

A Stormy Day

By:

Rachael Harbourne

OVER BLACK:

The soft patter of rainfall is heard, building to a crescendo that indicates a torrential downpour. A sharp crack of thunder echoes loudly, overtaking the sound of the rain for a split second.

SHARP CUT:

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

The focus is on a woman's feet running down the sidewalk as the rain pours down. She's wearing bright red shoes. The click-clacking of her heels along the pavement resonates across the empty city as she runs.

CUT/HIGH-ANGLE SHOT:

EXT. SIDEWALK/QUAINT BOOKSTORE-BAR - DAY

The woman, still running, is holding a partially opened newspaper over her head, obscuring the side of her face. She veers towards the bookstore as the rain continues to smack against the pavement.

CUT:

INT. DOOR OF THE BOOKSTORE-BAR

The top of the door is visible on the screen. Soft piano music is heard in the background. A small golden bell at the top of the door jingles violently as the door swings open.

As the door shuts, the bell still faintly ringing, the camera pans down vertically to the woman who just entered; she's breathing hard.

Her hair hangs limp around her shoulders, thin strands plastered to the side of her face. Her eyes are closed as she leans back against the door, trying to catch her breath.

The camera continues to pan down, taking in her soaking wet clothes. She's wearing a loose white blouse, tucked into a knee length pencil skirt. A gold name tag with black letters spelling out the name MARGOT hangs crookedly on her shirt. The blouse is sticking to her like a second skin, the white tank top underneath is the only thing keeping her dignity from falling apart completely, and she knows it too.

(CONTINUED)

As the pan continues, the newspaper she had tried to use as protection hangs limply in her hand, and falls to the floor with a *squelch*. The pan stops at her heels, which still look sophisticated despite everything being soaking wet.

TRACKING PAN/ZOOM OUT:

INT. BOOKSTORE-BAR

With the camera still focused on the shoes, Margot starts walking, her heels clicking against the wood floor as she makes her way over to the coffee bar.

CUT:

INT. COFFEE BAR

Margot plops down onto the chair, leaning her elbows against the counter as she drops in head into her hands, groaning. The BARISTA brings over a mug of hot chocolate, setting it down with a *clink*. Margot looks up at him with appreciation in her eyes, too exhausted to form words. The barista nods his head at her as he walks to the other end of the bar to take an order.

Margot brings the drink up to her lips and lets the steam warm her face. As she takes a sip, a MAN comes up next to her, hanging his wet umbrella on the hooks situated underneath the countertop.

He's too close for comfort, and Margot rolls her eyes as she goes to say something about personal space, when she sees who it is and starts choking on the sip of hot chocolate she had just swallowed.

The man looks over at her, startled. Upon realizing that she's choking, leans over the bar and grabs a glass, filling it with water.

Margot's eyes are watering and she feels his hand on her back and he urges her to take a sip. She takes two big gulps before setting the glass down. She looks up at him in shock. A look of confusion flickers across her features.

The man softly laughs, but it's awkward. His eyes sparkle with awe as he looks at her, sinking back onto the chair next to her.

(CONTINUED)

Awkwardly fiddling with her hands, Margot opens her mouth to say something, then quickly looks away and down into her hot chocolate, her cheeks turning bright red as she remembers that she's literally dripping wet.

CUT:

INT. BEHIND THE BAR

The man reaches for her hand, obviously not caring about her ruffled appearance. He tugs on Margot's hand gently to get her to look at him. When she finally does, he pulls her hand up to his lips and presses a soft kiss on the back of her hand as he continues to look into her eyes.

Margot blushes, smiling as she turns her head again back down towards the table.

The man catches her chin before she can fully look away and they stare at each other for a minute before Margot flings her arms around his shoulders, pressing herself as close to him as possible. He wraps his arms around her as they stay like this for a while.

When they finally pull away, he reaches up to hold her face in both of his hands. They stare at each other, seemingly frozen in time. A single tear rolls down Margot's cheek, and the man wipes it away with the pad of his thumb before he leans in and gently kisses her, Margot's hands clinging to his arms for dear life.

FADE OUT TO BLACK