

FINDING LOVE

By

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AN ORIGINAL CONCEPT BY LAURA MARIE CLARE

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EXT. APARTMENT

TIME: NIGHT

MICHAEL stands outside the door to apartment no. 19 holding flowers and a bottle of gin. Obviously nervous, he waits attentively in the shadows near the doorway.

ECU: FLOWERS AND VALENTINES DAY CARD

MICHAEL hears heels clicking against the concrete as ALEX walks down the concrete corridor towards him.

POV: ALEX WALKING TOWARDS HER APARTMENT DOOR

ALEX has not seen MICHAEL and reaches into her satchel to get her keys. MICHAEL steps out into the light behind her. ALEX stands there nervously. She does not recognise him.

MICHAEL

I found ya - after all this time. It's you. I know it's you because you have that same beautiful smile, I was smitten after seeing that smile. My mate's mate's girlfriend said she knew ya - gave me your address, hope you don't mind. I bought ya a bottle of gin - I remember you said you liked gin, said it was what the educated people drank - not that I'm educated but I thought maybe.. (*worried*) I met ya three years ago. Ya wouldn't give me your number and I said no matter what I would find you. I said I would go through every girl in England until I found you again and now I have.

ALEX stares directly at him lost for words.

MICHAEL

I have been waiting three years for this moment. Sarah, please.

ALEX looks down and fiddles with her keys nervously.

ALEX

My name is Alex.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL  
No..no (*confused*) your  
name is Sarah, it's Sarah -  
Sarah Craft. We met...

ALEX  
My name is Alex. It's Alex,  
Alex Wilson.

MICHAEL  
But this is Sarah's house?

ALEX  
The girl who lived here before me  
died. She died seven months ago. I  
don't know how...I didn't know her.

MICHAEL drops everything and slumps to the ground crying.  
The gin smashes. He throws the flowers.

AERIAL: FLOWERS CASCADING OVER THE BALCONY INTO THE  
COURTYARD BELOW.

MICHAEL  
I thought you were her. I looked  
into your eyes and I was so excited  
to see you...again.

MICHAEL reaches into his pocket and pulls out a badly  
damaged polaroid. He caresses it lovingly.

MICHAEL  
I carried this everywhere. I  
thought it didn't matter that the  
image was scratched because her  
face was etched into my memory. How  
could I be so in love with someone  
when I don't even remember what she  
looks like?

MICHAEL looks at ALEX waiting for an answer. ALEX kneels  
down next to him and looks him in the eye.

MICHAEL  
I'm MICHAEL.

MICHAEL puts his hand out and realises that his hand is  
bleeding. ALEX gets a tissue from her bag and wipes his  
hand. When the blood has been wiped away, she kisses his  
hand softly. She then stands up and waits for him to follow  
her inside.

ALEX  
I prefer whisky.