

The Coming of the Moon

SCENE 1. INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT — MORNING

MICHAEL flinches under the blanket. A sharp movement — he covers his head with a pillow, trying to hide from the sun. It doesn't work. He throws back the blanket, exposing his thin ribs.

Michael gets up. His foot steps on an empty tin can. The soft metal crunches under his heel. Michael doesn't even wince.

BATHROOM

Michael leans his hands on the edge of the sink. His head is lowered.

He turns on the water. The pipes hum. He puts his face under the stream, holding it there for a long time until his hair looks like wet needles.

He raises his head. Looks into the mirror. It's splattered with something yellowish. Michael wipes a piece of the glass with a dirty sleeve — he sees his reflection: red eyes, stubble. He runs a finger across his cheek, leaving a wet trail.

KITCHEN

Michael grabs the coffee pot. The coffee at the bottom has already formed a thin film.

He takes a sip. His throat twitches. He wipes his lips with the back of his hand, leaving a dark streak on his face.

He looks at the pile of dishes in the sink. Then he turns sharply and walks away, brushing his shoulder against the doorframe.

SCENE 2. EXT. STREETS — DAY

The sun beats into his eyes. Michael comes out of the entrance, squinting. He abruptly pulls up his hood, hiding his face.

Actions and Movement:

Michael stops by a store window. He doesn't look at the mannequins. His gaze is fixed on the reflection of the street behind him. Someone passes by — Michael flinches, shoves his hands deeper into his pockets, clenches his fists.

He crosses the road. In the middle of the crosswalk, he freezes for a second, hearing the screech of brakes. His head snaps toward the sound — eyes wild, pupils dilated.

Environment:

The crowd flows around him like water around a stone. He turns into an alley. Stops.

Close-up:

Michael slowly turns his head back. His gaze scans the roofs, the windows, every parked car.

Michael takes a deep breath, wipes the sweat from his forehead with a dirty sleeve, and disappears into the crowd, constantly changing his walking pace.

SCENE 3. EXT. ALLEYWAY — DAY

Environment:

A narrow gap between concrete walls. The shadow here is thick and cold. Underfoot — wet cardboard and broken glass. Rusty water drips from an air conditioner above, tapping out a ragged rhythm on a metal bin.

Actions and Movement:

Michael enters the alley, pressing against the wall. He stops. His fingers nervously fumble with the edge of his jacket. A figure detaches itself from the depths of the shadow – THE DRUG DEALER. He is in no hurry. His steps are quiet, almost weightless. Michael thrusts his hand into his pocket. He pulls out crumpled bills rolled into a tight tube. His hand trembles slightly. The dealer slowly extends his palm. The money disappears into his sleeve in a fraction of a second. In its place, a small transparent zip-lock bag appears in the light. Michael grabs the goods. His fingers squeeze the plastic so hard it crunches.

Scene Finale:

The dealer nods toward the alley exit and instantly dissolves into the shadows behind the trash cans.

Michael is left alone. He holds the bag up to his eyes. The light breaking through from above illuminates the white powder. Michael abruptly hides it in his deepest pocket, glances back at the alley entrance, and bolts out of there, nearly knocking over an empty box.

SCENE 4. EXT. PARK / STREETS – EVENING

Golden sunlight floods the park alley.

Movement:

Michael walks against the flow of the crowd. His figure is a dark blotch against the backdrop of bright dresses. He is hunched over, hands deep in his pockets, elbows pressed to his ribs.

Contrast:

He passes a bench: a young couple is feeding each other ice cream. Michael looks at them for only a second – his gaze is a mix of disgust and sharp pain. He instantly turns away, fixing his eyes on the cracks in the asphalt.

STORE / SHOP WINDOWS

Michael stops in front of a huge glass window of an electronics store. Inside, dozens of screens broadcast a bright show: snow-white smiles, confetti, neon colors.

Close-up:

Michael's face in the reflection of the glass. His skin looks gray against the backdrop of the digital celebration. He raises his hand, wanting to touch the glass, but at the last moment clenches his palm into a fist and hides it behind his back. He sees his own shadow in the reflection – it is long, broken, foreign to all this glitter.

COMPLETION:

Michael quickens his pace. He exits the park onto a noisy street. Traffic lights flash red. He crosses the road against the signal, not looking at the cars. Drivers slam on their horns, but Michael doesn't even turn his head.

He dives into the dark archway of his building, where the warm evening light finally vanishes.

SCENE 5. INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Atmosphere:

A basement. The ceiling is low, oppressive. Red and blue neon

light pulses to the beat of heavy techno. The bass hits the chest so hard that the shot glasses on the bar vibrate. The air is thick with electronic cigarette vapor and the smell of stale alcohol.

Actions and Movement:

Michael is at the bar. He isn't sitting—he's clutching the edge of the counter as if it were a handrail. Three empty shot glasses stand before him. He downs a fourth. Sharply. His throat spasms, but he licks the remaining alcohol from his lips.

He turns toward the dance floor. His movements are jagged, out of time with the music. He breaks into the crowd, shoving people aside with his elbows.

Michael dances. It isn't a dance—it's a convulsion. He throws his arms forward as if fighting invisible shadows. His head is tilted back, mouth half-open, eyes glassy and vacant. He slams into backs and steps on feet without apologizing.

Conflict:

Michael intentionally takes a wide swing and rams his shoulder into a HULKING MAN standing calmly with a glass. Beer splashes onto the man's jacket.

The man turns—he is a head taller, with shoulders like a cabinet. He just stares down at Michael, waiting for a reaction.

Michael doesn't back away. He steps in close, his chest almost touching the man's jacket. His face is contorted with artificial bravado.

Finale:

Michael bares his teeth in a manic grin. He is waiting for the blow. He craves it. His fists are clenched so hard his knuckles are white.

SCENE 6. EXT. ALLEYWAY — NIGHT

Environment:

A dead end behind the bar. The only light source is a flickering sign casting dirty pink blotches on the walls. Puddles underfoot. The silence is broken only by dull thuds.

Actions and Movement:

Michael flies back into the brick wall. The impact is thudding, like a sandbag hitting the ground. He doesn't have time to raise his hands—the HULKING MAN strikes professionally, short, into the torso.

Michael doubles over. Air rushes out of his lungs with a wheeze. The man grabs him by the scruff of the neck, hauls him up, and drives a fist into his jaw. Michael's head snaps back, teeth clacking together.

Finale:

The man shoves the limp body toward a large metal dumpster. Michael hits the iron, sliding down and leaving a dark smear on the side.

The brute grabs Michael by the waist and, with one heave, tosses him inside the bin onto a pile of stinking trash bags. Michael doesn't even struggle; his eyes are half-closed, his head lolling to the side.

Close-up:

Michael's fingers feebly scratch the edge of the bin, trying to

catch a grip on reality.

SOUND: A metallic clang.
The lid slams shut.

DARKNESS.

SCENE 7. INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT — NIGHT

Environment:

The room is lit only by the bluish light of the full moon. The air feels thick, like jelly. Michael sits on the floor, leaning against the bed. His shirt is torn; a heavy purple hematoma is swelling on his cheekbone.

Actions and Movement:

He pours the remains of the powder onto the mirrored surface of his phone. His hands are shaking violently; the phone taps against the floor. Michael snorts the dose sharply, with a hiss. His head snaps back, hitting the mattress.

He bolts up. His steps are unsteady. He grabs the curtain to keep from falling and, with one jerk, rips the heavy fabric.

The Window:

Beyond the glass is an unnaturally large, abnormally white FULL MOON. It takes up half the sky. Its light is so powerful that it casts perfectly sharp, black shadows onto the apartment walls. Michael is blinded. He squints, breathing heavily. He abruptly turns his back to the window.

Rose's Appearance:

On the bed, under an old gray blanket, something stirs. Slowly, smoothly. From beneath the coarse fabric, a shoulder appears, then a strand of perfectly clean hair.

ROSE rises. She glows. Her skin is porcelain, without a speck of dust or a trace of the filthy apartment. She looks like a frame from an expensive movie pasted into this kitchen thriller.

Michael backs toward the wall, knocking over an empty bottle with his elbow. It hits the floor, but there is **no sound of impact**—only silence.

A low growl pierces the room; Rose clutches her stomach.

Finale:

She stands up. Her bare feet do not touch the floor—she seems to float through the trash. Michael presses his hand over his mouth, his eyes filling with the tears of paranoia. He doesn't know if this is salvation or final madness.

SCENE 8. EXT. STREET — NIGHT

Michael and Rose walk side by side. He holds her by the elbow as they cross the road. She laughs, throwing her head back, and bumps him with her shoulder—Michael actually recoils from the shove.

Rose (Hallucination):

She floats beside him. Her steps make no sound. She leans in close to Michael, touching his bruised face with her fingertips. She points to a crack in the asphalt, then to a cat sitting on a bin, tilting her head with childlike curiosity. Her movements are too fluid, as if she is underwater.

She points at the shop windows, talking animatedly about something. Michael listens, leaning his head toward her, smiling.

He looks alive.

Contrast:

A COUPLE walks toward them. They see Michael walking down the center of the sidewalk, holding his arm bent at the elbow as if someone is linked through it. Michael whispers something into the void to his right.

The couple presses themselves against the building wall, making way for him. The girl watches him go with fear. Michael doesn't notice—he only has eyes for Rose.

SCENE 9. INT. STORE — NIGHT

Michael enters, holding the heavy glass door open for Rose. She slips inside.

Atmosphere:

The sterile white light of fluorescent lamps stings the eyes. The store is empty, save for the hum of refrigerators. Michael stands in the middle of the chip aisle, his pupils dilated to the limit, absorbing the acid colors of the packaging.

Actions and Movement:

They find themselves between rows of snacks. Rose snatches a bag of chips from the shelf and tosses it to Michael. He catches it mid-air. They begin a game: she "steals" a candy bar, slips it under his jacket, and he hides it in a pocket, winking at her. For the first time in the entire story, Michael laughs sincerely and loudly. His face smoothens out.

He takes Rose by the hand. His fingers are clenched tight, as if he is holding something substantial. They twirl near the drinks display.

Security:

A SECURITY GUARD steps out from around the corner. He sees Michael standing alone, one hand pressed to his chest and the other extended to the side, as if embracing someone invisible. Stolen goods clearly bulge from Michael's pocket.

The guard takes a step forward, reaching for his radio.

Michael sees him. He sharply grabs Rose's "hand."

They bolt. Michael runs, looking back as if pulling her behind him. He flies past the registers, clipping a chocolate bar display—they hit the floor with a crash.

Finale:

Michael bursts out onto the street, breathing heavily. He stops around the corner, presses against the wall, and pulls "Rose" toward him, hiding her in the shadows. He laughs, looking into her eyes, wiping sweat from his forehead.

The guard runs out onto the porch, staring into the void of the night street. Michael is nowhere to be seen; only the wind blows an empty bag across the asphalt.

SCENE 10. EXT. PARK — NIGHT

Environment:

A distant alleyway, lit by only one functioning lamp buzzing with

tension. Thick blue darkness all around. The chirping of crickets seems too loud in this silence.

Actions and Movement:

Michael and Rose sit on an old wooden bench. Michael leans back, arms spread wide. His chest heaves from the run, but the remnants of a manic smile linger on his face. He looks at Rose. She sits beside him, legs tucked under her, her profile perfectly outlined against the dark trees.

Michael suddenly freezes. His gaze fixes on an empty playground swing opposite them, creaking faintly in the wind.

Michael begins to slowly, mechanically scratch the old paint on the bench with his fingernail. He peels it off layer by layer until blood appears under his nails. His face contorts in a spasm—it's not the pain from the wound, but a memory piercing through him.

Rose:

She sits beside him, perfectly upright. She doesn't look at the swings. She looks only at Michael.

Rose slowly reaches out and places her palm over his bloody fingers, stopping his movement.

Reaction:

Michael flinches as if from an electric shock. He raises his eyes to her—they are full of childlike, helpless terror.

He begins to quickly and chaotically fumble through his pockets, pulling out an old, yellowed photograph folded in four. He doesn't unfold it completely—only an edge where a child's hand can be seen holding onto someone's adult coat.

Michael convulsively squeezes the photo, crumpling it in his fist. He presses his fist to his mouth to stifle a sob that escapes his chest as a muffled rasp.

The Narrative:

Childhood was ordinary: family, friends, carefree days. Then everything collapsed. His father left, his friends moved away. Instead of family, a drunkard and beatings appeared in the house. His mother couldn't take it and passed away. Then came the orphanage, empty years waiting to turn eighteen, and the door that slammed shut behind him. Odd jobs ended in a meeting with dealers. First couriership, later supplying. There was money until the raid happened. Escape. Now—only a downward spiral into total darkness.

Reaction:

He looks at Rose, searching for an answer in her glassy eyes. She doesn't look away. She leans in and touches her forehead to his.

Action and Movement:

Michael takes out the stolen candy bar. His fingers tear the wrapper—the metal foil rustles sharply. He breaks it in half, holding one part out to Rose. His hand freezes in the air for a few seconds while he waits for her to "take" the piece.

The shadow from the lamp falls in such a way that Michael's eyes turn into two black pits.

Scene Finale:

Michael bows his head. He begins to slowly crumble his half of the bar directly onto his knees. The chocolate melts on his hot fingers, staining his skin.

He doesn't look at Rose, but he feels her presence. His shoulders shudder. He passes his hand through the air beside him, as if searching for her palm, but his fingers only clench into a fist, nails digging into his palm.

Close-up:

A tear rolls down his bruised cheek, washing away the dirt and blood, leaving a clean, light streak. The moon above them becomes even brighter, bleaching everything around them to the state of a clinical ward.

SCENE 11. EXT. PARK / STREETS — NIGHT**Environment:**

The park lights suddenly go out one by one. The darkness becomes physically palpable. Only the crunch of gravel under heavy soles can be heard.

Actions and Movement:

Bandits emerge from the shadows. One of them holds an empty zip-lock bag (identical to Michael's) and makes a "there he is" gesture, pointing a finger at Michael. This is their "anchor"—he owes money for the goods.

Michael flinches. His hand convulsively grabs Rose's hand. He pulls her along, first at a walk, then breaking into a run. THE BANDITS do not shout. They move quickly, with confidence. Michael looks back over his shoulder. His breath is a ragged wheeze. He sees the figures accelerating. He squeezes Rose's hand tighter, feeling her cold skin. They burst onto the road, under the light of a solitary streetlamp.

Michael and Rose dive into a narrow passageway between buildings, with him pulling Rose behind him.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING — NIGHT

They burst through the broken doors of an abandoned factory. Inside is a labyrinth of rusty beams and concrete. Moonlight pierces through the holey roof like thin swords.

SCENE 12. INT. ABANDONED BUILDING — NIGHT**Atmosphere:**

A concrete labyrinth. Rusty rebar sticks out of the walls like the ribs of a giant creature. Water drips from above—each splash against the concrete echoes like a gunshot. Moonlight pierces the holey roof with thin, cold needles.

Actions and Movement:

Michael sits in a corner, breathing heavily. Rose slowly rises from the floor in front of him. Her movements are too fluid, as if she is stretching upward. Michael tries to brace his hand against the floor to stand up as well and **flinches violently**.

Close-up:

His palm bears down with all its weight onto a forgotten syringe. The needle sinks deep into the fleshy part of his palm. Michael pulls the syringe out. The needle is bent and dirty. The liquid inside is not clear, but murky with dark flakes. Michael does not scream—he only opens his eyes wide.

At that exact moment, the moonlight cuts out as if a switch was flipped. Rose dissolves into the air, turning into black smoke.

HORROR TRIP (Hallucination):

Michael lunges forward, fumbling against the walls, but the brickwork under his fingers becomes soft, like rotting flesh. He runs into total darkness.

Sounds: A whistle, a child's crying that shifts into a distorted laugh. The voices of a thousand people whisper his name simultaneously.

Michael falls through the floor but doesn't hit the ground; instead, he hangs suspended in the void. From the darkness, **SILHOUETTES OF HIS PARENTS** drift out. They are tall, dressed in festive clothes, but instead of faces, they have smooth, gray skin with no eyes or mouths. They reach out toward him with fingers long as branches.

Rose appears from the side. Her body begins to **twist wildly**: joints crack, elbows turn inside out, her head makes a full rotation. She stares at him with hollow pupils and emits a sound like the grinding of metal.

Escape:

Michael breaks into an inhuman scream. He runs, no longer feeling his legs. The darkness around him pulses, trying to drag him back. He bursts into the other end of the workshop, where real moonlight strikes again through a shattered window. Michael dives into a far corner, huddles under an iron rack, and covers his head with his hands, shrinking into a ball.

Finale:

Silence. Only his rasping breath.

A hand rests softly on his shoulder. Michael flinches, bracing for what comes next.

He raises his head. Before him is Rose. Once again calm and whole.

She presses a finger to her lips, calling for silence.

She takes his hand and leads him away. The pain begins to fade.

Michael looks at her with deep relief.

She helps him up. Slowly, step by step, they exit the abandoned building through a breach in the wall, leaving the shadows behind.

SCENE 13. EXT. STREET — NIGHT / DAWN**Environment:**

The street is drowning in a leaden pre-dawn mist. The asphalt is damp. Michael walks, heavily dragging his feet. His face reflects the exhaustion of the night.

Actions and Movement:

Rose walks a step ahead. She barely brushes his fingers with hers, leading him forward. She looks unnaturally clean against the

backdrop of the shabby facades.

Michael stops. His gaze catches a dim yellow light breaking through a semi-basement window. Above the entrance, a battered neon sign flickers: "OPEN." From inside comes the muffled sound of scratchy, worn-out jazz.

Michael looks at Rose. She nods, gesturing toward the door.

INT. BAR — CONTINUOUS

Atmosphere:

It is empty inside. Only an old BARTENDER wipes a glass behind the counter, not even raising his eyes. The air is thick with the smell of stale tobacco.

Actions:

Michael and Rose move to the furthest corner, to a worn-out leather booth. Michael collapses into the seat. The sofa springs creak.

Michael stands up from the sofa and heads toward the restroom.

SCENE 14. INT. BAR / RESTROOM — NIGHT

Environment:

A narrow corridor leads to a door with a peeling "WC" sign. Inside, a yellow bulb flickers, emitting an unpleasant electric crackle. The walls are covered in damp stains; the floor is sticky.

Actions and Movement:

Michael walks inside, breathing heavily. He glances quickly at Rose, who sits on the sofa watching him with a calm smile.

He walks over to the sink. He turns on the faucet—the water spits out in a rusty stream. Michael grabs a handful of cold water and splashes it on his face. Once. Twice. He doesn't wipe himself—the drops mix with the dirt and blood on his chin.

Discovery:

He looks down. In the corner, against the wall, next to the dirty toilet, lies a BODY. It's a MAN, in a heavy alcoholic stupor. He's snoring, a trickle of saliva dripping from his mouth. He's wearing a perfectly decent, dark jacket and a clean hoodie.

Robbery:

Michael kneels next to the drunk. His movements are quick, almost professional. He unbuttons the man's jacket, trying not to wake him. Every sound of snoring makes Michael wince and look back at the door.

He pulls the jacket off the limp body, then the hoodie. The man mumbles something in his sleep; Michael presses his hand to the man's mouth for a moment, holding his breath. Silence.

Transformation:

Michael drops his torn, blood-stained jacket right into a puddle on the floor. He puts on the other man's clothes. They are a little big, but they look "civilian."

He looks in the mirror again. Now he looks like a normal person,

not a fugitive from a wasteland. He wipes his face with the new sleeve and smooths his hair.

SCENE 15. INT. BAR – NIGHT

Actions and Movement:

Michael and Rose are sitting on the sofa. Two bright cocktails are in front of them. Michael drinks his through a straw greedily, never taking his eyes off Rose. She plays with the umbrella in her glass, winking at him.

Suddenly, an energetic old hit bursts from the speakers. Michael flinches, his face lights up, and he jumps out of his seat.

He runs out into the middle of the empty hall. He starts dancing: it's a chaotic mix of movements—he waves his arms, spins, and almost knocks over the napkin rack. He laughs, looking at Rose. She applauds him, sitting in the shadows.

Michael returns to the table, breathing heavily. He drinks the rest of his cocktail in one go. The ice clinks loudly against the glass.

Rose slowly gets up. She points her finger toward the restroom, making a playful "I'll be back soon" gesture. Michael follows her with his gaze, his face breaking into a happy smile.

Breakdown:

Suddenly, the smile vanishes. His face turns ashen. He clutches his throat, his eyes bulging. Michael spins around abruptly and, tripping over a chair, runs not toward the restroom, but toward the door marked "EXIT."

EXT. BACK ALLEY OF THE BAR – CONTINUOUS

Michael bursts outside into a filthy alleyway. He retches right against the brick wall. He gasps, bracing himself with one hand against a trash bin. His body shudders from the spasms.

He wipes his mouth with the sleeve of the stolen jacket. The cold dawn air hits his face, sobering him up. The world around him becomes too sharp, too gray.

INT. BAR – A MINUTE LATER

Michael returns to the hall.

The table is empty. Two glasses are in their places, but Rose's cocktail is **full**, completely untouched.

Michael rushes to the restroom. **EMPTY.**

Only the drunk man without a jacket is snoring in the corner.

Michael runs to the bar, grabbing the bartender by his shirt. The bartender slowly removes Michael's hands, looking at him as if he's insane. He silently shakes his head – there was no girl.

EXT. STREET

Michael lunges out onto the porch. Panic washes over him.

– ROSE! – he screams into the void.

He runs to the middle of the road. He looks around. To the left – a long, endless street with closed shops. To the right – the park, where the trees look like black claws.

Michael freezes. His head jerks from one side to the other. He takes a step to the right, stops, and spins 180 degrees. He looks like a hunted animal that has forgotten where its burrow is.

He takes a deep breath and closes his eyes, trying to remember the scent of her perfume, but he smells only gasoline and wet asphalt.

SCENE 16. EXT. ALLEYWAY – NIGHT

Environment:

A dead end behind the bar. The only light source is a shattered sign that flickers and casts a nervous red light onto the walls. Underfoot are black puddles with floating trash. The walls seem higher than usual, turning the alley into an iron cage.

Actions and Movement:

Michael rushes into the alley, his breath ragged and eyes filled with desperation. He is confronted by two figures blocking his path. In a state of intense distress, he attempts to push past them, moving with the frantic energy of someone who has lost everything. After a brief, sharp struggle, Michael is thrown to the ground. The figures quickly disappear into the shadows, leaving him alone in the darkness.

Culmination:

Michael lies in the dirt, trembling from the cold and the physical shock. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small package, his hands shaking uncontrollably as he tries to find some form of relief from the overwhelming situation.

Rose's Appearance:

Rose emerges from the shadows behind the bins, looking disheveled and breathless. She rushes to his side, ignoring the grime as she kneels beside him. Michael clings to her, seeking comfort in her presence as the reality of the night sets in.

Finale:

Rose silently holds him, offering a moment of peace amidst the chaos. The camera slowly tilts upward toward the vast, dark sky where a cold, distant moon shines down. From a high angle, we see the lonely figure in the alley, isolated in the vastness of the city.

SCENE 17. INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Environment:

The room is illuminated by only a single desk lamp that barely pierces the darkness. The air is heavy and stagnant. Scattered across the table are bandages, hydrogen peroxide, and torn packets.

Actions and Movement:

Michael sits in a chair, his head lolled back lifelessly. Rose stands before him. Slowly, almost sacredly, she wipes the blood from his face with a wet towel.

Close-up:

Her fingers touch his face. Michael is frozen. His gaze is fixed on the ceiling, where shadows from the lamp intertwine into bizarre patterns.

Rose applies a bandage to his cheek. She leans in and kisses him on the forehead. Her touch feels unusually cool to him.

Transition:

Rose steps away. We hear her footsteps on the creaking parquet. She enters the bathroom.

SOUND: The sound of water in the shower. First intermittent, then a monotonous white noise. A light steam escapes through the crack in the bathroom door.

Michael is left alone. His eyelids become heavy. He tries to move, but exhaustion shatters his body.

Finale:

Michael slowly closes his eyes. The light of the desk lamp begins to flicker and finally goes out.

In complete darkness, we continue to hear only one sound—the steady, endless noise of the water in the shower, where Rose continues to wash.

SCENE 18. INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT — NIGHT

Actions and Movement:

Michael snaps his eyes open. He is still sitting in the chair. Silence reigns in the apartment. The sound of the shower has stopped.

He stands up, holding onto the table. His gaze falls to the floor.

Close-up:

By the bathroom door—a clear wet footprint of a bare foot. The track is fresh. The next footprint is a bit further. They lead directly to the front door.

Michael rushes to the bathroom. It is empty. The towel hangs straight, but heavy drops are still falling from it. On the mirror—thick steam.

He turns around and sees that the front door is slightly ajar. A thin sliver of light from the hallway cuts through the darkness of the entryway.

Continuation:

Michael runs out into the hallway. The stairs are flooded with cold fluorescent light. He hears a heavy door slowly closing somewhere a floor below.

He stops by the railing. There, on the concrete floor, lies the same damp towel Rose used to wipe his face. But around him—not a soul. This is not just a chase; it is an attempt to understand if she was actually there or if it was merely a figment of his exhausted mind.

SCENE 19. INT. HALLWAY / STAIRS — NIGHT

Michael bursts into the hallway. His bare feet slap against the cold concrete.

Environment:

The hallway lamp flickers, emitting a dry crackle. Dark, wet spots are clearly visible on the gray stairs. They lead upward.

Michael runs. His heart hammers against his ribs like a trapped

bird. He breathes heavily, clutching the railing. The spots become increasingly sparse, as if the water on her skin is drying with every step.

He reaches the top floor. The iron door leading to the roof sways heavily on its hinges. The screech of metal against metal grates on the ears.

Michael pushes the door with both hands and bursts into the fresh air.

SCENE 20. EXT. ROOFTOP – NIGHT

Environment:

The flat roof of a high-rise. The wind hums in the antennas like stretched strings. The city below seems like a blurred mass of lights, but up here, an icy silence reigns.

Actions and Movement:

Michael bursts onto the roof. His chest heaves, white steam escaping his mouth. He freezes.

At the very edge of the parapet, with her back to the abyss, stands ROSE. A massive FULL MOON hangs directly behind her head, turning her silhouette into a dark icon surrounded by a glowing halo. Her white dress flutters wildly in the wind, like wings trying to take flight.

Close-up:

Rose's face is perfectly calm. She looks at Michael with a sad, infinitely tender smile. Her bare feet stand on the very edge of the concrete ledge.

Dialogue:

MICHAEL: (his cry turning into a raspy plea) Don't do it! I beg you! You're the only thing I have!

Michael takes a step forward, reaching out toward her with trembling hands. His eyes are filled with tears that reflect the moonlight.

Culmination:

Rose does not answer. She slowly leans back, spreading her arms as if preparing for an embrace or flight. Her gaze does not break from Michael's eyes until the very last second.

SCENE 21. EXT. ROOFTOP / AIR – NIGHT (FALLING)

Actions and Movement:

Michael lunges from his spot and runs toward Rose. He trips over the parapet. His body falls toward Rose, but Michael passes right through her. The world flips. Gravity vanishes for a fraction of a second.

He falls back-first. The city recedes rapidly, turning into blurred lights. Before his eyes—only the vast night sky and the giant Moon.

Vision:

Michael sees Rose. She isn't falling beside him. She stands in the air, weightless, as if woven from mist. She begins to rise slowly, straight toward the lunar disk. Her white dress dissolves into the silver glow, becoming part of the light.

Close-up:

Michael's eyes. No fear remains. Only crystal clarity. He realizes: she was the pure part of him, the life he could have had but lost.

He reaches toward the Moon, trying to catch the last glimmer of light. His hand relaxes. Acceptance.

SCENE 22. EXT. STREET - NIGHT

SOUND: A heavy, distant thud. Silence. Then—a faint siren. Michael lies still on the empty night road. The streetlights cast long, dark shadows around him.

The Crowd:

People emerge from the shadows and doorways, gathering in a circle. Their faces are blurred, and an anxious whisper fills the air.

Michael's gaze shifts slightly. Through the crowd, he sees a GIRL standing apart. She wears a modern jacket, but her face is that of Rose. She looks at him with deep, human pity. She is the real version of who Rose could have been.

MICHAEL'S INTERNAL VOICE:

(a quiet, calm whisper)

If I could return... I would never have taken this path.

Finale:

The girl looks away and vanishes into the crowd. The streetlight above Michael fades, plunging the scene into darkness.

Michael's eyes slowly close. A final tear falls.

BLACKOUT.

CREDITS.