

LONGING

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(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

the doorway, laughing. MICHAEL, handsome and fit, with slicked jet "runner" build, in a black dress. Alexandra shrugs off her jacket, handing it to Michael and scurries into the next room.

ALEXANDRA (O.S.)
That was one of the nicest
restaurants I've been in a long time.
Thank you so much

Michael shuts the door behind him, kicking off his shoes and shrugging off his own jacket. He hangs up both jackets on a nearby coat rack, setting his PHONE on a table. The table holds photos of Alexandra on her daily runs. A pair of RUNNING SHOES sit near by.

MICHAEL
Secretly, that's a 'thanks for paying
after I ordered the most expensive
plate on the menu'?

Alexandra pokes her head out from the next room, grinning hard. Michael follows her into the room. A LAPTOP sits on a desk, papers stacked neatly next to it. Alexandra walks through into the bedroom while Michael sits at the desk. A TRACKSUIT sits on the bed.

INT. HOUSE - OFFICE

ALEXANDRA (O.S.)
Nooo...but you have to admit that was
some of the best filet mignon ever.
Definitely worth the \$40

Michael looks over into the bedroom, as Alexandra walks out, wearing a hoodie.

MICHAEL
That was \$40?!

Alexandra lets out a laugh, walking towards Michael, hugging him from behind.

ALEXANDRA (GRINNING)
...I love you

MICHAEL (ROLLING HIS EYES)
I love you too.

A phone starts ringing. Michael looks around for his phone, patting his pockets and searching the desk.

MICHAEL

Where did I leave my phone?

Alexandra walks into the hallway, she returns and leans on the doorway. Michael looks over at her. She dangles his phone in her hands. Michael gets up to grab the phone from her, she moves it away from him. He gets closer.

ALEXANDRA (MOVING THE PHONE)

Without me, you'd lose your head if
it wasn't attached to your shoulders.
But I need you to promise me
something.

MICHAEL (ANNOYED)

What is it?

ALEXANDRA (HANDING THE PHONE)

Come running with me one day. It'll
be fun. Take a break, clear your
mind. It'll help you.

MICHAEL (SIGHING) (HESITATING)

I don't know.

ALEXANDRA (POUTING)

Please.

MICHAEL

I promise. Can we talk about this
later please?

She frowns, her eyes droop for a second. A smile promptly returns to her face. Michael returns to the desk, looking down at the phone.

ALEXANDRA

Who's calling you this late anyways?
(stifling a laugh) What's her name?

MICHAEL

HER name is Jacob...my publisher.

Alexandra's eyes light up.

ALEXANDRA

OH...is this about the 'top secret'
writing project? When are you going
to tell me more about it?

MICHAEL
One day I promise Alex.

The phone keeps ringing, Michael stares at it, taking a deep breath.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
Well? Are you going to answer it? Or
would you like me to do it for you?

FADE TO BLACK

The phone continues to ring.

INT. HOUSE - OFFICE - LATE MORNING
Michael is jolted awake by the phone ringing. He looks around to find the source of the ringing, papers clutter the desk. He spots it, reaching for it he knocks over a PICTURE FRAME onto answers the phone.

MICHAEL
I...

JACOB (V.O.)
Drop the formalities, Michael, you know why I'm calling. Where's the project?

MICHAEL
I know, I promise I'll get it to you on time, I just got caught up with some other...

JACOB (V.O.)
Michael, the deadlines Friday, if I don't see any movement on your end...I'll have to give it's up to someone else....

MICHAEL
Just give me a few more days

JACOB (V.O.)
My hands are tied, now get it done.

Michael's face tightens.

JACOB (V.O.) (cont'd)
(sighing)
Look, Michael. I heard about what happened...it sucks and I'm sorry, but maybe you just had to close that chapter of life without her.

MICHAEL (FORCED)
Yeah...

The line disconnects. Michael sets down the phone and stares at the laptop, cursor blinking on an empty page. He slams it shut and lets out a sigh. Wearily, he goes to get up and stops. Picking up the PICTURE FRAME he dropped. A picture of him and Alexandra stares back at him. He manages a weak smile as he sets it back on the desk. He walks towards the bathroom, grabbing the phone as he goes. Opening the phone, he flips through messages, he passes by some from Jacob. The last message says something about re scheduling their meeting. He clicks under Alexandra's name and scrolls.

ALEXANDRA (V.O.)
Can we talk?

You know I'll always be there for you.

I know it'll be hard. This job is a really good opportunity for me.

Just promise me one thing: You'll finish that 'top secret' writing project.

He stops and looks into the mirror, gripping the edge of the sink with white knuckles.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Michael stands in the mirror, getting himself ready.

ALEXANDRA
Oh, Michael! Look at how handsome.

He looks over as Alexandra puts her arm around his shoulder, she lingers as she walks into the bathroom. She begins brushing her hair behind him.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
(CHUCKLING)
All this for me?

MICHAEL

It's your track friends I'm meeting,
AND you said to look good for them.

ALEXANDRA

(sarcastically)
Just don't embarrass me in front of
them. (serious) We've got our own
running day planned too don't forget.

MICHAEL (SMIRKING)

I'll try my best not to. Now where
did I put the gel?

Michael look s back to the mirror, fumbling with his collar.
Alexandra appears behind him, with the gel. Scooping some
into Michael's hair.

ALEXANDRA

Hang on..and VIOLA!

She runs out of the bathroom, passing a CALENDAR. It has two
out.A NOTE is pinned to the top, describing a track
coordinator event. Michael fixes his hair.

ALEXANDRA (cont'd)

Come on or we're going to be late!

MICHAEL

Hey, this was all your fault!

FLASHBACK END

A buzz from his phone snaps him out of it. He stares into
the mirror, breathing heavily, heart pounding. Tears well in
his eyes, some drip down towards the sink. He takes a moment
to compose himself and looks at this phone. A text appears
from "Danny" - I'm almost at the shop, meet you there. He
pauses.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Shit.

He runs into the office, grabbing his laptop and throwing it
in a bag. He takes one last look at the PHOTOGRAPH before
leaving the house.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - STREET VIEW

Michael sits at a table, his laptop open in front of him. He
stares out onto the road.

INT. COFFEE SHOP

Michael stares at the blinking cursor in front of him. He looks up and observes the other patrons. He pauses on a woman. She looks just like Alex...it couldn't be. He moves to get up to get a closer look.

MICHAEL

Hey...

She turns around. It the seat. The blinking cursor continues. Mocking him. He checks his watch. A voice booms through the shop, as the door opens.

DANNY

MIKEY!

He looks up to see Danny entering the shop, a woman trailing behind him. The y approach the table as Michael gets up, Danny brings him into a hug. Michael remains stiff.

DANNY (cont'd)

Long time no see! How've you been?

MICHAEL

I'm doing okay, I've been better but life goes on.

Danny's smile fades into a frown for a second then back to a smile.

DANNY

Hey! I've got someone you should meet.

He gestures towards the woman. In her mid 20s, the woman is stunningly beautiful, enough to make everyone in the shop pause for a moment as she walks in. Her blue eyes are complemented by her clothing. She takes time in her appearance, though the coffee sh environment.

DANNY (cont'd)

This is Emma.

Emma sits down at the table, across from Michael. Danny takes a seat to the side.

DANNY (cont'd)

You remember Mia, right? The girl I've been seeing. Well Emma is Mia's sister, and she just so happens to be a writer too!

Michael stares at Emma, observing her curiously. She extends a hand to him. Michael shakes her hand.

EMMA
Very nice to meet you, Michael.
Danny's told me alot about you.

MICHAEL
Has he? I hope its the good parts ?

He looks over at Danny.

DANNY
Oh come on, Mikey. Of course it was
the good parts. I have plenty more to
tell you Emma!

Emma stifles a laugh. She gets up from the table.

EMMA
I bet you do.
(Getting up from the
table)
If you'll excuse me, I'm just going
to use the restroom.

Michael watches her leave and snaps over to Danny. He talks in a hushed tone.

MICHAEL
Danny, what the hell was that?

DANNY
What was what?

MICHAEL
It was just me and you, you didn't
mention you were bringing someone.

He glares at Danny. Danny becomes nervous and chuckles.

DANNY (RAPID)
Yeah about that? Look I was with Mia,
she brought Emma, and one thing led
to another...

MICHAEL
I dont even want to ask. Why'd you
bring her here?

Danny's face softens. A serious face.

DANNY

Look Mikey, it's been weeks since...
you know. Don't you think it's time
to get back out there and find
someone new? I just thought...
(trailing off)(hushed)
I mean it's not like Alex is going to
come back.

MICHAEL (ANGRILY)

What the hell did you just say? Say
it again

DANNY

I didn't mean it like that Mikey. I'm
sorry.

They sit in silence as Emma approaches the table again.
Michael closes his laptop and stuffs it in his bag, as he
gets up to leave.

MICHAEL

Emma, it was a pleasure meeting you.
But I think I'll be going now.

EMMA (FROWNING)

Oh..this soon? Please stay.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP

Michael exits the shop and begins walking down the street.
Emma rushes out of the shop behind him, trying to catch up
to him.

EMMA

Hey wait up!

Michael turns.

MICHAEL

Look Emma you're lovely and all... but
I just don't

EMMA

Danny told me what happened there, I
understand. I'm sure he didn't mean
it like that though.

They continue walking.

MICHAEL

He can be a total oblivious jerk
sometimes, I don't know how Mia puts
up with him.

EMMA

Trust me she's the same way, I feel
like they're meant for each other.

MICHAEL

Oh I feel bad for you.

EMMA

No need to. She's my sister. Without
her, I'd lose my head if it wasn't
attached to my shoulders.

Michael stops. Emma looks over at him.

EMMA (CONCERNED)

You okay?

MICHAEL

Yeah I'm fine...just what you said.
It reminded me of someone.

Emma frowns. They continue walking down the street.

EMMA

Someone good hopefully?

MICHAEL (SORROW)

Yeah, she was amazing. She really
kept me organized and without her.

EMMA

I'm sorry to hear that. Life has a
way of knowing what we need in our
lives

He feigns a weak smile towards Emma. They round a corner and
Emma stops.

EMMA (cont'd)

Well this is it for me. walking me
home. These streets can be dangerous
at times.

MICHAEL (SORROWFUL)

Tell me about it.

She pulls out a piece of paper from her purse and scribbles
on it, handing it to Michael.

EMMA (SMILING)
Here. Give me a call sometime. Maybe
we can look at that project Danny
told me about.

Michael looks up at her and takes the note.

MICHAEL
(smiling)
I might just take you up on that
offer.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Michael walks through the door and sets down his bag,
grabbing his laptop and heads towards the office.

INT. HOUSE - OFFICE

He sets the laptop down, then reaches into his pocket before
opening it. He looks at the number and places it on the
desk. He notices another note, one from Alexandra. He pauses
and reads it, promptly setting it back down. He looks at
both notes, and smiles. He begins typing on the keyboard,
working on the end of on it for some time.

FADE OUT

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Michael gets up from his bed, and grabs a stack of papers,
his phone, and heads out the door. Grabbing his keys off the
stand, a newspaper is beneath it. Its title reads "LOCAL
TRACK STAR STRUCK AND KILLED". As he closes the door behind
him, he dials onto the phone.

MICHAEL
Hey Jacob, it's me. No need to boot
me off the project, I got it all
ready for you. Just gotta make a stop
first.

EXT. HOUSE

Michael sits down in his car. Taking a look at the house in
front of him, he remembers. He sees Alexandra move past the
window and walk out the door. He looks down towards the
project up, no one is there. He ponders then drives off.

EXT. GRAVESITE - MIDDAY

Michael approaches the fenced gate, the project in one hand and a bouquet of flowers in another. He walks to a bench and sits down. He sets his phone next to him.

MICHAEL

Hey, I know it's been a while since I visited. That 'secret project' took a lot out of me. Not to mention that not a day goes by without me thinking of you.

The camera moves past the bench to focus on the gravestone. "1997 - 2023".

MICHAEL (cont'd)

You got me this far, even without you being here. Even if I knew the result would be the same as now, with you. I promised I would tell you one day about the project.

His phone buzzes with a message from "Emma". Picking up the phone, his eyes linger on the tombstone. Eventually, he gets up and walks away.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I'll always love you Alex

Behind him, a figure appears and walks next to the gravestone. A bright angel, Alexandra smiles as Michael walks away. The papers are hit by a gust of wind as Alexandra walks by and disappears. It reveals the first few words of the book.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (cont'd)

Longing for your touch one more time,
this is my final goodbye .