ARTIST (CONT'D)  
(firmly)  
Why does it matter? We're not-

The ROMANTIC's playful demeanor fades as she watches the ARTIST's expression change. His tone on the phone grows serious and gloomy, casting a shadow over the previously light-hearted atmosphere. She listens, sensing the weight of his words, and her own mood shifts in response.

ARTIST (CONT'D)  
(sighs)  
Then why even call?

The ROMANTIC reaches for the ARTIST's phone and hangs up the call. She sets it aside and wraps her arms around him, giving him a soft, comforting hug.

ROMANTIC  
(gentle, soothing)  
Come on. You need to be resting.

The ARTIST does not respond, too shaken by the call to speak.

ROMANTIC (CONT'D)  
(teasing, trying to  
lighten the mood)  
Besides... you should be worrying  
about me.

The ROMANTIC pulls back and stands up, her tone shifting to something more serious.

ROMANTIC (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
A friend, huh? Really...? If you're  
going to tell a girl that you're at  
another girl's place, you might as  
well double down.

ARTIST  
(defensively)  
It's not like I've tried to holler  
at you or something.

ROMANTIC  
(playfully, but with a  
hint of vulnerability)  
And maybe that's your problem.

ARTIST  
(sarcastic)  
Well, look who's catching feelings.

ROMANTIC  
(joking, but sincere)  
Shut up.

The ROMANTIC sits back down next to the ARTIST, their eyes meeting. For a moment, the playful tension between them softens. They gaze at each other, the spark between them undeniable. Then, they kiss—softly at first, then more passionately, their lips finding a connection that feels like it has been waiting for this moment.

The ROMANTIC's hand accidentally brushes against the ARTIST's injured arm, making him wince.

ARTIST  
(grimacing)  
Ouch!

The ROMANTIC gasps, pulling back, horrified.

ROMANTIC  
(apologetic)  
I'm so sorry!

ARTIST  
(smiling, brushing it off)  
It's fine.

They share a look, their eyes holding each other's gaze, the intensity between them lingering.

ROMANTIC  
You hungry?

ARTIST  
What're you thinking?

The ROMANTIC rises and heads into the kitchen. She opens the refrigerator, its dim light illuminating nearly empty shelves. Her shoulders sag in quiet disappointment.

ROMANTIC  
(putting on a brave face)  
I guess it's pizza night.

The ARTIST starts toward the bathroom, pulling out his phone as he goes.

ARTIST  
That works. I'll place the order.

The ROMANTIC shuts the refrigerator door with a soft sigh and sinks back onto the couch, staring off as if lost in thought.

15

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

15

The BODYGUARDS stand outside the ROMANTIC's apartment, casually leaning against the hallway walls. The quiet hum of the building is interrupted by the ringing of a phone. The FEMALE BODYGUARD glances at the screen before answering.

FEMALE BODYGUARD  
(answers the phone, breaks  
in between)  
Yeah...? Sure... Okay, thanks.

The call ends with a soft beep. The MALE BODYGUARD raises an eyebrow.

FEMALE BODYGUARD (CONT'D)  
Boss ordered a pizza. Wants me to  
pick it up, and said I can grab  
something for us too.

MALE BODYGUARD  
Anything is fine.

FEMALE BODYGUARD  
Alright. Back in a bit.

The FEMALE BODYGUARD straightens up and heads down the hallway, leaving her post. The sound of her footsteps fades as she exit the building. The MALE BODYGUARD stays behind, scanning the quiet floor.

Moments later, the EX-BOYFRIEND bursts into the apartment building, moving hastily toward the ROMANTIC's floor.

The MALE BODYGUARD steps out into the middle of the hallway, positioning himself squarely in the EX-BOYFRIEND's path, blocking his advance.

MALE BODYGUARD  
(annoyed)  
Unbelievable.

Suddenly, the POLICE OFFICER enters from behind the EX-BOYFRIEND, striding into the tense scene.

MALE BODYGUARD (CONT'D)  
(gruffly)  
Evening, officer.

POLICE OFFICER  
I got a report about some  
suspicious activity. Mind showing  
me your ID?

MALE BODYGUARD  
(defensive)  
Yes.

EX-BOYFRIEND  
(pointing at the MALE  
BODYGUARD)  
This guy pulled a gun on me! I was  
just trying to see my girlfriend—

POLICE OFFICER  
(sharply cutting in, to  
the MALE BODYGUARD)  
A gun?

The MALE BODYGUARD locks eyes with the POLICE OFFICER, his unwavering stare radiating authority and resolve.

The POLICE OFFICER steps forward, handcuffs at the ready.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
You're not under arrest, but I'm  
detaining you for now.

The MALE BODYGUARD instinctively steps back, his eyes darting to the nearest exit.

MALE BODYGUARD  
(aggressive)  
Don't touch me.

There is a split-second pause as the tension peaks. Then, the MALE BODYGUARD bolts down the hallway, disappearing through the back exit.

POLICE OFFICER  
(with force)  
Stop!

The POLICE OFFICER takes off after him, leaving the EX-BOYFRIEND standing alone in the now-silent hallway.

The EX-BOYFRIEND stands alone in the hallway, his breath shallow and uneven, his pulse pounding in his ears. The building hums with quiet normalcy, the chaos of moments ago now reduced to a distant, fading echo. His gaze locks on the apartment door ahead, his hands clenching and unclenching at his sides, betraying the tension inside him.

For a long beat, he hesitates, brow furrowed in conflicted thought. His eyes flicker to the peephole as though he can see her standing just beyond it. A shaky breath escapes him as his fingers twitch, inching toward the cold metal of the doorknob.

Just as his fingers graze it, the soft echo of footsteps breaks the stillness. He freezes, hand suspended in the air, and the sound grows louder. The POLICE OFFICER reappears, slightly out of breath but composed, his gaze immediately locking onto the EX-BOYFRIEND.

The POLICE OFFICER stops a few feet away, adjusting his belt, his posture sharp. His eyes narrow, and the tension in the air thickens.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

The EX-BOYFRIEND jerks his hand back, stepping away from the door as if burned. His voice falters, a mix of confusion and helplessness.

EX-BOYFRIEND  
I... I just...

The POLICE OFFICER's jaw tightens, a flicker of frustration crossing his face. He shakes his head slowly, his voice dropping into a deeper, more authoritative tone, tinged with exhaustion.

POLICE OFFICER  
Whatever's going on here, it's none  
of your business.

The EX-BOYFRIEND's gaze flickers toward the exit, uncertainty swirling in his chest. The officer, sensing the shift, stiffens slightly, his eyes sharpening as he steps closer. His hand hovers near his holstered weapon, a subtle but clear warning.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
(firm)  
Come on.

The EX-BOYFRIEND pauses, searching the POLICE OFFICER's face for any sign of vulnerability, any crack in the mask of professionalism. But the officer's expression is unreadable, a blank wall.

With a reluctant nod, the EX-BOYFRIEND steps back, muttering under his breath, his words barely audible.

The POLICE OFFICER gestures toward the exit, a silent command. Together, they begin to walk down the hallway, the POLICE OFFICER's eyes never straying far from the EX-BOYFRIEND, ensuring he does not make any sudden moves as they leave the building.

16

**EXT. PIZZERIA - NIGHT**

16

The FEMALE BODYGUARD exits a cozy, dimly lit pizzeria, balancing a large pizza box in one hand, and greasy brown paper bag in the other. The quiet hum of the city night surrounds her as she steps onto the empty sidewalk.

As the door swings shut, the FEMALE BODYGUARD collides with the EX-GIRLFRIEND, nearly losing her grip on the pizza.

FEMALE BODYGUARD  
(irritated)  
Hey, watch where you're—

She looks up, freezing mid-sentence as recognition dawns.

EX-GIRLFRIEND  
(smirking)  
Well, well. I know you. You're one  
of my ex's goons, aren't you?

FEMALE BODYGUARD  
(defensive)  
Who are you calling a goon?!

EX-GIRLFRIEND  
(playful, but firm)  
Relax. I'm not here to pick a  
fight. I need to talk to him.

FEMALE BODYGUARD  
(annoyed)  
Now's not a good time. I can take a  
message.

EX-GIRLFRIEND  
(serious)  
I need to see him.

FEMALE BODYGUARD  
(flatly)  
He's not meeting anyone right now.

The FEMALE BODYGUARD steps past her, heading down the sidewalk. The EX-GIRLFRIEND lingers for a beat before following at a measured distance.



Noticing her trailing behind, the FEMALE BODYGUARD stops abruptly, glancing over her shoulder. The EX-GIRLFRIEND halts too, confirming the suspicion.

She sighs heavily, clearly annoyed, and resumes walking.

FEMALE BODYGUARD (CONT'D)  
(carelessly)  
Oh well...

17

**INT. THE ROMANTIC'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

17

The ARTIST leans back against the sink, a heavy sigh escaping his lips, filling the room with the weight of his exhaustion and stress. He reaches out, turning the faucet just enough to let a slow drip of water fall into the basin. His eyes fixate on the rhythmic drops, time seeming to stretch endlessly. Then, with a sudden motion, he twists the knob fully, unleashing a torrent of water that crashes into the sink like a miniature waterfall.

He cups his hands under the stream, letting the cool water pool for a moment before splashing it onto his face. He pats his skin deliberately, ensuring every inch feels the refreshing touch. As the water trickles down, he shuts off the faucet and lifts his gaze to the mirror.

The reflection staring back at him is etched with pain, his eyes heavy with unspoken turmoil. Slowly, he forces a smile, the corners of his lips lifting in a way that feels mechanical, unnatural—a grim parody of joy. The smile falters, and his face collapses back into its weary state. His head lowers, burdened by emotions too heavy to hold up.

18

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

18

The FEMALE BODYGUARD strides down the empty sidewalk, the bag of food balanced on top of the pizza box casually in her hands. Behind her, the EX-GIRLFRIEND trails reluctantly, her arms crossed, frustration etched across her face. As they near the apartment building, the MALE BODYGUARD rounds the corner, emerging from the side of the building and heading toward the front entrance.

Their eyes meet. The MALE BODYGUARD's face twists in a mix of surprise and irritation, His gaze snapping to the EX-GIRLFRIEND, then back to the FEMALE BODYGUARD.

MALE BODYGUARD  
(to the EX-GIRLFRIEND)  
What's this?

The FEMALE BODYGUARD exhales heavily, lowering her head like a scolded child.

FEMALE BODYGUARD  
She wanted to see the boss. I told  
her it wasn't a good time.

EX-GIRLFRIEND  
(pleading)  
I just want to talk. That's all.

The FEMALE BODYGUARD shakes her head in quiet exasperation, muttering as if to absolve herself of responsibility.

FEMALE BODYGUARD  
I tried to tell her.

The MALE BODYGUARD steps closer, his expression hardening as he glares at the EX-GIRLFRIEND.

MALE BODYGUARD  
That's not going to happen.

EX-GIRLFRIEND  
Come on. Don't be like that. For  
old time's sake?

The MALE BODYGUARD's eyes narrow, his voice dropping to a cold, cutting tone.

MALE BODYGUARD  
Those times were hell. You couldn't  
just let things be... It's done.  
Over.

The EX-GIRLFRIEND falters, her bravado slipping under the weight of the MALE BODYGUARD's words.

The MALE BODYGUARD pauses, his anger flickering into something more conflicted—an undercurrent of compassion tainted with deep disappointment. He lets out a heavy sigh, almost mournful.

MALE BODYGUARD (CONT'D)  
There's something seriously wrong  
with you.

A beat of tense silence hangs in the air before the MALE BODYGUARD's expression hardens again, his hand moving purposefully to his waistband.

MALE BODYGUARD (CONT'D)  
So now, I have to do this.

Before the EX-GIRLFRIEND can react, the MALE BODYGUARD pulls out a gun and fires. The sharp crack of the gunshot echoes down the empty street. The EX-GIRLFRIEND collapses instantly, her lifeless body hitting the pavement.

The BODYGUARDS stand over her for a moment, their shoulders rising and falling with deep breaths as the tension dissipates. A grim sense of relief passes between them—one less problem to deal with.

Breaking the silence, they rush toward the apartment building door, their movements quick and deliberate.

Suddenly, the POLICE OFFICER rounds the corner, skidding to a halt at the sight of the EX-GIRLFRIEND's body sprawled on the ground. Horror overtakes him, his voice rising in a panicked shout.

POLICE OFFICER  
(hysterical)  
What the fuck?!

At the doorway, the BODYGUARDS stop, turning back to glance at the POLICE OFFICER.

FEMALE BODYGUARD  
(instructive)  
Just take care of it!

Without waiting for a reply, the BODYGUARDS dart into the building, disappearing inside as the POLICE OFFICER rushes to the EX-GIRLFRIEND's body, their face pale with shock.

19

# **INT. THE ROMANTIC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

19

The ROMANTIC sits on the couch, passively watching the television news program while applying light lip gloss.

TELEVISION  
Breaking news... More details about tonight's shooting at a popular downtown nightclub. The alleged shooter has fallen victim to a fatal stabbing in a holding cell after being booked- wait. Hold on... This just in, major crime boss, responsible for over a dozen murders in the last year, has been found dead-

HEAVY KNOCKS at the front door cause the ROMANTIC to startle, her hand jerking, and she quickly stands up.

The BODYGUARDS force their way in, scaring the ROMANTIC into a scream as she darts into the bedroom.

The ARTIST, having just come out of the bathroom, walks into the living room.

FEMALE BODYGUARD  
(urgent)  
We have to go! Now!

ARTIST  
(taking a deep breath)  
Alright. Just give me a sec. I'll meet you out back.

The BODYGUARDS nod, then leave the apartment.

20

**INT. THE ROMANTIC'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

20

The ROMANTIC sits against the wall by the door, lost in thought. The ARTIST KNOCKS on the door but receives no answer. He enters and sits beside the ROMANTIC.

ROMANTIC  
(quietly)  
You're leaving?

ARTIST  
(nodding)  
Yeah.

ROMANTIC  
(softly)  
Will you be back?

ARTIST  
(pauses, unsure)  
I don't know.

The ROMANTIC looks up at The ARTIST, her eyes filled with a mix of sadness and longing.

ROMANTIC  
(whispers)  
I think I'm going to miss you.

The ROMANTIC stands up, facing away from the ARTIST.

ROMANTIC (CONT'D)  
(hopeless)  
What am I saying? We only just met,  
and I hardly even know anything  
about you.

ARTIST  
(passionate)  
Then find out.

The ROMANTIC turns to the ARTIST, their eyes locking for a moment, the weight of their unspoken connection hanging between them.

ARTIST (CONT'D)  
(sincerely)  
Come with me.

The ROMANTIC smiles with a mix of joy and urgency. She quickly starts packing her things, her movements frantic and determined. She rushes to her closet, grabbing two large duffle bags and tossing them onto the bed. She then returns to the closet, snatching as many pieces of clothing as she can carry, yanking each item from its hanger until the closet is empty. She jams everything into one of the bags.

Next, she dashes to her dresser with the other duffle bag, frantically emptying each drawer into it. She gestures to her pajamas before pulling open the last drawer. She selects a casual outfit, then slowly begins changing, her movements deliberate and teasing.

The ARTIST watches her, his gaze a mix of amusement and fascination, admiring the beauty of her body at a distance.

ROMANTIC  
Here, hold this.

The ARTIST grabs the bag, placing it in his lap. He zips it up, then stands, slinging it over his shoulder and moving to the door.

The ROMANTIC returns to the bed, forcefully zipping the overfilled bag shut before slinging it over her own shoulder. The ARTIST and ROMANTIC share a passionate look of excitement.

21

**EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT**

21

The ROMANTIC and ARTIST sprint hand in hand, their duffle bags bouncing with each step as they dash towards the waiting plane. The distant roar of the engines grows louder, urgency in every stride.

TEXT OVER BLACK: Endless

22

**INT. PARTYGOER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAWN**

22

The door softly CLICKS open. The PARTYGOER steps inside, moving sluggishly, her energy drained. She slips off her shoes without care, her movements mechanical, as if weighed down by invisible chains.

She drifts to the kitchen counter, placing her keys down with a faint CLINK. Opening a cabinet, she retrieves a glass, her gaze distant, unfocused.

She approaches the refrigerator, her hand trembling slightly as she pulls the door open. In her distracted state, the glass slips from her fingers.

CRASH!

The sound of shattering glass jolts the silence, yet she remains frozen, her blank expression betraying no reaction. A long beat passes before she slowly shuts the refrigerator door without retrieving anything. Her footsteps echo faintly as she exits the kitchen.

23

**INT. PARTYGOER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAWN**

23

The PARTYGOER steps into the dimly lit bathroom. She avoids the mirror entirely, her gaze fixed downward as she begins to strip off her clothes, piece by piece.

Her movements are deliberate, almost robotic. Standing in her undergarments, she hesitates, then turns her back to the mirror before discarding the rest of her clothing.

She steps into the shower, her arms hanging limp at her sides. She stares at the wall, unblinking, lost in the void of her thoughts. The silence stretches before she finally turns the shower on.

Water cascades over her, but she remains motionless, her blank stare unyielding. The moments drag on, each second an eternity.

At last, she turns off the shower, the water still dripping from her hair and body. She grabs a towel from the nearby hook, wrapping it around herself without drying off. Her movements are aimless as she exits the bathroom.

24

**INT. PARTYGOER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

24

The PARTYGOER walks into her bedroom, leaving faint water droplets in her wake.

She approaches her bed, peeling back the covers before lying down, still wrapped in the damp towel.

The stillness of the room presses in on her as she pulls the covers over herself. Then, finally, she breaks.

She cries—silent at first, then uncontrollably. Her sobs echo through the empty house, raw and guttural, the crushing weight of guilt and sorrow pouring out in waves.

25

**INT. POLICE OFFICER'S APARTMENT - DAY**

25

The POLICE OFFICER lounges on the couch, aimlessly flicking through channels on the TV. The low hum of static fills the room.

DING-DONG.

The doorbell rings, sharp and sudden, cutting through the silence. The officer jumps, startled. He quickly gets up, shaking off his surprise, and walks toward the door.

He opens it.

Nothing, but a large, unmarked box sits on the doorstep, as if it had been waiting for him. He eyes it cautiously, suspicion creeping into his posture.

After a moment's hesitation, he bends down, grips the box—and it is heavier than he expected.

He drags the box inside, struggling with its unexpected weight. With a grunt, he shuts the door, letting out a sigh of relief. The weight of the box seems to pull him down.

He sets it on the floor with a thud, takes a moment to steady himself, and pulls out his keys from his pocket. Carefully, he slices through the tape, the sound of it sharp in the otherwise quiet room.

The lid creaks open. His eyes widen as he peeks inside. The box is filled to the brim with neatly stacked bills, their crisp edges making the officer's pulse quicken.

As his fingers brush against the bills, he notices something scribbled inside one of the folds, written in messy, bold letters:

"Something to say thanks."

**THE END**