

FIRST SIGHT

by

Michael Davies

© Michael Davies
10 Market Place
Long Buckby
Northamptonshire
NN6 7RR

01327 844746
07977 939799

mrgdavies@aol.com
www.mrgdavies.com

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET JUNCTION - VALENTINE'S DAY

A four-way junction controlled by traffic lights. On every pavement corner stands a gaggle of COMMUTERS, waiting for the crossing to turn green.

They wait. No-one crosses. The pedestrian lights remain obstinately red.

Traffic ploughs by, fast and threatening. The occasional car horn blares a warning. Still the walkers wait.

Finally, the vehicles slow to a halt. Their lights have changed. Engines rev. A distant emergency siren sounds.

But still the pedestrians wait, slavishly obedient to the signals high above their heads. For a brief moment, the heart of the intersection is empty, breathtakingly still.

And then the lights turn green.

In a single, chaotic movement, every one of the clusters of commuters leaps simultaneously into life as the pedestrians surge seamlessly onto the street. It's an unchoreographed ballet of limbs, feet and motion.

The eyes of the people at the front of each group are focused, determined, aimed resolutely at the opposite kerb.

In the frenzy, it seems impossible that the tightly-knit gangs swarming towards each other can avoid collision, clashes, contact of some kind. And yet somehow they do.

Until one MAN bumps involuntarily against the shoulder of one WOMAN.

The spell is broken; the magic of the spontaneous dance evaporates. All around them, horrified faces contemplate the unspoken transgression of this pedestrians' law.

Turning angrily round to face each other, the man and woman share the outrage. There's incipient fury in both their features and a willing readiness for confrontation.

And then their eyes meet.

And everything else fades away: the craziness of the crowds surrounding them, the intensity and buzz of the traffic noise, the rising temperature of their fellow commuters. It's all gone in the bubble of this look.

The junction grows dense with people, but they're no longer trying to cross. Instead, they're gathering round the man and woman, astonished and amazed at their reaction to each other.

Some watchers begin to shout, unintelligibly, ranting. But the man and woman don't - or can't - hear them.

The heaving, frustrated mass widens into a circle of gesticulating spectators, urging the man and woman towards adversarial combat in this human boxing ring.

Still the man and woman hold their gaze, each transfixed by the eyes of the other.

And then they move.

The man and woman launch towards each other.

But it's not a movement of attack. Instead, it's a crashing together in mutual passion. A blistering, breathless embrace. A kiss that lingers exhaustingly, leaving every onlooker wishing they experienced that depth of emotion.

When they finally emerge from their moment of utter abandonment, they seem just as bemused by it as the spectators who enclose them.

The woman straightens her clothes, tucks some wayward strands of hair behind her ear.

The man returns his crooked tie to the correct position and looks around him sheepishly, apologetically.

With their embarrassment restoring natural order among the commuters, the circle begins to dissolve and the crowd drifts away.

The man steals another glance at the woman, who peers up innocently at him from veiled eyes.

Before they continue in their opposing directions, the man leans close to the woman and murmurs into her ear.

MAN

See you at home.

Stepping away from her once more, he gives her the merest hint of a wink and walks on across the road.

THE END.