

LOVE

by

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FADE IN:

**EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT**

A city. Could be anywhere . . . past, present, or future.

A MAN, 38, backpack, dark clothes, dark demeanor . . . waits.

**EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY - (FLASHBACK)**

*The Man's memories. Snapshot glimpses. His wife's eyes.  
Her mouth. Her laugh.*

**EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT**

A bus arrives. The Man checks. Half-empty. Not the one.

**EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY - (FLASHBACK)**

*More fractured memories. Empty water glass. A long kiss on  
her lips. Then the Man heads inside the restaurant.*

**EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT**

A SIREN.

The Man puts sunglasses on. At night? Takes them off.

Another bus arrives. This one full. Good.

The SIREN stops. Was nothing. He slips aboard the --

**BUS**

The Man spies, takes an empty seat. Across the aisle a LITTLE GIRL, 7, stares right at him.

**INT. RESTAURANT - DAY - (FLASHBACK)**

*Scenes he can't erase. The restaurant shakes. He runs past  
DARK SMOKE, over SHATTERED GLASS. Back towards his wife.  
HIS LOVE. Gone.*

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)  
Happy Valentine's Day.

Her small voice melts the memory, draws the Man back to the present, back on the --

**BUS**

The Little Girl holds out a red paper heart. The Man says nothing. Looks at the MOTHER. She shrugs, apologetic smile.

## LITTLE GIRL

Please?

The Man's eyes rapidly scan the interior of the bus. Some of the other passengers hold similar hearts.

Quick decision, he takes the paper heart from her small pale hands. Angry, yet sad, eyes read the large black crayon letters: "LOVE"

The Little Girl giggles, squiggles. Mother kisses her head. The Little Girl kisses her back.

The Man stares hard at the ground. Shuffles his feet. Taps his feet.

The Man pushes the paper into his pocket. A slight lurch forward.

Bus stop. A few passengers get off. He waits. Then as the last one gets to the bus door he shoves the backpack under his seat and bolts off onto the --

**SIDEWALK**

Rushes past new passengers boarding the bus.

A KNOCK on the bus window draws his attention.

The Little Girl. On her Mother's lap. At the window. Waving. The Man blinks. She waves harder. She holds the backpack.

But the bus pulls away.

He moves with the bus. Gait uneven. Fast. Faster. Fast.

Pulls out a cell phone. No. Not a cell phone. Definitely not. Wires. Red button. Blinking light.

A DETONATOR. Fingers hover.

FINGERS SHAKE.

The red paper heart escapes his pocket. "LOVE" visible as it floats to the ground.

Eyes the trigger, the heart, the trigger, the heart. "LOVE"

FADE OUT.