

THE LAST SUPPER

Written by

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INT. NIGHT. A RESTAURANT.

Affluent couples sit eating and drinking in a warm restaurant. They are laughing, clinking glasses, kissing and generally having a lovely romantic time. Valentines Day balloons grace the tables.

EXT. NIGHT. A RESTAURANT.

MAN and WOMAN, two homeless people in their late 60's, early 70's look in through the window at the happy scene. Outside the air is cold. The huddle next to each other coveting the dinners being consumed with romantic delight before them. They turn away from the restaurant and walk away. WOMAN looks to MAN and smiles. In her eyes is the disappointment of their situation, but underlaying it is the happiness that she is with the man she loves. There is no regret, no bitterness. Just an acceptance of the situation. MAN returns the look. He sees her disappointment and for a second his shame flashes on his face. He looks beyond her, back towards the restaurant. He looks back into her eyes, gently stroking her face.

MAN

Wait here.

He wanders off down an alley. WOMAN looks around, finding a comfortable spot on the ground, leans her tired body against the wall of a store, and sighs, pulling her coat and shawl up over to keep out the cold.

EXT. NIGHT. AN ALLEY BEHIND THE RESTAURANT. A FEW SECONDS LATER.

MAN stands looking at the back door to the restaurant. He looks down to his hand and toys with the ring on his finger. He looks at it with some trepidation. This is the last thing he owns. His last connection to times past. He throws a look back down the alley and sees WOMAN trying to keep warm. He turns back when the door opens and KITCHEN HAND comes out carrying a bag of rubbish. He pulls off his ring and goes up to the KITCHEN HAND, saying something in his ear. The KITCHEN HAND looks at him, then at WOMAN, then back to MAN. He looks back to the restaurant. He pauses. MAN, convinced his idea didn't work, turns but KITCHEN HAND places his hand on his shoulder. MAN turns back. He gives the ring to KITCHEN HAND who goes back inside. MAN waits.

INT. NIGHT. A RESTAURANT KITCHEN.

KITCHEN HAND takes some plates of scraps and puts them on a bench. He plates up two meals - not just throwing the food on, but arranging it as if he was a chef. His ambition shows with his action. He quickly heats it in the microwave, and pours some hot soup into two cups.

He grabs a box and puts in the meals, along with a half full bottle of wine and a couple of glasses. He pulls a rose out of a vase and places that beside the food. He grabs a dirty table cloth out of the laundry basket and adds that in too. He takes them outside.

EXT. NIGHT. AN ALLEY BEHIND THE RESTAURANT. A FEW SECONDS LATER.

KITCHEN HAND brings box to MAN and smiles. MAN wells up with tears of joy. He takes the box, and as he does so, KITCHEN HAND places the ring in the box. MAN looks disbelieving at this gesture. He tries to speak but is all choked up.

KITCHEN HAND

Enjoy.

He turns and returns inside. MAN looks back to WOMAN still where he left her. He carries the box to her and smiling, places it down. He looks at her. His face drops. He goes to her and pulls back the scarf from her face, revealing a stare of death. He looks back to the box and to WOMAN. He physically shrinks. This can't be how it ends. Fighting back tears he grabs the rose from the box and gently places it in WOMAN'S hands. He grabs the wine glasses, pouring a small amount of wine in them. He 'chinks' her glass and sips. He leans into her and very gently kisses her on the lips.

MAN

I'm sorry. I love you.

He kisses her again. He snuggles in next to her, laying her head on his lap and pulls the blankets up around himself to keep warm. He gently strokes her head as people walk by, completely unaware of these two souls.