

The Observer

by

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INT. DINER - NIGHT

Old scratchy music is playing over numb, murky view of a nearly empty diner.

A slender waitress in her 30's behind the counter stares blankly into a book, periodically lifting her eyes for a habitual, uninterested look around. The nametag on her "BENNY'S DINER" uniform reads SAMANTHA.

MALE VOICE OVER

What a perfectly fitting name! I wonder how long she's been working here...long time I bet...the slow painful years of serving moody strangers left their marks on her face. You can tell by the eyes...

CUT TO HER OBSERVER

He's a shorthaired man with apparent signs of chronic sleep deprivation sitting in shadows amongst empty tables.

After putting a cup full of teabags down on the table, he pulls out a portable voice recorder from his coat pocket. Covering part of his face with his hand to look inconspicuous, he begins talking into the device.

OBSERVER

Samantha...another broken woman gradually turned into a hollow shell by the unforgiving realities of this world. Age and unfaithful, selfish men have shown her no mercy! She's been living alone for years.

CUT TO:

INT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SAMANTHA sits at a blue weathered table in the middle of a bleak colorless room. In front of her is an untouched plate of equally drab dinner. Her empty eyes gaze into nothingness.

PAN QUICKLY TO OBSERVER

He is leaning against the wall closely by, watching Samantha who clearly can't see him. He raises the recorder up to his face and begins speaking.

OBSERVER

Through long years of punishing
loneliness she didn't just lose
hope, she even lost
desperation...she no longer needs
people.

He pauses to look down.

OBSERVER'S P.O.V.

Several dusty taxidermy cats are scrambled on the floor.

OBSERVER OFF-SCREEN

Nor cats for that matter.

CUT TO:

BENNY'S DINER

OBSERVER (SHAKING HIS HEAD)

No man, come on, it's not that
grim, damn! Of course she needs a
cat!

CUT TO:

INT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT V.2 - NIGHT

Samantha is on a couch in a warmly lit apartment petting a
fluffy white cat. After it runs off she pulls out a few
candles from the coffee table and starts lighting them
meditatively.

PAN QUICKLY TO OBSERVER

This time sitting nearby in an armchair with a knitted
quilt on his lap stroking the cat. He looks at Samantha
with poetic eyes and starts recording.

OBSERVER

She's definitely lonely...but her
loneliness is a rare song lyric
that...

...destroys your heart with sweeping simplicity! Every night
she lights a few candles and through their flames she
envisions a chance encounter with a man who'll understand
her.

Samantha leans into the couch serenely mesmerized as
shadows dance around the room.

CUT TO:

BENNY'S DINER

Satisfied with himself the Observer looks up and finds Samantha smiling at him from behind the counter offering a refill by dangling a few teabags in her hand.

Expressively yet timidly he gestures a declination and quickly looks down to avoid further contact.

Samantha tilts her head smiling in facetious disappointment then continues reading while unwrapping a piece of candy from an orange wrapper.

OBSERVER (CAUTIOUSLY)

She has a strange but interesting smile, the kind that attracts freaks and artists...I have no doubt she has a weirdo secret admirer...wonder what the creep looks like...on the other hand what's the difference anyway, we all look more or less the same...I bet he's a painter...with long hair and a beard...

CUT TO:

INT. VIEW FROM CEILING DOWN - DAY

A man with long hair and a beard (played by same actor as Observer) is lying on the floor aching in passionate longing with a crude painting of Samantha next to him.

PAN QUICKLY TO OBSERVER

His profile silhouetted against a window in this room.

OBSERVER (INTO RECORDER)

Every day you'll find him ecstatically burning in twisted pleasures of wanting her secretly, loving every sweet, masochistic sting of yearning for her unattainable, pure, fragile world, a world he feels infinitely unworthy of, thus he lashes himself with a leather belt.

We hear a loud whipping sound followed by a very annoyed OOUUU!

The Observer contemplates for a second then calmly speaks into the recorder.

OBSERVER
Let's make him a musician.

CUT TO:

INT. EMPTY LIVING ROOM - DAY

PANNING slowly to reveal the same longhaired man as before gently sliding his fingers across several violins that hang on the wall. Labels under each violin read: "HER EYES", "HER LIPS", "HER SOUL"...

PAN QUICKLY TO OBSERVER

Sprawled on the couch he comments without recording.

OBSERVER
Beautiful, romantic idea but, too unrealistic! How about a poet?

CUT TO:

INT. CLOSE UP ON A BOILING KETTLE

A hand swoops in to take it off the stove.

It's the Observer casually helping himself to some tea in the kitchen. He pours water into a large cup and raises the recorder to his mouth as usual.

OBSERVER
He's a total freak...so deathly afraid to just ask her out, that for the last six months he's been writing the perfect poem through which he plans to confess his tortured love! Looks like tonight he's finally ready to do it!

PAN QUICKLY TO THE POET

The same longhaired, bearded man is hunched over the kitchen table scribbling away furiously. After inking in the last few words of the poem he glances it over, exhales in relief, grabs it and runs off.

CUT TO:

BENNY'S DINER

Samantha's shift is over. She's putting on her jacket while shouting "bye" to someone in the back.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE BENNY'S DINER

Samantha walks out of the diner and heads down an empty street.

THE POET follows her with some distance behind.

She opens the door to her building and walks in.

Few seconds later the Poet walks into view.

He paces around gathering courage then suddenly charges through the door. THUD! He and Samantha SLAM into each other in the lobby.

Samantha recovers first as the Poet stands there in confusion.

SAMANTHA (SUPER EXCITED)

Sorry, you alright? Oh hey, I've seen you at Benny's! I'm so sorry but I really have to get back to the diner, I might be crazy but if I don't talk to this man there...

...I'll always regret it! It could be amazing right? I mean you never know! Wish me luck...

She disappears behind the door.

She runs up the street towards the diner.

She approaches the entrance.

She pushes open the door.

She sees the Observer's back.

She stretches her hand towards him.

She smiles.

Her fingers land gently upon his shoulder.

CLOSE UP

The Observer opens his eyes.

He turns around but no one is behind him. Swiftly assuming his initial pose he tightly closes his eyes again and utters into the recorder...

OBSERVER (SLOWLY)

She stretches her hand towards him...she smiles...her fingers land gently upon his shoulder...(long pause)...her fingers land gently upon his shoulder...

He opens his eyes knowing she's not there. He gets up hurt and upset, puts cash on the table and walks out.

CUT TO:

OBSERVER WALKING DOWN AN EMPTY STREET

Spying from behind we follow him for a while when suddenly he stops, noticing something on the ground.

OBSERVER'S P.O.V.

A candy in an orange wrapper is glowing against the dark pavement.

COUNTER ANGLE

The Observer's face is stiff with a sorrowful expression as he looks down deep in contemplation.

We begin moving upwards passed his frozen face, over his head, up in the air leaving him below, smoothly turning to the side, landing on a view of a glowing window with curtains drawn.

DISSOLVE TO SAMANTHA'S BEDROOM

She's sitting up in bed reading her book while talking to someone off-screen.

SAMANTHA

What do you think Frank...the guy was talking into a tape recorder pretty much the whole time...do you think maybe he's a novelist? A playwright or something?

No answer. She looks up from the book.

SAMANTHA'S P.O.V.

An orange cat sitting near her feet turns away in utter disinterest. We return to Samantha.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Nice, I can tell you really care Frank!

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I don't know...I thought he was handsome...in a strange but interesting kind of a way. Anyhow I put my number in his pocket when he had his eyes closed! Do you think he'll call?

Instead of answering Frank starts blissfully grooming himself.

SAMANTHA OFF-SCREEN

Okay, okay, do your thing but let's try to not have another 5 am jam session! Alright there Sinatra...do you promise? I'm serious this time...

FADE OUT.

THE END.