

THE FADED ROSE

(second draft)

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FLOWER STALL, CITY STREET - NIGHT

A red rose.

PULL BACK: it's one of many crammed together in a plastic bucket.

A hand enters the frame and pulls out a half dozen roses with the dexterity of a seasoned flower seller. Our rose remains in the bucket.

WIDER

The FLOWER SELLER - his weathered skin proof if you need it of his time in the job - puts cash in his pouch as a business man hurries down the busy street with his purchase.

BACK TO OUR ROSE: Alone in the bucket.

Another two dozen red roses plunge in, pushing our rose to the edge.

WIDER: The flower seller serves a customer as a HOMELESS MAN (shaky on his feet, tattoos) and HOMELESS WOMAN (strong cheek bones, weather-worn skin) pass the stall. The homeless man drinks from a can of super-strength lager; the homeless woman makes a move for the booze, but he lifts it out of her reach. He thinks it's funny. The flower seller glares at them.

They pitch on. Arguing.

BACK TO OUR ROSE: Alone in the bucket, one of its petals hanging by a thread.

WIDER: It's brisk business on the stall. A young man buys a dozen roses, a young woman some lilies, then more roses go: grab, wrap, cash, grab, wrap, cash.

BACK TO OUR ROSE: All alone again. Drooping.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

The homeless woman sits by herself. She's upset.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The homeless man ambles along the street. Passers by give him a wide berth.

EXT. FLOWER STALL - NIGHT

The flower seller packs up the stall in the now empty street, a cigarette on his lips, eyes weary. He picks up the bucket where our rose lies battered and bruised, and tips it onto the floor.

Our rose, some of its petals missing, lies on the damp February ground.

BICYCLE WHEEL

The spokes of a bicycle wheel spin. Faster and faster, the bike whizzes along the pavement.

Back to our rose on the ground

Back to the wheel

Back to the rose

Back to the wheel

The bike speeds past our rose - missed!

STILETTO SHOE

It's an expensive shoe in a stockinged leg - someone's dressed up. The stiletto crushes the stem of our rose. The perpetrator strides on oblivious.

The rose lies broken.

Footsteps. A dirty hand strokes the forlorn flower.

The homeless man picks up the rose.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

The homeless woman glares at the approaching homeless man.

He sits down beside her. She doesn't want to know.

He reveals the flower with a flourish of his hand. She takes the sorry looking rose, a tear glistening in her eye.

She smiles, leans over and kisses him on the cheek.

She places our rose tenderly in an empty lager can in lieu of a vase.

CLOSE UP: The rose in the can. It has never looked more beautiful.

FADE OUT