

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

MORNING ON A BUSY STREET, BIG HUSTLE AND BUSTLE OF CITY SOUNDS
AND PEOPLE

ASTRID

Closing her door behind her, walks timidly out onto the street. Shivers and holds herself as she walks briskly bracing against the cold winter air.

Arriving at a bus stop, she waits, not meeting the eyes of anyone else at the stop. Rubbing her hands together, we then see her get out of her coat pocket a worn out, gold, engraved case of cigarettes. Fumbling with the latch she drops it.

Just as she bends down the bus arrives and a rush of people get out, swarming Astrid. Her case getting kicked and stamped on, she rushes and tries to pick it up many times, bending over, pushing people aside, panicking. But her case is lost. The crowd thins out as the bus pulls away, she huffs in defeat and wipes her eyes. Shoving her hand in her pockets she starts walking to a kiosk by the bus stop.

KIOSK CLERK, (O.S.)
(bored)

"...6 dollars"

Astrid searches in her bag for her wallet, pulls out 4 dollars and a couple of cent coins. She slides them to the clerk. Looking away, preoccupied in thought. Grabbing the packet she heads off.

CUT TO:

ASTRID ON THE BUS, CRAMMED IN, LEANING ON A HAND RAIL.

Eyeing everyone on the bus, not paying attention to her surroundings she gets swallowed in by the day to day life. A big clatter is heard and wakes Astrid from her thinking. She looks to the sound, and she sees on the floor by her feet her cigarette case. Bending down to pick it up, an unknown hand reaches and picks it up before her. Looking up she sees a small, tatty, bearded man pocketing the case.

ASTRID
"...Sorry, but that's mine..."

CLAUDE
"... No? I just found it"

ASTRID
(agitated)
"No, the engraving... it's mine!"

